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E LIFE STORY OF ROBERT TAYL

Vol 11 no 1

Movie CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER
NSC

10 CENTS

Natural Color
Photo of
JANET GAYNOR

THE LIFE STORY OF ROBERT TAYLOR

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She evades all close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It's immensely and vitally important—that first impression...when *boy* meets *girl*—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums . . . and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

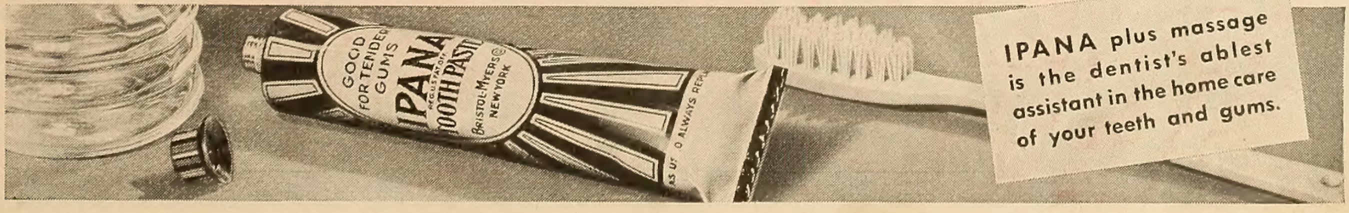
NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of "pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them *firm* and *healthy*. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and *the reason is soon evident.*

For those lazy gums waken. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. So when you use Ipana in *addition* to massage, you are using the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of teeth and gums. You are giving the really serious gum troubles far fewer chances. And you are adding, every day, to your own beauty and your own power of attraction.



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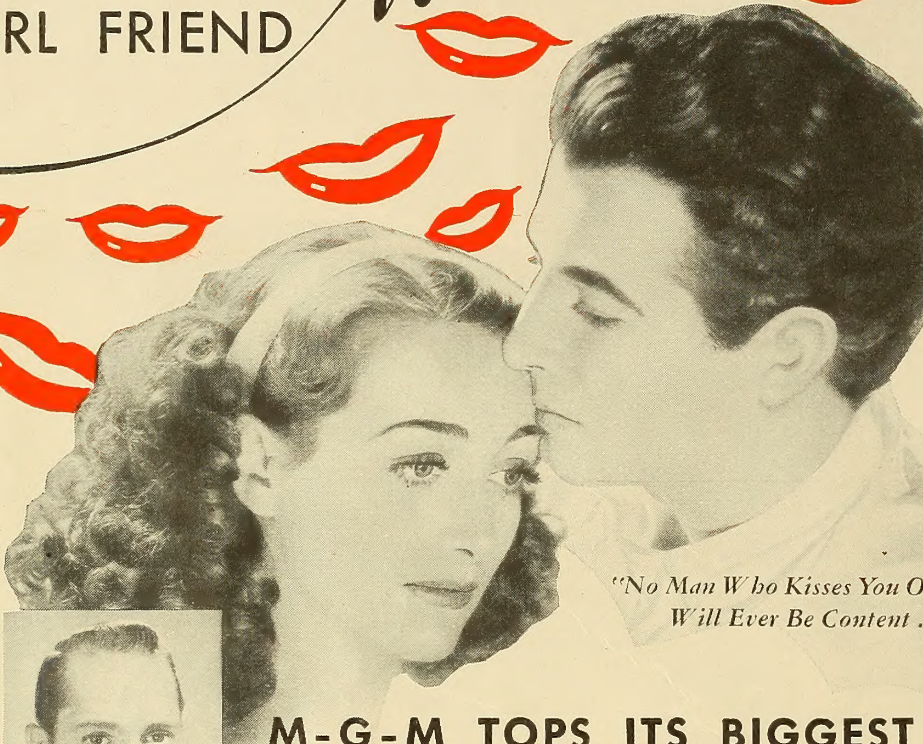
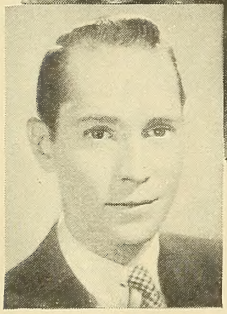
AMERICA'S GORGEOUS GIRL FRIEND *meets* AMERICA'S NEWEST HEART THROB



"No Man Who Kisses You Once Will Ever Be Content . . ."



Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas *(both below)*...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage — Franchot Tone *(above)*.

M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

Six Headline Stars in the New Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!

Joan **CRAWFORD** · Robert **TAYLOR**
IN
Clarence Brown's Production
The GORGEOUS HUSSY
LIONEL BARRYMORE · FRANCHOT TONE
MELVYN DOUGLAS · JAMES STEWART

Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

AUG -5 1936
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New!
Movie Classic is now written and edited completely in Hollywood, to bring you new features, stories and photos . . . with news that is NEW!

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

SEPTEMBER, 1936
VOL. 10 No. [illegible]
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Editor
JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor

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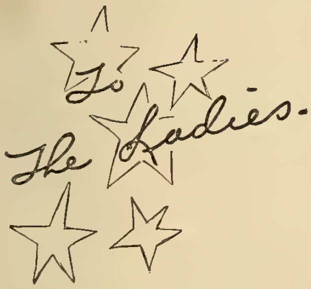
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W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

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Published monthly by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC., *(a Minnesota Corporation) at Mount Morris, Ill. C. W. Fuller, Eastern Advertising Director; J. C. Godfrey, Jr., Western Advertising Director; Jack Smalley, Managing Editor. General Business offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial Offices, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Mount Morris, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn* *Copyright 1936. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publishers. Trademark registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Address manuscripts to the Hollywood Editorial Offices. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos. Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; Foreign subscriptions $1.50. Single issues 10c. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to our office at Greenwich, Conn. Advertising forms close on 20th of the third month preceding date of issue. Printed in U.S.A.*

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Now *You're Talking*

A page devoted to our readers' likes and dislikes—the more frankly expressed the better

June Lang, formerly June Vlasek, is being hailed as a star by Twentieth Century-Fox. Her first major rôle is in *Road To Glory*. What do you think of her chances?

$15 Letter

Break the Bank—I wish to register a kick, a very decisive one. My kick is aimed at the so-called bank or rainbow nights. Here in a neighborhood of four or five thousand souls we have four bank nights and one Screeno each week. With the frenzy created by large pots, school and community activities are virtually ruined. Every organization shuffles dates to miss bank nights. In case of conflict the school or community activity suffers. If this thing must continue as a subsidy to movie art it might be justified, but I doubt if it contributes to the lasting good health of the movie business. What do the producers think?

Now that I have registered my kick I have two amens to letters in the July Movie Classic. I agree with Phyllis Ayer of San Francisco that the cast should be repeated at the end of the picture. Many a time I have gone away from a show anxious to know the name of some actor who had appealed to me. Recently I have noticed that some pictures do this.

I agree with Marlin W. Elliot of Atlanta that historical pictures should be authentic. We recognize the screen as a potent educational agency. It should stick to facts when treating historical characters. Neither should irrelevant things be played up. I was nauseated with the mushy love affairs in a Lincoln picture a few years back. I don't believe Lincoln was given a square deal.—*C. L. Baldwin, Supt. Public Schools, Bearcreek, Montana.*

$10 Letter

Doff the Paint—Thank heaven for the new type movie wherein the leading female stars are represented as wholesome, clean appearing girls. Even the former sirens have gone "natural." Perhaps now we won't see so many youthful imitations of Garbo slinking along the streets, terribly overdressed, their fresh young skins heavily laden with cheap cosmetics. If the movie-moguls only realized how widely girls of teen age copy mannerisms, they would see to it that there was more of this "back to natural charm" movement. For who likes to see a normally sweet-faced youngster painted and dressed in what she fondly hopes is the image of the Garbo or Crawford of four or five years ago? Give them more chances to imitate the Parker or Gaynor type of beauty! We want our young daughters to stay young and sweet.—*Mrs. Peter Steinfberger, Augusta, Mich.*

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

$5 Letter

A "Double" Complaint—Please add my voice to the plaint against the "Double Feature" nuisance.

There used to be a day when you could go home from work, enjoy your dinner, and then come down town in time for a short stage presentation, or a comedy as a relaxing prelude to the feature picture of the evening.

Now, with the double features to run, schedules are so cock-eyed, that in order to see only the picture you're interested in, you must either forego a quiet dinner, and rush down on the dot of 7 o'clock. Or, you must sit up and wait until 9:30, by which time you are so engrossed in your book, the radio, or a rubber of bridge, that you wouldn't go out to see Cleopatra herself in the title rôle.

Usually, you catch the tail-end of some second-rate "feature," or you miss the very first shots of the picture you came to see. And I don't know which puts you in a worse humor.—*Mollie Shamos, 1172 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.*

$1 Letters

No Tears, Please—Who originated the idea that the public craves sob pictures has been an uppermost thought in my mind for some time?

I can't recall having seen but one picture—*The King Steps Out*—that didn't have a sad note in its make up and this goes for the past few months. I see on the average of two first runs every week.

I, one of the millions, supposedly go to the movies to be entertained. Instead, I take along an extra hanky and prepare myself for some miserable moments along with a mascara streaked make-up. And, in the bargain, I pay for all this discomfort. What a laugh? I think in the future, if there aren't more pictures without the sob stuff, I'll do my sobbing at home. It's more economical.—*Marie Catherine Hagel, Reading, Ohio.*

Do You Agree?—Maybe I AM crazy; I know I'm crazy over the pictures as the saying goes, but I don't like COLOR films for EVERYDAY picture fare. Occasionally, yes, swell; but as a general thing I hope it doesn't work out. It hurts my eyes, detracts from the attention of the plot and the acting. I'm led astray by a green patch in the distance, a cloud formation, oh, a myriad of confusing objects. On the stage where the scope is small and we simply have the cast to watch it is different . . . but did you ever really see or know anyone who would want to attend outdoor theatrical performances at midday three times a week? I doubt it.

Of course, I'm probably a "crank" and a reactionary. I dreaded the advent of talkies, too, and now I love 'em . . . although (small voice) Chaplin's *Modern Times* proved that genius could overcome sound, now didn't it?—*(Mrs.) C. Rose, San Francisco, Calif.*

Children's Hour—A child actor has finally got me! In fact, two children, and wonder of wonders, both in the same picture! After resisting the combined efforts of Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper and more recently, Shirley Temple, I have at last fallen for a couple of juveniles.

I am referring to those two marvelous little kids in the movie adaption of *The Children's Hour*, renamed *We Three*. Marvelous is the only word that will adequately describe them. They could not have been any more natural in the picture if it had been an actual part of their lives.

When you can say with truthfulness that a couple of small girls made the experienced efforts of Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins look like the antics of a couple of amateurs, then you have some idea of how much those kids impressed me. I look forward with positive eagerness for their next appearance in a picture.—*William E. Dixon, Washington, D.C.*

Tired of Gal Shows—It seems to me we have had enough variations of Forty-Second Street. Beautiful girls going around in circles or making squares and geometrical designs certainly get tiresome after a time. If you have seen and heard one musical comedy, if that is what it is called, you need not go to another. It will be the same thing all over again.

I have a little personal dislike too. I think the little mustaches, like those of Clark Gable and Jack Oakie, spoil the looks of most men. They look like lipstick telltales.—*Mary Ruth Baron, 2413 Fairmont Ave., La Crescenta, Calif.*

Your favorite soldier of fortune, the dashing "Bengal Lancer", laughing, fighting his way through another glorious romantic adventure.

Gary Cooper and **Madeleine Carroll**
in **"THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN"**

with William Frawley, Akim Tamiroff, and Porter Hall. A Paramount Picture. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Screen play by America's foremost playwright, Clifford Odets.

A League of Nations Dinner

When members of The Garden of Allah *company gathered for dinner—dishes from 5 foreign countries were served*

by Dorothy Dwan

Basil Rathbone, Charles Boyer, Director Richard Boleslawski, Marlene Dietrich and Joseph Schildkraut enjoy dinner on the desert

WITH few exceptions, the stars look forward to location trips—yet these excursions typify everything *but* the comforts of home! It's an unsolved mystery how the pampered darlings of the world can cheerfully banish thoughts of the cold, sparkling water glistening in their tiled pools, or of the soft cushions flung carelessly about their shady, flower-filled patios—while they vainly try to find a comfortable spot on the desert wastes of Arizona—which was the problem of *The Garden of Allah* cast. Imagine the glamorous Dietrich and fascinating Charles Boyer, laughing in unison with Joseph Schildkraut and Basil Rathbone, through the hardships created by a daily temperature of 125 degrees!

Perhaps it is the subconscious reaction of "getting away from it all" that causes this enthusiasm for location work—no telephones—no studio conferences—and no social obligations. However, just one temperamental person with a "comfort complex" will put a damper on what the players try to make into a holiday.

Then again, the innate sporting blood and the desire to be known as a "good trouper" comes to their rescue and the members of a picture company will still smile and retain their sense of humor even though they are eating sand, doctoring smarting eyes, and must wait until seven or eight in the evening for the one "square meal" of the day. Up until that time fruit juices and light salads are the only popular nourishment.

Miles from civilization, a tiny tent city sprang into being for the housing of most of *The Garden of Allah* company, while the principal members of the cast had accommodations in Yuma. Before driving back to town at night, they enjoyed a location dinner in the cool of the evening, finding pleasure in the beauties of a barren region that proved almost unbearable at midday and yet had an indescribable fascination at night.

Sitting around the table one evening, a discussion of favorite dishes came up—and it was suggested that each evening the chef honor a member of the dinner group by serving his or her preferred recipe. This resulted in much concentration upon the part of the parties involved—to be sure their country would not suffer by comparison—and dinners from *five foreign nations!*

The idea undoubtedly proved an ordeal to the chef but how nice for us. Now we may serve authentic recipes from Germany, France, Austria, Poland, and England.

Naturally Marlene Dietrich sponsored Germany, and even if you are unadulterated American, you'll love these tasty German Pancakes.

GERMAN PANCAKES

2½ cups flour
½ tsp. salt
2 cups clabbered sour milk
1¼ tsp. soda
2 eggs well beaten
3 tbls. melted butter

Sift flour and salt together. Beat eggs until very light, add soda to milk and beat well until soda is thoroughly dissolved. Add flour to beaten eggs alternately with milk, avoiding beating as much as possible. Have griddle hot, pour in batter and bake until upper side bubbles, turn and bake on other side. Serve with butter and plenty of syrup. We suggest Vermont Maid Syrup with these delicious and different pancakes.

Basil Rathbone upheld England which is his native

[*Continued on page 62*]

Olivia de Havilland's

Cook Book

FRENCH ICE CREAM

2 cups milk
3 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
3 egg whites
½ pint whipped cream
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring

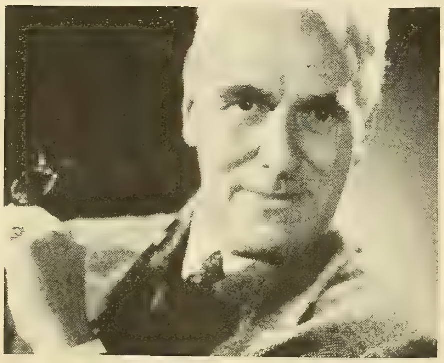
Heat the milk in top of double boiler and beat the egg yolks until light. Add the sugar to yolks and beat until thoroughly blended, then add hot milk. Stir mixture until well mixed and return to double boiler. Cook until mixture coats spoon. Remove from heat and cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, then add whipped cream and flavoring. Freeze and serve with chocolate sauce.

UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM CAROLE

POWELL LOMBARD

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



As SYMPATHETIC as your doctor is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Read them carefully for your own good.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at *every* point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the world.

OCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Behind-the-scene news and gossip about Filmland's pictures and stars—an up-to-the-minute report of the latest happenings

Party line in Hollywood

By
ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

A LETTER from Grace Moore, written just after the close of her fabulously successful concert season in London, tells briefly but joyously of a triumphant tour. In Stockholm, where she sang before Their Majesties, she was decorated by the King of Sweden. In Norway, the Queen gave her a beautiful brooch as a token of her admiration. Everywhere, in short, music lovers greeted her with adulation.

Which all leads to the observation that even though the screen may not yet be the equal of the operatic or concert stage as a medium of musical expression, it is certainly the greatest publicity medium on earth. Before her screen success, La Moore was known only in the upper stratum of the music world. Today she is known everywhere.

Sten's Back

Anna Sten, who left Hollywood flat after a reputed quarrel with Samuel Goldwyn, her "importer," has returned in triumph after scoring a sensational hit in the British-made film, *A Woman Alone*. She will star in a picture entitled *Enchantment* to be produced here for English release by her husband, Dr. Frenke. After its completion she will again go to London to play opposite Leslie Howard in *Bonnie Prince Charlie*.

She Earned It

It's all very well to talk about the sensational success of Jeanette MacDonald in *San Francisco* for she gives a performance in that fine picture that will go down in big [illegible] history,

mention of another fact:

Jeanette, starting in "show business" as a chorus girl, worked for six long, discouraging years before she could persuade a producer to let her act and sing. For six years she fought for singing roles and was shunted aside into dancing parts.

Her courage during those formative years deserves just as much praise as the great talent which is its result.

Im-musing!

Over the Party Line comes an amusing story—which like ninety percent of the amusing stories told in Hollywood is pinned on that long-suffering genius, Sam Goldwyn.

It seems that Sam, overhearing a noisy quarrel between several of his contract writers, proposed himself as arbiter.

"It's this way, Mr. Goldwyn," they explained. "We're discussing a scene for the picture, and we're arguing about whether a certain piece of business can be done . . . ."

"Tell me what it is," said Sam. And they did.

"I can answer that in exactly two words," he declared stoutly. "IM-POSSIBLE!"

[*Continued on page* 58]

-time Olympic champ
orld's greatest athlete,
times with Buck Jones

Carole Lombard's beauty bath protects daintiness—leaves skin *sweet*

LUX
TOILET SOAP

OFTEN I COME HOME FROM A LONG DAY BEFORE THE CAMERA THOROUGHLY TIRED OUT
I STEP INTO A FRAGRANT LUX TOILET SOAP BATH—LIE BACK A MOMENT COMPLETELY RELAXED

WHEN I STEP OUT I AM SO MARVELOUSLY REFRESHED! MY SKIN IS SOFT AND SMOOTH-DELICATELY PERFUMED

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A *swell* way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't *you* use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star

Bride..Queen..Martyr
ALL IN NINE DAYS
You'll cry and love it!

"Because little Lady Jane is my favorite character, and her love story my favorite love story . . . I was a tough audience . . . I ended up in tears on my knees . . . I sincerely believe that it is one of the great pictures . . ."
—*Adela Rogers St. Johns*
"LIBERTY"

Cedric HARDWICKE
Nova PILBEAM

NINE DAYS A *Queen*

JOHN MILLS
DESMOND TESTER
SYBIL THORNDIKE

Directed by Robert Stevenson

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB *Production*

The Show Window

Frank reviews of the latest screen offerings

by
Eric Ergenbright

EXCEPTIONAL

SAN FRANCISCO—Credit Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, with another smash hit!

With the Barbary Coast and the San Francisco earthquake and fire as a background, with W. S. Van Dyke as director, with a cast headed by Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Spencer Tracy and Jack Holt, much was expected of this picture. And it exceeds every expectation!

The story concerns the owner of a water-front honky-tonk, a millionaire scion of society, and their rivalry for the love of a singer who climbs from the Barbary Coast to grand opera. Jeanette, the singer, is magnificent. Her numbers run the gamut of old melodies, popular numbers and grand opera and should please every taste. This picture definitely establishes her as the screen's Number One Lady-of-song. Gable, perfectly cast as the honky-tonk owner, gives a grand performance, and so do Jack Holt and Spencer Tracy—but the honors for San Francisco must be awarded to Jeanette MacDonald. It's her picture and her triumph!

The earthquake sequence, running nearly two full reels is breath-takingly realistic and provides one of the most dramatic and spectacular climaxes ever screened.

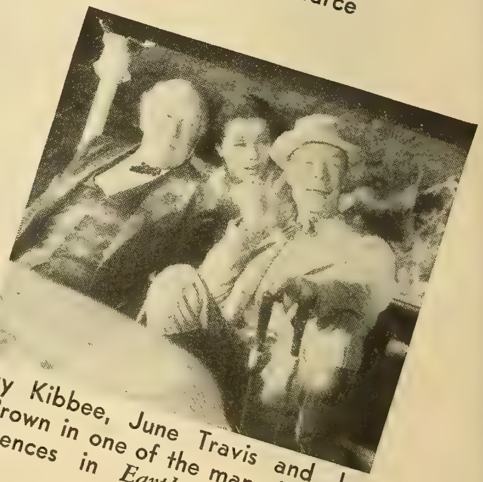
Don't miss this picture! *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

MY MAN GODFREY—And here, like a fresh sea breeze to make summer a bit more pleasant, is one of the most delirious comedies that has come out of Hollywood in many a day.

"My Man Godfrey" is the suave Bill Powell (who never gave a better performance). Discovered in a hobo camp by the "mad Bullocks" (the screwiest family that ever stepped in front of a camera), he is pressed into service as the butler and undertakes the gargantuan job of bringing order out of chaos. And in the process the fun becomes fast and furious.

Carole Lombard, cast as the love-lorn Bullock gal, who goes on the make for the butler, rises to a new high. She is rapidly establishing herself as the one most outstanding comedienne of the screen. Gail Patrick, Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette, and Mischa Auer have important rôles and make the most of them in craftsman-like fashion. Miss Patrick, in particular, deserves praise for her performance in the

Gail Patrick, Robert Light, William Powell and Carole Lombard in *My Man Godfrey*, a rollicking farce



Guy Kibbee, June Travis and Joe E. Brown in one of the many hilarious sequences in *Earthworm Tractors*

Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy in *San Francisco* which cannot be lauded too highly picture's one sinister rôle. She plays it with sly innuendo that is exceptionally effective.

My Man Godfrey is easily the outstanding comedy hit of the month. *Universal.*

EXCELLENT

M'LISS—Based on one of Bret Harte's most famous stories of California in its gold rush days, this homespun offering, produced by RKO as a Class B offering, emerges as a surprising hit, a picture that will be more highly acclaimed by the average audience than most far more pretentious films.

The story hinges on the romance between a school teacher and a shy mountain girl who comes to him to learn the fundamentals of readin', writin' and 'rithmatic. Delicately handled, every sequence possesses a subtle romantic quality that will charm.

Anne Shirley, fast becoming a most capable young actress, gives by far her best performance in the title rôle. And John Beal, as the school teacher, gives a really outstanding performance. Other important rôles are exceptionally well played by Guy Kibbee, Douglas Dumbrille, Esther Howard and Moroni Olsen. *RKO-Radio Pictures.*

NINE DAYS A QUEEN—Produced in England by Gaumont-British, this historical drama is easily one of the best foreign film offerings of the year. It tells the tragic story of Lady Jane Grey, the young girl who was for nine days the puppet queen of England and who, through no crime of her own, was brought to the block.

Sir Cyril Hardwicke and Nova Pilbeam, heading an unusually capable cast, contribute magnificent performances. *Gaumont-British.*

PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE—And here's something new in the way of G-Man thrillers, a fast-moving, action-crammed melodrama with a novel slant. The story hinges on the trials and tribulations of a criminal's wife, her unjust imprisonment and her eventual marriage to the G-Man who is detailed to capture her criminal ex-husband.

Margaret Lindsey, usually too cold to be convincing in a romantic rôle, sheds her frigidity in this picture and gives an excellent performance which will do much to help her standing with audiences. Pat O'Brien, as the G-Man, is excellent. Cesar Romero, Robert Armstrong and Dick Foran head a strong supporting cast.

Without being in the least profound, *Public Enemy's Wife* can safely be recommended as fine entertainment. *Warner Brothers.*

EARTHWORM TRACTORS—Joe E. Brown at his rollicking best, this time as Alexander Botts, the egotistical, moronic tractor salesman of William Hazlett Upson's side-splitting Saturday Evening Post stories. Instead of following the plot of any one of Upson's yarns, the producers have wisely filmed a composite which lets Joe E. Brown's comic talents run wild. Undoubtedly this is his best comedy to date. June Travis and Guy Kibbee are excellent in the supporting cast. *Warner Brothers.*

GOOD

WOMEN ARE TROUBLE—A fast-moving, consistently thrilling gangster-versus-reporter story which offers little

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
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Now!

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Keep fragrantly dainty . . . bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . because they know that it keeps them *doubly* safe from fear of offending!

Of course it keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich deep-cleansing lather. And in that rich lather is a lovely perfume . . . so rare and costly that it actually *lingers* long after your bath, keeping you *fragrantly dainty!*

Only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet . . . scented with the costliest perfume . . . can bring you this lovelier protection! You cannot expect to find it in ordinary scented soaps!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

New GLAZO

puts old-type nail polishes in the discard

You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use

GLORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
RUSSET

The Show Window

new in the way of plot but a great deal in the way of entertainment, thanks to the excellent direction of Errol Taggert and the deft performances of Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly, Florence Rice, Margaret Irving and Raymond Hatton. The plot, unfortunately, is loaded with moss-grown situations. There is the rivalry between the bright young sob-sister and the veteran ace reporter, the vow of the crusading editor to clean up the liquor graft, the clash between newspaperdom and gangland and the inevitable marriage. Paul Kelly, in particular, must be credited with an extremely fine bit of work as the hard-boiled city editor. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

SPENDTHRIFT—Henry Fonda, Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer) and Mary Brian head the cast of this unpretentious but very merry comedy-drama, which tells —and tells interestingly and well—the story of a young sportsman who inherits a fine racing stable, a cantankerous old uncle, a burden of debt, a breezy outlook on life and no cash. Given those ingredients, the laugh-provoking situations crowd fast on one another's heels.

Fonda is excellent in the leading rôle and reveals a flair for light comedy that has never before been apparent in his work. Pat Paterson, returning to the screen for the first time since her marriage, gives a grand performance as the horse-loving Irish lass and Mary Brian, seen here for the first time in a "meanie" rôle, scores brilliantly. *Walter Wanger-Paramount.*

HIGH TENSION—This one's different . . . . . and funny . . . . and well played. Without expecting a smash hit, put it well up on your list of preferred entertainment for this month

The plot concerns the adventures of a deep sea diver whose thrilling deeds are glorified by his gal-friend, a pulp fiction writer. There's a good chuckle in almost every scene and a real, old-fashioned abdominal howl in several. Brian Donlevy (he first gained fame as the heavy in *Barbary Coast)* plays the diver—and plays it so well that he looks like a sure bet for stardom. Glenda Farrell, as the writer, is a joy. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

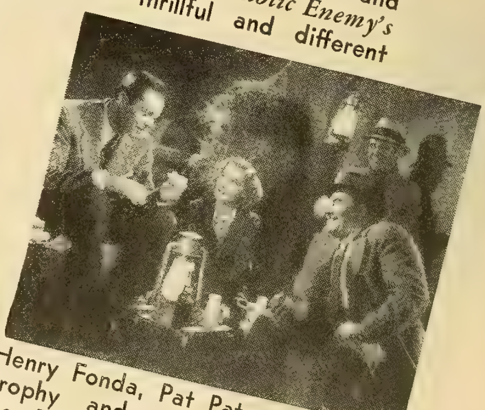
THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG—Gertrude Michaël, who's climbing to the heights with a terrific rush these days, scores again in this crime story. Cast as an ex-jewel thief who has mended her ways, she matches wits with a notorious criminal (Sir Guy Standing) in an effort to recover a fabulously valuable diamond which has been stolen from her present employer. Her performance is nicely shaded and thoroughly enjoyable. Ray Milland, always a capable actor, has much too little to do. Sir Guy Standing, as usual, is a standout. *Paramount.*

THE BORDER PATROLMAN—This, George O'Brien's last starring picture for Fox after fourteen years of unbroken work for that organization, is undoubtedly his best. It is also one of the best westerns of the year—a thoroughly modern, up-to-the-minute drama of the new West which will stand on its own merits and please every type of audience. The story hinges of fire control and the activities of smugglers operating across the California-Mexico line. O'Brien, discarding many of his old mannerisms, gives the best performance of his career. Polly Ann Young is excellent

John Beal and Anne Shirley are co-starred in *M'Liss*, a picturization of the famous Bret Harte story

Rochelle Hudson and W. C. Fields head the cast of *Poppy*, one of the best laugh offerings of the month

Cesar Romero, Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsey in *Public Enemy's Wife*. It's thrillful and different



Henry Fonda, Pat Paterson, Edward Brophy and J. M. Kerrigan in the Paramount picture *Spendthrift* as the love interest. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

WE WENT TO COLLEGE—With a cast headed by Hugh Herbert, Una Merkel, Charles Butterworth and Walter Catlett, four comedy aces, this picture should have been a laugh-fest. Owing to poor dialogue and faulty handling by its writers, it is forced to be content with occasional chuckles. Its featured players work hard and make the most of their oportunities, but they are sadly handicapped. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE CRIME OF DR. FORBES—Based on the "mercy killing" theme, this gripping drama will hold every audience's interest from its opening scene to its final fade-out. It is rather grim, intense emotional fare but it is a challenging presentation of a question that has stirred heated argument for centuries. Gloria Stuart has never given a finer performance than she does in this picture as the wife of the doctor who takes his own life. Robert Kent is outstanding, and Henry Armetta contributes a clever bit of comedy to offset the dramatic tension. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE—This singing and dancing opus, frankly intended as a Class B production, more than lives up to expectations and must be ranked as very satisfactory entertainment. The plot concerns the adventures of a theatrical troupe which takes over a girls' seminary, and William Frawley, Elizabeth Patterson, Roscoe Karns and John Halliday are responsible for some very enjoyable laugh-scenes.

Eleanor Whitney (Paramount's best dancing prospect), Louis Da Pron and Olympe Bradna liven the proceedings with some very clever hoofing. Robert Cummings shows real promise in the male lead. *Paramount.*

PAROLE—A daring presentation of a question which a less courageous producer would have avoided. *Parole* makes the mistake of compromising the issue too carefully, thereby weakening the effectiveness of its dramatic plot, but it is, nevertheless, an extremely interesting picture. Henry Hunter and Anna Preston, who make their debut as Universal featured players in this picture, both show real promise. Hunter, in particular, is an exceptionally capable actor. *Universal.*

HEARTS DIVIDED—Marion Davies and Dick Powell in a very romantic, music-garnished picturization of the historic love and marriage between Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, and Elizabeth Patterson of New York. Though by no means a great picture, it is entertaining, has several excellent musical numbers, and should please the average audience.

Dick Powell and Marion Davies are both effective in their romantic rôles. *Warner Brothers-First National.*

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT—Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Robert Young in a very amusing comedy-drama which relates the matrimonial difficulties of a young couple whose romance nearly crashes on the false pride of the husband. Gene Raymond, playing a young engineer who refuses to let his wife work, is excellent. Barbara Stanwyck, as the bride who refuses to stay at home when the finances reach the danger point, gives a fine performance, but the acting honors go to Robert Young, who plays the irresponsible millionaire. *RKO-Radio Pictures.*

HAVE YOU A "SAHARA SKIN"?

IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By *Lady Esther*

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a *penetrating* face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes
Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Why Ginger Rogers Has Beautiful Hair

by Alison Alden

NEVER a Dull Moment might be the theme song of Louise Sloan who for the past three years has cared for the red-gold tresses of America's favorite dancing daughter, Ginger Rogers.

If you think that isn't a full-time job you should have been with me on the set of *Swing Time* and seen Louise at work with combs and pins and flying fingers, corralling the famous Rogers curls into a sleek coiffure.

It seemed to me that Ginger, whirling in mad rhythm in the arms of Fred Astaire, could shake down coiffures about as fast as Louise could put them in order. But Louise loves every minute of it and gives unlimited time and thought to caring for Miss Rogers' hair and to creating new coiffures for her pictures.

Ginger Rogers studies the script as Louise Sloan creates a new coiffure for *Swing Time*

We sat, Louise and I, in Ginger's exquisite peach satin dressing room during the shooting of a scene and talked "women stuff"—shampoos, hair oils, rinses. There was that intangible gayety captured in the furnishings of this little house on wheels that one senses when Ginger Rogers flashes on the screen—charm and perfect taste stepped up to the tempo of the times.

"Miss Rogers has from four to ten coiffures for each picture," Louise told me. "Her coiffures are usually designed by Mel Berns, head of the R.K.O. make-up department, but frequently I design a new coiffure for a certain gown. We study the costume to be worn and also the script, for a coiffure must suit both the gown and the personality. Miss Rogers looks forward to these changes of coiffure and when a new gown arrives from the wardrobe department she will say excitedly, 'What'll we do with this one, Louise?'

"A sports costume of course calls for a simple, loose coiffure. With a sophisticated gown, I pile Miss Rogers' hair high on her head and frequently use braids to achieve an effect of height. However, once an unusual coiffure has been used, it cannot be used again—it must be discarded with the dress. An example of this was the coiled coronet worn by Miss Rogers in *Top Hat.*

"Unless an exotic effect is sought, Miss Rogers' hair is brought softly around her face whenever she wears a hat."

That, by the way, is a good rule for every girl to follow. It is only the exceptional girl of a distinct type who can wear her hair skinned back beneath a hat.

"As it is much easier to arrange and style perfectly clean hair," Louise continued, "Miss Rogers' hair is washed every morning. She arrives on the set about seven o'clock and I immediately start to work getting her hair shampooed, dressed, dried and combed out."

I made distressing mental calculations of a fabulous salary being ticked off in minutes spent under a dryer. "Doesn't that hold up the company a long time?" I asked.

Louise chuckled. "We do everything we can to speed the operation, but it does take over an hour—and they just have to wait."

I laughed, too. What a creed for beauty in a few words! Better to let your boy friends wilt with fatigue than to skip any points of perfect grooming before putting in an appearance.

"Frequent washing demands that only the safest and most dependable cleansing materials be used. To begin with, I use a bland shampoo on Miss Rogers' hair," Louise explained, "then a lemon rinse to bring out the highlights.

"As Miss Rogers' hair is naturally curly it is not necessary to use a wave set, but I do use curlers on the ends—large, fat ones so that the curls will be loose and fluffy. The curlers are so designed that the warm air from the dryer can get to the inside of the curl as well as the outside.

"If Miss Rogers has an early scene and we feel we must cut the hairdressing time to a minimum, then a dry shampoo is used. This is similar to a dry cleaning fluid in action but is harmless and especially prepared for the hair."

I asked then, "When Miss Rogers is not working, does she give her hair this same care?"

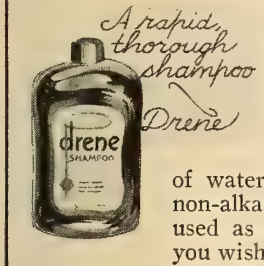
"No, not exactly. Her hair is shampooed only twice a week when she is not making a picture but she does brush it daily and frequently puts a good oil on her scalp before retiring and allows it to remain on all night. When so much time is spent under the dryer, this extra precaution keeps her hair lustrous and the scalp healthy."

Our chat was interrupted by a long-drawn call from the set—"Louuuuuu-ise . . ." I assumed that Ginger had been flying through the air with the greatest of ease but had lost a few hairpins enroute. Louise, keeper of the curls, to the rescue!

Those fast stepping favorites, Rogers and Astaire, rehearse a *Swing Time* routine

Alison Alden Recommends

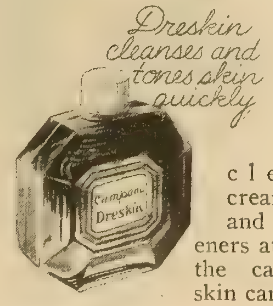
SINCE we're on the subject of beautiful hair this month, let me tell you about a new shampoo discovery that requires just one minute for lathering and another for rinsing and leaves the hair lustrous and easy to handle. The trade name is *Drene* and it is put out by that reliable firm of Proctor and Gamble. *Drene* forms a creamy lather in any kind of water and as it is non-alkaline, it can be used as frequently as you wish.



With so many chic new coiffures in evidence this season (it does seem that hair stylists everywhere have been lying awake nights thinking up ravishing hairdresses for fall wear) every girl must have her dressing table supplied with the most modern equipment. You can depend on it that those off-the-forehead, off-the-ears coiffures are going to require a good bit of brushing of unruly locks to achieve that upswept, Grecian sculpture effect. You will need, too, a supply of strong bob pins and a dependable wave lotion to keep your high-rolled curls intact during an evening of dancing.

Then there is the important matter of hair curlers. Women simply must face the day with the challenge of a charming coiffure, even though it is homemade. *Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers,* favored by the stars, are easy to adjust and the perforated shaft permits speedy drying. If you put your hair up at night, as most girls do who spend their days in an office or at school, you will be glad to know these curlers can be comfortably worn while sleeping.

More and more, manufacturers are devising time-saving adjuncts to milady's toilet. With plenty of cleansing creams, tissues and skin fresheners at hand, even the care of the skin can be speeded up immeasurably. Cleansing cream is always an item of importance on every girl's list of toiletries. You


Dreskin cleanses and tones skin quickly
Campana Dreskin

[*Continued on page* 57]

*Y*ou can't get away with it!

In Business

"She looks bright and acts bright—why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself? I'm certainly not going to stand for *this.* It's either Mum for her or a new secretary for me."

In Love

"She isn't the girl I thought she was. She could be so swell, too, if it weren't for this. Wonder why somebody doesn't tell her, or give her some Mum or something. Well, I can't be bothered."

EMPLOYERS and men in love are alike in this — they refuse to bother with a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

The up-to-date girl knows the quick, easy answer to this problem. The daily Mum habit!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe all day long.

Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration, you know. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration *odor.*

Remember — nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as ugly perspiration odor. Don't risk it — use Mum regularly, every day! Bristol-Myers, Inc.. 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you'll never have another moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Never Before Such Restful SLEEP
Evelyn Knapp, vivacious movie star, says: "Restful sleep is the best beauty and energy treatment I know of."
The NEW
Multipleater Slumbernest Quilt . . . exclusive and patented, adding almost unbelievably to comfort and long life.
Genuine Fales Underpadding . . . acknowledged as the best and most durable for mattress construction.
Full Floating Spring Unit . . . with a double cone, tempered coil spring indestructible "all steel" unit.

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The secret of youthful beauty and vitality is restful sleep. SLUMBERNEST, the revolutionary new mattress, gently relaxes the entire body . . . "cradles" it so buoyantly and comfortably that you drift soothingly and pleasantly into the deepest, most refreshing slumber. Unofficial returns from scientific tests now being conducted prove that sleepers move and twist 36% less on a SLUMBERNEST. Years ahead of conventional mattress design. Beautifully styled by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky. Costs no more than an ordinary mattress. Gives you lifetime sleep comfort. If your dealer does not as yet have SLUMBERNEST, use the coupon for full information.

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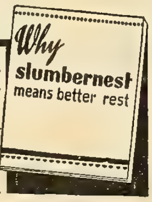
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Hollywood Highlights

Our inquisitive sleuth goes a-snooping for inside facts and foibles about the famous ones of Filmdom

by The Boulevardier

OH, so you don't think these movie stars *have* to have these salaries, don't you?! Well, look—I just received the announcement of The Vendome's opening of its new Hickory Grill, where the stars will eat steaks, chops, and chickens "broiled over a hickory fire by master broilers." And for you who think it's tough to pay a dime for a hamburger-with, consider that the "Vendome Special Hamburger" is listed on the menu for $1.00, flat!—a half chicken's $1.35; a T-bone steak sets 'em back $1.65. Et cetera.

Me?—I'll have a hot dog. (And I'll bet they'd try to serve me Kay Francis' pedigreed dachshund, without mustard.)

Vacationers

Isn't life gonna be just too, too swell for Peggy Anne Landon? (She's GOP-candidate Alf's daughter, you know) I just found out that Clark Gable, no less, has leased a ranch in Colorado, for summer-vacationing purposes—and the ranch is just an over-the-fence hop from the ranch where Alf and his family are going to spend the pre-election months.

Note to Carole: Better look out; this Peggy Anne's no slouch for looks!

Them's Tough Words

A Hollywood chatterer retails Georgie Raft's crack at one of his imitators: "He uses such a cheap grade of oil on his hair that he has to have the carbon removed from his toupe once a month!"

Tsk, Tsk and Alack!

Just before he went into hospital seclusion (even from Elaine "Ariel" Barrie) at Santa Barbara, John Barrymore got the shock of his thespian life—

He strolled up to the box-office of a movie theater one preview night. "Let me have," he demanded, "the tickets reserved for me—I'm, ahem, John Barrymore, you know."

The girl looked; found no tickets reserved, and told him so. "Were there tickets supposed to be left for you, Mr. Barrymore?" she inquired. Barrymore winced. "Well—er, no; not that I know of," he confessed, "—but I always *used* to get them free, this way!"

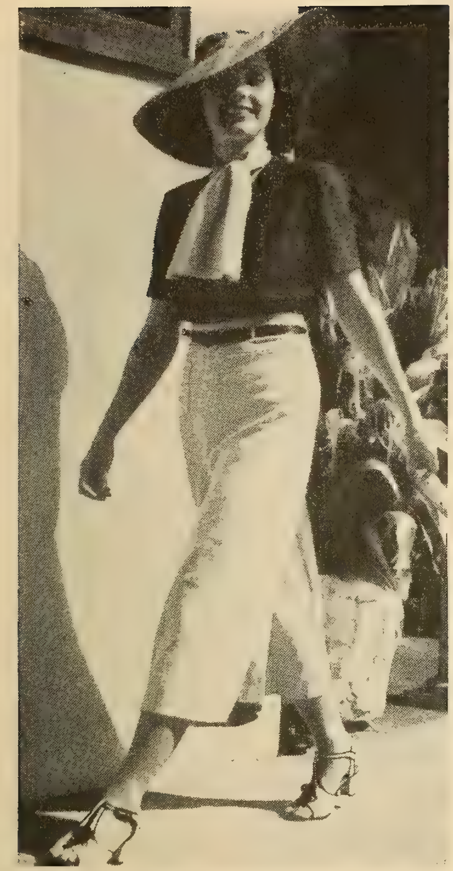
Then he dug eighty cents out of his pockets, paid for two seats, and strolled in, remarking: "My, my; how times have changed!"

Soon afterward, he went to the hospital. There were no passes left for him there, either.

Edwina Wins Her Fight

After six years of horrible, bedridden suffering, Edwina Booth can walk again. Remember Edwina?—she was the White Goddess of the jinx-picture, *Trader Horn.* In Africa, filming that, she contracted that queer tropical disease that sapped her life, left her a light-tortured wreck who stayed in bed in a

Joel McCrea, who's been sneaking up on people with a Leica candid camera of late, snatches a picture of Alison Skipworth while Joan Bennett approves the theft. They're working in *Two in a Crowd*



Adrienne Ames has cause to be joyous for she and Bruce Cabot patched up their quarrel just one month before their divorce would have become final

darkened room. She went to England, hoping for relief in London's famed Institute for Tropical Diseases, but no go. She has turned, at last to psychiatry, mind analysis. And from that, she has learned to walk again, and hopes for an ultimate cure.

It's a Laugh

It took Adrian, MGM's master-mind of fashions, to evolve the perfect explanation, excuse, alibi or whaddayawannacallit, for the hats the gals are wearing.

"They do it because they have a sense of humor," reports Adrian.

Me—I'm laffing my head off!

No—a Thousand Times No

Eleanor Powell is certainly entitled to whatever vehemence she wants to display, when denying unfounded reports of her betrothal to somebody or other. But when the newspapers gossiped that she and Nelson Eddy were that way, her denials became positively violent . . . ! She reached the nadir of no-ing the Eddy-romance reports when she said, scornfully:

"If I ever *do* marry before I retire from the stage and screen, I'll marry a *hoofer!*"

And Nelson can't hoof.

Or can he?

Is This Irony?

At the zenith of all the fuss about

MARGARET HEHN, of Chicago, a lovely winner of the first "Search for Talent"

WANTED!

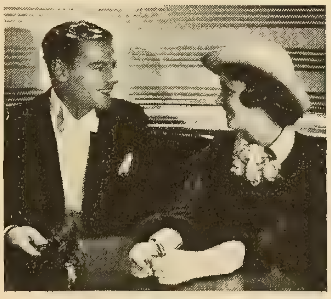
NEW FACES,
NEW TALENT FOR THE SCREEN

Enter **HOLD-BOB'S SEARCH** *for* **TALENT.**

Here's your chance to win a movie contract. A winner selected every month who will be given a FREE screen test and $50.00 in cash. At least one of the winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!!

THIS is *your* opportunity to win fame and fortune. The second "Search for Talent", sponsored by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, is giving every girl her *big chance*! Imagine the thrill of your going to Hollywood to actually take part in a motion picture . . . to be in the "inner circle" of Hollywood . . . this thrill and many more await the final winners!!

You may enter the "Search for Talent" as many times as you like until the closing date, December 31, 1936. Complete rules for entering are printed right on the back of all HOLD-BOB cards. You'll be ahead, any way you look at it—for HOLD-BOBS not only bring you an entry blank but a card full of the finest bob pins ever made—the bob pins that are used by almost all Hollywood stars. Look them over carefully. Notice their many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Let HOLD-BOBS keep *your* hairdress smooth, smart and lovely.



FRANCES NALLE—Dallas winner, chats with Joel McCrea on the set in Hollywood.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, President
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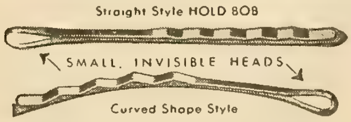

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Clip coupon to HOLD-BOB card (or facsimile)—attach your photo and enter the "Search for Talent".

SEARCH FOR TALENT HEADQUARTERS F-96
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Enter my photograph in the "Search for Talent"
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
Age .... Height .... Weight ....

Hollywood Highlights

Freddie Bartholomew's court troubles over his guardianship and his aunt and his momma and poppa and grandma and grandpappy, even, did that Hollywood theater *have* to have on its double-bill marquee:

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
and
TOO MANY PARENTS

Giggles-of-the-Month—

Carole Lombard has music played between takes, to get her in the mood. Giggle came when, just before the last love-scene in her picture, *My Man Godfrey,* opposite ex-hubby Bill Powell, she played the record: "Lover Come Back To Me." He didn't.

—Mae West was asked just what in hel—I mean, Hollywood—she was going to do with fifty live monkeys she's importing from Ecuador. Giggle-cracked Mae: "There's a shortage of supervisors, isn't there?" There still is.

—interviewed by English-speaking Japanese news reporters in Tokio (they said they understood English, I mean.) Anna May Wong parried romance-queries by telling them: "I'm wedded to my art." Next day, the papers reported her married to a man named Art!

—study in extremes is Francis Lederer's stand-in. His name is Mohammed Achmed Aga Sobhy Effandi Bacri Joulandi Sabuni (which for film work he's shorted to Victor Sabuni.) But—he's so short that he has to wear four-inch felt stiltees to measure up to Lederer's height, when stand-inning.

—yelled Gertrude Michael out of her window, when awakened at 6 a.m. the other morning by men clearing off a vacant lot next her home in Toluca Lake: "Why the so-and-so don't you fellows go away and let a lady sleep?" Replied the head clearer-offer: "Well, why the hell don't you get up and let a feller work?" She did.

Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow eloped to Ensenada, Mexico. They are glimpsed here in the patio of Hornblow's Bel-Air mansion after their return

—commenting on the prodigious eating abilities of little Janie Withers, 20th-Fox's best brat, Irvin Cobb told me: "I'm a good eater myself, but I'd like to be Jane Withers—and if I can't be Jane, I'd like to be Jane's tapeworm, she eats so well!"

—Conrad Nagel, speaking to graduating class of the Pasadena Theater School: "Hollywood is a meat grinder—and 99 percent of those who go in, come out *hamburger!*" Says Conrad!

By a Nose—

Once upon a time, a barroom phrenologist told me that big noses indicated a man's fitness for leadership. H'm—and now here is Jimmy Durante, knocking London into a furore with his act, standing them up in the theaters, and getting offers aplenty. And at the same time there is Arthur Veary Treacher, making a hit in Hollywood—and his nose is second only to Durante's.

"Schnozzles Across the Seas!" And now if we can only find a British maewest . . . . .

Careful Lady, Careful—

Eleanor Powell, enthusiastic about the orchestra conducting of Herbert Stothart, directing the orchestra making the *Romeo and Juliet* music at MGM, burst out with: "Oh, I only wish that I could do with my feet what that man can do with a baton . . . !"

My, oh my, oh my!—imagine Eleanor conducting an orchestra that way . . .!!!

Cliff Henderson, managing director of the National Air Races discusses things aeronautical with Ruth Chatterton and Bob Blair, her flying instructor

Richard Arlen, who's braving the English fogs to star in *The Great Barrier* for Gaumont-British, takes his small son, "Ricky" to see the zoo

Inconsistent—

Richard Dix owns an apartment house in Hollywood. A newly-arrived-in-California eastern couple, with two children, wanted to rent an apartment in it. But they were told no—that children were not permitted in the building.

"Imagine!" they chorused—"and the owner is the father of twins."

Children not wanted?

Good Taste—

A Hollywood school conducted one of those surveys about something-or-other. Questioned about what they wanted to be when they grew up was a class of seven-year-olds. Replied the majority of boys: "G-Men." Replied the majority of girls: "Ginger Rogers."

Hi-Spot of the Month—

CLARK GABLE: knocked out ex-pugilist in scene from *Cain and Mabel,* got so excited he took out California boxing permit. He's been offered $10,000 to box four rounds with Max Baer.

—MARLENE DIETRICH: swished into Merle Oberon's welcome party to Doug and Mrs. Fairbanks, while eyes popped in astonishment. Because—

—MERLE OBERON: had just sued Selznick International Pictures for $125,000, for putting Marlene into Merle's role in *Garden of Allah.*

KAY FRANCIS: got the California Superior Court's permission to change her name to Kay Francis, legally, from her real name of Katharine Mielziner.

JIMMY DUNN: got from his mother a gift consisting of a tablecloth embroidered with the autographs of the famous stars who have visited his home.

—FRED MACMURRAY: after listening to tips that the studio wouldn't think marriage would help his romantic screen career, uttered: Nertz!, flew to Nevada and married sweetheart Lillian LaMonte. They're honeymooning in Hawaii.

—GENE RAYMOND: drove to the Johnny Mack Brown's tin wedding anniversary party in an old flivver with Jeannette MacDonald, and gave the flivver (but not Jeannette) to Brown as an anniversary gift.

—NELSON EDDY: startled the style-conscious by wearing, at a night club, a *grey* dinner-jacket outfit—with black lapels and pants-stripes.

—BRUCE CABOT: moved back into Adrienne Ames' house less than a month before her divorce would have become final.

He Made Us Laugh—

Will it make you feel a bit guilty, somehow (as it did me) to learn this?—

Norman Chaney, the former "Chubby" who was the fat boy of the *Our Gang* troupe of pictures, has just died in Baltimore's famed Johns Hopkins hospital. Cause of death was a glandular ailment, which caused excessive weight. It was this "excessive weight" that we thought was so funny in the *Our Gang* comedies. BUT—in 1932, it ceased to be funny; it became serious. Four years of treatment finally failed—and "Chubby" is dead of that which we thought funny . . . !

Must Be Fog—

What's the matter with our American film stars? Can't they take it?—can't they take what London dishes out? I mean, for instance, Connie Bennett, who had to be hospitalized in London for what they said was a nervous breakdown. And now Alice White, who certainly didn't break down at top speed in Hollywood, collapses in London and spends two months in a nursing home—with another nervous breakdown! Hollywood seems to be just a rest home, compared with that London!

Romance in Paris—

Comes from Paris the gossip that Maurice Chevalier and Mistinguette, the famous French actress whose legs have been publicized as the world's loveliest, are betrothed—despite the fact that Mistinguette admits she's forty-seven years old.

And to think, that after his years in Hollywood, of all places, Chevalier falls for a pair of 47-year-old gams!

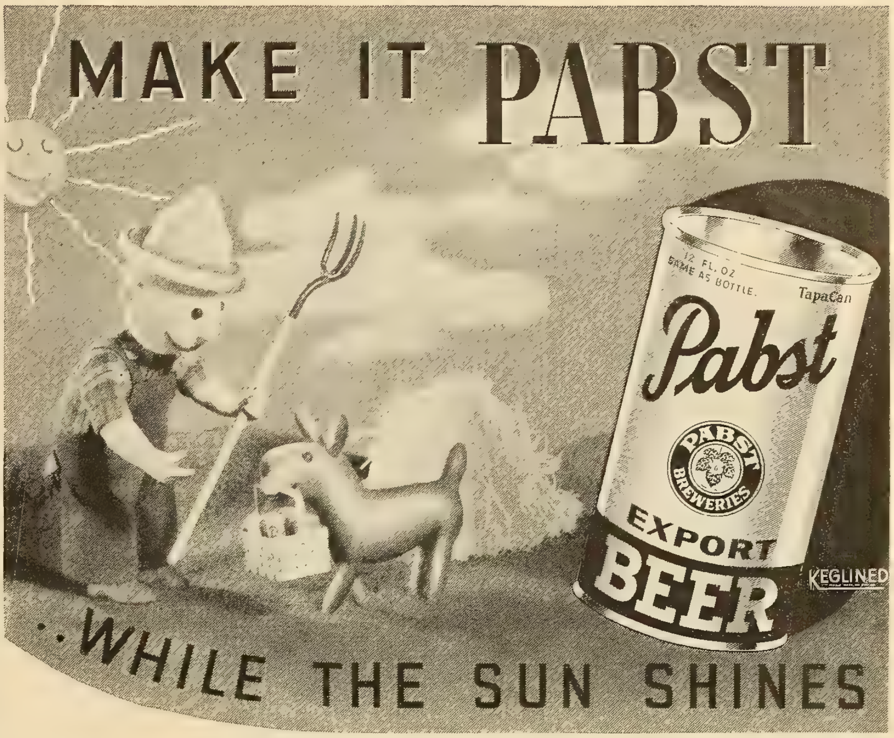
No Laughing Matter—

A few years ago, M.G.M. released *Meet the Baron,* with Jimmy Durante. One of the prize gags was when Durante burlesqued Tarzan. Soon afterward, MGM released *Tarzan and His Mate.* But remembering Jimmy's hilarious burlesque, audiences laughed at what was supposed to be serious in the real Tarzan epic, and the picture flopped at the boxoffice.

NOW—MGM is about to release *Romeo and Juliet,* starring Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard and involving a tremendous production cost. The other night, the studio also previewed another picture—*We Went to College.* In it, was a burlesque *Romeo and Juliet* show. The preview audience howled, hailed it as the funniest sequence in years. BUT—warned by Tarzan's fate, MGM has killed out this great sequence, fearing it would hurt the Shearer-Howard production.

Instead, *We Went to College* will kid *Othello.*

[*Continued on page* 56]



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Robert Taylor Answers

A spectacular new star takes the witness stand and tells all

By The Inquiring Reporter

LONG before the date fixed as the time limit for questions to be asked Bob Taylor, your Inquiring Reporter's desk was buried under a white avalanche. From every city in the United States and from almost every country in Europe, queries poured in. Truly, it is amazing that any actor who has been in the Hollywood spotlight for so brief a time could command such world-wide interest.

Because of their very number, many of the questions were, of necessity, duplications. Literally hundreds of inquisitors asked how they could obtain Bob's autograph, how they could obtain a picture of him, where they could write to him, how they could be sure that their letters would reach him and other hundreds insisted upon knowing what type of girl he preferred.

The answers to those questions will be found in the following questionnaire and so without further ado let's summon Bob Taylor to take his place on our witness stand. Your questions will be found in blackface type. His answers, in italics.

Q. Do you answer your fan mail personally?

A. No. It would be impossible for me to do so for I have not the time to write so many letters. I try to read most of my fan-mail and occasionally, when I find a letter which particularly interests me, I answer it personally.

Q. When and where were you born?

A. I was born in Filley, Nebraska, on August 5, 1911.

Q. Do you like blondes?

A. Certainly—and redheads and brunettes and brownettes. I have always been more interested in a girl's personality than the shade of her hair.

Q. Do you have a brother named Donald?

A. No, I am an only son.

Q. Which picture have you enjoyed working in the most?

A. In, "Society Doctor." Not because I consider that the best picture I have appeared in but because it was the first in which I played an important rôle. Consequently it gave me a "thrill."

Q. What type of girl do you prefer?

A. Call her the "All-American" girl for that is about as good a description as I can coin. I like a girl who can be a pal, who can share a fellow's interests and who is not affected and stagey. Appearance doesn't matter so much although, like every other man, I suppose I'm naturally attracted by clean-cut, good-looking girls.

Q. Have you ever been married?

A. No.

Q. Do you enjoy being a movie star?

A. Yes. I like everything about my job.

Q. What is your favorite food?

A. Fried chicken in the good old farm style, with lots of gravy.

Q. What is your favorite color?

A. Brown.

Q. Whom do you consider your best friend?

A. I am fortunate in having several close personal friends. Among them, Don Milo, who has been a pal since we were in college together.

Q. To whom do you owe your success?

A. Principally to Louis B. Mayer. Not many people in the studio had confidence in me when I signed my first contract but Mr. Mayer for some reason or other insisted that I be given every opportunity to make good. I am deeply grateful to him and am glad of the opportunity to express my gratitude.

Q. Do you ever make personal appearances?

A. I haven't to date.

Q. What is your reaction towards fans and fan mail?

A. I appreciate their interest and their letters.

Q. Where is your home town?

A. I lived most of my life in Beatrice, Nebraska, and consider that my home town.

Q. What are your reactions when

you see yourself on the screen?

A. When I saw myself in my first picture it was with a sensation closely akin to embarrassment. Now that I have become more used to seeing myself on the screen I experience a certain detachment that is quite difficult to describe. It is as though my screen self were an entirely different person—a person whom I can criticize and appraise without any thought of myself intruding.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. Tennis and horseback riding.

Q. Do you like to dance?

A. Yes. Very much.

Q. Have you ever had a nickname. If so what is it?

A. Until I left Beatrice, Nebraska, everyone called me Buddy.

Q. Which radio program do you consider your favorite?

A. Jack Benny's.

Q. Have you any brothers or sisters?

A. No.

Q. Do you ever intend to become a doctor?

A. At one time I was very serious in my intention to become a doctor. If anything happens to end my stay on the screen I think it is quite likely that I would again want to study medicine.

Q. What is your full name?

A. Spangler Arlington Brugh.

Q. In what film do you consider you did your best work?

A. I'm not trying to side-step the issue but I do not honestly consider that I have yet done anything which can be considered "best work." However I think I came nearer to a satisfactory performance in several sequences of "Magnificent Obsession" than in any other picture I have made.

Q. Is there any special play you would like to do?

A. No. I have been kept so busy that I have not had time to think of plays I would like to do.

Q. What is your hobby?

A. Music.

Q. How can a person 3000 miles away get your autograph?

A. By writing to me in care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—Culver City, California.

Q. How can I obtain a photograph of you?

A. By writing to the address above and including mailing cost plus 25c for the photo.

Q. What is the title of your latest picture?

A. The next picture to be released in which I appear is "The Gorgeous Hussy." I am now working in a new production entitled "His Brother's Wife."

Q. Do you approve of women smoking and drinking?

A. I certainly don't like to see women smoke or drink to excess.

Q. What do you think of red fingernails?

A. I heartily dislike them.

Q. What is your favorite dining place?

A. I am quite partial to the Brown Derby.

Q. What do you think of Janet Gaynor?

A. I think she is a charming, unusually intelligent girl and a very capable actress.

Q. Do you think the girl you marry will be an actress?

A. That is impossible to say for I would not marry because she happened to be an actress and neither would I decline to marry her if she were not. I hope to marry for love, not for a profession.

Q. Are you planning on co-starring with Joan Crawford?

[*Continued on page 52*]

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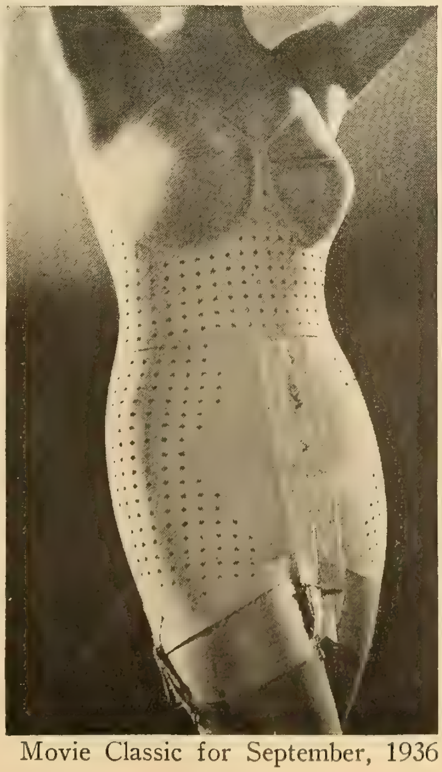

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The Man *Who Refound* His Childhood

"THIS," said Mimi, making the man-puppet bobble, "is Martin. And *this*"—the lady-puppet ducked in a genteel curtsy—"is Mary. Sometimes they're the old couple that lived in a cottage by the sea and the Bewitched Fish gives them three wishes, and sometimes they're the Babes in the Wood. You have to pretend the wood," she added conscientiously, "because there's only one backdrop and that's an Inside."

Mimi has long, straight red hair and she looks like Alice still in Wonderland. If an artist wanted to paint a portrait of all the little girls in the world with wide, honest eyes and straight legs and big, square white teeth, he would make a picture of Mimi. She is the next-door child you played with when you, too, were twelve, swinging hands as you sang shrilly "We've *Come* to *See* Miss *Jen*-nie Jones."

"When I hear people talking about child *problems* I don't get it!" says Paul Kelly, with the quick Irish moisture in his eyes as he watches Mimi absorbed in making Martin propose to Mary on the sun-porch. "That's a hard, mean word to use in connection with a kid. The only 'problem' I see is to keep from showing how crazy you are about them. We had to stay at home the other night when Mimi put on her first play at the High School. We were so proud of her we were afraid—her mother and I—that we'd die of it if we went!"

Life in the Kelly house centers around a small red-head. They live in a nice home on a nice street so that Mimi will have the nicest little girl friends ("The telephone rings and the front doorbell goes all the time for her," says Paul proudly). There is a big back garden for Mimi and Paul to practice polo shots in, and a pool in which a little girl may learn to swim. Friday and Saturday evenings are Mimi-nights and the three Kellys go to the movies.

"I'm thirty-seven years old," says Paul suddenly, "but when I'm with Mimi I'm a boy again. That's what she's done for

At seven, already a screen star, Paul Kelly was the mainstay of a large family. A career deprived him of a normal childhood

Paul Kelly, then known as "The
an early movie. Helene Costello is

The story of Paul Kelly, twenty-nine years a star, is one of the most interesting in Hollywood

by Dorothy Donnell

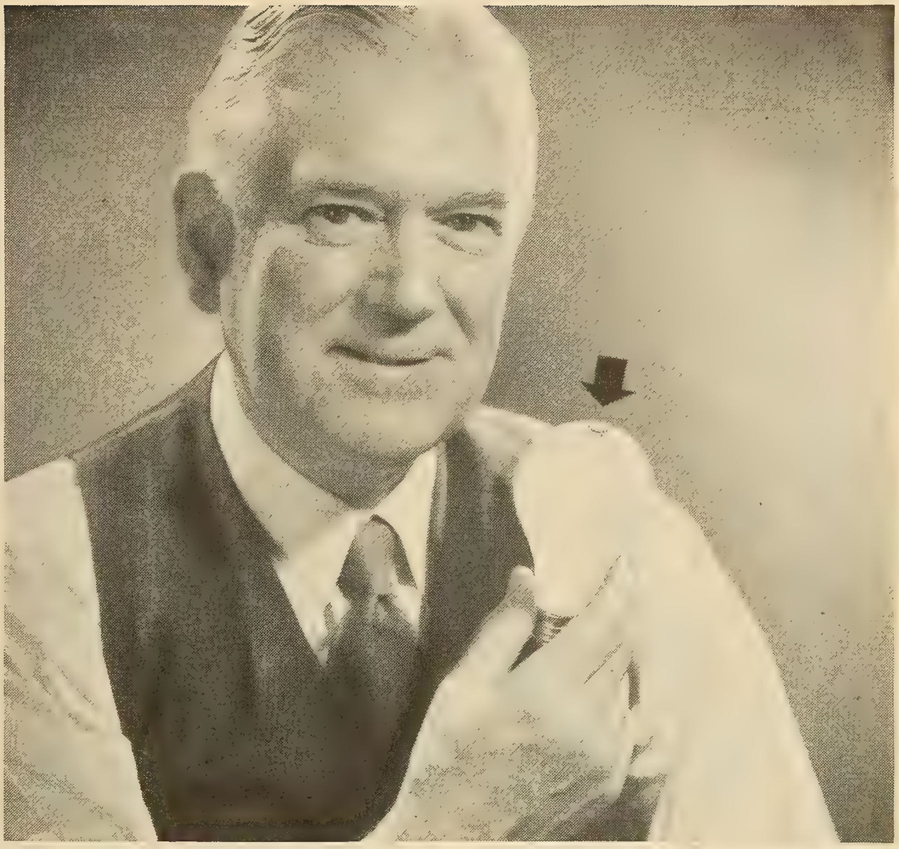
me—given me back the feeling of being a freckled-faced, bow-legged kid. Why, do you know, when I'm playing with her, working the puppets or teaching her to swing a polo mallet, I find myself trying to whistle through my teeth the way 'Chick' Kelly tried all his childhood and never could learn the trick of it! You see, I never had as much youth as some —I had to get my fun in strange places and at odd times. And now Mimi is teaching me how to play all over again."

Why they persist in putting this man into hard-boiled parts is one of the mysteries of Hollywood. Paul Kelly is as Irish as the Blarney Stone or a shillelagh, or the Good People who come out of Craig Na Mon when the moon is full—and because the Irish never quite grow up he must make his way through a man's world with a child's heart in him, knowing a child's quick joy in beauty, a child's sudden, inexplicable pain.

"She handles those dolls like a trouper," Paul goes on. "She can make them dance and quarrel and kiss, but she won't be bothered with the tedious business of making them walk—they sail off the stage at the end! When she can make them walk I'm buying her the next set of marionnettes with more strings, more movements. She gave a little play with Martin and Mary for some of our friends the other evening, and pulled her punches and waited for her laughs like an old-timer. It's going to be hard to keep that one out of the theatre till she's finished school. . . ."

These two words keep recurring in Paul Kelly's talk. He never "finished school" himself. [*Continued on page* 54]

Vitagraph Boy," in a scene from
the little girl in the background



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All from

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production

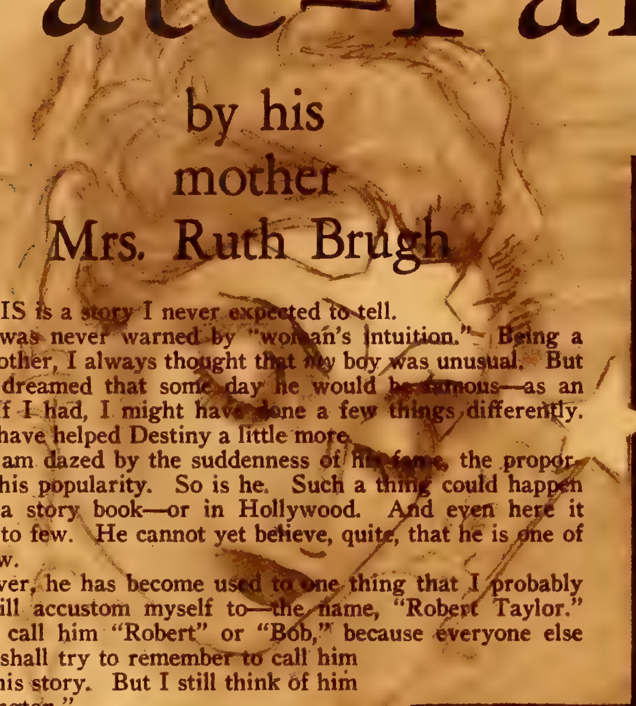
Marian Marsh

After nearly two years of baffling adversity which threatened to end her screen career, Marian Marsh is again re-established as one of the screen's most important prospects for stardom. She is under long-term contract to Columbia Pictures and is now to be seen with Chester Morris in *Counterfeit*

Fate—Fame—and

Beginning the true life story of the most

by his mother Mrs. Ruth Brugh



THIS is a story I never expected to tell.

I was never warned by "woman's intuition." Being a mother, I always thought that my boy was unusual. But I never dreamed that some day he would be famous—as an actor. If I had, I might have done a few things differently. I might have helped Destiny a little more.

I still am dazed by the suddenness of his fame, the proportions of his popularity. So is he. Such a thing could happen only in a story book—or in Hollywood. And even here it happens to few. He cannot yet believe, quite, that he is one of those few.

However, he has become used to one thing that I probably never will accustom myself to—the name, "Robert Taylor." I try to call him "Robert" or "Bob," because everyone else does. I shall try to remember to call him that in this story. But I still think of him as "Arlington."

Spangler Arlington Brugh is his real name.

When his father and I named him that, relatives asked us if we were "trying to kill the child." And I have heard people marvel that he ever lived to maturity with such a name. He never complained about it, himself.

There probably is a stubborn streak in me; my ancestry is Scotch and English. But I still feel that Arlington Brugh—with the "gh" silent—is as appealing as Robert Taylor, as Hollywood has re-christened him. I suppose that is a natural reaction of a mother. She wishes that her son could have his success under the name that *she* gave him.

Spangler was a traditional name in the Brugh family, handed down from generation to generation. It was the first name of my husband, Dr. S. A. Brugh, who was of Pennsylvania Dutch descent. It was also his father's name, and his grandfather's, and his great-grandfather's. As for the "Arlington," I was responsible for that. Or, rather, a book and a play were responsible.

When I was a young girl, and very impressionable, I read a novel the hero of which was named Arlington. I have forgotten now what the book was, but the romantic hero—and his romantic name—made a lasting impression upon me. I decided, young-girl-like, that if I ever had a son, that would be his name.

Then, not long before I was to become a mother, I saw a play in which the heroine's name was "Ruth Arlington." My own name was Ruth, and I, too, was very much in love; I lived and re-lived the story of this heroine—whose romantic last name was such an old favorite of mine. Seeing the play decided me. If I had a son, his middle name *would* be Arlington—and his initials would be the same as my husband's. I was married very young. I was eighteen; my husband was only a few years older. And my own experience makes me believe in young marriages. Starting out in life together, building toward the future together, sharing the struggles as well as the successes, we were inseparable companions, constant inspirations to each other through the years. We had a wonderful married life. Never a quarrel, never an unhappy moment—unless we were apart. And it was seldom that we were separated for more than a very few days at a time."

Robert Taylor, born Spangler Arlington Brugh, at six months of age. Above: During his sixth year, his mother took charge of his studies. He did not enter school until after his seventh birthday

And our own happiness, I think, was reflected in Robert. It made his boyhood an unusually happy one. It helped to make him what he is today.

Robert's father gave me love and happiness such as few women ever know. He even saved my life with his love. And if he had not saved my life, Robert never would have been born.

When Robert's father and I were married, he was not a doctor. He was in partnership with my father in a grain business in Filley, Nebraska, under the firm name of Stanhope and Brugh. He did not start to study medicine until he was about thirty.

All of my life I had been in poor health, with a weak heart. And as time went on, my health did not improve; it became steadily worse. Finally, a doctor said that I would die within a very few years if I did not find a spot somewhere on earth beneficial to my ailing heart. He wanted me to travel. So did my husband. We were not poor, but I knew that we did not have enough money to follow his advice—particularly after the heavy doctor bills over a period of years. And I refused to allow my husband to mortgage his life to save mine.

That was when he decided that he would study medicine—in search of a way to help me to live.

As told to James Reid

Robert Taylor

spectacular young star in Hollywood

Robert Taylor and his father, Dr. S. A. Brugh. Much of Bob's boyhood was spent on a farm near Filley, Nebraska, where his maternal grandparents lived. He was about sixteen when the above snapshot was taken

He stepped out of the grain business and enrolled in the medical college at Kirksville, Missouri, for the regular four-year course. I enrolled with him. I wanted to be at his side in this new career, upon which he was embarking for my sake. Arm in arm, day after day, we would go off to classes together; side by side, evening after evening, we would study from the same books—sharing a great new adventure.

At the end of our first year in Kirksville, conditions at home took us back to Filley to care for my father's grain business. We planned to stay only a short time. My health had improved marvelously in Kirksville, but my husband was too interested in medicine now to think of giving up his studies. It was three years before he could return to them. And during the second of those years, Robert was born. On August 5, 1911.

Most of the next winter after Bob's birth, I was in bed, too weak to move. I had to see others take care of the baby I had been dreaming about for years—six years. I had to see my husband tortured with worry about me, unable to do anything to help me, except to call in the old family doctor.

A year later—after spending several months in Muskogee, Oklahoma, looking after farm property that we owned there—we set out for Kirksville once more, taking our baby with us. This time I did not enroll with my husband. I had the baby to care for—when I was not living between a bed and a chair. On my "bad" days, my husband would take Bob to classes with him. He would sit very quietly, taking in everything, and come home with great, long medical terms that he had heard.

When he was about two and a half, I remember his coming home and saying to me,

[*Continued on page* 82]

Constance Collier, renowned star of the English stage, tells how she coached the newest "Juliet." She was . . . .

Norma Shearer's *First Romeo*

A VOICE speaks vibrantly, eloquently, immortal words of love:

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!"

Strange, it is a woman's voice . . . Is this, then, a garden of the fifteenth century, lush, fragrant, still? Is there a maiden on a moon-drenched balcony? And a young lover pouring out his soul? Is this the ancient city of Verona?

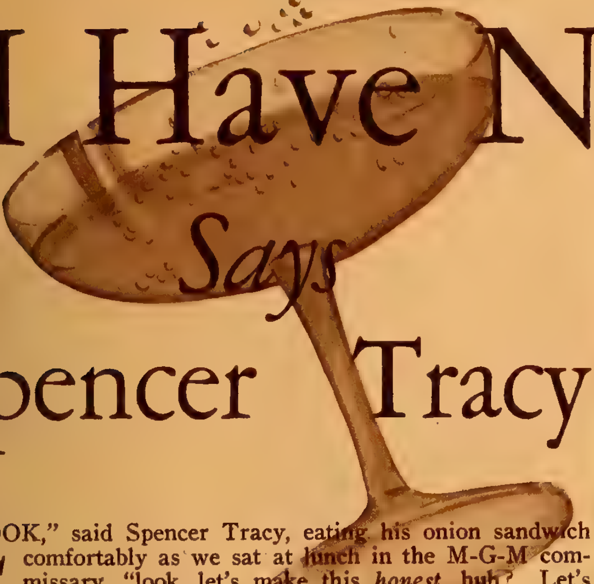
No, it is a modern, green-carpeted, ivory-walled room in a Santa Monica beach home, with wide windows framing the sea to the west. It is early fall in 1935. And Norma Shearer is learning to be "Juliet," with Constance Collier, one of the great Shakespearian actresses of yesterday, playing "Romeo." . . . Norma Shearer, slim, sophisticated, lovely in blue tailored pajamas with her hair curled tight to her head after the latest coiffeur mode.

By Mary Revere

That was the beginning. That was the day Norma Shearer first turned the pages of Shakespeare's glorious, tragic romance to study for the great M-G-M picture in which she is starring with Leslie Howard. She was still Norma Shearer, then. Now, she is someone else. Constance Collier says this. Con-

[*Continued on page* 81]

He's made his share of mistakes—mistakes which might have wrecked his career and happiness—but . . .



"I Have No Regrets"

Says Spencer Tracy

"LOOK," said Spencer Tracy, eating his onion sandwich comfortably as we sat at lunch in the M-G-M commissary, "look, let's make this *honest*, huh? Let's make it try to *say* something to the folks who read it. The way I feel about it, most folks say that if they had it to do all over again, they would do different. I wouldn't. And I've made more mistakes, committed more sins, if you like, than the average man ever thought of.

"But it's because of my sins that I'm happy today.

"It's because of my mistakes that I now have my wife and home and kids again. It's because of my mistakes that I love and appreciate and value my wife as I do. Seems funny, but I think it's also because of my mistakes that my wife cares for me as she does—and she must, you bet," grinned Spencer, with both pride and humility in his honest smile, "she must or she wouldn't give me house-room.

"Nope, I haven't any regrets. Not one. And the only way to prove what I mean is to build up my case from the beginning, to start at scratch and admit the many mistakes I've made, the many things I've done and had darned good cause to regret—and then prove to you that I don't regret anything—and why.

"Might kinda help the other fellow, too," said Spencer, tugging at his hair in that reminiscent-of-Will Rogers way he has, "I mean if I can be honestly honest about this thing and if you can write it honestly and not even try to make it just a fan story for the sake of publicity—why, we might really help, you know? Because I think it's too bad the way folks go about wasting their vital energy, wasting their precious time regretting mistakes they have made. It would be so darned much healthier and happier for them and for everyone connected with them if they'd use their mistakes as stepping stones instead of stumbling blocks. Your sins should save you, not damn you.

"Well, let's go back to the beginnings: My dad was sales manager of the Sterling Motor Truck Company, in Milwaukee, you know. He was as Irish as a potato. All right. Some folks say that I should regret that heritage. I've been told that it's a break for a would-be actor to get born into an actor-family, like the Barrymores or the Dennys. If it's 'in the blood' I've been told, it's just that much easier.

"Well, maybe. But things shouldn't come 'that [*Continued on page* 76]

by Gladys Hall

Spencer and Louise Tracy, after several years of unusual happiness, separated for nearly a year. Spencer, with amazing honesty, here tells the story of that mad period

"Do Modern Women *Deserve* Chivalry?"

Kay Francis

"SO MANY modern women are missing half of life—if they would only realize it," Kay Francis observed sadly. "They seem to believe that to be 'modern' they must not be feminine. It is no longer 'smart' to be tender nor even gracious. Yet tenderness and graciousness have always been woman's rightful heritage.

"The headlines of every newspaper, every day, tell the story of modern woman's success. But it is a material success, generally achieved at the great cost of her charm, her heart, her happiness. There are other headlines in the same newspapers, not very pretty headlines, for they tell of modern woman's failure in nearly all womanly attainments. Courtship is fast becoming a lost art as these moderns pursue what they call 'Freedom' and 'Social Equality.' Such empty solace for an empty heart! I am sorry, grievously sorry, for any young girl who holds herself too efficient, too competent, to want or need the gracious consideration of men. There will come a time in that girl's life—often after it is too late—when she will understand what she has sacrificed in happiness for the false consolation of competency.

"Show me a spinster who has turned bitter in middle age and I'll show you that she is usually a woman who has blasted her own life by repelling normal social contacts with men. No person could be more tragic.

"Primitive instincts, you see, have remained the same. And there is not an intelligent woman today who will not admit that in her heart she longs to be protected and taken care of by the man she loves. Still, despite her intelligence, this same woman frequently repulses the very attentions and courtesies for which she secretly longs.

"You must know that chivalry never depended upon man alone. Woman, by her delicacy and tenderness, contributed her share, too. Throughout the ages, men have *enjoyed* being chivalrous, have taken keen delight in paying lovely ladies little courtesies and attentions that are the mark of gentlemen. Now they resent, whether consciously or subconsciously, being robbed of these age-old rites that always have meant so much in the social contact of the sexes. *Men haven't lost charm and grace. Women have!"*

Kay Francis has long been noted in Hollywood for her startling frankness. She speaks her mind, this one. Yet she has never spoken more frankly and fearlessly for publication than she did in the statement above.

"Is it your belief, then," Kay was asked, "that modern women have lost the right to chivalrous courtesy? That today they do not deserve seats on—shall we say—Life's street car?"

"That entirely depends upon the individual woman," Kay replied. "If a woman has said farewell to femininity—if she has decided to embark upon a man's career, to fill a man's place in man's world, she must be prepared to meet his terms. In other words, if she has lost charm and subtlety, she has lost privilege.

"If, however, she has managed to remain feminine—even though she be earning her own way in the world—she not only deserves her seat on what you have termed 'Life's street car,' but she will find men anxious to make certain it is offered to her.

"No man cares to indulge in a foot race with a girl for the privilege of opening a door that she seems determined to open

Answers!

in this frank interview with Jack Grant

for herself. He will not rise at her approach nor offer her the seat he has been occupying if he senses in her attitude a contempt for such 'old-fashioned nonsense.' Poor devil! He doesn't want to be held in derision by being conspicuous in his act of gallantry. It takes a stout-hearted fellow to remain true to his chivalrous customs in the face of the ungraciousness of modern women. Seldom is he even thanked with a smile or a nod.

"Small things, these, you may think—trifling courtesies that are unimportant in the breathless rush of the world we live in today. Yet our lives are made up of the little things that give us happiness or sorrow. It is only when we lose appreciation of the little things that we begin to die. Too many modern girls, blasé as they are in youth, have begun to die before they have learned to live.

"A man's conduct toward a woman rarely is more or less than he has been led to expect that she expects. When he feels she has no appreciation of the niceties of the drawing room, he does not offer them. And *this is her fault, not his!*"

THAT Kay Francis speaks so strongly upon her subject is because she feels so strongly about it. It is readily apparent that she has given the matter much thought over some period of time.

"Perhaps I am being sentimental," she continued, "but it is my opinion that another generation will see a decided change in the social relationship of men and women. After all, this present state of affairs is a direct reaction to the conditions imposed in 1914 by the World War.

"When men were called to arms, women were called as industrial replacement. Both answered the call magnificently as the human race always has in times of stress.

"Through stringent necessity, women learned that they were capable of performing many of the tasks of men in business. They took a pardonable pride in their [*Continued on page* 61]

That Weidler Kid

A somewhat insane tour through the private menagerie of the quaintest little star who ever stole the hearts of an audience

by Marian Rhea

YOU'VE never realized the fullest of life's experiences until you've spent an afternoon with young Virginia Weidler!

Yes, that little pig-tailed half-pint who seems on the screen such a demure mixture of primness and dignity. Prim? Dignified? That's only what *you* think! Me—I know better. Me—I spent an afternoon with Virginia.

The Weidlers (by the way, it's pronounced to rhyme with "side") live in two places in Southern California—over on North Sweetzer avenue in Hollywood, and at their seaside house at Huntington Beach. I visited Virginia on North Sweetzer.

The Weidler house is a far cry from the average movie star's abode. It's just a house, really, with an ineffectual lawn (what lawn could be effectual with six children, two dogs, a chicken, two ducks, three cats and two goats using it as a playground?), some straggling shrubbery and a garage that as often shelters the "Weidler Productions" (the childrens' everlasting local talent shows) as it does the family automobile. The day I was there half a dozen pairs of roller skates cluttered the front stoop, three or four scooters reposed hit or miss on the walk and a bicycle rested nonchalantly in the patio pool which was for the time being sans water.

I rang the bell and a small figure in blue slacks, white sweater and tennis shoes opened the door. Virginia.

"Hello," she said. "Mamma says you've come to see me. Well, that's nice (remembering her manners), but I'm pretty busy and I hope you don't mind if I keep on working?"

I assured her that I wouldn't mind and asked her what she was doing. "Tending your dolls?" I suggested.

That, however, was the wrong thing to say. "Gosh, no," I was told in disgusted tones. "I can't be bothered with dolls. I got to get the fleas off of Laddie. I'm goin' to use the garden hose and car—car-bol-ic acid soap."

We had progressed through the big, rambling, cluttered but not unattractive house by this time and onto the back porch. Mrs. Weidler came hurrying up from the garage, smiling ruefully.

"Virginia shouldn't have brought you out here," she said.

"But she's going to watch me get the fleas off of Laddie," explained Virginia.

[*Continued on page* 72]

How Hollywood's wildest pranksters clowned their way through the most delirious of pictures

On The Cuff

by
William F. French

FOR years there has been much conjecture and wonder as to what would really happen if the famous wits, wags, practical jokers and wild ones of Hollywood were ever locked in a room together. It seems to have been an unwritten law among the producers in the past not to risk studio property, the decorum of the community and the neighbors' peace of mind by letting certain playful players play together.

But finally someone decided to take a long chance, and when the buzzer announced the turning of a camera on a certain production, and the red light blazed over the sound stage door, there they were, Hollywood's very prankiest, all locked in together.

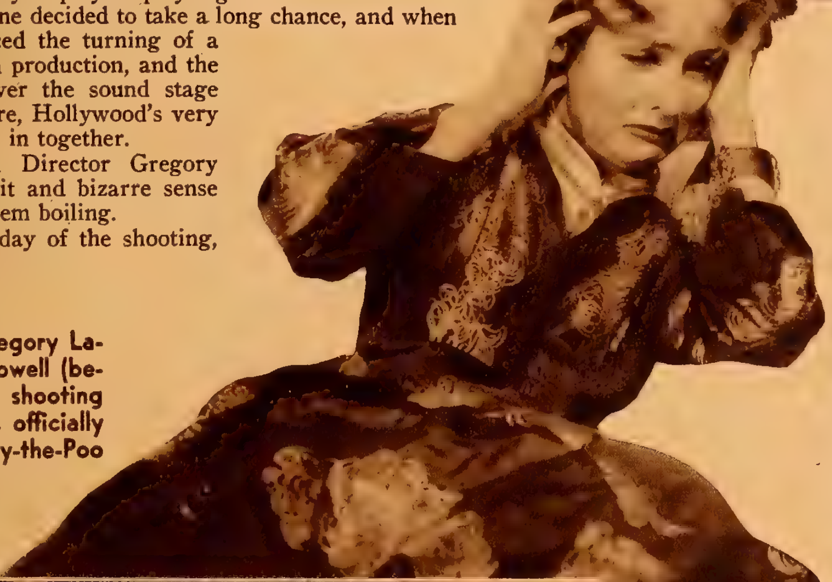
Locked in, with Director Gregory LaCava's nimble wit and bizarre sense of humor to keep them boiling.

During the first day of the shooting, they just sparred, watching each other suspiciously, and walking in cautious circles, each being careful not to turn a back to another. Wits, practical jokers and scene-stealers de luxe, they handled one another like packages of primed dynamite. They trusted each other with all the confidence of strange cats.

Then, suddenly, they broke loose, turning the making of the picture into a spontaneous, hilarious, rip-snorting gag—wherein the story seemed to write itself, literally putting the script "on the cuff." So fast did the amazing developments on that stage change the lines that LaCava's secretary stayed right at his side, changing the story to keep pace with the happenings. Because when Hollywood's cleverest and wittiest players start tossing lines about, a director as keen as LaCava isn't going to let them fall unused.

Meanwhile, things grew hotter and hotter, and pranks crowded [*Continued on page 78*]

Those two arch meanies, Mischa Auer and Eugene Pallette, whispered tongue-twisters to Alice Brady just before she spoke her "lines"



No, Carole Lombard hasn't lost her mind—but she almost drove the other players insane with her hilarious practical jokes during the filming of *My Man, Godfrey*

Gail Patrick, Gregory LaCava and Bill Powell (below) study the shooting script which was officially okayed by Sherry-the-Poo

The Re-Creation

Clark and Mrs. Gable were happy enough together—but their tastes were not compatible

Outdoor man, inveterate wanderer, Clark is again free to pursue his favorite sports where fancy dictates

How altered circumstances and freedom to "ride his hobbies" have changed a screen favorite

"FOR the first time in my life I am absolutely content. I can't explain the reason for it, nor give you the underlying cause. I only know that every one of my days is full and everything I do brings me happiness."

It is a new Clark Gable speaking, a man keen and bronzed and trim, with the magnetism which brought him fame intensified because it is no longer dissipated by nervousness and dissatisfaction.

Two or three years ago, Clark, during an interview, would have nervously toyed with a piece of paper or a string, as he talked. And his face and his eyes would have held a harried look—as if he were in turmoil, both mental and physical.

He has never been a temperamental star. Never one to fly into dramatic anger because custom dictated that stars display temperament. Yet he always gave the sense of holding himself in, of visibly keeping himself under control. He was a man with nerves as frayed as a broken radio aerial.

Now, this Clark Gable is a greater star and a greater man than he has ever been before. Certainly, he is more firmly entrenched in the hearts of the public. No one threatens his throne, nor is likely to do so for many moons to come.

"A few short months ago," Gable admits, "trifles on the set bothered me. They upset my whole routine for the day. Perhaps the fact that at that time I wasn't completely well—that I was over-worked and over-weary—may have had something to do with it."

Yet that isn't entirely the explanation. It goes deeper. But before we consider the causes of the re-creation of this man, let's look at Clark Gable as he is today.

Recently, when he was making *San Francisco,* he had to face the dangers of falling walls, of flying debris, in the fire and earthquake sequences. One morning a whole wall toppled. Clark was buried beneath it. And for ten frantic moments as the crew worked to extricate him, there was a prayer in the heart of everyone present that Clark would come through unharmed. When they dug him out, he stood up, shook himself, grinned and without the slightest desire for effect, said, "Okay boys, let's go." It was all in the day's work. Just part of a day which couldn't be set awry by any mischance.

He wouldn't have been so cheerful a year ago under similar circumstances.

There is another story told of Clark today. Recently he and Leo Carrillo, who was resting after completing his last Columbia Picture, went on a hunting trip to Mexico. They encountered more than the average number of discomforts. Clark had come at a moment's notice. His life is so organized now that he can pack a bag and go wherever he desires. He was free and he was happy. And whatever anyone suggested was okay with Clark.

CARRILLO says: "Clark was a man in a million. He did more than his share of the hard work an outdoor trip always implies. Made camp and cooked and was always the one to hurdle tense situations with a laugh, a quip or an amusing story. Men get to know each other on trips like this."

Leo paused, considered and resumed: "If I had to choose one man out of all the world to be with the rest of my life, I would choose Clark."

One Saturday night, Gable and Carrillo and the others went into a town near their encampment. Word had gone ahead that the famous motion picture actor, Clark Gable, was in a small dance hall. The town senoritas and their mamas flocked there. Accepting the standards of the country, he graciously bowed to the mamas and asked for the privilege of dancing with their daughters. Clark had a marvelous time. It was all in fun.

A very close friend of Clark's—a man who has known him intimately since his early Hollywood beginnings, says: "The Clark of two or three years ago would never have come up imperturbable and smiling from an accident which might have had a serious ending. Clark would not have entered into the fun of dancing with strange exotic girls under the watchful eyes of Spanish mothers. He would not without exception have been a gay companion, without dark moods or long silences. But this is the Clark of today.

"This Clark, who looks forward to a long career on the screen,

# of Clark Gable

who hopes that it will last, who enjoys every instant before the camera, is a changed man. This enjoyment has mirrored itself remarkably in his progress as an actor. Both his released and his unreleased pictures testify to his suddenly increased technique, to his recently acquired ease in handling situations and characters. At last he has mastered the art of acting."

Heretofore Clark Gable has been a personality whose arresting animal magnetism brought him recognition. Now he is recognized as a splendid actor, with a new authority in his screen interpretations.

Clark's friends today agree that he has a newer vision and a newer interest in his career. He no longer has those deep, dark moods which used to cloud his days. No longer does he have mental hazards which were a bar to his complete realization of his abilities and his talents.

What then is the cause of this new Clark Gable? What has given him poise and a carefree attitude? What has given him content, such as he has never known before?

Again we turn to a man who has had close association with Clark for an explanation. And he says: "Clark Gable is a man of freedom and for freedom. He is a man who will bow to bondage, whether it is self-imposed or imposed by circumstances—and will do it with grace. But he pays the penalty with over-taxed nerves and mental confusion.

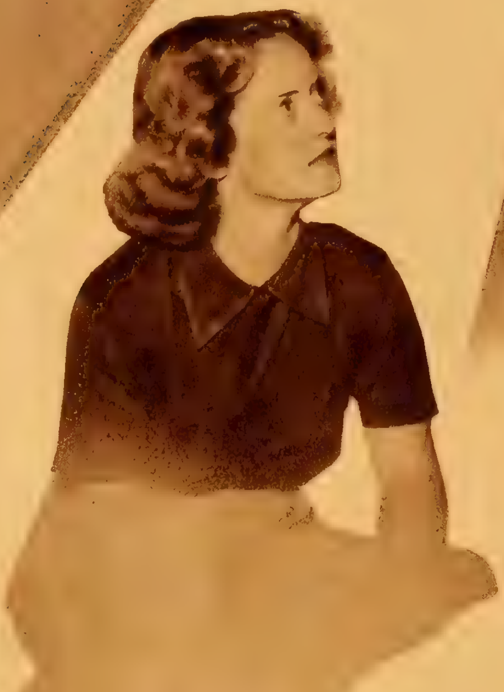
"Primarily, he is a man who belongs in the wide spaces and the far places. A man who is happiest when he can live from day to day. Long ago he said, 'I will never recapture the happiness I had when I was broke; when the stock companies in which I played couldn't pay; when I tramped the roads looking for a job, taking whatever was offered me, whether it was as an advertising solicitor or as a husky in a logging camp. I didn't plan. I just hoped for the best and had a lot of fun out of hoping. But I let every day take care of itself and the next week and the week after that didn't bother me a bit.'

[*Continued on page 67*]

Look for the new Clark Gable at the skeet field, or along some trout stream rather than in the night spots of Hollywood

by Sonia Lee

I'm Hard-



by Leon Surmelian

THE Biltmore Bowl is jammed with a galaxy of stars and motion picture celebrities . . . more than a thousand of them . . . stiff, starched shirts and a spectacle of devastating pulchritude in a lavish array of gowns, a whirlpool of mink and ermine and fox wraps of every description . . . with a mob of reporters and photographers swarming around the place. It's the eighth annual Motion Picture Academy award banquet . . .

Shortly before midnight, President Frank Capra takes the rostrum to announce the winners of the various awards, and Bette Davis, a little girl in an inconspicuous dinner dress—white print on a navy-blue background, the belt and the lapels of the coat of white pique—comes through and grabs the coveted gold statuette for the best acting of the year. It's the crowning glory of a long struggle, years of hardship and heartbreaks and obscurity. Five years ago, this same Bette Davis was left fifteen hours in a tank while lending her talents to a new thriller, and she might have caught pneumonia, but nobody cared. The story of this young lady's success is one of the most amazing and instructive chapters in the annals of the screen.

"You have to be ruthless to be a star!" she declared, blowing a ring of smoke into the air, as she sat curled up in an armchair in the living room of her old-time home on Franklin Avenue. The most outspoken, straight-shooting, fearless trooper in the business seemed to be in an especially confidential and volcanic mood.

"I have changed. We all change in this town, whether we are aware of it or not. Everyone who gets to the top does so at a certain sacrifice. I know that I am not always agreeable and accommodating. You can't fight your way to stardom by saying a docile 'yes, thank you,' to everyone who has a part in your career. The trouble with me is I am not ruthless enough! I have not yet achieved that ability to *demand* my rights which real success in any human endeavor demands.

"The principles we were taught as kids don't work in Hollywood. People in this town don't judge you by the qualities we thought were so important—by your kindness, virtue, sincerity, humility. The producers don't give a girl a part because she is so nice. She can be the most vicious, double-crossing person in the world, and they will still beg her to sign on the dotted line if she can sell more tickets at the box-office. You can't be a meek little angel, as I was a few years ago, and get along in this business. It does strange things to us."

This kind of talk, if delivered by an imperious lady of the screen, with a corps of servants at her command in a luxurious mansion, might well arouse resentment and stamp her as an enemy of society, but Bette is really such a good sport, and so natural, that you can't help but like and admire her more for her frankness. Her explosive, firecracker talk is replete with homely truths, and she is a blonde bundle of luscious femininity, with eager, sparkling blue-gray eyes. She lives in the most unpretentious house occupied by any star or near-star in Hollywood, and she was barelegged and without make-up during this interview. So what can you do with a gal like that?

"We women have to fight harder," she continued. "Take my case, for instance. When I first came out here they took me for just another little girl from Broadway, and the biggest battle I had to wage was to make people take me seriously. I had no theatrical reputation to speak of and I wasn't beautiful. They told me I was too young and innocent looking to play the available rôles convincingly. For over a year I was used as the test gal on the lot. They dressed me up in pretty costumes, and tested hundreds of actors with me, but when the real shooting began, I was left out. My first rôle was a small town wall-flower. For two years I didn't play anything but 'sisters.' Then the producers seemed to wake up, after I moved over to Warners. George Arliss gave me a boost by picking me to play in one of his pictures, but I got my first real break as *Mildred,* the cheap, vicious, cockney waitress in *Of Human Bondage.*

"I'll never, never forget my first year in Hollywood! It was *hell.* When you are new out here, this town is the LONESOMEST place in the world. I can't think of a more terrible, cruel, selfish and indifferent place for the newcomer than Holly-

Boiled!

In which Bette Davis, always an amazing girl, gives some amazing truths about an amazing town

Bette Davis couldn't cope with Hollywood until she learned to fight. Her superb characterization in *Of Human Bondage* (right) was the fruit of her first bitterly-won victory

wood. Nobody tells you what you should and shouldn't do, nobody tells you ANYTHING. (She threw up her arms with a gesture of despair.) Nobody will help you, and you have to find your way around by the old method of trial and error. One ought to make a fortune by opening an office in New York to advise people who come to Hollywood; there are so many things they have to be told! One mistake may ruin your whole career.

"And yet, today, I'm afraid I'm just as cold and indifferent to the new girls on our lot as people were to me five years ago. Some of them must have the same difficulties as I had, and be bothered with the same doubts and thoughts, yet I never go out of my way to help them. I just don't think of it. As I said, this business does strange things to us. You are so busy, and so self-centered, that you have no time and no inclination to help others win the fight.

"You become ruthless.

"THE greatest mistake I made when I first came out here was just being myself. There is a famous story about my arrival in Hollywood—you may have heard it. There was nobody at the station to meet me. I got off the train, looked around for that bouquet of flowers from the studio I had expected, but nobody paid the slightest attention to me. Swallowing my pride, I called a taxi, drove to a hotel and telephoned to the publicity department of the studio to find out why nobody was at the station to meet me.

"'I was there,' the chief said, 'but I didn't see anybody alighting from the train who looked like an actress.' 'Damn it,' I said, 'I had a dog with me, and by that alone you should have known that I was an actress!' I was dressed very plainly, to them, I suppose, and therefore there was no aura of theatrical glamour about me.

"I was so self-conscious when I first came out here, that it was pathetic. No photographer could make me smile for a still picture. And my first preview nearly killed me. But we change, as the years go by! Now I am known to be 'courageous,' 'daring,' 'nonchalant!' A girl grows up a lot in five years."

She lighted another cigarette, jumped off from her chair to change her position, and settled down to another barrage of crackling talk:

"I have often wondered where lies the peculiar charm of Hollywood, the secret of its amazing hold on people everywhere. Well, *I* think what makes Hollywood so fascinating is its shady side. People are starving for romance. They are bound by conventions and restrictions of all sorts. But out here, people think, there is a certain breezy freedom. And romance, dangerous, thrilling, is lurking at every corner.

"We can talk all we want about the artistic side of motion pictures, but I don't care what the professors say, SEX has always been and will always be at the bottom of this industry. Take sex away from pictures, and our studio lots would revert to their former pasture state and be overrun by dairy herds. Why do girls go to see a picture featuring Clark, Gable, Bob Taylor, Errol Flynn, George Brent, [*Continued on page 71*]

Roses for Garbo

by

Sada

Cowan

"Come back to me" . . . who was the departing friend to whom Garbo sent that cryptic message? For whom did she personally seek out the most perfect roses in Hollywood?

A famous scenarist tells about her strange meeting with the mystery woman of the screen

FLORISTS, like doctors, lawyers and priests, are bound by a code of honor to silence. Otherwise the calendar of the divorce courts might be more crowded than it is.

There is one florist, in particular, whose specialty has been to serve the stars and important people of the motion picture business, for years—a wise, kindly person—who smiles at you when you ask him a question. And never answers you.

He probably knows more about picture people than Mark Hellinger knows about New York. And that's saying all you can say.

Waiting one night not so many weeks ago for the florist to put out the lights and the cat and call it a day—for he had asked me to dinner—I sat on the edge of a table, smoking and trying to be patient. The shop was cold and I was shivering.

When the much touted California sun says "Nighty-night" and takes a look in on China, California can be mighty cold. And usually *is*. But cold or not, there is never any artificial heat at a florist's. The flowers can't stand it. And humans don't count.

From time to time I reminded my friend that as the hours passed I was growing more and more expensive to feed. "All right—let's go," he said, reaching for his hat. Then the telephone rang.

"Mr. de Mille is moving into a new office in the morning—a basket of flowers please. Price? Oh, use your own judgment. Only make it nice."

"Certainly." Down went the hat. The order was noted. (The office staff had gone home long ago.)

Over and over this sort of thing happened. Somebody was starting a new picture and his friends were sending him a flower horse-shoe for luck, or a director wanted flowers for his newly-arrived eastern star, or somebody suddenly remembered that it was the wife's birthday—he'd stop and pick up the flowers on his way home from the studio—have a good-looking box ready—oh, he'd leave it to the florist. He knew the wife's taste.

At last, the climax came.

A tall, ungainly, badly-dressed girl slouched into the store. I looked and couldn't believe my eyes. Then I looked again. It *was* Garbo!

I busied myself with a basket, pretending to be an employee. She paid no attention to me, as I had hoped.

"Have you any roses?" she asked, with a strong foreign accent. "They must be perfect."

The florist went into the back room and brought out some beautiful long-stemmed yellow ones.

"I do not want yellow. I want flowers more . . . what you call it . . . more vital . . . alive."

Her tone spelled just one thing—romance. Romance and red roses.

Unfortunately, the only red roses in the shop at the moment were a day old. Not what one would call "perfect." The outer petals were slightly wilted. The florist did what is always done in such cases, pulled off one or two of the outer petals before taking them to the customer.

Garbo took one look at them. With the eye of an expert she shook her head. "They must be perfect. And fresh. They go tonight on a boat that sails and they must stay alive many days. I am sorry." She turned to go.

"Just a moment," he said, remembering the box of red roses which he had just put up for the director's wife, and which the pur- [*Continued on page 74*]

"School Belles"

Off to school — two 20th Century-Fox starlets—Jackie Searl and Jane Withers. Jackie appeared with Jane in *Gentle Julia* while Jane has just completed the star rôle in *Pepper*

Young stars of Hollywood suggest smart collegienne attire for Fall campus wear

Busy days in the life

SOME may not be smart in the classroom but they certainly look smart on the campus. Among the charming features of modern education are the school belles who answer the school bells in the smartest Fall attire. (1) An ideal dress for campus wear is this two-piece sports frock of light weight powder blue woolen with a Roman stripe ascot worn by Joan Perry. Joan has the lead in the Columbia production, *Shakedown.* (2) Two Paramount players, Ray Milland and Marsha Hunt, show the correct attire for students who indulge in active sports. Ray wears white flannels and a white wool sweater banded in caruinal red for the tennis date while Marsha chooses steel grey flannel culottes, a powder blue short sleeve sweater with a smart turn-over collar under a gray cardigan to match the culottes and a blue scarf at the neck. Ray Milland's sweater from Phelps-Terkel. Outfit worn by Marsha Hunt from Bullock's Westwood. (3) Informal Sunday evenings and the date in town demand such a frock as this one worn by Joan Perry. A pattern of white leaves spot a black background of heavy crêpe. Smartly draped sleeves and a square decolletage give this gown definite fashion interest. Joan's hat is of stitched taffeta with a square crown. Dress from Nina Foley, hat from Molle-O of Hollywood. (4) For wear on and off the campus, Joan Perry selects this coat of gray kidskin from Willard George whose reputation in Hollywood as a furrier is unsurpassed. With the coat Joan wears a frock of powder blue light weight woolen trimmed with white soutache braid and self-fabric bows. Joan's hat is matching blue felt with a banding and bow of black grosgrain. Her accessories are patent to match the dress belt. Dress and hat from Nina Foley. (5) For a stroll on the campus between classes (left to right) Marsha Hunt, Ray Milland and Gail Patrick, Paramount players, show what is what in school apparel. Marsha again sports the culotte, this time in navy blue with small white stars. Belt buckle and buttons match [*Continued on page* 60]

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of a co-ed on and off the quad

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Betty Furness Writes an Open Letter To A Beau

One of the screen's most "eligible" young ladies tells her requirements for romance

". . . I hope you will be an actor, for you must be able to understand the problems of my work . . ."

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR YOU—wherever you are! For I don't know, as yet, *where* you are but I know so perfectly *what* you are that I can write you as though we had really met—and love had happened.

I know I've never met you before. Because I've never been in love in my life. I've never even *thought* I was in love. But I've thought *about* love, and about marriage, as every normal girl has.

I will know you when we meet. Oh, maybe I won't know you the first *instant*. Maybe not the first day. It won't be "love at first sight," I don't suppose. I'm not sentimental. I'm rather practical. I don't believe I could fall in love at first sight. But within a week, I shall know. I'll be sure . . . that you are HE. I'll know because I've gone about with a lot of boys, different kinds of boys, in New York, in Hollywood. I'll know because I haven't played about with love.

I can tell you two things right off—you'd better be an actor. And—I'll never elope with you. I have a streak of New England in me as wide as the state of Maine—both mother and daddy are born New Englanders—and that conservative streak would keep me from one of those off-to-Yuma marriages.

I think you had better be an actor because I couldn't, in my work, marry a man outside of the profession. And I love my work and I want to keep on with it. If anyone had asked me, a year ago, whether I would marry an actor I would have said, "No, certainly *not!*" Now I know that I would. Because understanding is the very basis of love. You've got to have understanding of my problems and you couldn't unless you were in the business, too.

But you'll have to be a very understanding *man* under the grease-paint. And why not? Most of the actors I know are swell human beings. You can't be the jealous type, of course, either personally or professionally. *I* wouldn't be, I know. I've been in Hollywood for four years now, in the studios, and I know how little cause there is for personal jealousy. We all work too hard, are too intent on our own careers, to be playing about among ourselves. As for professional jealousy—well, why should a man and a woman conflict in that way? I know that if you should get a perfectly swell part and make a tremendous hit I'd be proud of you. I'd be glad. It wouldn't have anything to do with my work, or with my ability.

Things like that are so silly, don't you think? Last year, when I was in New York, one of those silly things happened. Cary Grant happened to come through New York, on his way to England, a few days after I'd arrived there. Cary and I had seen quite a bit of each other in the months before. We were never in love. We did have a lot of fun together. I was fond of him and he of me. We still do see each other now and then. Anyway, a friend of mine called me and said, "My dear, I have bad news for you—did you know that Cary Grant has made a tremendous hit in *Sylvia Scarlett?*" The poor silly girl really thought I'd be annoyed by Cary's success because we weren't running around together any more!

I told her not to be ridiculous. I was perfectly delighted about it. Cary had read his lines to me time and time again. I got a thrill out of it. I would get the same thrill out of any success you might make . . . you can be sure of that, wherever you are.

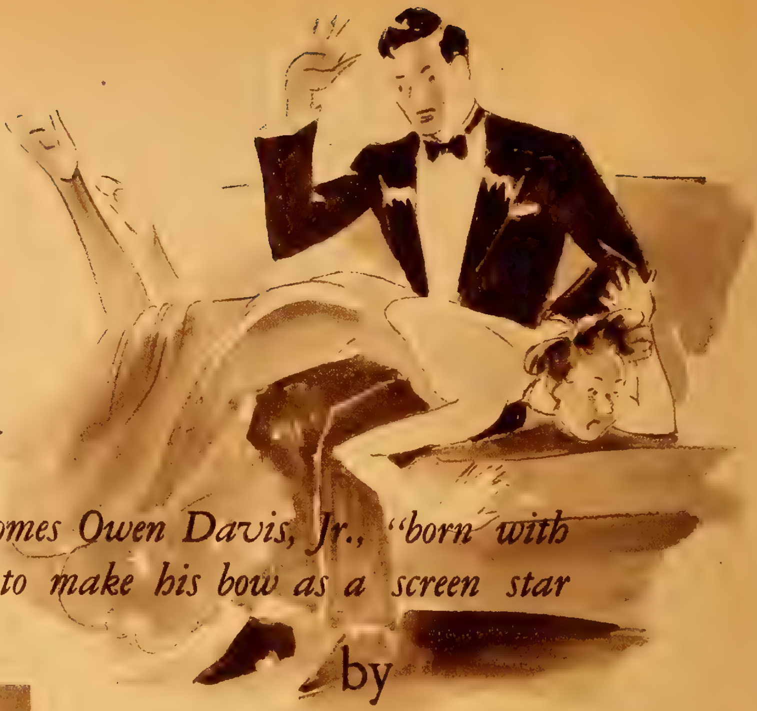
I'd want you to have a bit of an edge on me somewhere, in some department of life. Being a man, you would have to feel a certain superiority to me somewhere or you wouldn't be happy. It's biological. Perhaps you would have a little edge on me in our home life. Perhaps intellectually. Perhaps financially—no, certainly financially. For that is the rub. I do think it's bound to create a bad situation if the woman makes more money than the man. Silly, but it does. So you'll have to make more money than I do or I'll have to give up my career—and I would if you wanted me to, very badly. That is, I would if it did not lower my present

[*Continued on page* 68]

Anne Shirley

With a spectacular rush, Anne Shirley—once known as Dawn O'Day—is scaling the heights. Starred at sixteen in *Anne of Green Gables,* she has fully justified the confidence of Radio Pictures executives. She is now co-starred with John Beal in *M'liss,* a story of the southern mountain folk

Stage Struck



From the Broadway stage comes Owen Davis, Jr., "born with grease-paint in his veins," to make his bow as a screen star

by
Mary Pennington

Son of one of the most famous playwrights of the day, young Owen Davis, already a stage celebrity, scored an instantaneous success in the title rôle of *His Majesty, Bunker Bean*

A HANDSOME young man, wearing faultless dinner clothes, stood in the center of a large sound stage and chatted amiably with a charming young woman wearing the latest in silver evening gowns. A variety of individuals wearing frowns lined up behind a camera and decided they were ready to make a motion picture.

"Quiet!" commanded an assistant sternly.

"Light 'em all," remarked an anonymous bass.

"Action," said the director.

Whereupon the handsome young man picked up the charming young woman, laid her across his knees and administered a sound spanking. No one, with the exception of the spankee, made the slightest objection. In fact they regarded the proceeding with a cool and critical detachment. They didn't, it seemed, approve of the young man's technique. So he spanked the young woman again. In fact, off and on for an entire morning the handsome young man spanked and spanked and spanked.

Thus Owen Davis, Jr., late of the Broadway stage, completed the first scene of his first leading rôle in motion pictures.

"Hollywood," remarked Mr. Davis thoughtfully, "is a little hard on the hand."

But young Mr. Davis didn't know a thing about Hollywood. That afternoon he stood on that same sound stage and kissed a very charming young woman—the same woman. He kissed her while the director had a series of inspirations. He kissed her while other actors "blew" their lines. He kissed her while various people made helpful suggestions. Eventually, he rebelled.

"Who," inquired Mr. Davis a bit fractiously, "is kissing this girl anyway?"

At the end of the scene—and the day—Mr. Davis was beyond making any comment on Hollywood whatever.

However, it will take more than the title rôle of *Bunker Bean* to stop young Owen. In the first place he possesses an exceedingly thorough theatrical training which makes him well able to cope with even the surprising demands of motion pictures. In the second, his is the saga of the Boy-who-wanted-to-go-on-the-stage. He insists that he was born with grease paint in his veins, a script in each hand, and an unshakable ambition to be an actor. Though his father is the noted playwright, Owen Davis, author of such famous successes as the current *Ethan Frome, Icebound* (a Pulitzer Prize [*Continued on page* 80]

I Raised *My* Boy To Be A Husband

Mrs. Evelyn Offield—who has a son called Jack Oakie—tells how she prepared an incurable humorist for matrimony

by
Virginia Lane

When Jack Oakie and Venita Varden said "I do," Jack's mother had ample cause to point to the groom with profound, motherly pride and say, "I Did"

HUSBANDS, in the immortal words of the female flagpole sitter, need a lot of raising.

And the time to begin is when they're in the cradle. While they are still young and pliable, so to speak.

You know—"as the twig is bent, so grows the tree." And if you want a mighty Oak-ie of a husband to lean on, his training can't begin too soon . . .

"Although as an oak, there's probably a good bit of the acorn left in Jack!" chuckled his small, gay mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, whom half of Hollywood has adopted as its own. "Because I *have* pampered him some. Every man ought to have a little pampering—when he least expects it. And from what I've seen, it looks as if Venita is going to carry on."

"Venita" is, of course, Venita Varden, that zestful beauty from the *Ziegfeld Follies* who married Jack Oakie some four months ago. The two of them were broiling in a New Mexican sun on location for *The Texas Ranger* even as mother Offield and I sat in the cool comfort of her Beverly Hills home bent on How-to-bring-up-a-Husband.

"During my experience as a school teacher I've helped more than 15,000 girls to become good wives. But that, compared to raising *one* Husband—well—" Her eyes danced. They're blue and laughing and startlingly like Jack's.

"Mr. Offield and I, you see, began when Jack was a small boy back in Sedalia, Mo., by showing him how to share. That's the most important thing the future head of a family has to learn, isn't it? Although I'll admit it was often harder on me than it was on him!

"For instance, his father would take him downtown and somewhere along the way they'd stop for candy. 'Going to save some for mother?' Dad would ask. 'Sure!' Jack'd say—and carefully clutch those chocolates for me in his hot, grubby little hands all the way home. Can you imagine what that candy looked like by the time I got it? But the spirit behind the offering was good so I had to close my eyes . . . And many a day he'd come bouncing into the house to give me some prize possession—usually a frog or a toad . . ."

It was frogs and toads then. Now it's diamonds and cars Jack lavishes on his mother. When he gave Venita her diamond engagement ring and bracelets and wedding ring, he also gave an extra large solitaire to the little woman who brought him up to be an extra choice hubby!

Psychology helped her do that, she says. She majored in the subject at Lewis college—and then named her boy "Lewis" after the school. He got the name "Oakie" when critics dubbed him the "Okay Kid" for his dancing in Schubert revues. The surname came when he was handed a Hollywood contract. "We can't put you down just as 'Oakie,'" said the producer. "What do you want in front of it?"

"Jack—because that's what I need!"

It's what he wanted most. Money. For under all that clowning of his was a terrific sense of responsibility engendered by the promise to his father. He [*Continued on page* 70]

Movie-town has undergone some amazing growing pains—and the author of this laugh-fest has witnessed and shared them all

GROWING UP

by Whitney

AFTERNOON at Arline Judge's. Around her beautiful swimming pool are cameras and motion picture equipment, mothers with babies, arriving newspaper and magazine photographers, anxious publicity men.

The air is tense. Over at one side, Evelyn Venable is trying to calm her six-month-old infant. Karen Morley tells Michael, her tot, a story. Sally Eilers is romping with small Harry Joe, pride of the Eilers-Brown menage. Arline is dividing her time between her guests and the task of showing three and one-half-year-old Wesley how to tap dance.

One vital question is uppermost in the minds of all present . . . will the babies behave for their pictures? It's an occasion long awaited, when so many star-mothers with their children are to be snapped for the public prints, their likenesses recorded for the screen.

The moment arrives for them to line up. There is horseplay on the part of the young sons, there is a burst of crying, there is interest in everything but the cameras that confront them.

"Make a noise like a sea-lion calling its mate," Charlie Rhodes, MOVIE CLASSIC's demon cameraman, begs me.

I try to comply and instantly, I have undivided attention on the part of all the youngsters. Then . . . wild wailing. But during those few seconds of rapt intentness, cameras have done their work and the object of the visit is accomplished.

As I stand there making a grandstand play for the babies, I reflect . . . Hollywood never changes. Always something out of the ordinary every moment. Such as back in 1927, when my newspaper office phoned as I was dressing for the opening of *Old Ironsides,* at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, that a telegram had arrived for me bearing the news that Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston had eloped and married that afternoon . . . when they were to have been my guests at the première!

IN MY many years as a Hollywood writer for Los Angeles' largest newspaper, and for many magazines since leaving the sheet, it has been my lot to share much of the joy and sorrow of the film colony. Hollywood, in the days before the talkies, resembled, to my mind, nothing so much as a college town. Everybody knew everybody else. There were few strangers. Just one big happy family, don't y'know.

Hollywood, today, is a far different hamlet from those other days. With the importation of actors, writers, directors, technicians,

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, once Hollywood's most-publicized lovers, caused plenty of excitement when their engagement was announced. Alla Nazimova, glimpsed here in a scene from *Salome,* didn't give interviews very readily, to this author's embarrassment

with HOLLYWOOD

Williams

from the east and from Europe, the village has assumed the aspect of a metropolitan center. In the pre-talkie era a promenade up the Boulevard, from Vine Street to Highland Avenue (approximately three-quarters of a mile), consumed most of an afternoon. One is fortunate now to see a familiar face along this same course.

I recall very vividly my first interview with a star. Nazimova, the Russian tragedienne, then attempting a come-back after several years' absence from the screen, was my subject. The Garden of Allah Apartments, on Sunset Boulevard—now the home of so many stars—occupies the site of her former home.

After being introduced, she swore me to secrecy not to divulge her address in my story. Then, sinking back in a luxurious, red easy chair, she ordered grandly, with an impressive sweep of her hand, "Well, commence." The one question I had managed to conjure immediately left me!

I was reminded of this early experience only recently, when I dropped by Lionel Stander's home for an interview with this quaint young gentleman with a bull-frog's voice.

For an hour or more we played pool on his new table. Whenever I would bring up the object of my visit, he would promptly concentrate on an intricate play. Finally, as I was taking my leave, he told me . . . "Say anything you want about me—just so you don't make me a sap—but be sure to mention my house. Isn't it a pip?" He had designed the furniture and planned the redecorating and was justly proud of his handiwork.

Sometime after Greta Garbo decided to make herself so exclusive that no one might even see her—and the following incident might just as well have transpired yesterday, for all the Swedish star has changed—I took a photographer out to her home for the purpose of taking a picture of the house. As my companion was setting up his camera, two huskies appeared from out of the shrubbery and proclaimed loudly that we couldn't "take no pitchers here." The gentlemen seemed so very much in earnest that we decided to accede to their gentle hint to move on.

Climbing back into our car, we drove off . . . and rounding the block, snapped the picture from the car as we passed. Miss Garbo's young men displayed such irritability and downright annoyance at our discourtesy in returning, especially when they had issued their dictum, that we drove around the block again . . . and shot still another "pitcher."

As Helen Ferguson—now a prominent [*Continued on page* 64]

Fay Wray, as a bit player, demonstrated her unshakable courage when charged by Rex, the wild horse. Gloria Swanson and her marquis gave a party at the Hotel del Coronado and spent the evening throwing flowers at one another across the length of the banquet table

Win A Telephone Call From Loretta Young

Hollywood is on the line! And here's the opportunity of a lifetime to chat personally with the beautiful star of Ramona

Miraculously changed in appearance and personality by a black wig, Loretta has much of interest to tell about her newest picture, now in production

ANOTHER month—and with it another chance to win a long distance telephone call from one of Hollywood's most popular girls!

Ask Loretta Young a question!

She will answer your queries in the November issue of MOVIE CLASSIC—and, in addition, she will personally answer *via long distance telephone,* the one question which in her judgment is the most interesting.

Ask her the same questions which you would propound if you had the opportunity of lunching with her, tete-a-tete, here in Hollywood.

Why did she seek so avidly to play the rôle of "Ramona," the half-breed Indian girl of Helen Hunt Jackson's great love story? . . . Does she feel that being a child star robbed her of a normal childhood? . . . Does she plan to marry in the near future? . . . What opinion did she form of Robert Taylor while they were playing together in *Private Number* . . .

There are, literally, hundreds of extremely interesting questions which you can ask. Loretta Young, a famous actress at fourteen, a wife at seventeen, a divorcee at eighteen, a great dramatic artist at twenty-two is one of the most interesting personalities in an interesting town.

Address your questions to The Inquiring Reporter, MOVIE CLASSIC, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California. And please note: Queries received later than August 20 cannot be honored.

Your questions will be compiled and taken to Loretta Young who will personally dictate the answers which will appear in October MOVIE CLASSIC. She will select the most interesting question, and fix the hour and date at which time she will telephone the lucky winner.

Questions which violate the bounds of good taste will of course be discarded.

Good luck—and send in your queries promptly.

The Inquiring Reporter,
Movie Classic Magazine,
7046 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please ask Loretta Young the following questions, answers to which will appear in the November issue of Movie Classic.

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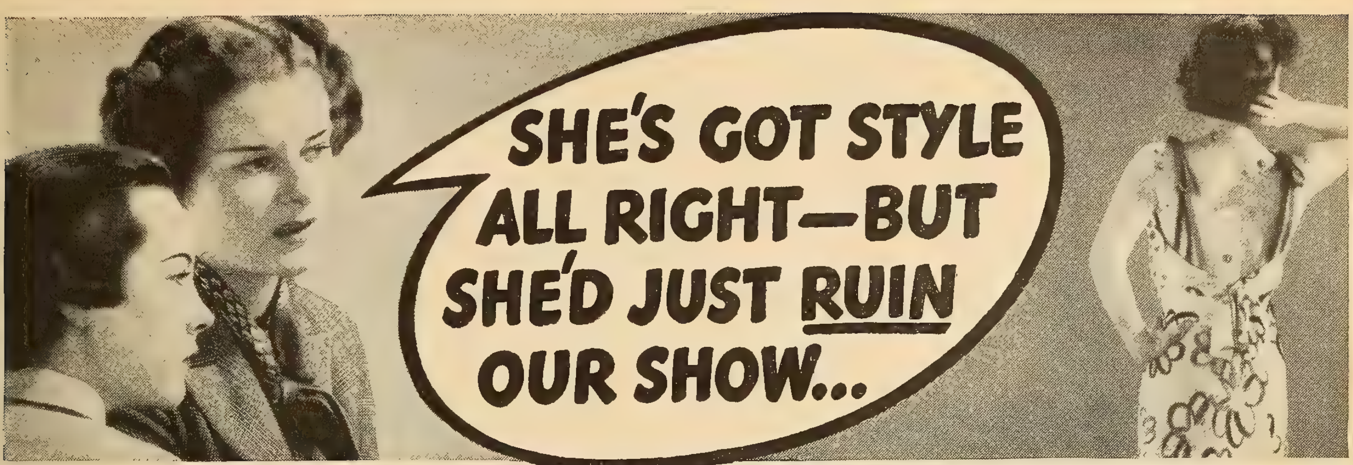
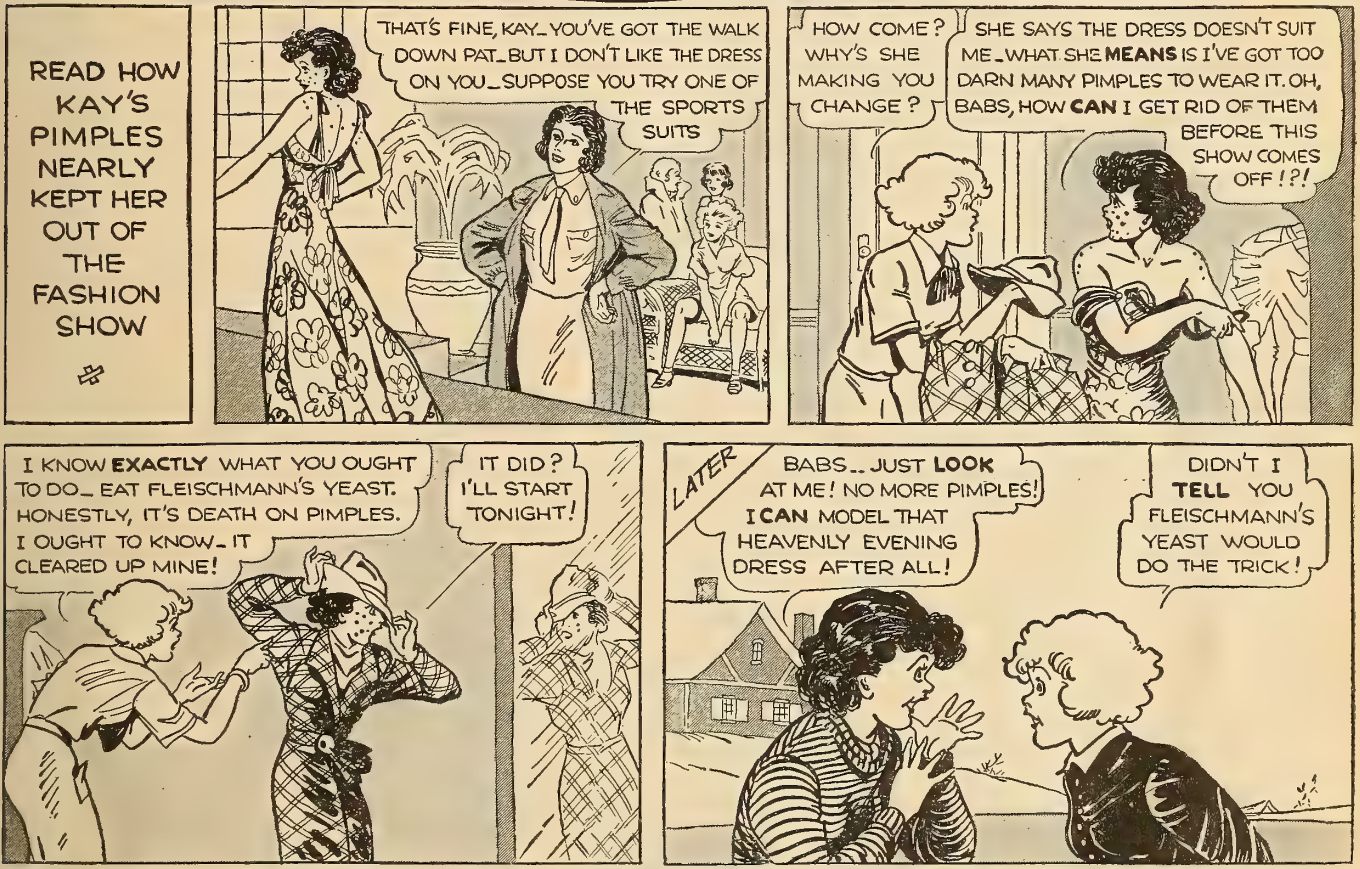
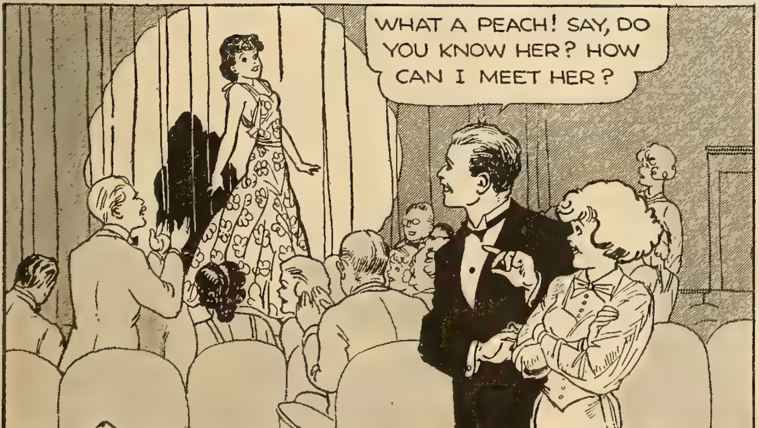
Your name ....


SHE'S GOT STYLE ALL RIGHT—BUT SHE'D JUST RUIN OUR SHOW...


READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW
THAT'S FINE, KAY_YOU'VE GOT THE WALK DOWN PAT_BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS ON YOU_SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF THE SPORTS SUITS
HOW COME? WHY'S SHE MAKING YOU CHANGE?
SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT ME_WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH, BABS, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THIS SHOW COMES OFF!?!
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO_ EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES. I OUGHT TO KNOW_ IT CLEARED UP MINE!
IT DID? I'LL START TONIGHT!
LATER
BABS.. JUST LOOK AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES! I CAN MODEL THAT HEAVENLY EVENING DRESS AFTER ALL!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WOULD DO THE TRICK!


WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO YOU KNOW HER? HOW CAN I MEET HER?

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Robert Taylor Answers

[*Continued from page* 23]

A. I play opposite her in "The Gorgeous Hussy" which is now completed.

Q. Are you superstitious?

A. Isn't everyone a little superstitious? My pet superstition is that it's bad luck to talk about the things one wants before they materialize.

Q. Do you prefer comedy or dramatic roles?

A. I haven't played in a comedy but I would like to try.

Q. Why haven't you continued your medical studies?

A. Because I had always had the desire to act and I didn't dare pass up opportunity when it came to me unsolicited.

Q. What is the one thing you want most in life?

A. I suppose you could sum it up by saying I want happiness—and happiness to me implies success, financial security and, eventually, a family and a home.

Q. What nationality are you?

A. Scotch, English and Pennsylvania Dutch.

Q. What are the most important advantages and disadvantages your career has provided?

A. The advantages are obvious. I have been given the chance to better myself more rapidly than I could have in any other profession. I have earned money much more rapidly than I could in any other profession and most important of all I have been given the opportunity to contact many interesting and inspiring personalities. If there is a disadvantage it lies in the fact that I have been forced to sacrifice a certain amount of privacy.

Q. What are your plans for the immediate future?

A. As far as business is concerned I want to go on doing exactly what I am already doing. Right now, though, the plan that I am giving the most thought to is a trip to the North Woods this fall to camp and fish.

Q. What is your favorite popular song?

A. "Would You."

Q. Do you really play the Cello?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you prefer to be called Bob or Robert?

A. Both names still seem strange but I prefer Bob.

Q. What is your height, weight, etc.?

A. I am six feet tall, weigh 165 lbs. and have dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Q. Have you ever loved in vain?

A. Yes, plenty of times.

Q. Is Hollywood what people on the outside think it—wonderful?

A. I still feel enough of an outsider to think it is very wonderful.

Q. What is the significance of the ring you wear on your little finger in every picture?

(Apparently everyone but your Inquiring Reporter must have noticed that ring for it figured in at least a hundred questions.)

A. That ring is one of my few superstitions. It was given to me when I was a kid and I have worn it ever since, and for some reason, I am convinced that it would be bad luck not to wear it.

Q. Are you acquainted with Shirley Temple?

A. No.

Q. What is your favorite dessert?

A. Apple pie.

Q. Are all the members of your immediate family living?

A. My father is dead.

Q. What did you find most interesting in New York?

A. I was bewildered by the size and the speed and was profoundly impressed by the cosmopolitan atmosphere. I was raised in a town of about ten thousand people and I had never before seen a really big city.

Q. What fraternity did you belong to in high school or college?

A. I was a Phi Delt at Pomona.

Q. Where did you make your screen debut?

A. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in a very small part in "A Wicked Woman."

Q. What are the titles of the first six pictures you played in?

A. "A Wicked Woman," "Westpoint of the Air," "Society Doctor," "Times Square Lady," "Murder in the Fleet," and "Broadway Melody of 1936."

Q. Do you plan to attend the Texas Centennial?

A. No, I don't think I shall be able to do so.

Q. What kind of car do you drive?

A. A Cadillac coupé.

Q. Do you mind being hounded by autograph hunters?

A. Frankly, I like it.

Q. What kind of work would you prefer—radio, stage or screen?

A. The screen.

Q. I understand you like horses. Do you own any horses? If so, what are their names?

A. Yes, I am very fond of horses. I have ridden since I was eight years old. I do not own a horse at present.

Q. Do you really drive as recklessly as you do on the screen?

A. I wouldn't be on the screen or anywhere else above ground very long if I did.

Q. Can you tap dance?

A. No.

Q. Which do you consider most important, a career or marriage?

A. A career. It is obviously most important to a man for without a career he could not have the marriage.

Q. Would you like to play in a color film?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you play the piano?

A. Yes.

Q. What books do you read?

A. Fiction.

Q. Do you mind having your personal life probed into?

A. I suppose everyone desires a certain amount of privacy but I feel that a person in my position is obligated to satisfy the natural curiosity of theatregoers.

Q. Did you bet on the Louis-Schmeling fight?

A. I couldn't find anyone who would take a bet—I'm glad now that I didn't.

Q. Have you been a wealthy person all your life?

A. No. My father had a comfortable income but was not wealthy.

Q. Do you think a career and marriage can successfully be combined?

A. Certainly.

Q. Do you have a private secretary?

A. No.

Q. What do you think of your chances in color films?

A. I have never had a color test.

Q. Do you live with your family in Hollywood?

A. I live with my mother.

And there you have in his own words Bob Taylor's answers. Next month remember Ginger Rogers takes the witness stand and moreover will call one of her questioners by long-distance telephone and answer that question which she considers the most interesting of those submitted.

Charles Bickford, Mrs. Eddie Mannix and Ketti Gallian were among the motion picture personalities who vacationed over Independenece Day at the Playa Ensenada, in Mexico, the most popular of new movie resorts

THIS HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP...

What will it do for you?

HOLLYWOOD'S *make-up originated by Max Factor will do wonderful things for you...it will "discover" beauty in your face that you didn't know was there...it will individualize that beauty, make you interesting, different!*

IT IS an extraordinary make-up, because it was created for extraordinary conditions...screen stars, not wanting to look alike, asked Max Factor to create a make-up that would individualize their type. The result was Max Factor's sensational discovery—powder, rouge, lipstick in color harmony shades that instantly dramatize the individual charm of every star!

You will find that Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade will enliven your skin with youthful radiance...the Rouge will add a lifelike color to your cheeks...the Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely! Try Hollywood's make-up secret, and note the amazing difference!

Jane Wyatt

IN COLUMBIA'S

"LOST HORIZON"

A NEW LIP MAKE-UP. *Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely. One dollar.*

A POWDER SECRET. *Your skin will look young and lovely when touched by the magic of Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade. One dollar.*

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Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to see how lovely you can be with powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade? MAIL COUPON.

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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood·
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*... FREE

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COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

The Man Who Refound His Childhood

[*Continued from page* 25]

There was always a new show starting or an old show going on the road; and in the summers there was always the movies. Public school, parochial school, private school, private tutors, new faces of classmates, new teachers, different text books. The story of all theatrical children. Better educated than most men, Paul Kelly still says wistfully, "I've always kind of wished that I could have finished school!"

He is going to school again with Mimi, talking her lessons over with her—not like father and daughter so much as like two kids poring over the dark mysteries of compound fractions and hist'ry and the islands of the Mediterranean, glorying in her school triumphs, and trying not to show it. (They elected Mimi not long ago to give the Decoration Day speech about the Constitution, Paul tells me—she got almost all the votes.) "Sure, I'd like her to be on the stage one of these days," Kelly says loyally. "It's a good life—I've no kick coming and I've been in it since I was seven. But not till she's *Finished School.*"

TALKING to Paul Kelly makes me feel grey in my hair. We can both of us remember back so far! I have been interviewing movie players longer, I think, than anyone else; still doing it—twenty-four years; but *Paul Kelly has been a motion picture star for twenty-nine years.* He is the only one of those early day players to be still working in what they called "the flickers" back in 1906 when "Chick" Kelly was "The Vitagraph Boy." The Kelly's house down on the Parkway backed on the Vitagraph lot and Paul's mother rented out the parlor set occasionally for use in a scene. In the woods beyond, feathered Redskins stalked shrieking pioneer women—while the cameramen tried to keep the telephone wires out of the picture! When a "country estate" or a "gentleman's home" was needed, they shot the players in the Kelly front yard, and paid for the use of it by taking a photograph of the house—until the place was *filled* with photographs.

The players whom I first interviewed Paul waves aside as "newcomers." "Anita Stewart and Maurice Costello came several years after I did, and the Talmadge girls. I must have been eleven when Connie began to bring Norma's lunch to the lot. She had yellow curls and a kind of haughty way of switching her starched skirts, and—boy—was I gone on her! But whenever I'd ride my bicycle down to the railroad flats where the Talmadges lived to call on her she was always out. And Natalie was sorry for me and used to say anxiously, 'I'm sure, "Chick," if Connie'd known you were coming she'd have been here.' She was the first girl I ever wanted to kiss, but I never made the grade."

That kiss is only one of the things Life owes Paul Kelly. He has many golden hours of carefree childhood due him—baseball games on the back lot, gang fights between the kids of Avenue M and the toughs from Below the Tracks, excursions down the harbor for a clambake while a small boy of eight or nine must remain behind to "work" in a matinee in the old Republic Theatre on Broadway.

"Being a theatrical kid is all right—when you've got a wise mother like mine who'd smack me down when I began to go 'actory,'" says Paul. "Don't get the idea I was put out because I had to work. The toughest part of it was wearing my hair in a Buster Brown bob till I was eleven, and a wide white collar till I was fourteen! It took a good many fights and black eyes and bloody noses to defend that bob and collar, but I persuaded the gang, at least, to respect them. They were just building the subway to Coney Island then—you know the broken rock the Embankment is made of? Well, the fellows would look up to see a lad in a sickening white sailor suit, with curls under his pretty sailor hat, and a ribbon, and they'd begin yelling—'Hi, fellers, pipe the sissy.' They'd fill their hands with the Embankment rocks for ammunition and then somebody would say—'Aw, it's only "Chick" Kelly. Hyar yer, "Chick"?' And it would be all right. But every new place we went when the show was on tour I had a fight on my hands."

Gladys Swarthout, returning to Hollywood to star in Paramount's *Champagne Waltz,* disembarks from the train in Pasadena. She will appear in three filmusicals this year, according to present plans

Paul Kelly was the youngest in a family of ten children. At seven, when most boys are concerned with no weightier matters than shooting marbles and roller skating, he was the main support of that family! The farm on the outskirts of Brooklyn sheltered the suddenly fatherless Kellys, but Paul's thirty-five dollar a week pay check, as one of the children in *The Grand Army Man,* bought food for the hungry brood and their shoes and sodas and street-car fares besides.

UNTIL he was twenty-five and a recognized Broadway juvenile, Paul Kelly never saw his pay check—it was made over without question to his mother to spread over the changing and clamorous needs of her big family. As far back as he can remember, money has meant to Paul only a gas bill paid, a new dress for "Tiny" or "Betts," an insurance installment, rent, responsibility met matter-of-factly without complaint or praise. "When I was a kid," he says, "I'd say 'Mom, can you let me have a dime?' When I was sixteen, it was 'Mom, how about a dollar?' And towards the end, I'd be asking, 'Mom, could you spare me ten dollars to take a girl to a dance?' And she always handed it out. A grand woman, my mother was. I'm grateful now for the times I felt the flat of her hand. When she died suddenly inside of two days from an ailment caused by bringing so many children into the world, and my brothers and sisters were married or earning for themselves and didn't need me, I was lost. I'd been head of a family ever since I could remember, and *I didn't know how to spend a pay check . . .*"

"The head of a family"—in those four words is written the life-story of many a man, a story of humble, unsung heroism and anxious sacrifice. They do not make the front pages of newspapers, these tired shabby men who seem always to be doing sums in their heads as they swarm from the 8:45 commuter's special. No one tears up telephone books to sprinkle down on their heads as they ride up Broadway from flying Atlantics or winning Olympics. Yet perhaps their exploits are recorded Somewhere.

Paul Kelly, who was head of a family at seven, does not seem to recognize anything amazing in his case. "It wasn't so bad," he says cheerfully. "The worst I remember about it was the two-hour rides on street-car and subway between 12th Street and the theatre, changing three times. I was the proud one when Mom let me take the trip alone! 'Just let me off at Avenue M,' I'd say to the conductor—and go to sleep on the most comfortable looking person in the car!

"The times we went on tour weren't so good. Getting up in the cold dark to go to communion or early Mass before catching a train at seven—Mom wouldn't let any of us miss Church. Living in awful lodgings: the landladies didn't allow cooking in the rooms, but I'd go to a ten-cent-store and buy a gadget to screw on a gas jet. Then, while I held the frying-pan filled with lamb chops over it, the comedy woman of the company would burst into a loud 'Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So' to drown the sputtering, and Mom would open the window and stand waving her apron to drive out the smell!

"It was all right for a tough Irish kid. But I wouldn't want a life like that for Mimi. I guess people always do want things different for their children—easier than they had it themselves" . . .

The charming room in which we talk bears the stamp of Hollywood—where divans are deeper, carpets softer, than anywhere else in the world. Why is it that I see a cheerless chamber with peeling wall paper, chipped furniture, and lamb chops sputtering over a gas ring?

A tall, husky young man, Paul Kelly, with success in the cut of his tweeds, the lift of his head. I wonder why, looking at him, I see a sleep-sodden seven-year-old, fair head bobbing to the lurching of the cold and dirty trolley car as it creeps through midnight streets?

WINNER!

Miss Harriet Brandon is pictured above just after receiving a permanent wave, from Edmond (55th St.), one of New York's fashionable hairdressers.

"Since rinsing my hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, I have become increasingly popular," says Miss Harriet Brandon of Indianapolis, Indiana.

FIRST girl to win the title of MARCHAND BLONDE–OF–THE–MONTH, lovely Miss Brandon told us she early realized how important it is for a girl fully to develop *one* of her charms. "By keeping my hair always soft, bright and lustrous I add immeasurably to my appearance," says Miss Brandon. Whether blonde or brunnette, you, too can gain new attractiveness—a charming appearance your friends will admire, by making soft lustrous hair *your* secret of loveliness.

BLONDES—Keep your hair the popular golden shade with Marchand's. To brighten dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's.

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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle.

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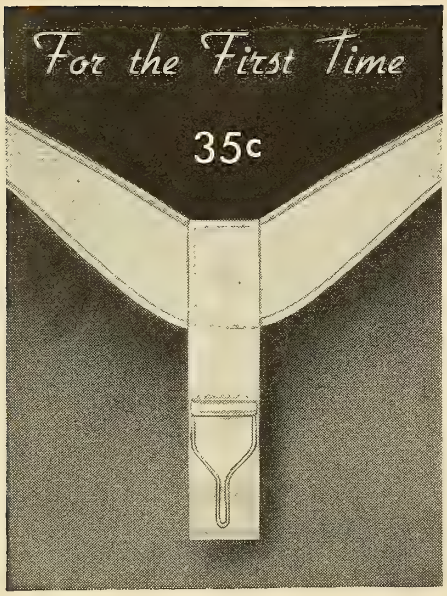

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A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 21*]

Whatta Schnozzle—

The world's most useless movie prop has cost $5,000 to date. It's a nose.

It's the nose that was built for Charles Laughton to wear in the projected Alexander Korda production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, to have been made in London. To get the best possible nose for the long-beaked hero of the film, Korda imported one of Hollywood's most famous makeup wizards to come all the way to London, just to create the Cyrano schnozzle. Much expensive research was also done. The total expenditures, just to produce the one false nose, amounted to $5,000.

And then Korda abandoned production plans—and the nose is for sale, cheap, to whoever wants to be Cyrano.

Maybe it wouldn't be a half bad bargain for a Hollywood columnist? Think of the wear and tear it'd save . . .

Hold Everything—

Latest to learn the truth of "anything can happen in Hollywood" is Arline Judge.

Seems Arline was present when a group of friends were discussing the open-heartedness and philanthropies of one George McKay, Columbia's character actor star. "Why," commented Bill Gargan, "He's so big-hearted, he'd give you the shirt off his back."

Two days later, in the crowded Brown Derby at lunchtime, Arline Judge met George McKay. Introduced to him, she blurted out: "Oh, you're the man who's so generous that you'd give the shirt off your back . . . ?"

Gravely, unsmiling, McKay took off his coat, untied his tie, tore off his collar—*and took off his shirt and gave it to Arline!* Then she had to sit down, at his invitation, and finish lunch with him *sans* shirt!

Bye, Bye—

Official notice from Paramount: The option on four-year-old Baby Leroy, that super-highly-publicized baby star who was in the W. C. Field pictures, has NOT been taken up.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

Such Praise—

It happened at the preview of *Anthony Adverse:*

Spellbound, the previewers sat through reel after reel of the unfoldment of the yarn. Hours passed. Finally, the end. Filing out of the auditorium after the nearly three-hour-long show, a critic was asked what he thought of it.

"I nominate it," he replied, "the Ten Best Films of the Year."

In the Mood—

You know that silly old wheeze about being able to tell what a feller had for dinner by the spots on his vest?—well, it's something like that with Joan Crawford, only with Joan, the gag is that you can tell what picture she's making by looking at her offscreen costumes and her house . . .

Recently, for instance, her clothes in everyday life were replicas of the costumes she wore in *The Gorgeous Hussy.* Joan makes a few changes to adapt the costumes to ordinary wear—like wearing only two petticoats instead of seven, and so on. And in her home, Joan has a lot of new bits of furnishing—pieces and items bought after they'd been used on the sets of the picture! It's a habit with Joan—this wearing picture costumes and using home decorations from her current production.

Poor Adolphe—

'Dolphe Menjou doesn't know whether it's so hot to be in perfect health at last, after all . . . !

You see, for the past many months, Menjou has been ailing, often hospitalized. He thinned down until he was just one pound or so this side of the Human Skeleton. However, keeping up his reputation as the screen's best-dressed actor, 'Dolphe bought clothes to fit.

Now he's out of his ill-health streak—and he's gained fifteen pounds and the doctors want him to keep it. BUT—it means that Menjou's entire wardrobe is unusable. In his closet hang 160—count 'em!—160 suits that he can't wear. They cost him an average of $165 apiece, and he's been selling them for $25 each to grips and workmen at 20th-Fox, where he's working in *Sing, Baby, Sing.* His spare time is spent "sitting" for fittings for twenty-seven new suits he's ordered to fit his new architectural outlines. And to make it tough—

An Opportunity—

Dear Maxie Reinhardt:—don't you cry. Don't you cry over the fact that Mr. Hitler's Nazi Germany doesn't like you any more. And don't you cry, even, because your *Midsummer Night's Dream* didn't knock 'em silly at the box office. Because even if Germany and Hollywood don't appreciate you, Italy does. King Emanuel has just conferred the order of Commendatore on you, for your contributions to the stage. So now, maybe, you can produce Othello and make the big black boy an Ethiopian 'stead of a Moor, eh?

It's the Vogue—

And now even Marion Talley, the beautifully-reduced opera star, is going garbo-hepburnish . . .

It seems that out at Republic, where Marion is singing in *Follow Your Heart,* after shedding so many of those very-extra pounds that she can even pose in swimming suits without too much work for the retouchers, they've got a new rule: after the electricians have spotted the lights and the grips have placed the scenery and props correctly, they all have to scoot behind canvas screens and not watch while Marion sings and emotes! It "disturbs" Marion if they look on, it is explained.

Reminds me of Hepburn's recent stunt—insisting that all the grips, electricians and other set workers, except the director and cameraman, turn their backs while she hepburned-up a scene in *Mary of Scotland,* her new picture.

Irony—

Exquisite commentary on Hollywood's marital uncertainties:

Making *The Gorgeous Hussy,* Franchot Tone playing opposite Wifie Joan Crawford, spoke to her thus, while cameras ground: "I'm very much in love with you."

It was a serious scene—and yet, from the watching cast, technical crew, et all, came a titter that swelled to a roar, and spoiled the take! Chided Director Clarence Brown: *"Let's get used to the idea of a husband and wife loving each other,* and do this scene, over, now!"

Ah, Hollywood, Hollywood . . . !

Alison Alden Recommends—

[*Continued from page* 17]

will find *Pond's Liquefying Cream* delightful either for your night-time thorough cleansing or to remove make-up during the day. It melts at skin temperature and gets down into the pores quickly. After removing the cream with tissue or towel, your face will be clean and smooth, all ready for a new application of powder foundation, powder and rouge.

If you don't use a powder brush to clear the lines at your eyes, nose and mouth after making up, by all means get one immediately. No matter how hastily your make-up is applied, a final whisk with a powder brush will assure you of that smooth, velvety appearance which makes one's skin really flower-like. Max Factor, manufacturer of the famous Max Factor cosmetics, has a marvelously soft haired powder brush with a curved handle that fits expertly into the palm of your hand. It is attractively priced at one dollar and you will find it on sale at most department and drug stores.

Odo-Ro-No Ice, a new cream non-perspirant
ODO-RO-NO
Ice

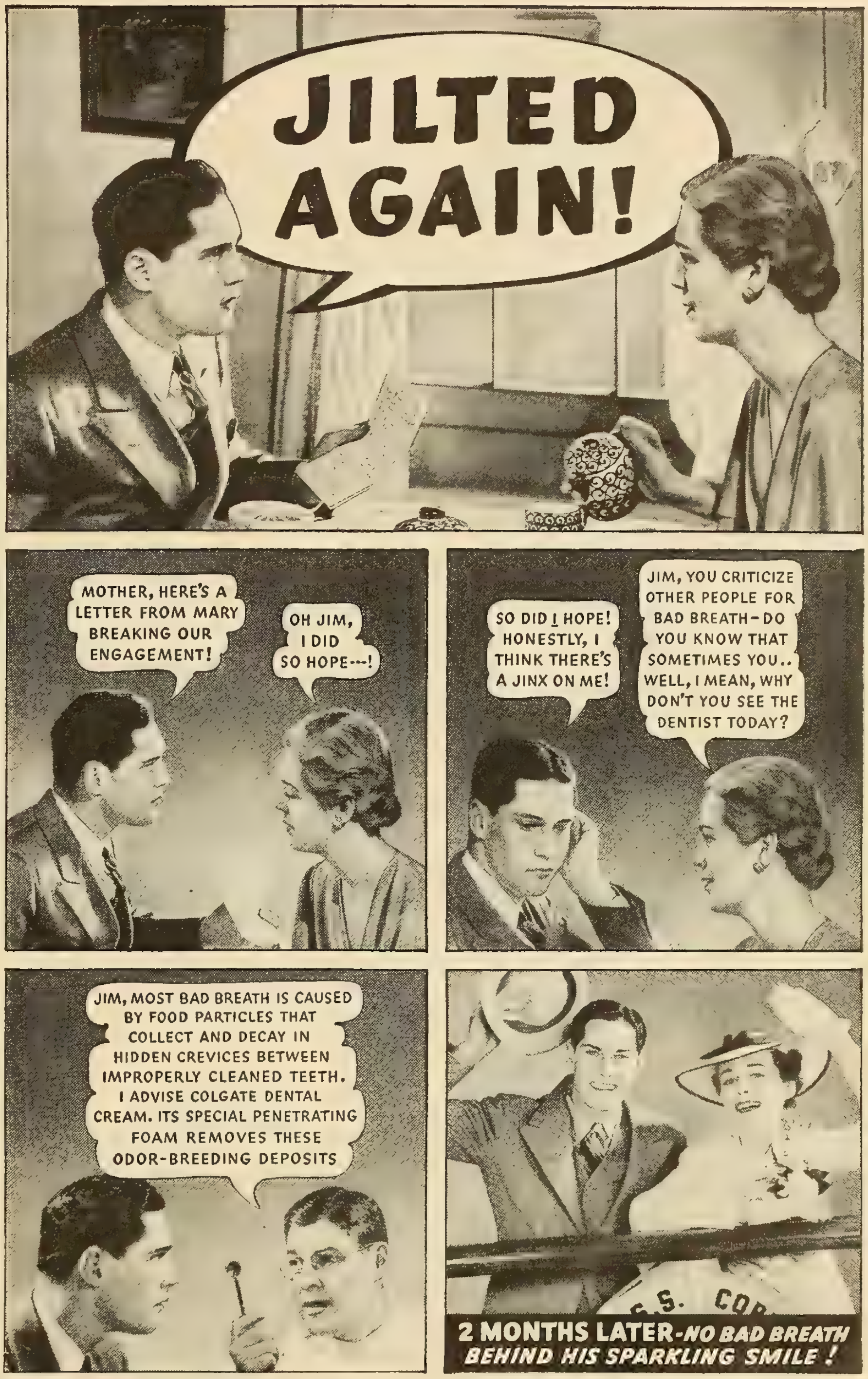
Another effective time-saver about which I am enthusiastic is *Dreskin,* a crystal clear liquid that will give you a refreshing facial pick-up at any time of the day. It is applied with a bit of cotton and performs the double duty of cleansing and toning the skin. It comes in two sizes, one at a dollar and the other at fifty cents.

Even in our pell-mell existence, the prosaic business of keeping dainty must be attended to faithfully—summer and winter. So, an antiperspirant that does its work quickly and thoroughly is in order. The manufacturers of *Odorono* have introduced a new cream antiperspirant that has both these qualifications. This product is instantly absorbed by the skin without leaving a trace of grease to stain your loveliest frocks, even when used on the back, a danger spot with many girls. The name is *Odorono Ice* and the price is thirty-five cents.

Don't let haste make waste of your beauty—it is so unnecessary with the many splendid new beauty aids on the market. If you want advice on your problems, please feel free to write me in care of this magazine, enclosing stamped envelope for reply. I shall be pleased to help you in every way I can.

FREE SERVICE TO OUR READERS

Consult Alison Alden regarding your beauty problems. She will advise you personally concerning any problems of hair, skin or figure. If you want to know trade names, do not hesitate to ask her to recommend specific products for your needs. Address Miss Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter. This is the only requirement for a prompt, personal reply.


JILTED AGAIN!
MOTHER, HERE'S A LETTER FROM MARY BREAKING OUR ENGAGEMENT!
OH JIM, I DID SO HOPE---!
SO DID I HOPE! HONESTLY, I THINK THERE'S A JINX ON ME!
JIM, YOU CRITICIZE OTHER PEOPLE FOR BAD BREATH-DO YOU KNOW THAT SOMETIMES YOU.. WELL, I MEAN, WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TODAY?
JIM, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY FOOD PARTICLES THAT COLLECT AND DECAY IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
S.S. CO
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Why let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

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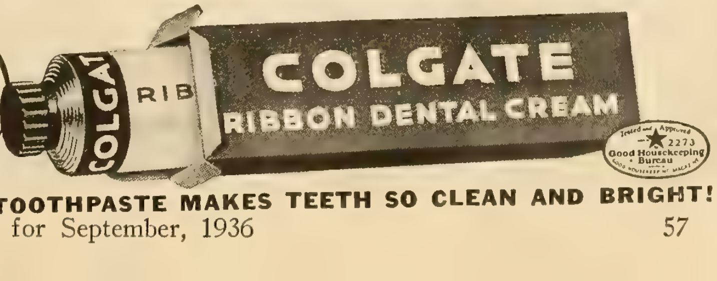
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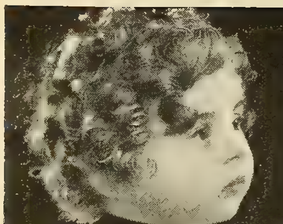
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Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

Party Line in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 10]

Boyer vs. Garbo

At last a momentous question is settled and official announcement now can be made that Charles Boyer will play opposite the great Garbo in *Beloved.* And, before you say that you never heard of such a picture, let me note that *Beloved* is merely the new title for the long proposed story of Marie Walewska. Garbo has always wanted to play that tragic Polish lady who gave her all to Napoleon in the effort to benefit her native land. With Boyer in the male lead, it should be a grand picture. And it needs to be a grand picture for Garbo's star has waned.

She Wants to Solo

From Radio Pictures comes the announcement that Robert Young—who seems to be the white-haired lad at Radio these days—has been borrowed to play opposite Ginger Rogers in *Mother Carey's Chickens.* Did you know that one of the stipulations in Ginger's contract is that for every picture in which she co-stars with Fred Astaire she must be allowed to star by her lonesome in another *without dancing?* She doesn't want to be typed as a dancing star.

Get Out the Tux

Beatrice Lille, the international stage favorite, has again heeded the lure of Hollywood and will shortly arrive in Flickerville to play one of the leading rôles in *Count Pete,* which will also feature Gene Raymond, Ann Sothern and Henry Stephenson. "Bee" Lillie, by the way, is almost as famous a bon vivant and hostess as she is a comedienne. Her rare visits to Hollywood invariably are the signal for a round of unusually swank parties.

False Alarm

Imagine the astonishment of Louise Fazenda, when she returned recently from a trip to Chicago and New York, to find her home piled high with gifts for "the new baby." It seems that while in Chicago, curiosity led her to pay a visit to the famous orphanage, "The Cradle," from which several of her friends had adopted children. Her visit to the foundling home being duly reported by the press and amplified by the gossips, Hollywood jumped to the conclusion that she had adopted a baby. As you probably know, she is the wife of Hal Wallis, production czar of Warner Brothers-First National.

Very Clever, Mr. Brent

Credit George Brent with a new wrinkle in artistic thrift. For months he's been carrying home the huge electric light bulbs which were burned out during the production of his pictures. And now it develops that he manages to cut off their necks and convert them into somewhat fragile but very ornamental quart decanters. Try it on your own light bulbs sometime but don't blame me if the first results are disappointing. There's a knack to it, George claims.

Double-barrelled Plan

George O'Brien is combining business and pleasure. Having signed a brand new contract with Radio Pictures to play in a series of westerns, he is now importing a string of five pedigreed race horses from Maryland. He plans to use them all fall in his pictures and then enter them in the Santa Anita races next spring.

Wedding Bells

Not only is that one-time romance between Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor a thing of the past, but it is now an apparent certainty that Irene will marry Allan Jones, the singing star, on or about the first of September. According to their intimate friends, they plan to honeymoon in the South Seas. Meanwhile Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck look more like romancers than the "good friends" they profess to be.

Myrna's Romance

And, speaking of matrimony, romance and such, it's almost a leadpipe cinch that Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow will be married before another season rolls around. They've been in love for some time but had to wait until Hornblow's divorce became final. Incidentally, this is the first time that Myrna has ever been rumored to be engaged. As you probably know, Arthur Hornblow is a producer for Paramount.

Vacation Time

Fred Astaire had no sooner acquired a new home in Hollywood, bought furniture and moved in than he decided to take the wife and kiddie to London for a visit with his sister, Lady Cavandish. He plans to be gone about two months.

The Fighting's Over

The return of Sidney Fox to the screen, to play the rôle of "Lotus" in *The Good Earth,* recalls the hectic status of her marriage to Charles Beahan at the time of her departure two years ago. She filed suit for divorce once, was reconciled, filed a second suit and for the second time decided to call it off. Beahan was with her when she arrived a few days ago and they are obviously happy.

Casting Office Jottings

Larry Tibbett, originally scheduled to star in a musical version of *The Mark of Zorro,* is now slated to make *Love Flight* for Twentieth Century-Fox . . . Robert Montgomery, Jean Harlow and James Stewart are to co-star in a comedy-drama entitled *Love on the Run*... Radio Pictures is considering the production of *Taming of the Shrew* with Katharine Hepburn in the title rôle and John Barrymore as "Petruchio"... Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes and Jean Dixen will have the leading rôles in a torrid little comedy-drama yclept *A Fool For Blondes,* soon to be produced by Universal... Edmund Lowe has been chosen for the stellar rôle in David Lamson's sensational story of death row, *We Who Are About to Die,* which has been purchased and scheduled for production by Radio Pictures... Frances Farmer, who has been going great guns in Paramount and Samuel Goldwyn pictures and is generally conceded to have the best chance of any newcomer in Hollywood to become a really outstanding star, will play her first starring rôle in Paramount's *Hideaway Girl*...

Tarzan Trouble

Maybe you've been wondering whatever happened to the new (?) Johnny Weissmuller opus, *Tarzan Escapes,* which was

Hollywood, always on the *qui vive* for anything different in the way of sport, has taken up bowling on the green as its latest fad. Margaret Lindsey, climbing to stardom at Warner Brothers, is one of the most confirmed addicts

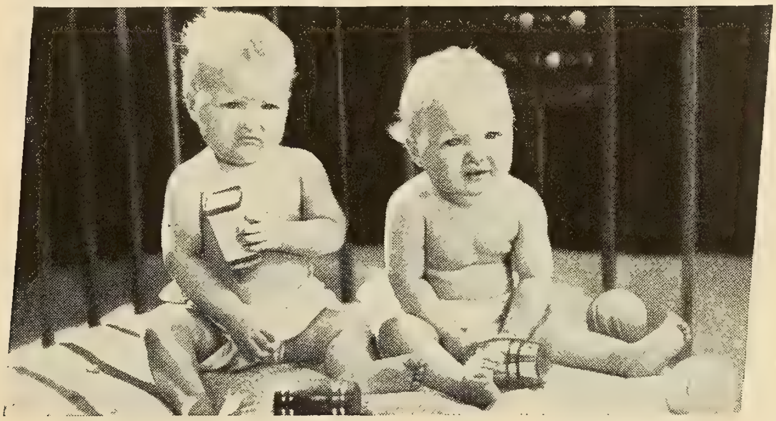
started in production just about two years ago this month. Well, it's a long, sad story. Completed nearly a year ago, it was previewed and found wanting. For months they have been shooting retakes and added scenes and now, with better than a million dollars already invested, a new director has been assigned to the production and a new treatment demanding several months additional work has been devised. By the time the picture is released—if ever it is—it will represent a cash investment of at least one and one-half millions. And what a financial jungle *that* will be to get out of.

Tit for Tat

They're telling an amusing story over on the RKO lot these days. It appears that Sam Briskin, the beeg production boss, summoned Patricia Wilder, one of their new contractees, to his office and was informed that she would not be able to come until she had finished a wardrobe fitting. He sent her a note which read . . . "and who do you think you are, Garbo?"

On the following day, Patricia Wilder entered Briskin's office, asked to see him, and was told that she would have to wait until he finished a conference. Forthwith, she sent in a note, reading . . . "and who do you think you are, Darryl Zanuck?"

● *"Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of hot, sticky morning—but see what brother's just found . . . a can of Johnson's Baby Powder! Goody! . . . I'll see if I can't swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can! . . ."*



● *"Empty! . . . We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that's all."*

● *"Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson's can. She's shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby! . . . the darkest hour is just before the dawn!"*

• • •

Johnson's
Baby
Powder

● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I keep a baby's skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal—protected from chafing and rashes. I'm made of the softest, finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream make babies happier, too. And don't forget Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies!"*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

GRAY HAIR GONE

(TEST BOTTLE FREE)

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it **FREE**—We send *Free* complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

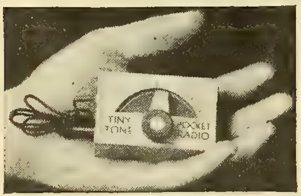
—MARY T. GOLDMAN—
3011 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

Color of your hair? ....



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$2.99 COMPLETE POSTPAID

Fits in any small pocket easily. Weighs only 4 ozs. as shown. Comes in four beautiful colors (Black, Green, Brown, White). No tubes, batteries, or electrical connections needed! Nothing to wear or need replacement—will last for years—only one moving part! Separates and receives broadcast stations with beautiful clear tone. Range up to 50 miles—MUCH GREATER under good conditions—very little static or interference! Can be used by ANYONE ANYWHERE! NO CRYSTALS TO ADJUST! Absolutely complete with midget phone and instructions to use while in bed, hotels, at home, autos, offices, camps, on bicycles or any place you may be. No complicated or messy hookups—takes only a second to connect! THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS. THESE ARE FACTS! Send only $1.00 and pay postman $1.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (Cash, M. O. Check). Ideal Gift. Guaranteed. ORDER NOW! State Color. Foreign orders 65c extra.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

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MAKE *EXTRA MONEY* THIS EASY WAY

Earn up to $2.00 in an hour, full or spare time. Take orders for new, different PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS with sender's name inscribed. Sell low as $4.95 for 100 cards. Big cash profit. Complete Line to suit every taste.

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JANES ART STUDIOS, Inc.
1068 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

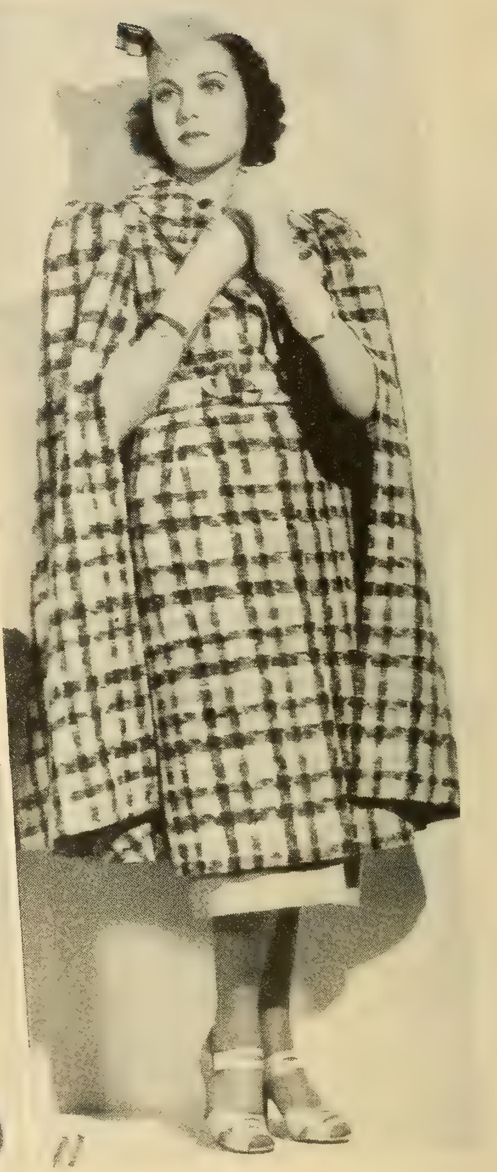
Sells for $1.00 COSTS YOU 50¢

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

School Belles

[*Continued from page 42*]

the dress motive. A white sleeveless sweater under a plaid sports coat is Ray's choice for the college boy while Gail suggests a brown crepe two-piece dress as being appropriate for the well-dressed girl. Small white horses trim the patch pocket and side closing. Dresses courtesy Bullock's Westwood, Ray's sweater and coat from Phelps-Terkel. 6) For an informal date in town Marsha Hunt boasts a mustard yellow coat tailored after the coachman's, buttoning high with wide collar. Ensemble from Bullock's Westwood. 7) For the school girl, a romantic frock in the modern manner, is this flax blue starched souffle worn by Loretta Young, 20th Century-Fox star. Double ruching has been effectively employed to edge the double cape and mark the three tiered skirt. American beauty velvet fastens the cape. 8) This pajama suit worn by Jane Wyatt is ideal for the college girl during her hours of study and relaxation. Designed by Dryden for Jane to wear in the Columbia production *Lost Horizon* they bring in the Chinese influence with mandarin neck, side closing of tiny frogs and loose hanging tunic. 9) Joan Perry frolicking with her English pointer shows another smart outfit for the school miss. Her grey woolen skirt is topped by a brief bolera bound in navy and white polka dot crepe. The same polka dot makes a youthful blouse and trims the navy blue wool hat. 10) Petite Simone Simon appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production *Girl's Dormitory* shows what is worn in the classroom. Navy blue serge with pleated front and tailored skirt makes an ideal frock. White pique collar and cuffs, so easily laundered, are neat and trim. 11) Bold plaids will predominate in Hollywood's early Fall fashion parade. In *Spendthrift*, a Walter Wanger production, Mary Brian wears a striking cape coat of brown, beige and green woolen. 12) Versatile jackets are favored by Hollywood's younger set for riding and should prove ideal for the wardrobe of a girl going away to school. Pat Paterson, appearing in the Walter Wanger production *Spendthrift,* wears tan jodphurs, a tailored white crepe shirt and a "lucky" horseshoe brooch. A jacket like Pat's of brown and white tweed may be worn with equal smartness over a one piece sports frock or with odd skirts.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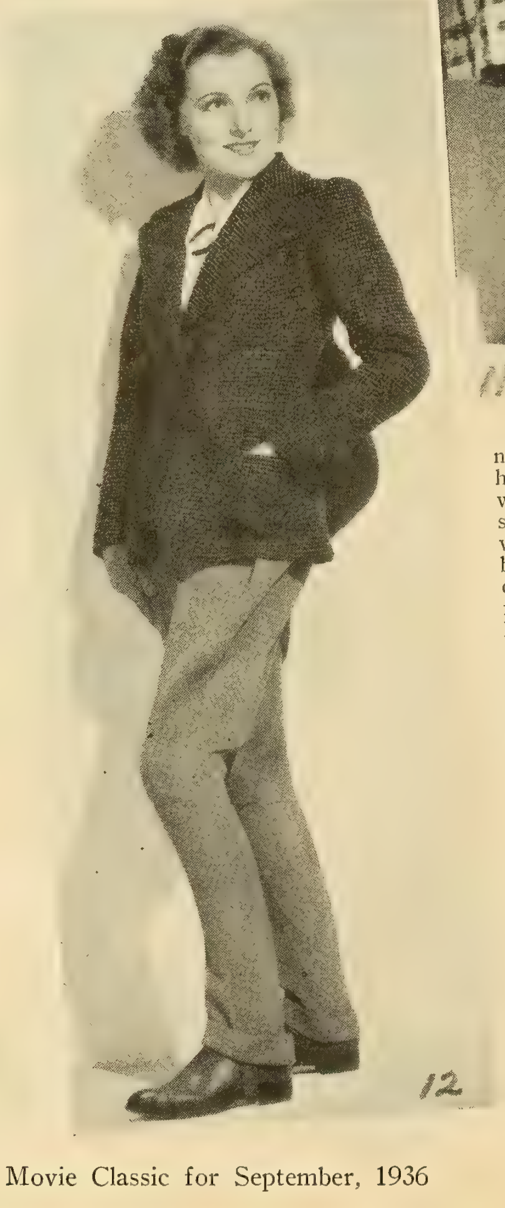
12

Do Modern Women Deserve Chivalry?

[*Continued from page* 33]

achievements and their freedom.

"Then the men returned from war and found women loath to give up their occupations in favor of homes and firesides. The ladies insisted upon first showing off their newly-discovered ability in business—flaunting it in the faces of men.

"Had the women stopped to think, they would have recognized the danger of this brazen affront to masculine ego. But they didn't stop to think. They were flushed with the heady wine of accomplishment. They were heedless of consequences. They felt they *had* to prove their equality beyond any doubt. And in proving it, femininity was sacrificed . . . and forgotten.

"Men were confronted by a problem for which history had no parallel. All the standards of living had been altered and America was in the hands of a race of modern Amazons. Even so, I find evidence that gentlemanly instincts prevailed and that the men took their rules of conduct from the attitude of the women. I am sure women struck the first blow.

"Today, the ranks of militant ladies appear to me to be thinning. They seem to be tiring of the fray and returning to the charms and graces of the more chivalrous era of pre-war days. Now we have few counterparts of the war-time 'flapper.' And moreover children are being reared according to the creeds of their grandmothers rather than their mothers. That is why I believe that another generation will see a marked readjustment in social conditions.

"Any change will be welcome. *I regard myself as being as modern as any woman. Yet I can find no patience for those who have been incapable of remaining feminine.*

"Frankly, I enjoy and am pleased to have a man hold my chair when I am seated at the dinner table. Or rise to his feet when I enter a room. Or remove his hat and remain uncovered while we talk on the street. Or open a door for me. Or show me any other of a hundred small courtesies he knows how to offer so flatteringly. I am flattered and gladly admit it.

"The inconsistency of unwomanly moderns is laughable, even though women have never been particularly consistent. The modern pretends to despise the attentions of men. Still she makes use of the wealth of prepared beauty aids available today, has her hair waved regularly and paints her nails just as her sisters in India have done for ten thousand years. Why does she go to such trouble unless it is to attract the attention of men?

"Charm can be developed by any intelligent woman. I urge all womanhood to cultivate it. It has nothing to do with beauty of face or figure. In fact, the beauties of this world are often so lost in self-admiration that they do not trouble themselves to cultivate charm. Yet it has been my observation that the girls men marry are more frequently the charming ones who are physically plain. And these are the marriages that usually endure.

"In Europe, where I spent my last vacation, I found a more marked chivalry than America has practiced since before the war. This is mainly because European women encourage chivalrous conduct in men. Graciousness and femininity have never been lost over there.

"American women must find a way to regain feminine charm. And it is high time they did. They are missing too much of life."

Women ask me:

"WHAT DOES KOTEX OFFER THAT OTHERS DON'T?"

The answer is: These exclusive Kotex features that Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show!

Mary Pauline Callender
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

Milk*...the quick, easy way to win soft, smooth, youthful skin!

TOBY WING, *vivacious, and fair-skinned, Hal Roach comedy star, says, "Summer sun, dust and wind will never give you a dry, aged looking skin if you nourish and protect it with Creme of Milk."*

MARION TALLEY, *former Metropolitan Opera Star, now a Hollywood & Radio celebrity says, "The milk-oils in Creme of Milk are so fine and penetrating you can fairly feel your skin drink them in."*

ROSINA LAWRENCE, *blond, piquant, youthful Hal Roach star in "Mister Cinderella" says, "Creme of Milk is the fastest and most thorough skin cleanser we Hollywood stars have ever seen. It is truly an all-purpose creme.*

*MILK in a beauty creme at last!

MILK contains natural glandular oils that possess superior power to penetrate, cleanse and nourish the tissues of the skin. No creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to equal their marvelous results. And now scientists have discovered a way to extract and condense these precious milk-oils to make Creme of Milk the first really new face creme offered in modern times.

Creme of Milk, is a complete, all-purpose creme. It cleanses, nourishes and clarifies the skin with amazing speed. Dryness goes almost at once. The penetrating milk-oils make short work of blackheads, clogged pores and other blemishes, leaving the skin soft, smooth, fresh and youthful in appearance. Creme of Milk does more and lasts longer than any creme you know of. Every jar is guaranteed to stay sweet and fresh and it will not grow hair. Try Creme of Milk and you will discover the one beauty creme you have always hoped for. Use the coupon to order a special one-week trial jar for 10 cents or better still, order a full 2-oz jar for 50 cents or the large 5-oz jar for $1.

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creme of milk
ALL-PURPOSE FACIAL CREME

Duart's
creme of milk

LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it — every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

Druggists and Dept. Store Buyers Note!

3 - 50-cent jars and counter display shipped prepaid for $1. Simply attach your store label to this coupon and mail to us with $1.

Creme of Milk is on sale at *All* Drug and Department Stores in California, Oregon and Washington.

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I enclose $........................
☐ Check here for One-week trial jar and enclose 10 cents.
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CREME OF MILK POSITIVELY AND PLEASANTLY PREVENTS SUNBURN

A League of Nations Dinner

[*Continued from page 8*]

land. Some evening, for a nice change, try these English Mutton Chops.

ENGLISH MUTTON CHOPS

1 thick chop for each serving
2 tbls. olive oil
2 tsp. lemon juice
¼ clove garlic
¼ tsp. sugar
1 tsp. dry mustard
Large fresh mushroom for each chop
1 tbls. Lea and Perrins Worcestershire sauce
1 cup hot water
Salt and pepper to taste
Flour

Cut slit in each chop large enough to insert mushroom. Make a sauce of oil, lemon juice, mustard, garlic, and sugar. Brush each chop in sauce and then dip in flour. Fry in half butter and half lard until well browned. Season while browning. Add water and Worcestershire sauce, then reduce heat to simmering point, cover with lid, and cook until tender. Slightly thicken sauce with a little flour and water before serving.

France was represented by Charles Boyer. These Cotelettes will be ideal if you wish a bit of Paris on your menu.

COTELETTES

6 slices of veal cut from neck
1 green pepper
1½ onions
1 cup sour cream
½ tsp. Kitchen Bouquet
½ clove garlic
Salt and pepper to taste
½ tsp. paprika
½ cup water

Dip veal cutlets in flour and brown in butter quickly. Remove from frying pan and add chopped onion, garlic and green pepper to pan. Fry them a delicate brown and place meat in pan once more with onions, garlic, and green pepper. Add seasonings, combine cream and water and pour over meat. Reduce heat to simmering and cook until veal is tender. Serve hot with baked potatoes.

Joseph Schildkraut did his bit for Austria. This country has a delicious cinnamon bread called Buchta that is just right for breakfast.

BUCHTA

8 cups flour
2 cakes Fleischmann's Yeast
1 cup sugar
2 cups milk
1 egg
½ cup melted butter
2 tsp. salt

Dissolve yeast in 4 tbls. lukewarm water. Scald milk, add butter, sugar, salt and cool the mixture. Beat in all other ingredients and knead until smooth. Roll at once ¼ inch thick, sprinkle heavily with cinnamon, brown sugar and spread lightly with a little melted butter. Roll as for jelly roll, tucking edges under and sealing well at ends. Place in greased bread tins and allow to rise until double in bulk. Brush top with melted butter and bake in preheated oven at 350 degrees for about forty-five minutes. Brush while hot with powdered sugar frosting and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Director Richard Boleslawski remembered his favorite Polish recipe. Poland has a pound cake that we Americans should adopt.

POLISH POUND CAKE

1 pound butter
1 pound sugar (2 cups)
10 eggs
1 pound flour (4 cups)
½ tsp. mace
2 tbls. brandy
1½ tsp. Royal baking powder

Sift all dry ingredients together several times. Cream sugar, butter and well beaten egg yolks until light and fluffy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, add sifted dry ingredients gradually and beat vigorously for several minutes. Bake in loaf pans, fitted with wax paper at 300 degrees until firm in center. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar when cool.

Hollywood's Favorite Recipes

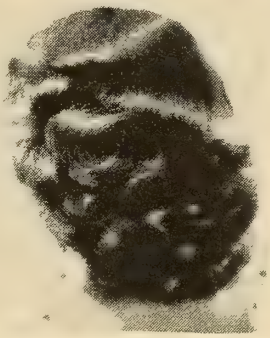
It's Yours! A Complete Cook Book of Film Stars' Favorite Recipes!

Now you can have this splendid collection of favorite recipes—autographed by the stars—for only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½ x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf cookbook cover, this collection of 120 kitchen-tested dishes, selected by noted stars, is just what you've long wanted.

Movie Classic has made this possible through the efforts of its home economics editor, Dorothy Dwan, herself a noted film player whose hobby is cooking. Here are the stars represented and their recipes.

Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Pudding
E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Heather Angel's Salads
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Mona Barrie's Famous Soups

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.



June Lang

OFFERS YOU HER FAVORITE HAIRSTYLE

"NATURAL BEAUTY," says June Lang, "is the most important thing to demand when you have your hair permanent waved." And isn't she right! What magic charm there is in a shimmering halo of soft wavy hair. Because of its natural beauty, the Duart wave has long been the choice of the Hollywood stars and is featured in more than 100 Hollywood beauty salons. The Motion Picture Hairstylists' Guild, the stars' personal hairdressers, endorse the Duart wave exclusively, because Duart is the *only* method providing *automatic heat control* for each separate curl. Duart takes out the guesswork — no possibility of frizzy ends, kinky waves or dried out hair when you say to your hairdresser, "Give me a genuine Duart permanent wave."

FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a screen star's hairstyle. Page after page showing all types of smart modern hairdress. Book sent FREE with a 2-Rinse package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse, 10 cents. 12 correct shades listed in coupon below. Not a dye — not a bleach.

JUNE LANG, feminine lead in **"THE ROAD TO GLORY"** starring Fredric March, Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore. 20th Century-Fox.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, California. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and a copy of your new booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures, 1936."

DUART

PERMANENT WAVES

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE, AND THE FREE BOOKLET

☐ Dark Brown
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☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray Platinum
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

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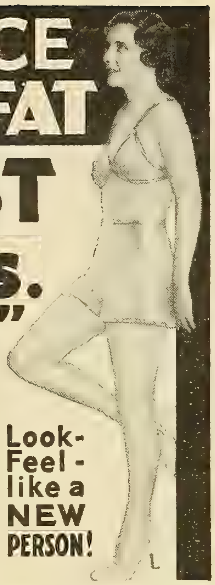
DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS



REDUCE Controllable FAT

"I LOST 55 lbs. of FAT"

writes Michigan Lady

Look-Feel-like a NEW PERSON!

● Is fat making your life miserable? Many other women who used to sit back ashamed and uncomfortable because people laughed and called them "Fatty" have now found a new joy in living after freeing themselves from the burden and embarrassment of overweight. Don't let controllable FAT rob you of happiness!

READ WHAT THESE WOMEN WRITE:

Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 S. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight almost all my life, **I reduced 55 lbs.,** with RE-DUCE-OIDS."

Gladysse L. Ryer, Registered Nurse, Dayton, O., writes: **"Lost 47 lbs.,** though I did not diet."

Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Iowa, writes: **"Lost 34 lbs.** RE-DUCE-OIDS are pleasant to take."

Mrs. V. Haskett, San Francisco Graduate Nurse, writes: "I took RE-DUCE-OIDS according to directions and was soon delighted to find my weight steadily decreasing until **I lost 27 lbs.** I worked every day and felt fine all the time. I can recommend RE-DUCE-OIDS."

RE-DUCE-OIDS are **not** a new experiment—they have been used by thousands of fat people. Sold for 22 years. Pleasant, easy to take.

IMPORTANT — RE-DUCE-OIDS positively **DO NOT** contain dinitrophenol.

FAT GOES . . . or Money Back

Your money back in full if you are not delighted with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS. You are the judge. Sold by leading drug or department stores everywhere, or if your dealer is out, send $2 for 1 package; or $5 for 3 packages, direct to us.

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Send me................packages of RE-DUCE-OIDS, for which I enclose payment, on your Money-Back Offer.

Name..
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Sample Case
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Make UP TO $25 a Week *Extra!*

Sell $1 Christmas Card Assortments

Amazing value sell on sight to friends and others. Take easy orders full or spare time. You make 100% profit and Cash Bonus. 21 charming designs, gorgeous papers, metal foil inserts, etc. **Other assortments** retail 50c up—Religious, Etchings, Gift Wrappings, Everyday. Write for **FREE SAMPLE OFFER!**

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BEAUTIFUL HAIR

WITH **French's GOLDEN FLUFF** *Shampoo*

The ideal shampoo powder for blonde or brunette. It quickly forms abundant suds, is non-sticky and rinses easily. Contains no alcohol. Splendid for washing hair after bathing in chemically treated water. Always carry a package in your handbag on long dusty trips. A trial package 25c. Full size package $1.00. Send money order, stamps, or coin to:

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Box B, New Fair Station, Detroit, Mich.

Growing Up with Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

Hollywood press agent but then a well-known leading lady—and myself stood beside the curbing of the old Famous-Players studio, conversing, shortly after Rudolph Valentino had sky-rocketed to fame, we heard a terrific clatter approaching. The noise sounded more like the end of the world than that event can ever sound.

Suddenly, from behind the wheel of a battleship-gray-colored car of exceedingly ancient vintage, a hand waved at us excitedly and we heard the shout, from Valentino's powerful lungs, "It is mine . . . it is all mine . . . I made it myself!" Rudy, who always had wanted a big foreign car, someplace had found the skeleton of such a machine, painted it himself, purchased an old engine which he installed under the hood, and *voila,* he had his foreign car!

CHARLIE FARRELL, the Robert Taylor of his day, and I brought about the introduction of Richard Arlen to Jobyna Ralston. Charlie and Dick roomed together at the Hollywood Athletic Club, in the famous old No. 401, and the three of us toured the town together.

Jobyna in those days appeared as leading lady in Harold Lloyd comedies and on the occasion in question was sitting one night for photographs when Charlie, Dick and myself dropped by to keep her company. Virginia Brown Faire also arrived, and before we knew it a party was in progress on the set where Jobyna and the photographer had been working.

Dick took one look at the future Mrs. Arlen. The future Mrs. Arlen took one look at her spouse-to-be. The elopement mentioned earlier tells the story of their romance and ultimate marriage. Although Mr. Farrell and Mr. Williams attended the premiere of *Old Ironsides,* in the line of duty, in spirit they were standing up with the newlyweds as the words making them man and wife were uttered.

On this night, too, Farrell became the favorite of Hollywood. *Old Ironsides* was his first big picture, and the audience applauded his work vociferously. When he appeared after the performance with the rest of the cast on the stage, he grinned and announced, "This is a great night for a growing boy." He endeared himself to the film colony with that one naive phrase.

This picture, by the way, nearly ended in tragedy for one hundred and twenty-five persons. Most of the outdoor scenes were filmed at Catalina Island, and the boat shots were taken a few miles out from the island.

The company had been waiting for a stormy sea for nearly three weeks. Easter Day dawned bright and clear, with a breeze that promised to develop into a gale. James Cruze, the director, gave orders for the company and cast to board the Esther, the three-masted schooner that figured prominently in the earlier sequences of the film. A good-sized tug towed us out to sea, where, sails being set, the tug detached itself and kept out of camera range.

Toward noon, the breeze stiffened, and word passed that we were heading out to sea, for storm scenes. Cruze considered this weather perfect for the action in which the Esther was caught in the throes of a terrific hurricane and battered unmercifully by the heavy seas. This desire on his part for realism led to the danger in which we found ourselves later in the day.

The gale gradually raged to near-hurricane proportions, and the Norwegian captain ordered the sails hauled down. The tug attempted to throw us a line, but so mountainous were the waves that we had difficulty in catching the cable. For some reason or other, however, immediately after we made fast to the tug, that vessel's steam supply became exhausted. Instead, then, of it pulling us back to Catalina, we were drawing it after us, both of us wallowing in the worst storm on this portion of the Pacific in ten years.

One look down into the hold and the pumps were started. The boat was leaking badly, and the pumps could barely stay even with the inrushing tide. Men went below for bailing purposes, and formed a bucket line.

Shooting scenes, of course, was out of the question, so those not working indulged in trying to keep out of the rain, which poured down in torrents. Esther Ralston, the leading lady, and the only two other women on board, huddled in the captain's cabin, a miniature affair, and nearly suffocated. The remainder squatted miserably under canvas or lounged drearily in the forecastle and under a shed that leaked like a sieve. Naturally, with my customary versatility for doing the wrong thing, I found myself under that shelter, very much the worse for mal de mer, stretched out on a pile of unusually hard and exceedingly damp life preservers.

All night long we drifted with the currents, bashed about by a turbulent sea. About 2:00 a.m., there loomed through the downpour the huge prow of a large tramp steamer. We missed it by a scant fifteen feet!

About this time, too—of all things—the aroma of pancakes rose from below, directly under where I lay. Farrell was whipping up a bit of chow for those few who craved nourishment!

After a ghastly night of wondering if we would ever see home again, we drifted into the harbor at San Pedro. Three heavy sea-going tugs reached us just before, as it seemed certain we would crash on Dead Man's Isle.

Having weathered that ordeal, scarcely a week later, while I was wandering about the old Mack Sennett lot, a large bear tore loose from its trainer and raised havoc with the comics. Harry Langdon, a first-rate comedy star then but today completely out of the picture, and I performed miracles of speed by dashing around corners in nothing flat, and the other performers reached points of safety by dint of much dodging and great agility.

EACH year, my former sheet stages a big hullabaloo for its sick fund. This great to-do assumes different forms annually, but on the occasion of which I am reminded a circus was the order of the day.

Various motion picture celebrities, including the late Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Billie Dove, John Boles, Betty Bronson, Mary Brian, Estelle Taylor, June Collyer, Dolores del Rio, John Gilbert and others, made personal appearances. It remained, however, for Clara Bow to take over the reins and make the affair one of the events of the season, just as Carole Lombard would be apt to do today.

Her flaming red hair waving wildly,

Clara played barker, croupier, auctioneer and dancer. She went into a tent and became "the spider girl." She answered personal questions, as a seer who looked into a crystal ball. Whatever she did, the crowd followed her and cheered . . . and she was responsible for more money taken in than most of the regular barkers combined. As she departed, she thanked me for asking her to "my party" . . . and declared she hadn't had such a grand time in years!

Pola Negri, who taught Anna Sten and Marlene Dietrich a few tricks of the trade and was first of the outstanding foreign stars, always will remain a memory of verve and fire. Gracious as any hostess could be one moment, she could turn the next and bark out commands that bespoke her gypsy blood. As I interviewed her one afternoon, between scenes of *Forbidden Paradise,* she spat out, "When I love, I LOVE . . . and when I hate, HOW I HATE!" As she completed this assertion, she snapped off the handle of the tea cup she held, in the passion of the utterance. Thereafter, I made it a point to respect any and all of Madam's wishes.

One of the most exciting days of anybody's life in Hollywood occurred when the Circus Maximus shots were filmed for "Ben Hur." Not even the battle scenes in the as-yet unreleased *Charge of the Light Brigade* can equal in interest the action photographed that day. In a huge amphitheatre constructed specially for the purpose, the chariot races that were the feature of the film held every spectator spellbound, and there must have been at least five thousand extras on the scene.

All day long the horses and chariots charged around the arena, with Ramon Novarro and Francis X. Bushman neck to neck for supremacy. As you will recall, they played rivals in the picture. Time after time, they missed death by a hair.

To me, however, the highlight of the day centered, not in the thundering horses or picturesque crowds and settings . . . but in watching young Mr. Novarro eat watermelon! Sitting across the table from him at noon, I gazed in envious amazement as he consumed a quarter of a melon with a rapidity I had not imagined possible in mere man . . . and not a single seed entered his mouth! I tell you, I'll never forget that stirring spectacle.

Probably the largest and most impressive funeral ever held in the film colony was on the occasion of William Russell's death. Even Will Rogers' services did not bear the same note of sorrow. Bill had known and been loved by men and women in all walks of life, and these, hundreds of them, barbers, bankers, gamblers, stars, gangsters, authors, adventurers, society leaders mingling together paid their last homage to him as he lay in state.

One man, ragged, unkempt, crept to the flower-blanketed coffin and laid a single rose beside a small fortune of blossoms. On the stem was pinned this note—I can vouch for it, for I saw it myself—"I'm broke. But my heart is sad because I've lost a friend."

Old-timers in Hollywood will never forget the parties for which Bess Meredith, the writer, was famous. Bess really started the party habit in Hollywood and was the forerunner of such present-day hostesses as the Countess di Frasso, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis.

At one of her cheery fetes, Buster Collier, then a popular leading man and man-about-town, arrived with an attractive brunette. Later, Constance Talmadge, accompanied by an escort, dropped in.

When the guests began to take their leave, Constance and Buster couldn't be found by their respective partners. They

[*Continued on page 66*]

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Growing Up With Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 65]

had skipped out together, to renew a romance of two or three years' standing. A month before, they had quarreled violently . . . but seeing each other that night for the first time since their battle, patched up their differences . . . and left their companions in the lurch!

Gloria Swanson and her then-new husband, the marquis—now sometimes-wed to Constance Bennett—gave a dinner party at the Hotel Coronado one evening, while Gloria was locationing at that beautiful California resort for her picture, *The Coast of Folly.* I was fortunate enough to sit on the hostess' right.

The long table decked so high with flowers, Gloria and her spouse had difficulty seeing one another, at opposite ends of the board. So, all evening long, the star and the marquis, who begged everyone to call him Hank, tossed flowers at each other, the length of the table!

Mary Brian descended upon Hollywood like a fresh breeze in summer. She made her screen debut, you may recall, as Wendy in *Peter Pan.* At a party held for the press, after the completion of that picture, she took the newspaper boys by storm, and her popularity and appeal for the so-called "stronger sex" may be said to date from that luncheon. All of us departed singing her praises to the high heavens. Our ranks have been augmented considerably since that day.

When Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were first engaged—that seems so many years ago, now—I interviewed the younger Fairbanks one evening between scenes of a picture being filmed on location. Joan, that same day, had purchased a beautiful Lincoln limousine, and while waiting for her sonny-boy . . . occupied herself by sewing on kitchen curtains for her new house! How's that for the gorgeous Joan? Can you imagine her doing that now?

I MET Fay Wray while visiting on the Hal Roach lot. Fay worked "extra" occasionally in the comedies and the publicity man who introduced us took us out to see Rex, the wild horse. "Don't point at him," the press agent cautioned us. "If you do and he sees the motion he'll charge. He's killed three men already."

Fay looked so pretty in a white linen riding habit that I rather thought I *would* point at Rex, just for the pleasurable sensation of saving her life. When we reached the huge paddock, however, and went inside where the horse was acting up, I changed my mind . . . and Fay and I—not to mention the publicity man—devoted most of our time to holding our breath and praying that Rex wouldn't look our way. Once, he did charge us . . . and Fay didn't bat an eye. The gal had courage, plenty of it—and still has it. Most women would have fainted, for Rex owned the reputation of a killer. Only by a miracle did he miss us.

When Mae Murray and Robert Leonard, her director-husband, were still married, the rumor persisted that a marital rift had developed, one which could not be mended. Leonard, when I queried him for the paper, poo-pooed the idea vociferously, and invited me to lunch. Scarcely had we dipped into our borsch than a cablegram was handed him, from Paris. It read: "I divorced you today, darling. Love and kisses. Mae."

The blonde and beauteous Helen Twelvetrees and myself returned from an evening of dancing at the Roosevelt Hotel. As we entered the door of Helen's Whitley Heights home, we saw before us a negro maid nearly white with fright, two detectives and a uniformed officer. The maid had summoned the police when a voice purporting to be the Blackhand over the phone had threatened to kill everybody in the house within an hour! Although the Blackhand does not figure, Helen today employs a bodyguard for her small son.

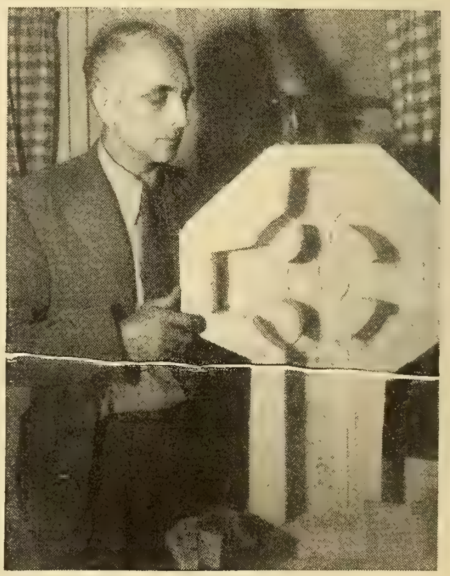
On another evening, Thelma Todd—whose mysterious death last year is still talked about—and I attended a preview of a picture she had just completed. Directly behind us, a woman was raving about Thelma's appearance in the film, for the blonde player did show to particular advantage.

Immediately she heard the woman praise her to the skies, Thelma, in rather a loud tone, asked me if I didn't think that Todd dame on the screen was a pretty rotten actress. I agreed thoroughly, my voice also raised so that the party in back of us could hear, and ventured a still more radical criticism, to which the Todd replied with withering scorn.

Suddenly, the lady who was being framed, able to stand our jibes at her favorite no longer, leaned forward and in a shrill whisper, sneered, "What do you two know about acting, anyway?"

At the office late in the afternoon, Jetta Goudal phoned me. She started off the conversation with one of the worst puns on record, and continued with them . . . Jetta, whom I had always known as one of the stateliest of all actresses. I couldn't quite figure it out.

Then, a giggle came over the wires, a giggle that belonged to only one person on this earth. Louise Fazenda was impersonating the exotic actress of mystery . . . and her take-off registered so perfectly that I had been fooled for fully five minutes!



Fritz Leiber, famous Shakespearean star and screen notable, is an accomplished sculptor. He is glimpsed above inspecting a mold preparatory to casting a cross for an Episcopal church in Glendora, California

The Re-Creation of Clark Gable

[*Continued from page* 37]

"In a measure, Clark has recaptured his attitudes of long ago. He has no worries or responsibilities or obligations to fetter him. He is the sort of man who wants to be free to follow his fancies—to go hunting, to go fishing, to let his beard grow, to wear a grubby leather jacket and to live in a world of men.

"Which brings us to his marriage, which Clark has never discussed. But certainly marriage for Clark meant a division in his personality. He has never been a ladies' man—a man could dance attendance according to a definite set of rules. He is a man for gay friendship and steady comforting companionship—but a man who must of necessity occasionally put aside those friendships, put aside those companionships, and live with himself.

"In many respects Clark Gable is a little boy—as all men of creative ability are. To be content, Clark must never be made to feel inefficient or insufficient. He must never have the sense of hurting anyone or of shirking his responsibilities.

"He must always have the approval of his wife and of his friends. And never for one moment feel that he is subtracting from the happiness of anyone.

"Definitely in his marriage to Ria, he felt that his masculine interests interfered with the routine of marriage. He considered that a wife was entitled to the undeviating companionship of her husband. So when Clark went on a hunting trip or a camping trip or a fishing trip, his pleasure was always diluted by the sense that he was unfair to Ria.

"His horizons are broad. His playground is the world. But he must never have any tugging at his loyalties or those loyalties in themselves—feel betrayed. Now, with the separation between Clark and Ria, he has come into his own estate again. A man who has recaptured a sound philosophy, responsible only to himself and to the fine code of living, which is his. A man who says—'I think living is swell and fun.'"

There has been considerable gossip in Hollywood that Clark and Ria will come together again. They have remained friends. They have had certain problems which inevitably arise when a man and a woman married to each other, separate. Certainly, there has been no rancour publicly aired. Which is decent and honest and civilized. Perhaps the old habits of marriage will reassert themselves.

Certainly, if this marriage ends in divorce, Clark Gable will marry again. Perhaps a woman who as fiercely wants to defend her freedom as Clark is defending his. Perhaps a woman who can make him feel that no matter what he does, is right. There have been rumors, of late, that he is romantically interested in Carole Lombard. They have been seen together—happily together—on many gay occasions in Hollywood's popular resorts.

Inevitably, of course, Clark will have seen all the places of which he has only dreamed in the past. He will cross the Pacific by Clipper Ship to China. He will cross the Atlantic by air. He will have seen north and south and east and west. And having seen and having been, he may become satiated with freedom, satiated even with belonging to himself completely.

And when that time comes, Clark will draw up a chair to the fire, hunt for his slippers, and become the complete family man.

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¼ teaspoon lemon extract
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2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

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Betty Furness Writes an Open Letter to a Beau

[*Continued from page* 44]

standard of living too much. I wouldn't give up what I have, what I earn, in exchange for worrying about the rent and washing dishes—and I wouldn't want You to be the sort of man who would expect me to.

I can tell you this, lest I sound "expensive" . . . I'm not. I never spend much money on clothes. Of course, if you should turn out to be a millionaire, even *multi*, no-one would enjoy going to town with clothes more than I. But it isn't necessary to me, that sort of thing. I don't have to have them in order to be happy. I never have had them. I've got along without them all my life and I can continue to get along without them.

I have a dress here now. It's very chic, very smart and very charming. It belongs to the studio. I have another dress, also very chic, very charming. It's my own. The difference between the two dresses is just one hundred dollars. I'm just as happy in one as I am in the other.

I'd want You to like good clothes, though, and admire them and notice them. Because I am MAD about clothes. I adore to shop. I mean shop. I'm a bargain hunter of the most rabid sort. It's not the price tags that intrigue me. I can't wear price tags, you know. It's the taste back of them. I bought three hats for $25.00 each when I was in New York the last time. Something I have never done in my life before. And then I bought another, to wear to a football game, and paid $1.95 for it. And that is my favorite hat. So don't be afraid of me if You haven't a lot of money. I don't need it.

I hope you'll be the tweedy type. The kind of a man who wears casual, heathery tweeds—and yet doesn't object to dressing for the evening now and then.

Let me see whether I can help you by thinking of a man who comes somewhere near to the mental picture I have of you. Let's see . . . yes, I know . . . Bob Montgomery! I've always been crazy about Bob's type on the screen. I don't know *him* very well, just well enough to say "How d'ye do" to him. But he's the nearest I can come to describing You to yourself.

You will have to be a little bit mad. Just a tech mad, you know. I could never stand the type of man who lives by unalterable routine. The kind who breakfasts at seven-thirty and dines at eight, come hell or high weather, I'd want you to say to me, now and again, "There's a magnificent sunset tonight—let's drive right smash into it—never mind about dinner—we'll dine on the moon!" I'd want you to have a nostalgia for far-off places and far-off things. And yet I'll want you to be sound and substantial and competent, too. The kind of a man with one hand firmly on the steering wheel while the other hand plucks stars out of the sky and hurls them in my face.

You are, I trust, ten years older than I. Because I am old for my years. And I couldn't endure having to watch a boy grow up.

I hope you will not be too considerate of me. I mean, I am pretty independent and I like to be independent. I've been around older people a lot and think like older people!

I can't stand the type of woman who gazes vaguely about any room with a man in it and murmurs weakly, "I *would* like a glass of wa-ter . . . !" I am the kind who would get up and *get* a glass of water for myself—and why not? I hope You are not the kind of man who thinks a woman's legs are not to be used for walking, a woman's hands not to be used for working, a woman's brain not to be taken out and exercised. Because I am not that kind of a girl and I couldn't stand it if You were that kind of a man.

I got perfectly furious a few days ago when a boy I knew happened to see me coming out of a neighborhood movie one night. I was waiting to cross the street when I felt a hand clamped protectingly around my arm and heard a too-solicitous voice saying, "Let me take you across, Betty!" I was very rude, I'm afraid. I snatched my arm away. I said, "I was born and brought up in New York City. I went about the city, doing my own shopping, finding my own way ever since I was *eight years old*—and I think I can manage to get across this *alley* without help!" Not very courteous of me, perhaps. But there was something so kind of soft and sticky about it.

If I had a date with You I wouldn't want to know, in advance, just where we were going or what we were going to do. I love to go dancing but I don't want to go dancing on *every* date. I'd want you to want to do silly, on-the-spur-of-the-moment things . . . just a long, wild ride along the beach . . . a picnic on top of a hill . . . a suggestion that we stay at home and play monopoly or backgammon . . . different things each time . . .

I like the little attentions. Of course I do. I don't want to feel like the Forgotten Woman even for a moment. I don't want You to get the idea, from the way I've been thinking out loud in this letter, that I want you to be rude to me, that I would love you all the more the less you do for me.

But I like the "little attentions" to have the element of the unexpected. I *never* want You to place a "standing order" with a florist calling for five dozen red roses to be delivered to me every Saturday afternoon at five-thirty. I loathe standing orders—of any kind. I'd rather have you hand me a sun-flower or a bunch of hand picked dandelions from the front lawn than *that*.

When I was in New York the last time a boy I'd gone out with a few times met me for tea one afternoon. As we were leaving he said "Say, I happened to be at Hattie Carnegie's this afternoon and found this . . ." And he slipped a ridiculous little coin watch into my purse. I loved it. Not because it was expensive but because it was unexpected—and novel—and unnecessary.

You wouldn't have to be athletic, good Sir, I'm not. I play neither golf nor tennis nor polo nor yet croquet. I'd want you to be *able* to play tennis or golf—nothing of the languorous-poetic, please—but you wouldn't have to be an outdoor *fiend*.

You won't have to be musical, either. I'm not. I like dance music and I like to hear a baritone sing—Nelson Eddy, f'r

Joan Bennett, en route to New York and from there to Europe tells husband Gene Markey and her two daughters, Diane and Melinda, goodbye before boarding TWA air liner in Los Angeles

instance—but I don't go for symphonies and I've never heard an opera in my life.

I do hope You'll like books. I do. I have very little time for reading and there have been whole patches of time, two and three months at a stretch, when I've never opened a book. But I do enjoy reading and I like people who enjoy reading.

You'll have to like New York. You'll have to be awfully keen about New York. Because New York is my passion. Its more than that, its my home. And always will be, really, no matter where I live. Even if we couldn't have our home there I'd want You to want to go there, often.

Of course, I'll want You to want a home, when we're married. But not here in Hollywood. I wouldn't buy a house out here. If we could have a home in New England somewhere—fine. Just so long as it is near enough for us to be in New York often. Because, I had better make this very clear to You right now, *I am a city girl*. I love cities. All of them. I couldn't live in the country for very long at a time. I'd like to see You in the country. I'd like You to be the kind of a man who cares a bit about gardening. There's something very satisfying about the sight of a man's hand working the earth. But I'd want to *watch* . . .

I suppose You would be called a Sophisticate. Certainly I do not care for the loutish country lad nor for the Tarzans and cave-men. A sophisticate, I think, takes everything in his stride . . . has a balanced brain and a devil or a dream in his blood . . .

And I do hope You'll be an actor. I hope You'll want to keep on with your work and will want me to keep on with mine. I hope we'll walk hand in hand as well as heart to heart . . .

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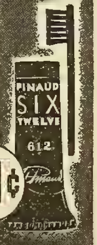

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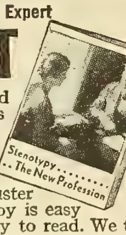

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I Raised My Boy to be a Husband

[*Continued from page* 47]

had been thirteen when the elder Offield died. A year or so before his death the family had moved to Muskogee, Oklahoma, and he had lost a fortune in the oil fields. His health broke under the strain. Just before the end came he called the boy to him. "I had expected to leave you a lot of earthly goods, son. That's impossible now. But I *am* leaving you the best thing on earth—a good mother. Take care of her."

Taking care of a mother is pretty fair training for taking care of a wife! Not that his mother needed it particularly—as head of the Scudder School for girls in New York she earned considerably more than his salary as a young stock broker. But it's never hurt a man yet, to her way of thinking, to feel a woman is leaning on him a little . . . .

"Even as a small boy," confided Mrs. Offield, "he gave me half of everything he earned. Of course, it went right into a 'nest egg' fund for him but he never knew that.

"And then—after the Shubert's scout saw him dance in that charity affair with Gloria Gould and offered him such a nice fat sum of money to go in their show—he came to me. 'Moms, how about me being a hoofer instead of a Wall street hijacker?'

And I said, "Go ahead!" Women should stay out of a man's career. Jack has eight generations of Methodist ministers behind him but I figured if he wanted to work in front of the footlights instead of the pulpit or the ticker-tape—that was *his* business. He went into a show with Joan Crawford called *Innocent Eyes.* I think he liked Joan a lot..."

Altogether twenty-two sweethearts have woven in—and out—of Jack Oakie's life. Most of them famous beauties.

"What a lucky devil!" say the world.

"What a *friend!*" says every one of the twenty-two. He's never ceased to be that to any of them. And one and all, they swear by Jack, which in a town where most once romantic couples swear *at* one another, is something unusual, to say the least.

"Love doesn't mean much," his mother reasoned, "if it isn't founded on compatibility. Unless your wife is your best friend, she won't be your sweetheart long! So I tried to teach Jack to be a real friend to a girl first. To have self-respect and respect for women..."

THAT made me think somehow of an incident that I saw occur at Mae West's last premiere. They were taking a photograph of some of the crowd and the boys from the publicity department asked Mae about the people she wanted on the right of her. For a moment she glanced around. Then she spotted Jack and his mother. "Aw, give me those two respectable people! Nobody can say anything against them!"

"When we first came out here nine years ago," Mrs. Offield was saying, "he went with Clara Bow. And after that there was Dorothy and Ann and Jeanette and Mary and Peggy—Heavens, I can't recall half of them. But I thought for sure Jack was going to marry each one of those twenty-two girls! Look—"

She showed us his den beyond the living room where a couple of dozen charmers smiled down—was it wistfully?—out of neat little frames.

"I was certain for a while that Mary Brian was going to be my daughter-in-law. Then Jack brought Peggy Hopkins Joyce home to dinner. He did that for almost two years...Oh, yes, he always brought them home. He told *them* it saved on the cover charge! But he knew how happy it made me...Then, just as I began to think I'd raised a Perfect Old Bachelor instead of a husband—he met Venita."

HE'D been to the Cocoanut Grove that night. It was 3 A.M. He came into his mother's room on tiptoe, listened. Then—"You're awake! Aw gee, honey, I certainly did find me a great dancing partner tonight!"

His mother, remembering all the other 3 A.M.'s and all the other dancing partners, smiled resignedly. "What's she like this time, Jack?"

"Baby, she's the neatest number New Jersey ever put out! Brought here to play in *The Great Ziegfeld.* A brunette, honey—with everything a blonde's supposed to have. Anyway, you'll see her tomorrow because I'm bringing her to dinner!"

So came the twenty-third...

Now young Miss Varden had been courted at one time by that handsome baton-wielder, Eddie Duchin, and she'd been rumored engaged to Charles Leischner of the three F's—Fame, Fortune, and the Four Hundred. But this was distinctly different. She was getting a close-up of a comedian—and loving that close-up.

A husband ought to be thoughtful. But everything Jack did was thoughtful. One evening she saw the script of the new play he was in laying on his mother's desk. "Do you go over them together?" she queried.

"Always have," he admitted. "Lady, how d'you suppose they'd have let me play in sixty-five pictures if she hadn't given me the cue on each of 'em? Why, she's my teacher in expression..!"

"She's taught you a great many more wonderful things than that," said Venita gently.

It was that night Jack proposed. And it was that night Venita autographed the large picture to him that now has the place of honor in the ex-Bachelor's bedroom. On it she wrote in a round, firm hand—"I've fallen in love with an angel..."

They were married by a justice of the peace on a fast train during a specially arranged hold-over stop in Yuma. Mrs. Offield didn't like that so well. "It should have been in church with a minister," she said. "Besides it was more or less tied up with advertising *The Florida Special,* the picture that Jack had just completed. That worried me. But *he* said the public would think Yuma was the biggest Methodist church in Hollywood and that Justice Freeman was really Dr. Robert Freeman, clergyman from Pasadena. That's how he teases me into not worrying!"

And then there are the telegrams he sent her. And the small duplicate of the bride's bouquet that arrived at her door the same hour of the wedding.

But nicest of all were Venita's words when she came back from the honeymoon. "You," she told mamma Offield, "Have raised the Perfect Husband!"

I'm Hardboiled

[*Continued from page* 39]

or any of our other handsome leading men? Because they think maybe they can have a date with him, some day, somehow, and at any rate, enjoy his courtship vicariously. If sex has inspired the best in the other arts, if drama, fiction, music, painting, etc., derive their vitality and esthetic appeal from sex, why shouldn't motion pictures?

"But, of course, anybody who has lived in Hollywood long enough knows that no matter how much the picture crowd splashes sex and romance on the screen, this is one of the most moral towns in the country, far more moral than New York. People here are so busy and so preoccupied with their careers, they cannot afford the time to get into mischief. I have always believed that girls who complain of being pestered in Hollywood, do 75% of the pestering themselves. I myself was never bothered that way. But then, as I said, they took me for a wallflower."

"I realized I had to depend on my acting to get ahead. I was just a plain New England girl, belonging to an average family. I had waited on tables to work my way through Cushing Academy in Boston, and there was nothing colorful and glamorous about me.

"I had to be meek. But then I realized meekness would get me nowhere, and I learned to talk back. Not that I got to be short-tempered with my co-workers. I have no patience with people who fling their temperament around, yell at others. I am temperamental. I am moody. This is a nerve-wracking, excitable, crazy kind of work. What I mean is I fought like a wildcat for some real parts! I wanted to be neither a gum-chewing, wise-cracking soda jerker, nor a goody-goody wallflower, the innocent, unmarriageable sister! I wanted to do real psychological studies of women, and I am grateful to my studio for letting me play in such pictures as *Of Human Bondage*, *Bordertown*, *The Petrified Forest*, and *Dangerous*.

When I firmly and sincerely believed I should play my rôle in a certain way, I wasn't afraid to argue about it with my superiors. I put up a terrific fight to play Marie in *Bordertown* the way I finally did. They wanted me to be a raving lunatic at the end. (She pulled her hair, screamed.) But people don't go crazy that way, not as a rule, anyhow. Insanity creeps on you gradually. And Paul Muni agreed with me. Oh, I loved that picture!"

And well she might, for that picture and *Of Human Bondage* took her out of the obscurity of collective billing, and definitely established her as a dramatic actress of the first calibre. But, in spite of the other successes that followed her memorable *Mildred*, in spite of the great tribute paid her by the industry as the outstanding actress of 1935, she does not consider herself a star yet, and remains, to this day, the most unspoiled girl and the smartest little blond in Movie-town.

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Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald and Mary Brian were among those present at the recent junior polo matches. Gene and Jeanette are rumored to be very decidedly "that way" about one another and Hollywood wonders if wedding bells are in the offing

That Weidler Kid

[*Continued from page* 34]

Mrs. Weidler, however, thought differently about that. "Later, dear," she said in that quiet, deep voice of hers.

"Well, all right," Virginia agreed, "I'll show you my pets instead."

So we went back into the living room and for the next hour I watched a strange parade—something like a circus parade without the clowns and acrobats.

First came Laddie, fleas and all, with Virginia herself acting as ring master. Laddie is a St. Bernard about the size of a Shetland pony . . . A friendly monster who put a paw on each of my shoulders with such gusto that I was seated with disconcerting suddenness on the davenport. Then Laddie thought it would be a good idea to lick my face.

"He's—he's a very big dog," I managed to say, between lickings.

"She isn't a he. She's a she," Virginia informed me. "She's got a he name because we didn't know she was a she until after we'd named her . . ."

Laddie finally made her exit and Peter Ibbetson was presented. Peter Ibbetson is also a dog—a Newfoundland a little larger, if anything, than Laddie. Peter Ibbetson shook hands, gravely. Then Virginia, not wanting me to miss anything, rode him around the living room.

"That's one reason why I wear slacks all the time," she confided. "I never know when I'm going to want to take a ride, and you can't ride properly in girls' clothes."

With Peter Ibbetson's exit accomplished—not without mishap; he knocked over a floor lamp—W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts were next introduced. Virginia brought them in on her shoulder. W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts are love birds.

"Love birds are birds that kiss each other," she explained.

Next came Laurel and Hardy. Laurel and Hardy are ducks. They wore harnesses and quacked conversationally. The day I met them, they were out of sorts, Virginia said, because there was no water in the patio pool.

The cats came next en trio. They are Blacky, Snowball and Jean Harlow. Snowball is a platinum blonde as well as Jean Harlow. Jean Harlow has the best disposition and will eat anything. Also—

"Jean Harlow might have kittens someday," Virginia told me. "Cats often have kittens," she added.

Following the cats, Banty made her entrance on a paper pie-plate carried aloft by Virginia as a waiter might a roasted chicken. Banty is a chicken, too, but she's alive. She's one of Virginia's special pets.

"I like her best because I feel sorry for her. She's down-trodden," Virginia confided.

"What do you mean 'down-trodden'?"

"That means the ducks pick on her."

After a few friendly clucks, Banty made exit on the paper plate (incidentally I'll leave it to your own common sense as to why she was carried on and remained on the paper plate, although Virginia explained this reason to me—fully).

"And now," Virginia said in climaxic manner of the true showman, "I'll show you something really wonderful! I'll show you Brownie and Kid!"

But this was not to be. Mrs. Weidler, who usually believes in allowing her six children to follow their own inclinations as long as they aren't detrimental to health or the polite manners she insists upon, took a hand.

"Virginia," she said gently but firmly, "You are NOT going to bring those goats into the house!"

VIRGINIA looked crestfallen, but she accepted the situation resignedly. "Oh, all right," she retorted, "but last time, they didn't eat anything but the corner out of one sofa pillow . . ."

And so, I wasn't introduced to Brownie and Kid, after all, and the show was over. Virginia climbed into a chair, there to sit with small feet stuck straight out in front of her. She listened politely while Mrs. Weidler and I talked, and answered my questions, also politely:

"Yes, I have lots of playmates, my three brothers only a little older than me, and sometimes my two big sisters. They're getting pretty grown-up, though, to play with me . . .

"No, I don't play with dolls. Dolls are for girls who don't have brothers to play with," pityingly. "I play with my brothers. We give shows. We make things up and act them out. We charge for 'em, too. Ten cents for grown-ups and five cents for kids . . .

"For children," corrected Mrs. Weidler.

"—for children," amended Virginia, obediently.

"Where would you rather live—here or the beach?" I inquired.

"At the beach," was the instant answer. "You see, we can't keep my animals here anymore."

"You can't? Why not?"

"The neighbors don't like 'em. The neighbors say they make too much noise. They 'specially didn't like the goats. So we're taking them all away."

There was more of this. Conversation with small Virginia, round-faced, pig-tailed, brown eyes serious, being as courteous and grown-up as you please. But she was getting restive. You could see it. There were too many projects outside, for her to be interested in a mere interviewer. After we had exhausted the subjects of Pop Eye, Mickey Mouse, Little Orphan Annie, her new roller skates *and* the new sail boat which she and her brothers "only helped a little by Daddy" made at the beach, she began to wriggle openly. I helped her out.

"Why don't you go ahead, Virginia, and give Laddie his—her bath?" I suggested.

She obeyed with alacrity, not forgetting, however, to shake hands. "Goodbye," she said quaintly, "I'm pleased to meet—I am pleased to have met you . . ."

Mrs. Weidler had been smiling, but as she turned to me, her eyes were serious.

"Such a little mite to be—supporting the family," she said, quietly, frankly. "Such small shoulders, supporting a burden . . ."

"But her brothers—aren't they in pictures, too?" I asked her.

"Yes at intervals. The three boys are in Shirley Temple's new picture, but it is Virginia who really carries the load . . ."

"And is it sometimes heavy for her?"

She answered slowly . . . "Sometimes, I am afraid it is. But she never complains. She just says to me once in a while on some set or other, 'Mamma, must I do this?' "

"But she likes it, doesn't she?" I persisted. "Most children in pictures do."

"Yes, I think she does, perhaps, but I think, too, she'd *rather* play in the sand at the beach, or help her brothers build their boats or wagons or whatever they're working on at the time; or mother her pets . . ." She sighed. "It is a *great* responsibility to put a child in the movies. Sometimes I—we wonder, my husband and I, if we should. And yet the money she earns will buy her more advantages than we might otherwise be able to give her . . .

"YOU see, before she became well known in pictures, we had a hard time . . . When we first came to America and then to Hollywood, from Germany, things were all right. My husband is a builder of miniatures for architects. He is marvelous at his craft and made plenty of money. But then the depression came, not long after Virginia was born, and there was no work. I tried to help—I am a musician—but there was little I could do . . . Yes, we had a very hard time.

"But," she went on, "I guess every cloud has its silver lining. Because those long, lean years, kept us very close together and, moreover, it taught the children a great lesson, I think. It taught them to be self reliant and to be pleased with little things. They had no toys. They had to make their own. They made dolls out of spools, boats out of bits of kindling, and wagons out of boxes. They made scrap books from old magazines the neighbors would give them, and stick-horses from broom sticks. There was no money for entertainment, so they learned to make their own.

"And so now, even though there is more money, they are still content with simple things. They would rather build their own sail boat, and did build one, not long ago, even though it won't sail properly, than buy a new one. They would still rather put on their own shows than go to most that you pay for. They are still the happy, healthy, *real* little things they always were . . ."

Virginia among them. I had seen that long before her mother mentioned it.

And beside self-reliance, she also has a very decided sense of fitness, I learned from her mother that day. I am referring to a certain episode which occurred a few years ago and almost cut off Virginia's career in pictures before it had really begun. That episode is known in the Weidler family as the *pants* episode.

It seems that Virginia, then aged three, was to play the part of a poor little girl in a picture—a little girl so poor that she lacked even a proper assortment of clothing, including *panties*.

Well, they were all ready to shoot the scene, when its "star" balked. Virginia refused to doff her panties.

When the director and her mother insisted, she burst into tears. "I don't want to," she sobbed. "I'm too big a girl now!" And that was that. No amount of persuasion or even bribing could change her. And Mrs. Weidler, wise mother that she is, didn't insist.

"Such a proceeding apparently outraged some deep-seated sense of propriety, in the child," she explained. "I felt I should respect it."

"What finally happened?" I asked.

"She lost the part." The answer was quiet, matter-of-fact. That is the kind of mother Virginia Weidler has.

Before I left that day, Mrs. Weidler took me out to the backyard to see the children's new swing. We found Virginia currying Laddie, using what her mother recognized as her sister's hair brush.

"Heavens, what will Sylvia say?" Mrs. Weidler exclaimed.

Virginia was matter-of-fact. "Well, she won't say anything less'n you tell her," she remarked.

And kept on brushing.

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

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"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are all that you claim"

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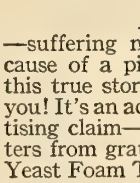

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C. D. ELECTRIC CO., Dept. 2B, Ruxton, Md.

Roses for Garbo

[*Continued from page* 40]

chaser was to pick up on his way home from the studio. "I have just one dozen more and they are perfect."

He brought out the box, beautifully arranged upon a soft bed of maidenhair.

"Ah! They are lovely. Yes, they will do. May I write a card?"

She sat at a small desk in the corner, while he went back to put the not-quite-so-perfect-roses into the box to be called for.

While she sat at the desk, her back was to me. I did not think she was even conscious of my presence. Apparently she was. Speaking, without even turning her head, the words flung casually over her shoulder, she said addressing me:

"How do you spell *ZURUCK? Kehre zuruck zu mir?*"

"Z-u-r-u-c-k" I answered, then paused dumbfounded. How did she know I spoke German? She had never seen me before, and distinctly I do not look Teutonic. It must have been her experience that most Americans were wholly deficient in languages. Was the woman psychic?

I HAD no time for further speculation. The Florist returned, note book in hand.

"Name and address please."

"Oh no, I take them," she answered quickly, and, as if reading her mind, her chauffeur entered, was given the box and went out with it under his arm.

The greatest Lady of the Screen paid her bill and left us. But my mind followed her. There was something distinctly personal about the purchase, the sort of thing that comes only from the depth of a woman's heart. The careful selection of the flowers, the loving, minute examination of each petal. She cared enough to come herself, not to 'phone or to send. She cared enough to carry the same flowers—red, vital, vibrant with passion, to someone on a departing steamer. To leave those roses, and possibly her heart (who knows?) with some foreigner leaving for far-off shores. A Russian, having only the language of German between them? A German?

Kehre zuruck zu mir—Come back to me!

My normally uncurious mind burned with a desire to know. Hurriedly I snatched up the evening newspaper and hunted for steamers departing.

It was while I was thus engaged that the florist returned, after seeing Garbo to her car, and found me. "It's not done" he said, taking the paper out of my hand. "And now, how about dinner?"

His rebuke for my curiosity was deeper than casual words implied. "Good" I said.

Now it is going to be difficult to make you believe what happened. It sounds like fiction and none too good fiction, at that!

For Garbo had no more than left the little shop when the 'phone rang and a well known voice said: "I want five dozen tiger lilies—WHITE—for Greta Garbo to be delivered tonight."

Five dozen! Great Scott! There probably weren't that many in all Los Angeles.

Florists are expected to shake things out of their sleeves. And an order for Garbo was like an Imperial Edict: a command, not a request. Those five dozen white Tigers must be had if the shop had to grow them.

My friend apologized, still smiling, and reached for my coat.

"Dinner?" I asked. "Then where are we going?"

"To the end of the world if need be, to wake up some sleepy Jap gardeners and see if they have anything that even resembles white tiger lilies."

He hurried me into my coat and out to the waiting car. It was raining. Pouring, to be accurate. I was in a bad mood. Garbo was, to my mind, a magnificent artist and I was delighted that somebody wanted to send her tiger lilies. But why did it have to be just tonight? My friend, as intuitional as a woman, sensed my mood.

"Some awfully amusing and interesting things have happened in that little shop . . ." he said. "Some sad things too. Funny business this! You get to know people so well, know such intimate things . . . their quarrels—when they make up they always come back to me—their courtships . . . ! There was one actress, a while back, you'd know her name if I could think of it, was expecting a baby. I made a little twelve inch cradle of pink flowers the day it was born." He paused. When he continued a new note crept into his voice. "But a few months later I made a little cross of white rosebuds—when it died.

"BUT it's not often that sad things happen in a florist's career. They're usually gay—engagements, birthdays, parties . . . the prettiest job I ever did was when I decorated Louis B. Mayer's Santa Monica beach house for the party he gave when Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg announced their engagement. And the funniest was on Mary Pickford's birthday. Bebe Daniels sent her a beautiful basket. For some reason she wanted it filled with GREEN chrysanthemums. Since God didn't grow them and Luther Burbank hadn't evolved them she wondered if I couldn't do some thing about it. I did. But I'm afraid after those 'mums had been in water

Jane Wyatt, one of the most promising young actresses in Hollywood, makes her debut opposite Ronald Colman in *The Lost Horizon,* James Hilton's strange and imaginative tale of a Tibetan paradise a while the paint ran OUT of their stems just as I had run it IN.

"Such a lot of wonderful friends as I've had, such interesting people. When little Mabel Norman was ill and dying Lew Cody used to buy out almost a whole shop every day for her. Mrs. Leslie Carter did too. Dear me! It makes me sad when I think how many of them have gone! Paul Bern, who always wanted yellow roses for his friends. Ernest Torrence—one of the finest men who ever lived—Lillian Tashman—and that young girl—Dorothy Dell—who was killed in the auto accident. She used to send flowers to a lot of people who were ill and poor, and always managed to tuck a check into the corner of the box.

"Do you know what I did once? I played Cupid. A scenario writer—a nice lad—used to send Lila Lee a gardenia each day. They were awfully in love with each other. Then they quarreled. Each wanted to make up. But they were both proud. Do you know what I did?"

"Sure. You started sending gardenias again."

By this time we had gone through the city of Los Angeles and were in the outskirts where the Japanese farmers live. It certainly WAS country! Long stretches of cultivated land, while here and there, separated by great distance, a tiny light flickered in a small house. After a few feet the paved road stopped. From here on was dirt. Dirt? No. MUD. Squdgy, slushy mud, lying in thick furrows a foot high. The car hit one of these furrows and did something that makes a corkscrew look straight. I gulped and closed my eyes.

"You're making a noble effort," he commented. "And that reminds me of a little office boy at Metro Goldwyn's who made a noble effort, too. He was crazy about Joan Crawford.

"One day he came into the shop with five dollars. All he owned in the world and with it he wanted to buy her an orchid. Now isn't THAT devotion? But he swore me to secrecy first that his Father would never find out."

"People never find out anything from us," he went on. "But how they DO try. A Director's wife tried hard once. Her husband wasn't what you would call "a model husband." But since I've met the wife I withhold criticism. He was a nice likeable chap but fickle. It used to amuse me that I could always tell from his orders the exact status of his love affairs. New girl—big order. Conquest—huge order.

"Then after a bit, a new name and address and the circle would begin all over again. Let's say his name was John Smith (It wasn't). One day he brought in a puppy, a cute little son-of-a-gun, that he wanted placed in a basket of flowers to go to a—let us call her Miss Brown. Evidently Smith's wife was suspicious of this girl for the next day a lady came into the shop:

"I'm Miss Brown," she said (I had a hunch that she was lying!). I just received some flowers from your store but there was no card in them. Were they by any chance from Mr. Smith?" I told her that the gentleman who had sent the flowers had left no name—and we knew our cash customers by sight only. So she went away none the wiser. It was poor old Smith's wife "

He paused, expecting me to make a comment. But I couldn't. I was growing numb.

Seeing my dejection, he tried to cheer me on.

"My honor is at stake," he said mockingly. "I am a florist, remember. So, *allons mon enfante* . . . for the great Garbo!" The magic name did the work! And the weary ride continued. But it ended in victory and five dozen white tiger lilies for Garbo!

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Few grains cayenne
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Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes 1¼ cups.

● It used to take a half hour's beating and praying to make such mayonnaise! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it *good!*

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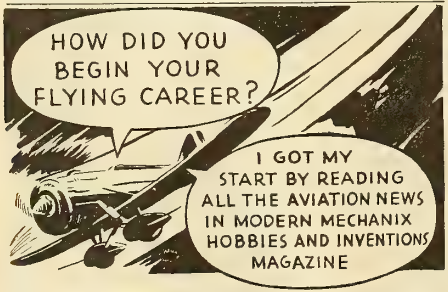
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I Have No Regrets

[*Continued from page* 31]

much easier.' I'm glad my Dad was an honest-to-God business man, with his head in the evening paper and his feet on the ground, in carpet slippers. I'm glad he thought that actors were something ordinary folks go to see like you go to see the animals at the Zoo. I'm glad I wasn't taken to see Isadora Duncan dance or taught to recite 'Hamlet' on a mound of daisies. Imagine," grunted Spence, "me as one of the Meglin Kiddies!

"For I really believe that it's the Irish, motor-truck heritage of mine that gives me whatever stability I have. I believe it's that brash, plain-folks background of mine that yanked me off the dizzy merry-go-round I climbed onto here a year or so ago—yanked me off just in the nick of time, too. Yes ma'am, whatever success I may have achieved and whatever success I may continue to achieve will be five per cent ability and ninety-five per cent good, down-to-earth background.

"MY FOLKS kept their feet on the ground. My mother is of American-Colonial descent. She has innate honesty and a swell sense of humor. It wouldn't have occurred to either my mother or my dad to slacken on their job—their job of being married and being parents. They worked hard and they paid their bills and they went to church and they brought their children up in the way that children should go—and whenever I've lost that way," said Spencer, his blue eyes level under his brows, "whenever I've lost that way, I've found it again because they blazed the straight trail for me. It was their early training that took me by the nape of my neck and licked me into shape again as my Dad licked me into shape for my misdemeanors when I was a kid. Old-fashioned, they'd be called. Yeah, well let me tell you and you tell the world for me that the old-fashioned way is best.

"I'm glad I went to a common school. It didn't give me any highkerflutin' ideas. People have said to me, 'Too bad you didn't go to one of the swanky prep schools, you would have made the 'right contacts' earlier—you would have met the sons of influential men. They could have helped you. Yeah, but I did make the right contacts. For me. I play rugged, down-to-the-earth men on the screen. I play 'em honestly, anyway, because I know these men. I was raised with 'em and with their sons. Kids who had to work for a living, cutting peoples' lawns, shovelling snow and selling magazine subscriptions to get money enough for lunch and shows.

"I don't even regret playing hooky the way I often did. So I could sneak off and play with the kids on the wrong side of the tracks. They taught me, early in life, that it's what a fellow *is* that counts—not what he has nor where he lives nor what his old man does for a living. I take men *as* I find them, not *where* I find them—and my life's been a damn sight richer for it.

"I didn't want to go to high school. That was the stage when I wanted to become a business man and no time lost. Later, I wanted to be a doctor. Well, I went to high school and to college, too, for two years and I don't regret that, either. For I learned two things—one that I didn't want to be a business man and two, that I couldn't be a doctor. Too dumb," laughed Spencer, "those Latin prescriptions and four-syllable words would have got me down.

"But, because I wanted to become a doctor and couldn't," Spencer said gravely, "I realized how vitally important the old medicine men really are. I got to thinking about it, you see, and about them and about all they do for suffering people—"

I saw. And I knew that Spencer hadn't only "thought about it." For right now there is a clever lad going through medical school at McGill University and when he is graduated with an M.D. in front of his name it will be Spencer's money, if not Spencer's hand, back of the knife and writing the Latin prescriptions.

"I don't even regret my Irish map," grinned Spencer, rubbing the stubble on his chin unconcernedly, "sometimes, of course, when I get a look in the mirror, Clark Gable's good looking mug or Bob Montgomery's slick pan rise up and stand beside me and—well, the comparison is such that I wonder where the fairies were at *my* christening! And then I squelch that regret, too. I realize that if I had been born with a handsome frontpiece I might have got bit with the stage bug too early in life. I might have been successful too early and then I'd have been on the merry-go-round for fair—and I might have stayed on until I was pushed off.

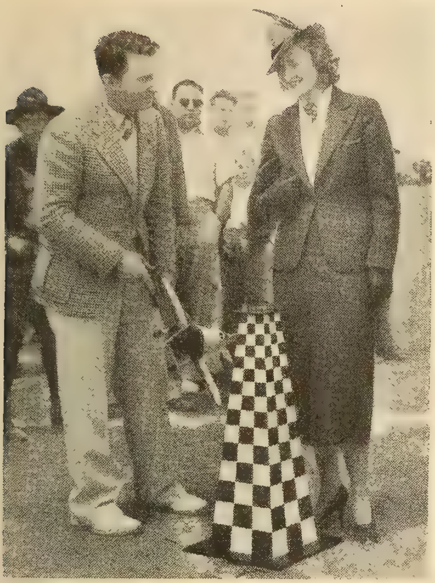
"IT'S just as well the way it is. For I never thought of becoming an actor when I was a kid. What I saw in the mirror even then didn't put any ideas like that in my head. I didn't exactly figure myself as a matinee idol fighting my way out of a lot of mash notes. And then, when the early movies began and Wally Reid and Francis X. Bushman and Valentino were the raves—well, how d'you think I felt then?

"So," said Spence, going into the pistachio ice-cream which, horridly, followed the onion sandwich on the Tracy menu, "so, I went to high school for three years and then the World War came along and beckoned to me. I tried to join the Marines and see the world but was rejected because I was under eighteen. And I couldn't tell the recruiting officer a lie. I've made a lot of bad mistakes and have many a black mark against my name but telling lies is not among 'em. Anyway, the United States Navy accepted me and I fought the war at Norfolk, Virginia . . .

"After the war and with a pension of $30.00 a month in my jeans I finished school at Marquette Academy and then attended the Northwestern Military Academy where I learned that I *certainly* had no regrets about not joining the Infantry! Then two years at Ripon College at Ripon, Wisconsin, and that's where I joined the debating team. That's where I laid heavy hands on the school dramatics and got infected with the thespian tic and never recovered.

"Regret being an actor? I should say not! Where else, in what other line of work could I give my son the advantages I've been able to give him, thanks to actoring? The doctors I've taken him to, the schools, the ranch life, the swimming pool, the polo ponies . . . why, say, all I have to do is take a look at that happy, healthy kid to squash any regret ever likely to sprout.

"I don't regret starvation days back in New York, either. I feel sorry for those actors who were born with silver spoons in their mouths. I'm glad I did some starving on park benches—think what it has given me to talk about! Made me 'good copy' for years—that's what. See, I'd talked my Dad



Cliff Henderson, director of the National Air Races to be held in Los Angeles in September, explains to Marian Marsh, one of the movie colony's newest pilots, how the races will be conducted

out of tuition fees for the American Academy of Dramatic Art and then I figured I could eat and sleep on my $30.00 a month. Well I usually ate pretzels and rice and drank water for the last two weeks of every month. And once I missed eight meals in a row and then I decided that something would have to be done about it and I got a $15.00 a week job with the Theatre Guild production of R.U.R.

"I don't regret anything about those lean, early days. The days when Louise and I were first married and had to stretch ends to make them meet. I didn't realize it then—but I know now that stretching those ends and making them meet made our hearts and souls meet, too, with the kind of coming together that there is no severing, not really, not for long . . .

"Then came Johnny—and naturally, my most profound pride, my deepest happiness in life, is in the hands of my son Johnny. You might easily suppose that he would be my deepest sorrow, my one great regret—because he doesn't hear. We could make a regret of it, of course, Johnny and Louise and I. *But we don't.* For the grief and regret of the first discovery of his great handicap has turned into pride. Pride because he is such a man, such a *sport* in spite of it, or perhaps because of it.

"Why, *regret* . . ." and Spencer's voice was roughly, deeply tender as it always is when he mentions, however casually, his beloved only son, "regret—*nothing!* Why, I wouldn't know what things are all about if it were not for Johnny. He's taught me the most poignant lessons in my whole life. That year—that year when I was away from home, on the merry-go-round—*it was Johnny who brought me home.* It was Johnny who made me realize the great things I was losing, the little I was gaining. By saying to me one morning when I had gone in to see them . . . 'Dad, I want you to take me to school this morning. You see, a girl belongs with her mother *but a boy belongs with his Dad.*' . . . Sure, sure a boy belongs with his Dad, you bet . . ." and Spencer laughed, a little shakily, and passed his big hand over his darkened eyes . . . "you bet," he said.

"AND I wouldn't really have understood and valued Louise as I do if it had not been for Johnny. He was the unconscious means of revealing his mother to his father, unforgettably, in such a true and tender light that the image was etched with acid into my brain and heart . . . so ineradicably that it could never be effaced by any other image—not for very long. You see, Louise knew that Johnny didn't hear when he was a tiny baby. I didn't know anything was the matter with him. Manlike, I didn't know anything about babies at all. But she knew it—and she didn't tell me for six months. She didn't tell me because I was having a tough struggle and she didn't want to add to my worries. That's sportsmanship, that is," said Spencer.

"And I think, too, that Johnny may be a surgeon when he grows up. His sense of touch, his sense of sight are so keen, so alert that he could well qualify as a surgeon —the surgeon his Dad once wanted to be.

"See what I mean?" asked Spencer, "see what I'm getting at? How, out of things that might be bitter regrets, you can build things to be grateful for?

"And then, after awhile"—and Spencer's eyes held the shamed look of the small boy in the jam closet—"a year or so ago I went on the merry-go-round I've mentioned. I stayed away from home for a year. I did things most wives would never forgive their husbands for, or, if they did forgive them, would never let them forget for one nagging moment that they had been forgiven. Louise could have made havoc of my whole life, personal, professional, children, career, everything . . . She could have shot the ground from under my feet—and how! *But she didn't.* She knew, I guess, that I had lost my perspective. She knew, she must have known that I was doing the crazy things most men do at one time or another in their all-too-human lives. She must have realized, bless her, that only those who lose their lives find them.

"I don't know for a fact what she thought in those mad days. I don't know what she realized or did not realize. *Because she has never mentioned that year to me.* If she has forgiven me, and of course she has or I wouldn't be home again, she hasn't worn that forgiveness, as a virtue around her neck. She hasn't been 'noble' about it. She hasn't taken advantage of the situation by making little references to that year, giving me sly little digs. Never by word or inference has anything been said or done or implied.

"So, I can't even regret that mistaken year. Because if it were not for that I wouldn't have had my blind eyes opened as they are open now. By teaching me what I *don't* want in life, my mistakes have taught me what I do want. Because I so nearly lost my wife and my children and my home I now love them and appreciate them as I would never have done without that lesson.

"I'm more than in love with them all now—I'm *grateful.*

"Well," said Spencer, "I've got to go home now and ride with the kids. I've tried to be completely honest. I hope, and no fooling, that what I've said will mean something to the people who may read it. We all have things to regret. We've all done those things whch we ought not to have done. But don't sit around whining and moping and regretting—If a fellow breaks his back or strains his heart he takes a stiff dose of medicine of some kind and tries to build the injuries to something stronger and sounder than ever before. Well, mistakes, sins, call 'em what you will, are injuries, too. Mend 'em. Make 'em work for you. Climb up on top of them and use them for props. Quit regretting and repining and start living—it can be done."

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On the Cuff

[*Continued from page* 35]

gags for a chance to happen. "They're the screwiest gang I ever saw," laughed Carole Lombard, who, as though Fate wanted to share in the joke, is co-starred in *My Man Godfrey* with her ex-husband, William Powell.

"They're wild, crazy, deliciously insane," she continued. "It's the maddest picture I ever worked in, and I *love* it! Everybody here is a specialist in his or her type of madness—and with the guiding genius of Gregory LaCava for inspiration, they're out-doing themselves. Any time they let down, the keen finger of his wit stirs them up again. And here's once Hollywood's famous goofiness is going to pay dividends.

Of course, Greg doesn't always know just what is coming next: because from Bill Powell's straight-faced, sharp edged kidding; Alan Mowbray's insidious wit; Gene Pallette's playfulness; Alice Brady's Alice-Bradyishness; and Mischa Auer's clowning and imitations anything is liable to happen. And, knowing that, you realize you have to keep on your toes.

Add to that the wild practical jokes of the Queen Bee of Comedy, Carole Lombard, and anything *is* liable to happen.

"Look!" suddenly cried Carole gleefully, "there's a sample of what we have here from morning till night. Just watch them."

Eugene Pallette and Alan Mowbray were moving toward the group in front of the camera. Everyone in the scene was in his place; lights were blazing and the camera was in focus. Yet Mowbray edged toward the group in a sort of shoe-sliding glide, while Pallette waddled in from a different angle.

"All right," called Director LaCava from the canvas chair in which he was comfortably sprawled, "let's try it."

But Pallette had reached the group, in the center of which stood Alice Brady. Quickly he leaned over and whispered into her ear.

"NO!" she cried violently, jerking away. "Get out, or you'll make me say it!" She clapped her hands over her ears. She had dodged away from her plump annoyer. But Mowbray's cupid-bow lips were now whispering over her shoulder.

"No—No—Go Away! That's plain mean! You know I'll say it—" and as Mischa Auer added his insidious mutterings, she gave a shriek and dashed away from the camera, headed for the far end of the stage.

"Every time she gets a difficult line to read," laughed Carole, "they whisper tongue-twisters at her. 'She sells sea shells by the sea shore.' They've made her say the wildest things. Heavens knows the lines are crazy enough anyhow, without those imps twisting them around.

"You know the story of the picture, of course: how two sisters find an ex-man-about-town in a hobo camp and bring him home to the screwiest family in the world, making him their butler. The whole thing is wild and crazy in itself, but with these nuts adding their bit, and LaCava rewriting script to suit their goofiness, it's a riot."

The players in this picture claim the parts fit them like gloves, and never was there a wilder, more hilarious troupe cast to a movie. Every instant something wild was going on—and the stage rang with their laughter. It sounded more like a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, or a chorus girls' dressing room, or the left wing of an insane asylum, than a respectable movie production.

And LaCava egged them on; for he was filming the screwiest family on earth, and he couldn't do better than jot down the re-actions of the irresponsible group before him and then turn their antics into sequences of his story.

Each morning the day's dialogue was re-written, inspired by the players who were literally living their parts. They had to "live" those parts to keep pace with one another.

IN order to get the "feel" of his part, Bill Powell studied his own butler for days. So closely did he watch him, and so persistently did he dog him about the house, that Bill's butler began to have serious doubts regarding his boss. But with each passing day, though his man became increasingly suspicious, Bill grew more and more butler-like.

"It's true I'm living the part of 'Godfrey' off the screen as well as on," said Bill Powell, "and that my butler has grown to be a new man to me since I've been studying him to learn butlerage—for although 'Godfrey' in the picture was a gentleman, he could buttle as buttling should be buttled. He was a much smarter fellow than I, and didn't have to follow his butler around the house watching him, until the poor fellow felt that his employer was out to steal his job. Godfrey was an observing lad, and had unconsciously assimilated the needed knowledge. He knew his man better than his man knew himself.

"Although my butler has been serving me for years, I realize now that I never saw him clearly before; never noticed how he did things or his manner of service.

"But now," and Bill waved his hand airily, "I could qualify in the most exacting family."

However, Bill Powell was not one up on his ex-mate, Carole Lombard, in the matter of living the part he plays in this picture. For Carole has gone to even greater lengths, and, according to Fieldsie, her secretary and pal, she had apparently decided she *was* the somewhat goofy younger Bullock sister, Irene.

All the while she was away from the studio she continually put herself in Irene's place, trying to think as Irene would think, and do as Irene would do. If she happened to be shopping, she would imagine she was Irene and was likely to come back with the same sort of wild purchases Irene would make.

At home, she was constantly asking Fieldsie if she thought Irene would do this, or if Irene would like that—and how Irene would re-act to such and such a thing. She was as delighted as a child with a new toy when she discovered how she could make Irene do something she felt the flesh and blood daughter of the Bullock family would do, and when she found some "business" that could go "on the cuff" and come out in the final picture.

Every member of this amazing cast was struggling to hold up his or her end, and not be submerged by the performance of the others. So, while every player combed his brains and his memory for ways to bring deviltry and fun [illegible] the set each had his own worrying and plugging to do the instant he was alone—and each daily brought to Director LaCava his ideas and his quota of dialogue.

Each noon each member of the cast gave up half his luncheon period so that he might attend the "rushes" of the preceding day's "take"—and offer his suggestions for the "cuff".

So thoroughly was it known throughout Hollywood that this picture was being shot "from the cuff"—that it was being rewritten, day by day, according to the reactions of the Bullock family there on the sound stage, that the original authors sent a shirt cuff to Director LaCava, on which was inscribed:

Picture No. 778
MY MAN GODFREY
Screen Play by Morrie Ryskind, Eric Hatch, Gregory LaCava.
FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT
4/30/36
O.K.'d by Sherry-The-Poo.

For two days it remained tacked on the top of Lombard's dressing table mirror on the set. Then it disappeared, for it could not long hold attention in this madhouse.

But in spite of the wild things being done there daily, everyone felt that the climax of this hilarious gagfest would come when Bill Powell put Carole Lombard under the shower, as the script demanded. For two weeks preceding the shooting of this scene the entire cast, and every worker on the set, was looking forward to it. For this, they all admitted, would be something.

"I think you need a bath, Carole dear," gently murmured Bill to her the day they learned this scene was to come.

"And you're going to give it to me, eh?" challenged Carole, her head thrown back, and a wild light in her eyes.

"As your man Godfrey, that seems to be one of my more pleasant duties. A bath in a nice cold shower, with all those pretty clothes on."

Suddenly Carole's eyes sparkled. "Uh huh," she agreed, "That will be nice—our taking a bath *together*. And with all your nice clothes on, too. Oh, I'll ruffle your dignity, baby."

This bath, in which most of the players, Gregory LaCava and even some of the grips managed to participate due to the pranks of the various members of the cast, was a fitting climax to a wild picture of a mad family. The set absolutely took on the appearance of one of those old Keystone slapstick comedies, even to the last day when Carole gave a party to the entire assembly.

But how was a picture ever filmed under such circumstances?

MOOD was what LaCava was striving for. The mood of that strange, screwy family, and even the mad imitation of a gorilla that Mischa Auer put on, and the wild stories of Eugene Pallette, were grist to his mill. His picture is of a family off balance—off center, as he calls it. He wanted his cast to throw off all restraint, just as the Bullock family did.

So, though a pianist was kept on the set to play whenever actual shooting or rehearsing was not in progress, another piano was kept close by so that anyone who felt in the mood could sit down and strum on that, and when anybody felt like singing, he could sing.

In fact, LaCava encouraged anything that anyone wanted to do. That is, anything but being late.

One morning Alice Brady was late. In her naïve way, she sent an enormous box of pansies to LaCava, to be delivered before her arrival on the stage. She had phoned her florist and told him she wanted five dollars worth of pansies.

"Will five dollars worth be a lot of pansies?" she asked. "Because I want an awful lot."

When the pansies arrived, instead of being delivered to LaCava as a gift to him, they were delivered in such a way he thought they were for Alice, merely in his care.

So he very carefully penned a little note to the box and sent it on into her dressing room.

"Alice, dear," he wrote, "the next time you're late you'll be wearing these on your chest."

When Alice arrived she explained they were for the dear director. In another ten minutes every player, every grip, every cameraman, every maid and every laborer on the set had bunches of pansies pinned to their breasts, for there were about forty dozen pansies to go around.

Eugene Pallette formed the habit of bringing hot tamalies on the set and passing them around. So every afternoon, they would go up to him for their tamalies. One day when Gene wasn't working, Alice Brady raised such a cry that he actually had to come out to the studio and bring her tamalies.

That really didn't make any difference, however, as it was extremely difficult for any of the players to stay away from the fun, even when not working.

Ethel Shutta, famous singer of night club and cinema fame, greets Malibu's sun and surf like a nature worshipper of old. In private life she is Mrs. George Olsen, wife of the noted orchestra leader. Their beach home is one of Malibu's show places

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Stage Struck

[*Continued from page* 46]

winner, *The Nervous Wreck* and *The Great Gatsby,* young Davis refuses to blame his ambitions on his theatrical background. According to his story, even had Davis, Sr. been "doctor, lawyer, or Indian chief," Davis, Jr. would still have wanted to go on the stage.

The youngster made his "debut" in the complicated rôle of actor-producer-playwright at the advanced age of seven. The production must have been, in the Hollywood phrase, colossal.

"I called it, for no particular reason, *Vive la France,*" Owen said with a grin. "I played the heroic part of a wounded soldier, elaborate bandages decorating my right arm. Too late I remembered that I must salute when the national anthem (the grand finale) was played. With a stage presence I have yet to re-achieve, I slipped the bandages onto my left arm, executing a salute that—well, it had enthusiasm."

A year later, the boy joined his first professional company, though he had nothing to do with the production and never appeared before the footlights. "I was mascot," he admits cheerfully. "My family had to be abroad that season, so I was temporarily adopted by Alice Brady. She was traveling with the company, playing *Forever After,* one of father's plays, and I went along. Every night of that tour Miss Brady would make me up as though I had a part in the production. The call boy summoned me with the rest of the company and I took my place in the wings where I stayed until the final curtain. I knew every line and move in that play—a sort of pint-sized understudy who could have played any part without notice!"

The only person who expressed doubt about Owen's theatrical ambitions was his mother. From the time he could walk the youngster was always backstage at his father's productions. And when Father had nothing running on Broadway—practically an unheard-of occurrence—Owen knew someone who had. So Mrs. Davis voiced the opinion that he should learn something beside Theater—with a capital T. But Davis, Sr., who knew what it meant to be stage-struck, thought his offspring should see it all while still a kid. Then, when (not if, please note) he entered the profession, he would know what he was doing.

AT ANY rate, possibly because of Mrs. Davis' mild objections, Owen entered the Choate School in Connecticut when he was eleven, remaining there until he was old enough to enter Yale. But it took more than Choate to derail a single-tracked mind like Owen's. He became the Academy's Public Enemy No. 1 when it came to discovering excuses, legitimate and otherwise, for trips to New York. For in New York there were *Plays,* and these plays he had to see.

"I soon discovered that breaking things got me off to go to the . . . er . . . doctor," he explained. "Breaking a nose was best, for broken noses, real or otherwise, are only a slight inconvenience. They leave you able to travel, but they do have to be set. As our family physician was in New York . . ." he finished that sentence with a gesture. "They caught up with me eventually," he added sadly.

One year of Yale was enough "straight" education for young Davis. At the end of his freshman year he transferred to the George Pierce Baker school of dramatic art at the same institution. About this time he also became interested in boxing and was elected captain of the university team. And here, ironically enough, the broken nose gag of his younger school days caught up with him. It seems that boxers at Yale don't "pull their punches" and Owen's nose was broken repeatedly. Eventually his instructors in the drama informed him that, unless he was deliberately developing a face enabling him to play smashed-in gangsters and ex-pugilists, he'd better take up a milder sport.

AFTER Yale came the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Because of his work there he earned his first professional rôle—juvenile lead in the Chicago company of *The Barker.* His life-long ambition had been achieved. Owen Davis, Jr., was on the professional stage! Other engagements followed rapidly and in 1930 he decided to try Hollywood. His first film was *All Quiet on the Western Front.* Two other screen rôles followed; but the lure of the footlights was too strong. Back he went to play both on Broadway and in summer stock. Among other things he played 100 rôles in five summers at the famous Lakewood Theater in Skowhegan, Maine. His great performances there were too much for RKO. They coaxed him into making tests, waved a contract under his nose and brought him back to Hollywood.

The Powers-That-Be feel that his five-feet-ten of attractive personality and ability should prove quite useful at the box office. Neither are they overlooking the mop of dark, curly hair, grey eyes, cheerful grin and the suggestion of dimples when he laughs. But even the Powers-That-Be have learned never, never to mention those dimples. They want Owen to keep right on wanting to "go on the stage"—sound stages at RKO.

Only once in his entire career has the junior Davis devoutly wished that, instead of acting, he had taken up ditch digging or asylum keeping or even paper-doll-cutter-outing. This was on the occasion of his return, as the juvenile in a professional company, to New Haven where both Choate and Yale are located. Unfortunately for him the play was *The Barker,* a vivid, unexpurgated story of the side-show life.

One of his former teachers, famous for his strict ideas, asked Owen to reserve seats for himself and wife. Young Davis, with an eye to a certain love scene he played with the star, did a beautiful piece of stalling. According to his story the play was sold out for weeks.

"So what happened? So on the opening night there they were in the center of the front row!" Owen related. "I explained the situation to the lead and begged her to play that scene 'easy'. But I must have missed a wicked twinkle in her eye," he said ruefully, "for when that scene came around—well, I'll leave it to your imagination! So, as I expected, those two came backstage that night—but what they wanted was an introduction to the star! Very much the chastened schoolboy I did the honors."

The name of the star? Oh . . . . Claudette Colbert. You see, she's always had an active sense of humor.

Norma Shearer's First Romeo

[*Continued from page* 30]

stance Collier saw it happen.

They chose Miss Collier to help Norma Shearer with the Juliet rôle because of her own success as Juliet, on the stage, long before talking pictures aspired to such an achievement.

She told me about that first afternoon.

"I remember," she said, "that a fire burned on the hearth. I sat waiting on one of the yellow satin divans before it, listening to a radio, somewhere, playing a modern tune. Then Norma welcomed me. Yes, she wore pajamas, trim, svelte, ultra-chic.

They began to read, or Miss Collier did, impersonating first one character and then the other in the early scenes of the play. Then came Juliet's "entrance." Hesitatingly, afraid, Norma voiced her first lines.

"Do you think I shall EVER be able to play Juliet?" she cried. "She seems so different; so stilted to me!"

But Constance Collier, to whom the lines of Shakespeare also had seemed difficult once upon a time, reassured her.

"Yes, my dear, you will," she said, quietly. "You are an ideal Juliet.

"And I meant it," Miss Collier said to me later. "The very first time I heard that Norma Shearer was to play Juliet, I experienced a strange and unusual sense of satisfaction.

"It was almost as if some hitherto incomplete situation in my own consciousness had at last been finished . . ."

So, thus reassured, Norma read on that fall afternoon until darkness had come like a thick pall from the sea, and the servants had drawn the shades and turned on the lights. They didn't study. They didn't think of gestures nor intonations. They didn't try to memorize lines. They just read them and discussed their meaning. They groped for the *feel* of this most beautiful of love stories . . .

"I remember Norma standing in the doorway as I left," she said, "a slim, pajama-ed figure, her hair in smart curls—a very, very modern Juliet—then . . ."

The next afternoon, Miss Collier went again to the Thalberg home on the Santa Monica beach. And the next . . . And the next. For four or five days a week, for more than two months before even rehearsals began at M-G-M this went on.

BUT throughout that time, she didn't *study*, mind you. Constance Collier was very positive in telling me that. They just read the play and talked about it . . . *And slowly, but surely, Norma Shearer changed into another being.*

"At first, this change was scarcely perceptible," Miss Collier told me. "But as time went on, it became more and more apparent. It began with Norma's new coiffeur. She suddenly parted her hair in the middle, and let it fall softly around her shoulders.

"A 'Juliet bob,' you ask? Perhaps, but somehow, we didn't call it that. 'Bob' is a twentieth century word. But call it what you will, it is symbolical of the metamorphosis that was taking place.

"After a few days, she discarded her pajamas—those smart, modern pajamas—and began to wear long, flowing things.

"We were contemplating the great balcony scene, by then. I would read Romeo's lines, of course, but I am sure neither of us was conscious of an incongruity. We weren't in the Thalberg beach house, then. We were in that walled garden of the Capulets, speaking immortal words of love—

"But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou, her maid, are far more fair than she . . ."

And Juliet's voice, when Romeo finishes:

"O Romeo, Romeo wherefore art thou, Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

"Her—Juliet's—eyes were beautiful. Yes, I long since had given up calling her 'Miss Shearer.' To me, she *was* Juliet. As she sat there on the yellow divan, even though she was speaking without background or gesture, I saw her only as that girl who lived, loved and died five centuries ago.

"She wasn't sitting curled up, with her feet under her, as she had that first day. Young ladies of Verona must have been more decorous and precise, you see. Her chiffon gown—a hostess gown, true, but one which Juliet surely would have worn—gave her at once extreme youth and grave dignity."

And so the passing days took Romeo and Juliet to the heights' of lovers' ecstacy; to the depths of lovers' despair; to the death that united them, at last. The blue-bound manuscripts were discarded, now. Character analysis was no longer technical. The play moved on for Norma Shearer and Constance Collier as if it were life, itself.

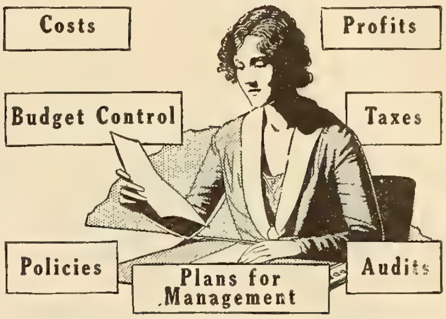
But at last came the end of their work together. Studio rehearsals were to begin the next morning. Where Constance Collier—the tutor who never once "taught" in the literal sense of the word, but whose sympathetic suggesting had accomplished much, much more—left off, Director George Cukor and cameras were to begin.

"I was sorry to have those weeks of close association end," Miss Collier said. "To have come to know intimately and to work with an actress of such fine intelligence and such charm was a privilege.

"And yet, it wasn't only my regret that marked that day as outstanding in my memory. It was something else . . . Something which may seem strange to you and yet to me, was perfectly natural . . . You see I know the power and the significance of self-hypnotism, and that an actor or an actress deeply interested in a rôle of a play can, sometimes, *does*, sometimes transcend self and actually *become* the character portrayed." She paused, her eyes contemplative. She seemed to be forgetting me.

"You were telling me something about Miss Shearer on that last day you visited her" I prompted.

She smiled. "So I was. I was saying this: That when Norma Shearer told me goodbye, that day, she didn't actually say 'goodbye,' at all. She said: *'Farewell, Constance. I am grateful to thee.'* And I am positive she never for an instant realized she had said it—that way. She was too full of the drama of *Romeo and Juliet*. She had spoken too often words couched in the quaint, formal phraseology of another time and another world. Day by day, week by week, she had studied, contemplated, Juliet; had put herself in Juliet's place; had experienced Juliet's emotions; had suffered Juliet's heartbreak that, at last, the metamorphosis was complete. She no longer was Norma Shearer. *She was Juliet!"*



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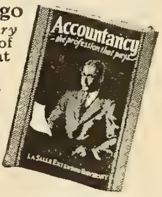

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Fate, Fame and Robert Taylor

[Continued from page 29]

"Dr. Ashmore was telling Daddy about neur-as-then-ia today."

It was not long after this that we noticed that he was stammering. It would take him a half-minute to say "Mother." We were panicky. We moved out into the country, a mile and a half from town, and let him roam outdoors, where he would forget the big words. The farm couple we lived with had a little boy about Bob's age. The two of them were outdoors all day long; Bob even ate all of his meals on the porch. And in three weeks he was over his stammering. We lived there the rest of the time that my husband was in medical college—and Bob acquired a love of outdoor life that he never has outgrown.

MY HUSBAND studied hard, taking special work besides the regular courses, and finished in three years. He was a doctor at last . . . and started practicing in Fremont, Nebraska, where we moved when Bob was about five. We were there about a year and a half when Dr. Brugh went into partnership with Dr. P. Y. Gass of Beatrice, Nebraska, who had a very large practice. After a time Dr. Gass moved to San Bernardino, California, but we stayed in Beatrice—a town of about 12,000—and Dr. Brugh took care of the practice alone. Bob grew up in Beatrice and got his education there. And that was where he first showed signs of becoming an actor, though we did not recognize the symptoms then.

He was naturally a high-strung child. If we had not known how to handle him, he could easily have become a problem. He was very sensitive. If anyone spoke harshly to him about some little thing that he had done, he would not be able to eat or sleep. He still hates harsh criticism. He comes by that naturally; both his father and I were that way.

Also, I have seen him many times when he would not be able to eat, if he had done something that he regretted. Not only when he was small, but recently, in Hollywood. And discouragements used to upset him terribly. I explain that by the fact that he was such a fortunate youngster; he almost always won any contests that he entered, any games that he played. And because he always tried hard to win, it was not easy for him to lose.

He was all-boy, with the energy and enthusiasm of any normal boy, yet he was more thoughtful than most children ever are. He always seemed to have respect for our wishes. We could put him on his honor. Very young, he seemed to realize that much of the time I was not well, and went out of the way to spare me worry.

And because we could trust him so implicitly, we gave him more things than most parents dare to give their children—lest they spoil them. We had no fears of Bob's being spoiled.

When he was very young, he had a pony, a pony cart, a harness and saddle, a bicycle, a dog, guns of various sorts. In those days, he always said that he was going to have a big ranch and be a cowboy. He was forever playing that he was Tom Mix or William S. Hart. He was movie-conscious then to that extent.

The pony was a high-spirited little thing. I suppose Bob—who was nine or ten then—had not had her more than a week before he told me that he wanted to "ride out to Grandpa's." Grandpa happened to live in Filley, sixteen miles away. But I decided to let him go for, young as he was, I knew that I could trust him to take care of himself. He had been gone about an hour when the telephone rang. Bob was calling me from a house out in the country.

Elaine Sheppard, yesterday just another Hollywood chorus girl, today is the personal protégée of Hermes Pan, RKO-Radio dance director, who believes that she has the ability to become a great terpsichorean star

"Gyp"—that was the pony's name—"keeps running up and down the banks. I can't make her obey," he told me. "I'm coming home."

I said to him, "Now, Arlington, just make the pony know you're boss. Cut yourself a switch, and the first time she doesn't do what you tell her, use the switch. You go on to Filley."

"I'm going," he answered, and hung up.

And he did go. He was always resourceful after that.

He was not a meek child. He was apt to be blunt and outspoken. Yet he would never come into the house that he would not kiss us both. He thought the world of his father, who also worshiped him. The doctor never scolded him; he had such a nice way of talking to him, explaining things to him. When he was with Bob, he would try to make up for all the hours that he could not be with him.

Robert got his paddlings once in a while, however. I remember one time when he wanted everything he saw. One Saturday night, his father and I took him downtown and before we left, the doctor warned him that if he started teasing for anything, we would have to punish him when we came home. Well, he either forgot or else decided to see how far he could go; anyway, he started teasing. His father never said a word to him; he just looked at him—and Robert knew that his father had not forgotten. When we arrived home, he paddled Robert. And afterward Robert came to me and said, "Why, Mother, you didn't tell Daddy to stop once!"

That incident was typical. Dr. Brugh and I never had any disagreements about how Robert should be managed. People used to wonder why he was not spoiled, being an only child. Of course, I have always contended that if you would spoil one child, you would spoil a dozen. But one secret, I think, was the perfect harmony between his father and myself. Neither of us ever gave him an example of selfishness to follow.

He always took very good care of his toys and his clothes. He would let other children play with anything he had, but he did not want his things treated roughly. He was much neater then than now.

Unlike most children, he never had the urge to run away from home. He always seemed perfectly happy. People used to comment about it. Just the other day, Bob himself said to me, "Mother, I had a wonderful childhood." He never cried or felt abused. He gets the blues more often now than when he was younger. Always, then, he was the happiest boy imaginable.

He never worried us much—even about his health. He had the measles when he was about ten, and the flu a time or two. But there was only one time when we were really worried. That was when he got up and answered the 'phone while he had the flu, and had a setback. Most of the people who died during those flu epidemics were the ones who did crazy things. For weeks his father and I never knew what it was to go to bed and get a good night's sleep. We almost lost him.

As a youngster, he had very heavy hair—wavy, almost kinky. And I used to dress him in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits. How he hated those suits, with their little silk blouses! I think that the sight of a silk blouse nauseates him yet. I never knew it then. He never found fault with the way we dressed him.

When he was about ten, we had him start taking piano lessons, from a man who came to Beatrice. When he was about twelve, he wanted to take saxophone lessons. I did not want him to; a saxophone was so noisy and jazzy. So then he wanted to try the 'cello. I shall never forget the day we took him to Lincoln for his first lesson with Professor Gray. He told us that Robert did not handle the 'cello awkwardly, as most beginners do. Robert studied with him for years.

And those 'cello lessons with Professor Gray, more than any other single factor, later led him to Hollywood and fame.

(To be Continued)

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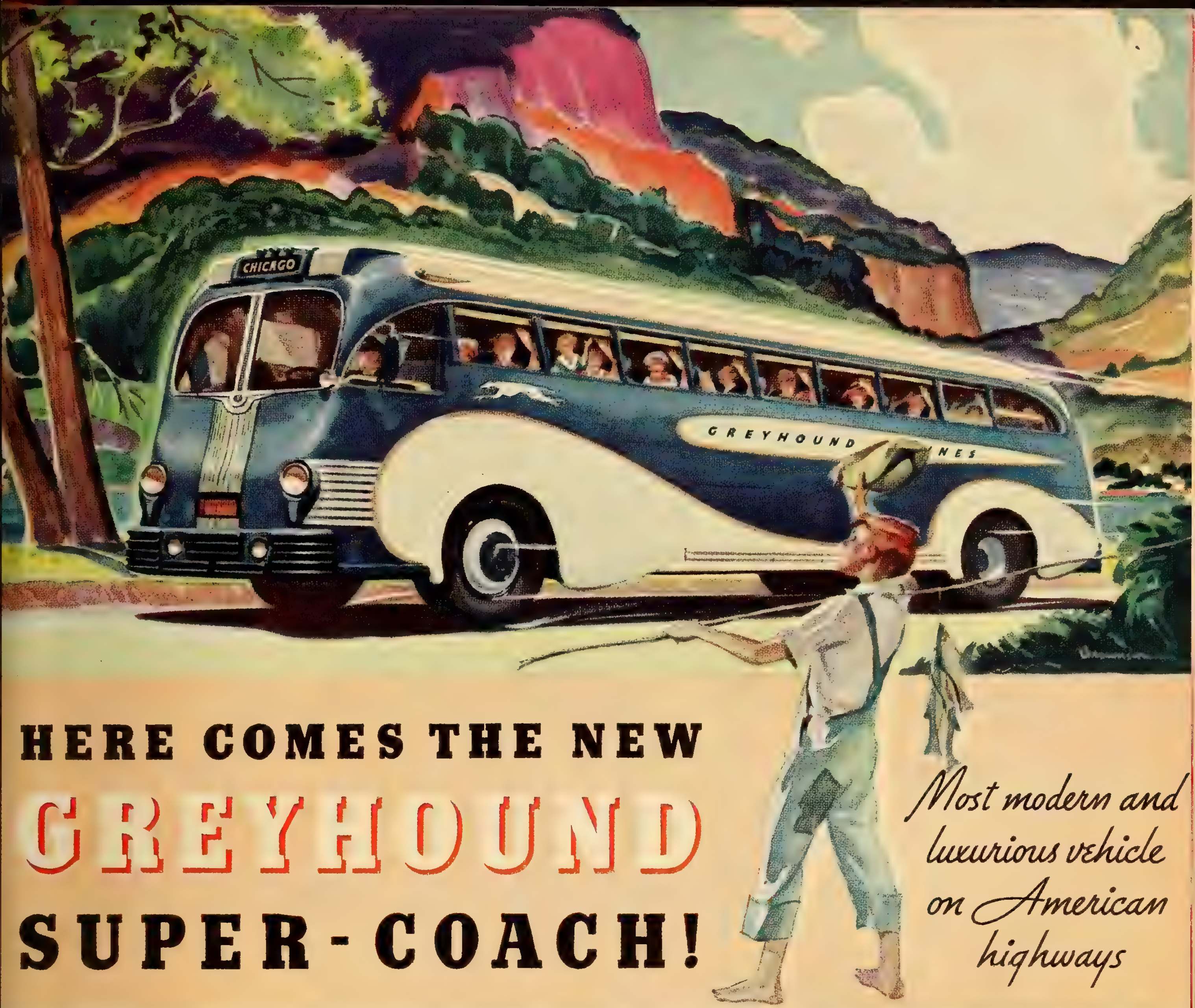

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Glenda Farrell
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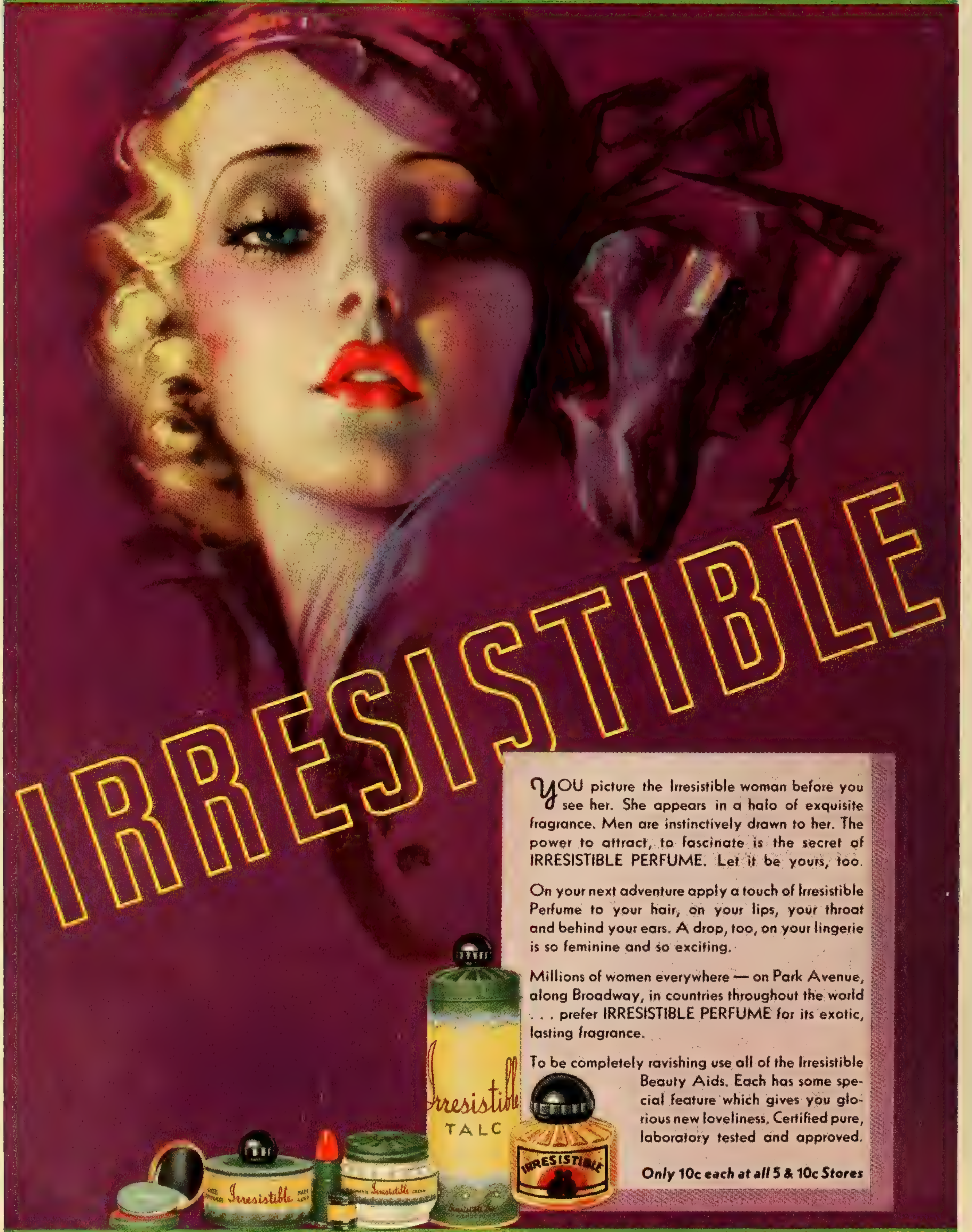

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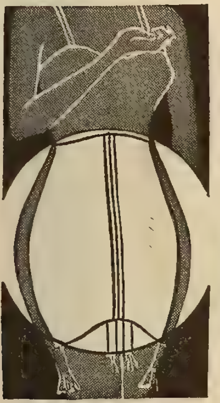

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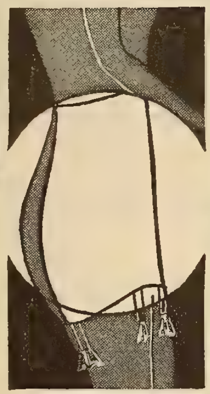

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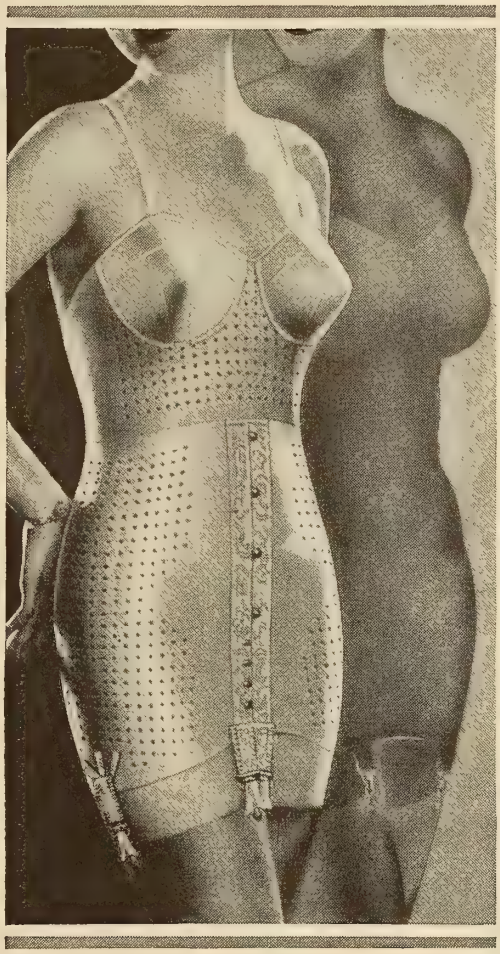

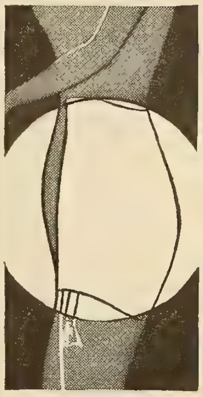

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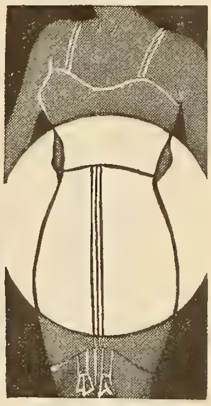

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"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away"—*Anita Loos*

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On the Cover

Edwin Bower Hesser, Hollywood's master of natural color photography, contributes a new personality study of Glenda Farrell, the third in a series posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

OCTOBER, 1936
VOL. 11 No. 2

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT
Editor

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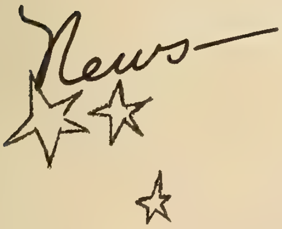

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W. M. MESSENGER
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JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor

Published monthly by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC., *(a Minnesota Corporation) at Mount Morris, Ill. C. W. Fuller, Eastern Advertising Director; J. C. Godfrey, Jr., Western Advertising Director; Jack Smalley, Managing Editor. General Business offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial Offices, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Mount Morris, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn.* *Copyright 1936. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publishers.* *Trademark registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Address manuscripts to the Hollywood Editorial Offices. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos. Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; Foreign subscriptions $1.50. Single issues 10c. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to our office at Greenwich, Conn. Advertising forms close on 20th of the third month preceding date of issue. Printed in U.S.A.*

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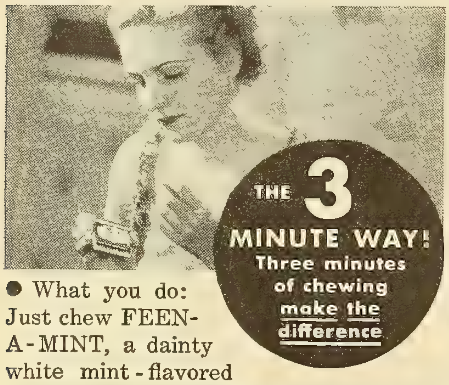
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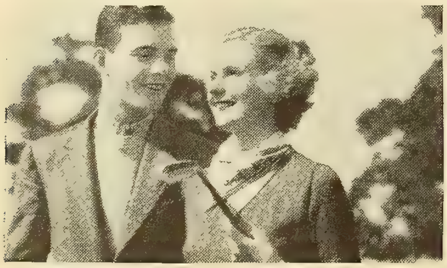

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Now *You're Talking*

The readers' page, whereon they are urged to express their frank opinions of pictures and players—and MOVIE CLASSIC

$15 Letter

A Pertinent Observation—During years of picture going I have been struck by one thing in particular, to wit, the short lived popularity of most of the "stars." For a few years they are with us, then suddenly they sink into obscurity. We, the picture going public, are no doubt responsible for a good portion of this, but I think the producers are also equally to blame. When an actor or actress makes good in one picture, he or she is immediately used in a dozen others within a few short months. Usually in the same sort of role. We become tired of seeing them then, and say, "Helen Starlet is at the Palace, but it's probably just the same as her last picture; we'll go somewhere else." After a time these stars become so used to one particular type of role they could not play anything else.

I know there are exceptions to this; all rules have exceptions, but I think that if the producers would not use the same star so frequently and occasionally cast her in a different type of role, the stars and public would both be grateful.

I have just seen *Showboat,* which is a case to point. In it Miss Dunne has been given a role a little different from that which she usually portrays and the result is we have a magnificent performance. Next time I see her name advertised I shall go to that show with great anticipation. Miss Dunne has taken on a new lease of life (movie) and will go on to greater heights I am very certain.—*Miss Geraldine Clarke, 3626 Oxenden Ave., Montreal, Canada.*

$10 Letter

Censored!—In reviewing a picture that has been taken from a stage play the critic often laments the fact that the censors whitewash the original theme until it is hardly recognizable. Being a person of normal curiosity and aware that if the subject would offend a movie audience the same would apply to the audience of a stage play I have regretted that so many movies were glossed over. However, I have changed my mind. Sometime ago I saw *These Three* with Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins and found it satisfyingly dramatic and disturbing. It was handled with a clearness that left no one in doubt as to its meaning and yet with a delicacy that could not offend. Then I read the play *The Children's Hour* from which this picture was taken and although I am not necessarily shocked by reading it, still I could not see this play as a movie in its unadulterated form without wondering if I had not strayed into a cheap theatre showing "For Adults Only—Sex Pictures."—*Virginia Lance, 1013 Busseron St., Vincennes, Indiana.*

$5 Letter

Louise Latimer, recently brought to Hollywood from the New York stage by Radio Pictures, is being hailed as one of the more promising young prospects for stardom. She will soon be seen in *Don't Turn 'em Loose,* a dramatic assault on the parole question

Way Out West—I was very much interested in your story about Westerns in a recent number of MOVIE CLASSIC. I haven't seen one in years. They don't seem to be shown at our theatres any more. I have always loved them, from my old favorites William and Dustin Farnum down. I would be glad to see them shown at the first-run theatres, and I would even be willing to sit through a two-picture program, which usually bores me to death, if one of the pictures was a Western.

Why do I like Westerns? Oh, there are many reasons. I love to be carried back to the Past, the good old colorful adventurous days when the West was new.

I like the Out-of-Doors, the sweet, clean open spaces. I am tired of city streets, and city noises, and it is restful just to sit and look at a picture where the action takes place out of doors.

Then I like Real Men. Men who are strong and brave and adventurous, who can ride and shoot, who protect the weak and helpless, and who make love as real men should.

And I like Westerns because of their romance and glamour, and because they carry me away to the Never-Never-Land of my Dreams, where I can forget myself

[*Continued on page* 59]

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

A Valiant Picture For a Valiant Star

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

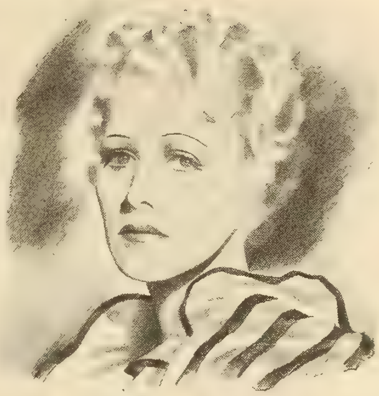
Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a pariah in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

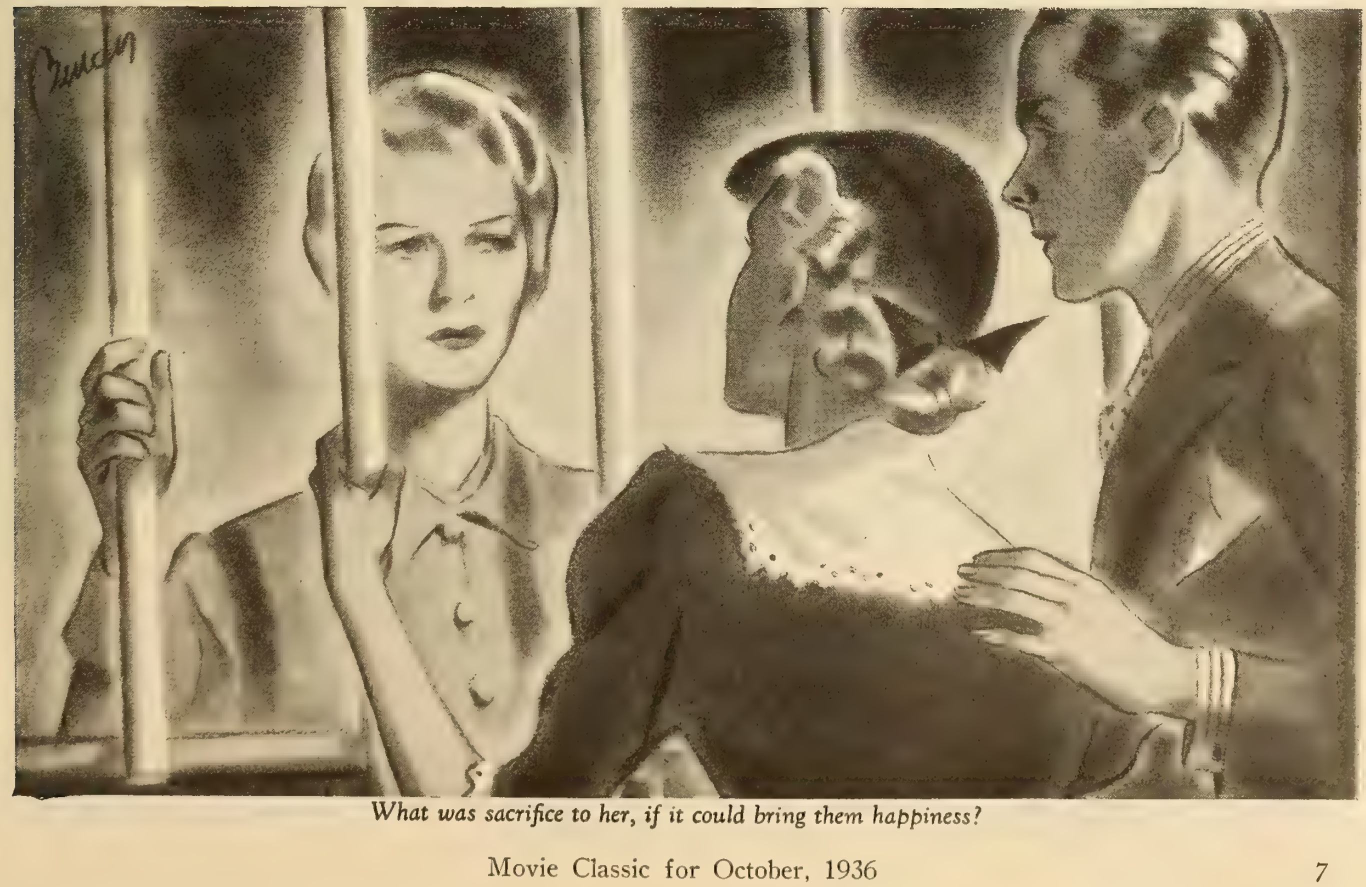
I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at ——— Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.



GLADYS GEORGE, *famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by* WESLEY RUGGLES.



What was sacrifice to her, if it could bring them happiness?

Are *you* as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?

Today, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And *every* point is important.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on *every* point the doctor looks for. Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes. For over 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader...the largest-selling laxative in the world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It *is* gentle. It *is* thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dep. F. G. 106, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Nautical Recipes For Landlubbers

Lee Tracy and the first mate talk over luncheon with the chef aboard Lee's yacht, "The Adore"

by Dorothy Dwan

Across 2,000 miles of blue Pacific and back—a cruise of two months—that was the delightful prospect in view for Lee Tracy and his doughty crew aboard *The Adore,* entered in the classic Honolulu yacht race, until the problem of food came to the fore!

What, Lee's companions demanded, would they eat? And Lee had the answer ready—he stocked the entire hold with canned food. Tins galore containing flavorsome ham, chicken, every variety of soup, and all the delicious foods prepared by Hormel were aboard.

There you are, fellow-members of the "How To Feed Your Men" Club. Information you'll find interesting straight from a male shoulder! After all, what could be more simple to prepare—and what is more palatable to the taste of husbands?

Just before the cruise got underway I went aboard *The Adore* with Lee and promptly turned green with envy. Why, oh why, must men have all the fun in

[*Continued on page* 86]

Ann Dvorak

Cook Book

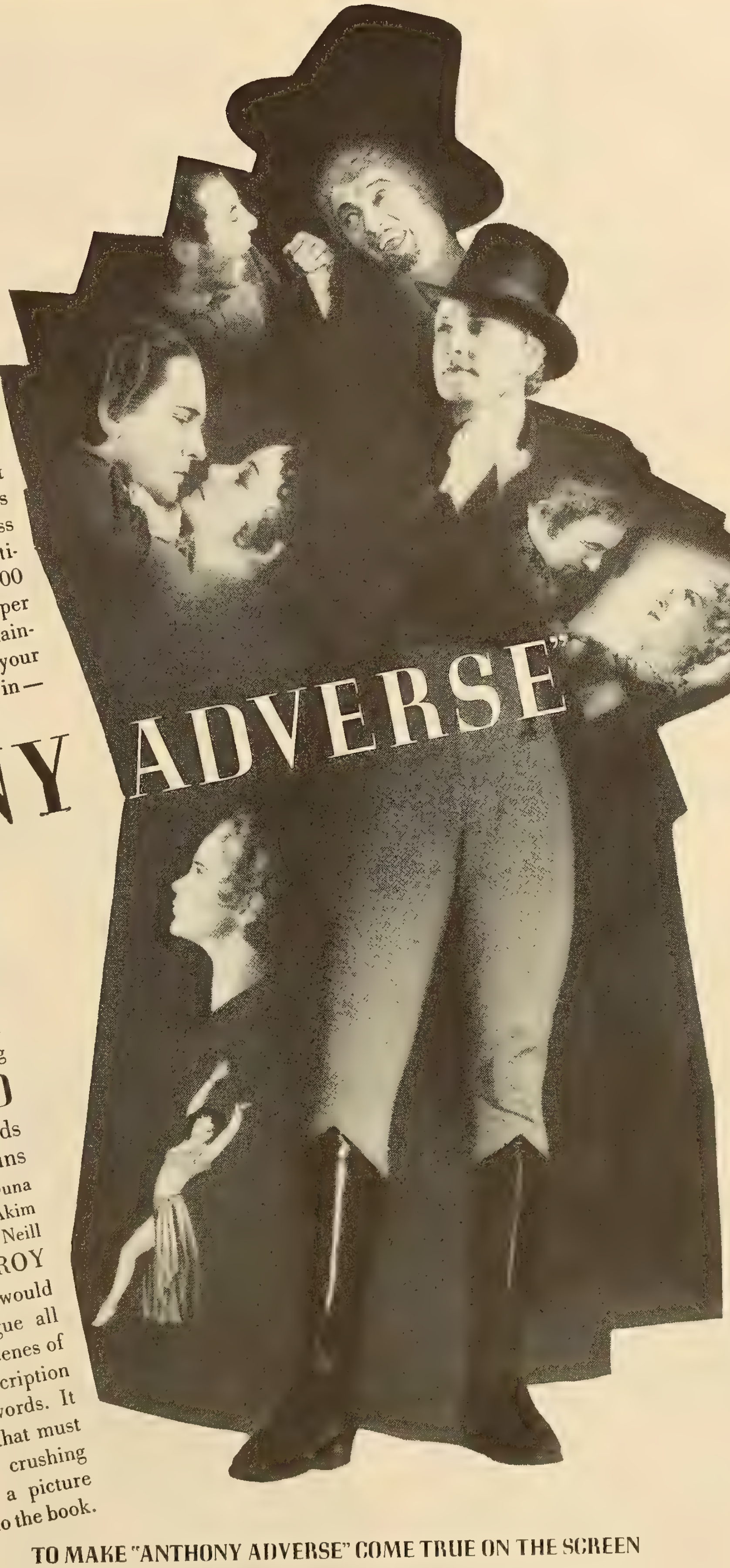
CRABMEAT SALAD

1 can crabmeat
3 hard cooked eggs
2 avocados
4 tbls. mayonnaise
1 head lettuce
4 tsp. caviar

Cut crabmeat into small pieces, chop one egg, and cut avocados in half. Scoop flesh from avocados and mix with crabmeat and egg. Season with French dressing and fill avocado shells with mixture. Cover top with mayonnaise. Chop yolks and whites of remaining eggs separately. Cover one side of filled shell with whites and other side with yolks. Place caviar in center and arrange shells on crisp lettuce leaves

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

● Screen history will remember 1936 as the year of Warner Bros.' herculean picturization of "Anthony Adverse." In sheer physical grandeur and emotional immensity, here is a picture that dominates the screen of the year as completely as Hervey Allen's mighty novel dominated the world's bookshelf in its two-year reign at the top of the best-sellers. Reader millions who called it impossible to film will now acclaim it as impossible to describe—as it sweeps through three heroic generations, across the turbulent frontiers of three continents, to pack highlights of the 495,000 most exciting words ever put on paper into 2¼ hours of high-tension entertainment. The supreme adventure of your movie-going career awaits you in—



"ANTHONY ADVERSE"

From the biggest and biggest-selling novel of modern times, by

HERVEY ALLEN

Starring, among scores of featured players,

Fredric MARCH

With a cast of more than 2,000 including

Olivia de HAVILLAND

Anita Louise · Donald Woods
Edmund Gwenn · Claude Rains
Louis Hayward · · Steffi Duna
Gale Sondergaard · Billy Mauch · Akim Tamiroff · Ralph Morgan · Henry O'Neill

Directed by MERVYN LeROY

● Another "Anthony Adverse" would have to be written to catalogue all that is to be seen in the 412 scenes of the photoplay. Accurate description seems beyond the power of words. It is, like all miracles, a thing that must be seen to be believed—a crushing answer to those who said a picture could never be made equal to the book.

TO MAKE "ANTHONY ADVERSE" COME TRUE ON THE SCREEN

The novel Hervey Allen turned hermit four years to write was read 11 times by Sheridan Gibney in planning the screen play . . . 17,437 fans wrote letters asking Warner Bros. to give Fredric March the title role . . . Sets were built in duplication of scenes in France, Italy, Switzerland, Cuba, Africa and America . . . Olivia de Havilland won her role before the public knew her, studio officials having seen her tests in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by Jane Heath

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the *results*—and *never know* why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.

● **Lashtint Compact.** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, *ensuring just the right consistency* to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. $1.

● **Kurlene.** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.

● **Twissors.** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. FG-10. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

Hollywood Highlights

In which MOVIE CLASSIC'S rambling keyhole-peeper relays the latest news and gossip about your Cinemaland favorites

by The Boulevardier

EVER since Clark Gable accidentally knocked out a sparring partner while shooting prize-ring scenes in *Cain and Mabel*, the leading men have been waving biceps furiously. No sooner had Clark kayoed his man than he announced he was thinking of taking out a professional boxing permit in California. He's still thinking about it, I guess. Anyway, not to be outGabled, Georgie Raft sleeked back his hair and told the world:

"I am about to start serious training. I'm willing to fight anyone. My right hand still carries enough dynamite to knock some of these professional so-called fighters goofy."

Funny part of it is that Raft isn't uttering balloon-juice. He can and—now and then—does do it.

Any Part of Him

Mentioning Clark Gable reminds me of the grand crack pulled the other party-time by Warners' tops director, Merv Leroy. Long before Gable became THE Gable, Merv tried to have Warners sign him. They tested him—but rejected him. "His ears," said the wise men of Warners, "are too big!"

"And now," remarks Merv, "Warners wouldn't mind having *just* his ears!"

Perfect

'Scuse, please—, but I've just *got* to tell you about the little blonde who, filling out an application card for extra enrollment, got by the measurement queries all right—

Waist? "25 inches," she wrote.

Hips? She pencilled in "35 inches."

Then she came to the next query:

NECK?

Hastily she scribbled:

"You *bet!*"

In the Family

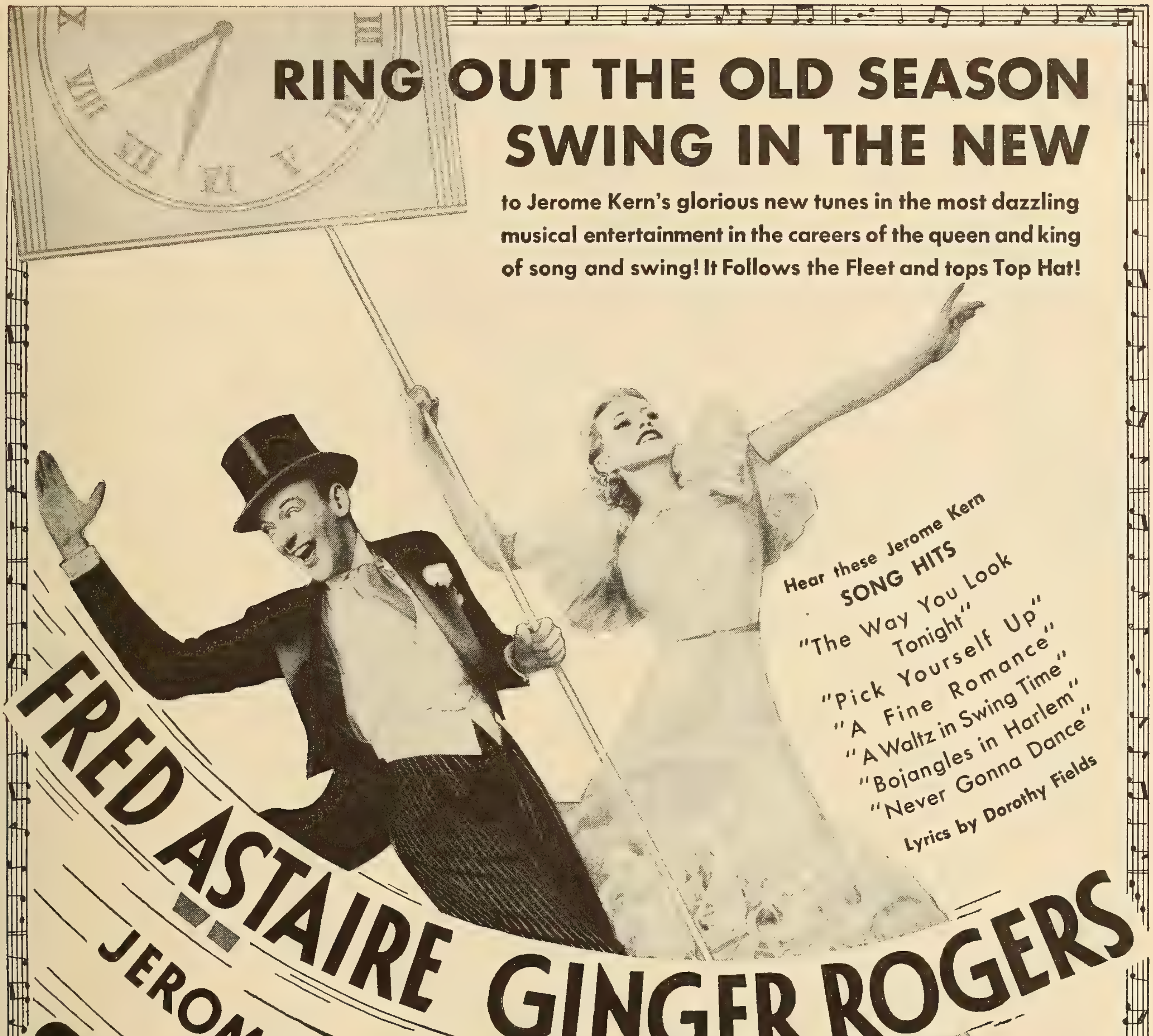
When you see *The Trunk Murder Case* on the screen, you'll be seeing a family enterprise.

It's being produced by Norman Foster, who not long ago married Sally Blane. The financing is by Sally, Polly Ann

[*Continued on page* 12]

Gary Cooper and the Mrs. (why the scowl, Gary?) attend a preview of *Rhythm on the Range*, in which their pal, Bing Crosby, stars

Virginia Weidler and Benny Bartlett, Paramount's youthful starlets, take time off from their toil to adventure on a nearby wall



RING OUT THE OLD SEASON SWING IN THE NEW

to Jerome Kern's glorious new tunes in the most dazzling musical entertainment in the careers of the queen and king of song and swing! It Follows the Fleet and tops Top Hat!

Hear these Jerome Kern
SONG HITS

- "The Way You Look Tonight"
- "Pick Yourself Up"
- "A Fine Romance"
- "A Waltz in Swing Time"
- "Bojangles in Harlem"
- "Never Gonna Dance"

Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

FRED ASTAIRE · GINGER ROGERS

JEROME KERN'S

SWING TIME

with their best supporting cast to date
VICTOR MOORE · HELEN BRODERICK
ERIC BLORE · BETTY FURNESS
and **GEORGES METAXA**
A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production
He gave you "Roberta," "Gay Divorcee," "Top Hat" and "Follow The Fleet" · Directed by George Stevens
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

SHOPPING WITH SUE

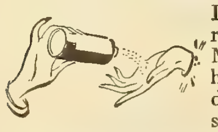
Here is what I learned about personal hygiene accessories. You can have complete confidence in these intimate items.

Susan Lee
Shopping Expert

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c; De Luxe at 35c. "Cheap" belts can't compare, because inferior grades of elastic fray and wear out—make for the discomfort women dread.

For Personal Daintiness



If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard how Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest, and you'll agree 35c is a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type — and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may be carried in your purse for emergencies. Box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You! In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation". The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write for the ones you want. Room 1402, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 10]

Young and Loretta Young, sisters.

Now if Norman can only find a spot in the show for the youngest member of the family—delivered by Ol' Doc Stork to himself and Sally not long ago—it'll be a hundred-percent job, yes?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE:—just graduated into Grade 3-A, passing with marks of "excellent" in reading, courtesy, thrift AND self-reliance . . .

What Price Glory

Note entitled "Fame"—

Dramatic coach Edward Elsner, who has among his clients Greta Garbo, told me about what happened at a class of high-school girls he was coaching in movie technique. Discussing a certain role, Elsner told them:

"This should be made a sort of Marie Dressler type."

Up spoke one of the 19-year-olds:

"Who," she asked bewilderedly, "is Marie Dressler?"

Fisher-ladies

Merle Oberon and Jean Parker are piscatorial rivals. Merle keeps her friends' larders supplied with fish she catches out of the Pacific ocean, which laps at her Santa Monica back door. Jean is equally nuts about fishing—since she went out for the very first time in her life the other day, and brought back a 6-pound bass. Which as any fisherman knows, is *some* bass!

Keeping Up With Cupid

Mystery-of-the-Month in Hollywood's love-life goings on is the Margaret Sullavan-Willie Wyler-Henry Fonda three-ring circus. Margaret's in the middle ring. Ex-husbands Willie and Henry, apparently, are in the other two rings—and part of the time Margaret's bestowing her alleyoops on one, and then on the other. Not long ago, she was so fonda Fonda that all Hollywood was certain and positive they'd be remarried almost any moment. And then suddenly, poof! like that, she turned her back on Fonda and at this moment is being seen night after night, place after place, with ex-hubby Willie.

And what's that old crack about not having one's cake and eating it too?

Nature Study

Every once in a while the Hays office guards our morals but leaves our risibilities utterly unprotected. Like the trick they pulled on Paramount's *The Girl of the Jungle*—they made 'em put a pair of specially-made hairy pants on Tony, a trained ape, because Tony had a pair of specifically-situated hairless patches that offended the Hays code. You've *seen* apes, haven't you? Then don't esk . . . !

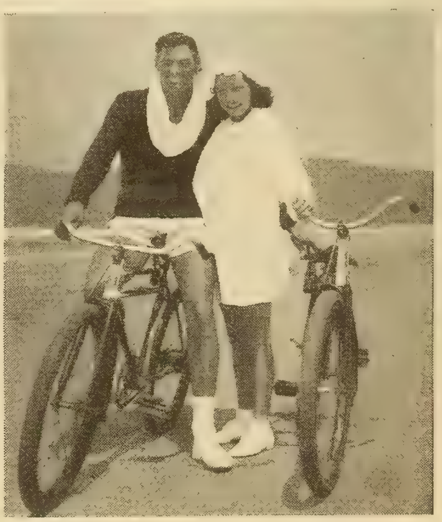
Clever Ruse

Hedda Hopper, who used to alpine-guide you through the Hollywood maze in this magazine before she hopped off to London, pulled a clever trick on the British. Knowing that London's oh-so-snooty Savoy Hotel doesn't permit women wearing hats in their grill of nights, Hedda presented herself there wearing the very latest in Hollywood chapeaux. Flustered but firm, the head waiter told Hedda she'd either have to go away or take off the hat. Graciously, Hedda took off the hat—BUT somehow (strange, eh?) there was a press-agent nearby—and now half the British populace is writing letters to the newspapers pro and con on the hats-off ukase. And is Hedda getting publicity? Attagirl!!

People In Glass Houses

It was Irvin Cobb who, long long ago, made that famous crack about a movie star having "no more private life than a goldfish in a bowl!" But it remained

Is it a romance? Bernard Newman, RKO stylist and Ann Sothern are being seen together so constantly that Hollywood is beginning to wonder



Lupe Velez and hubby Johnny Weissmuller are among the cinestars who have sworn allegiance to Ensenada, Mexico, where this photo was snapped for Ann Sothern to actually and literally make it true—

For Ann's bedroom has eight windows —*and a skylight!*

Maybe she's going to run opposition to Lupe and Johnny, whose own private life drew this crack, the other day, in the gossip column of a local paper:

"Aside to Lupe and Johnny: You MUST pull your shades down! The neighbors are having more fun!"

Jolly Reunion

Heh heh heh heh . . . it seems that King Edward, now that he's King, isn't snooting-down any of the people he met when he was merely Prince of Wales. He's having them to dinner at Buckingham Palace. And so it was that Bennet Cerf, recently divorced from Sylvia Sidney, and once engaged to Miriam Hopkins, was invited to dine with His Majesty. Edward, remembering social affairs of the past, sent word to Cerf that there would be a couple of American movie girls in the party, too.

Well—you've guessed it, haven't you? The movie gals were Miriam Hopkins *and Sylvia Sidney!*

Record-Breakers of the Month

(Being a list of Hollywood's newest champions in various forms of important human endeavor, as compiled from official studio reports.)

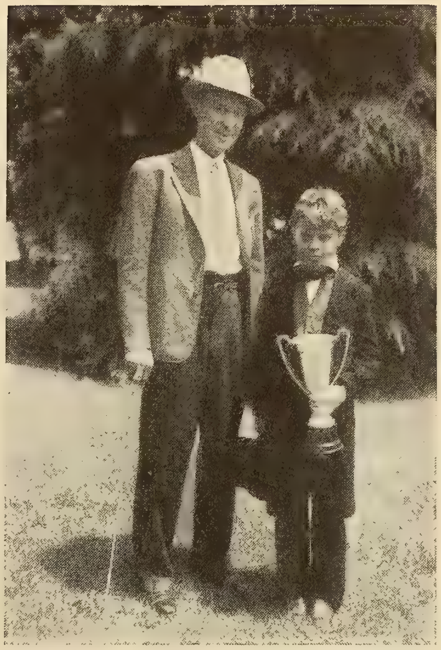
Most Beswathed Star—JOAN CRAWFORD: Wore eleven petticoats under a single dress for *The Gorgeous Hussy.*

Most Thwarted—EDNA MAE OLIVER: Went all the way to a secluded English country cottage to get away from Hollywood and movies; woke up first morning there to find movie company under Hollywood director "on location" in front yard.

Oftenest Retired—GARBO: Uttered, in MGM's wardrobe department, her *fourteenth* definite announcement that she is going to quit movies and America forever "soon."

Cleanest-Scalped—GINGER ROGERS: Washed her hair in soapsuds for twelve hours straight for a scene in *I Won't Dance,* and then went home and rinsed it out.

Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton, both absent from the screen for some time, return as the co-stars of Samuel Goldwyn's production of *Dodsworth*


Chic Sale isn't training his son, Dwight, to follow in his footsteps, but what's to be done when the offspring shows such a flair for makeup?

Winchell-est Star—NELSON EDDY: Outdoes keyhole-peeping by installing hidden microphones in his house, hooked up with recording device; at parties, he plays back private-corner conversations between guests.

Most Pathetic—DIRECTOR E. H. GRIFFITH: Received assignment to direct, *in ONE picture,* Constance Bennett and Loretta Young and Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon!

QUAINTEST Giver—FRANCIS LEDERER: Presented his friends, at intervals of one month, with (1) heads of cabbage, (2) rabbit's feet, (3) silver four-leaf clovers, (4) apricots.

Wedding Bells

So at last Elaine Barrie had her twenty-first birthday—and even Irving Thalberg attended the birthday party John Barrymore gave her. And then and there, they announced their betrothal—and isn't that just too, too, darlingly old-fashioned? The wedding will happen in October, I suppose. It'll be then that Jawn's divorce "takes."

Heavy Ballast

After their tiff a few months ago, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy have become firm, fast friends again. BUT—even so, Stan will NOT allow Babe on his boat.

"It's a nice, big boat," says Stan, until it's compared with Hardy. I wouldn't take a chance!"

A La Hollywood

Neatest tomfoolery of the month was the christening announcement that Alan Dinehart and the Mrs. sent out:

"Alan Dinehart, designer and chief engineer, and Mozelle Brittone, executive in charge of production, announce the christening of their 1936 model Dinehart, featuring two lung power, free squealing, scream line body, economical feed and changeable seat covers.

" * * * The management assures the public there will be no new models during the ensuing year!"

Contrasts

It depends on whether you're a rabid film fan or not where you go on your next European trip. You can have either Paris—or the principality of Liechtenstein. . . .

You see, in Paris, there's a neighborhood movie house that shows FOUR feature productions for one price! On the other hand, in all Liechtenstein, there isn't a single movie theater.

Hi-Spots of the Month

JOAN CRAWFORD:—wore a heavily-banged wig and a pair of trick glasses to a preview, and wasn't once recognized!

JOAN BLONDELL:—appeared undisguised at a preview and *was* recognized, especially by a little boy who, after getting her autograph, said: "Gee, Miss Blondell—all us morons think you're swell!"

KATIE HEPBURN:—annoyed beyond reserve by the undisguised staring of a couple of tourists in the studio cafe, turned the tables! Stared back at them unblinkingly until, flustered, they blushed, dropped their eyes, and didn't even look up when Katie swished regally out.

JOHN BARRYMORE:—stole the show from the symphony orchestra at Hollywood's first concert under the stars, when he bawled out and attacked a press cameraman who shot a flash of him and Elaine Barrie as they entered.

TED HEALY:—got all dressed up in his evening clothes and went to a party at the house of Stu Erwin and Wifie June Collyer—only to discover nobody home because he was just one week late.

Bing Crosby and Edith Fellows take time out from their work on the set of Columbia's *Pennies From Heaven* to cement their friendship

SAVE ½ on RUGS

Send your **OLD RUGS, CLOTHING**

Write for *America's Greatest Money Saving Rug Catalog;* 66 pages of beautiful Olson Rugs in model rooms, all in actual colors. Describes—

Patented Olson Process of reclaiming the valuable materials in old carpets, rugs, wool clothing: how we shred, sterilize, merge, picker, card, comb, bleach, spin, dye and reweave into deep textured, firmly woven, full bodied, seamless,

REVERSIBLE RUGS —that can be used on both sides. *Twice* the wear, *Double* the luxury, at ½ the cost.

Choice of 66 Early American, Oriental and Modern designs, Plaids, solid colors, tweedy mixtures, ovals.

ANY Size You Want —to fit any room—sizes you can't get elsewhere.

IT'S SO EASY—Just 'PHONE the Railway Express to call at your door for material, or ship Freight—at our expense.

You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our 62nd year. [Beware agents. Order direct.]

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Ginger Answers

Announcing the winner of Movie Classic's first "Win a Telephone Call" contest. Here are the answers to your questionnaire—and a wealth of new information about a favorite star

by

The Inquiring Reporter

Ginger Rogers takes time off from her work in *Swing Time* to testify in the most gruelling inquisition ever inflicted on a star

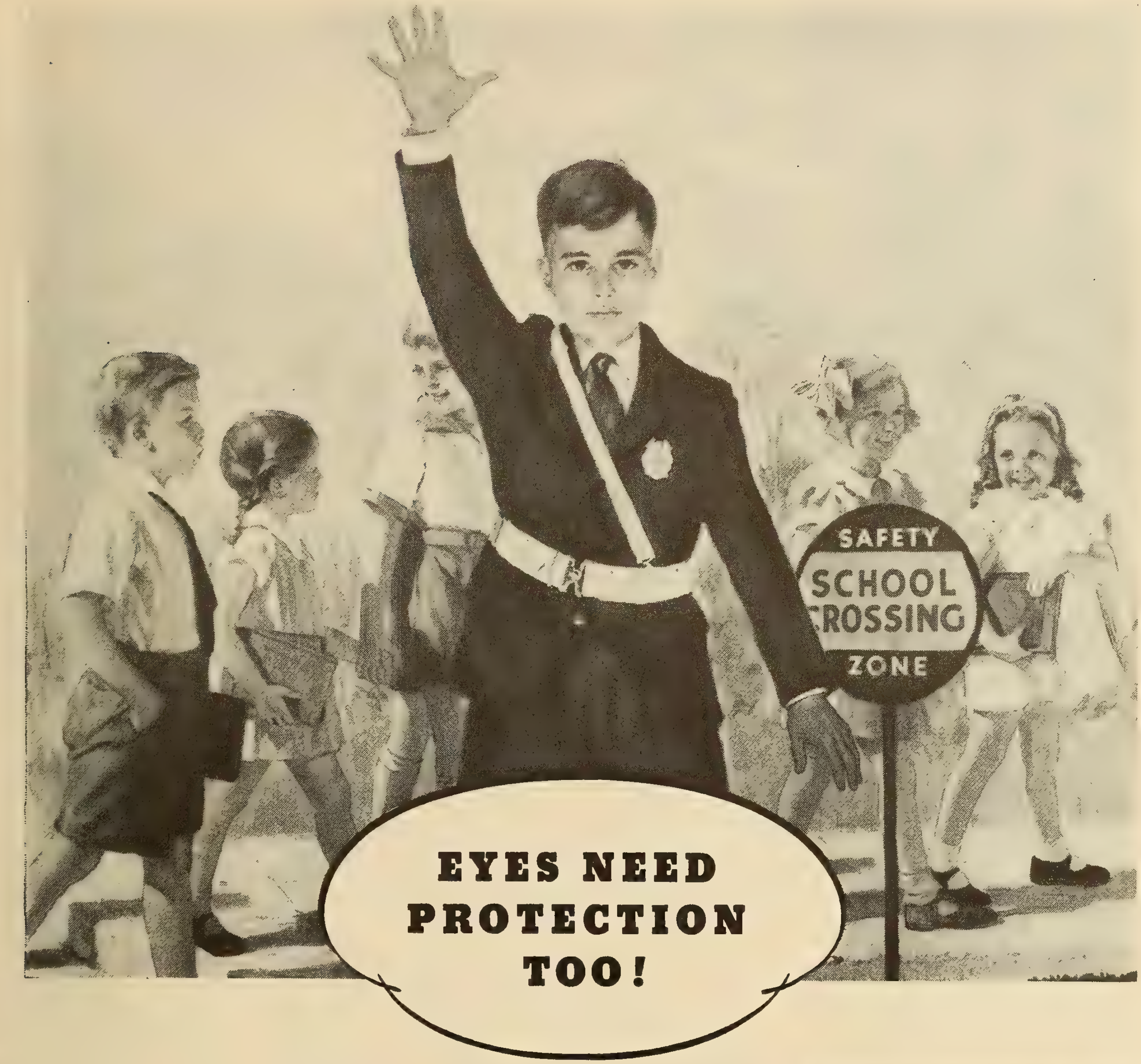
TO Mr. George C. de Wolfe of San Francisco goes the prize in MOVIE CLASSIC's first "Win a Telephone Call" contest. Ginger Rogers, taking the witness stand, found it extremely difficult to select the most interesting question and it was only after prolonged concentration that she finally decided in favor of Mr. de Wolfe's query. His winning question leads the inquisition published herewith, and Ginger will have telephoned him by the time this magazine reaches print. More about that call next month.

Ginger demonstrated the full meaning of her nickname by her enthusiastic attack on the deluge of questions delivered to her dressing room by your Inquiring Reporter. And a deluge it was! Every mail between the time August MOVIE CLASSIC reached the news stands and the 20th of July, on which the contest closed, brought hundreds of questions—most of which, by the way, showed real thought and genuine interest.

Were it not for the fact that there were so many duplications and so many questions which could be covered by Ginger's biography, MOVIE CLASSIC would have been embarrassed by its lack of space to answer the thousands of inquiries.

But Ginger, despite the fact that she was still working in her current co-starring picture with Fred Astaire, was undaunted. She tackled the task of answering with a fervor which belied the fact that she had just returned from five hours of dance rehearsal on a sound stage registering 98 degrees in the shade. She pondered every entry thoroughly before dictating her reply. And she enjoyed it!

Because so many of her fans were curious to know a few facts about her life before she became a famous screen star, she suggested that we lead off with a short synopsis of her career, from babyhood to lady-hood. And we have taken her suggestion. [*Continued on page* 16]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She's pretty—but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *Why?*

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ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

Ginger Answers

[*Continued from page* 14]

And now, congratulations on the intelligence of your questions and on your response, and without further ado let's put our witness under oath and start our investigation.

Ginger Rogers . . . born Virginia Catherine McMath in Independence, Missouri, July 16, 1911 . . . nicknamed "Ginger" by baby cousin who couldn't pronounce her name . . . played leads in school plays written by her mother . . . was ambitious to become a teacher . . . won Charleston contest in Fort Worth, Texas . . . winning of contest started her stage appearances . . . while playing in Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn, she tried out for comedienne role in musical show, *Top Speed* . . . won the part . . . while playing in *Top Speed* Ginger received her first movie offer . . . from then on she led a double life—the stage in the evenings and movies during the day . . . Went from *Top Speed* to lead in musical show, *Girl Crazy* . . . made a sensational hit . . . was paged by Hollywood . . . signed three year contract with RKO Radio . . . first smash hit was *The Tip Off* . . . pictures that followed were *Gold Diggers of 1933, Professional Sweetheart, Finishing School, The Gay Divorcee, Romance of Manhattan, Flying Down to Rio, Star of Midnight, Roberta, Top Hat, In Person,* and *Follow the Fleet* . . . Latest picture is *Swing Time* . . . her height is five feet, four inches . . . weighs 108 lbs. . . . Has blue eyes and red gold hair . . . favorite sport is tennis . . . most pleasant pastime—dancing . . . her favorite hobby is finding new hobbies.

Q. Is it your observation that the attendant circumstances to a movie career with the publicly vulnerable position of one's actions tend to produce an artificial or store front personality, even between two stars?

A. Definitely! That question is shrewdly put and although I don't hesitate to answer in the affirmative, I find it difficult to explain my own answer. Being constantly "on parade," constantly aware that people are staring at one, surmising about one, and commenting about one, does tend to create an artificial personality and it is extremely difficult to shed that personality at will. People in this business are unconsciously attempting to live up to their "manufactured personalities" and doing so becomes such a confirmed habit that even when people outside of the industry are not in the audience, it is virtually impossible to be completely natural. However do not censor our asumption of artificial personalities too severely for our "store fronts" are often an improvement upon our own natural personalities and we benefit by wearing them.

Q. If you were to begin your career all over again, would you choose the same method of "breaking in" and would you prefer to have a different "first part" than you did?

A. No, I wouldn't choose another method of breaking into pictures. I came to the screen via the stage and that is the best background that any ambitious film player can possibly have. Neither would I choose a different part than the one I played which was a "light heavy" rôle. It gave me a chance to show some ability as an actress and consequently enabled me to make some impression.

Q. Would you prefer to be cast for some other type part than that which you have played in your most recent successes?

A. Certainly I would. I would like to play character rôles and by that I mean rôles which would give me a chance to be more than "just a girl."

Q. What career would you have followed if you had not been a success in moving pictures or had not entered them?

A. If I had not entered pictures I would undoubtedly have stayed on the stage. In any event I would have been connected in some capacity with the theatrical profession for my mother's knowledge of the theatre made it my ideal vocation.

Q. Do you have a secret ambition or latent ability which you would like to develop, and if so, what is it?

A. Yes, I have. I have always wanted to write and some day I hope to convert that ambition into practice. I want to write fiction—but I am not in any great

[*Continued on page* 63]

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Call

Be sure that your question is within the bounds of good taste. Do *not* ask Gene to name the actress who in his opinion is the most beautiful, for the poor chap has to go on living in Hollywood. Do not ask him to name his best personal friends, for he has many friends and it is poor taste to discriminate between them in print. Do *not* ask questions which obviously tend to violate studio taboos.

Be sure to write or type your questions legibly.

Be sure to include your address and telephone number.

Be sure to mail your questions in time to reach The Inquiring Reporter on or before August 20, after which date this contest will be closed.

Your Inquiring Reporter will take your queries to Gene Raymond, who will personally answer them. His answers will be printed in the December issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.

The date of his telephone call to the person whose question he considers the most interesting will be arranged by the editor of MOVIE CLASSIC to suit the convenience of both parties concerned.

So, don't delay. Gene is ready to take his place on the witness stand and your questions are in order.

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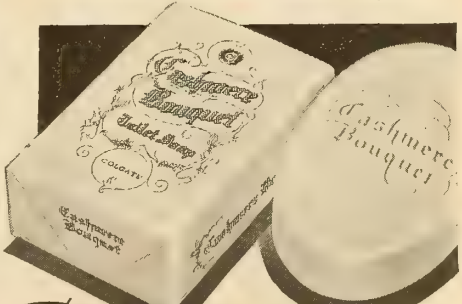

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The House of Morgan

"THAT Ralph Morgan is a FUNNY guy!" stated a Hollywood picture producer in a studio conference.

His associates looked at him in amazement. One retorted: "You mean Frank. He is the COMIC."

"No, I mean Ralph," argued the first producer, "he IS a funny guy."

"I still think that Frank ——!"

"Listen, dummy, I say Ralph Morgan is a funny guy because he THINKS he is a comedian."

Light dawned on the associates. "Now I get it," one agreed, "you mean the guy thinks he is a funny man. Can you beat these actors? Always thinking they can pick their rôles better than we can. Ralph is a swell actor and all that, but he had better stick to straight drama.

"He's no comic. He's not the type."

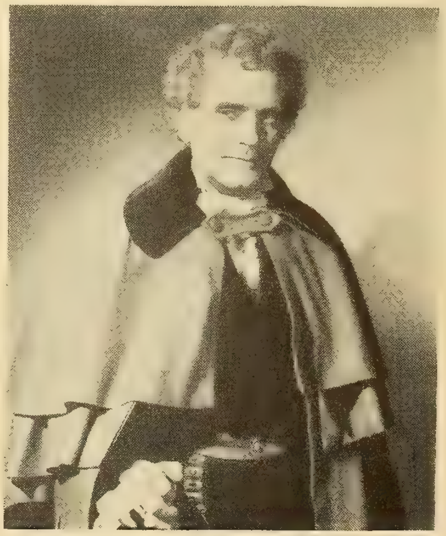
Ralph Morgan regarded this interviewer with an ironic smile. A touch of wistfulness in his manner too, I thought, as he proclaimed with a mock gesture of despair:

"Behold the tragedian!

"In me you see the erstwhile comedian playing straight for Hollywood."

We were lolling about comfortably in the patio of his Beverly Hills home, following a round of golf with boon companions at Lakeside. Out on the lawn under the shade of the trees, Ralph's Sealyham terrier suddenly attracted our attention by his peculiar actions. He was sitting up, begging. Two marauding mocking birds were swooping down on him, each snatching a tuft of hair. Realizing the futility of defending himself if

Ralph Morgan, not Frank, was the famous comedian when they were both on the stage prior to their Hollywood fame



Frank Morgan (upper photo) scores a triumph in *Dancing Pirates.* Ralph Morgan (lower photo) wins new laurels in *Anthony Adverse*

Revealing many unknown facts about one of the theatre's most distinguished families

By
Clark Warren

he remained in the shade, the dog was patiently begging the mockers to "please leave me alone."

"Sometimes I feel like Princy Boy out there," said Ralph, laughing, "futilely trying to defend myself against Hollywood casting directors who insist on 'typeing' me from their own ideas of what rôles I should play.

"I know you are probably thinking that here goes an old bromide again," he continued, "a disgruntled actor's protest against the Hollywood evil of 'typeing'. But, my friend, bromide or no bromide, 'typeing' is an evil in pictures. And, it has ruined many an otherwise promising screen career."

Right as rain, Ralph Morgan. Too often, our finest actors are selected for their rôles from an apparent viewpoint of personal appearance, rather than acting ability.

How many times have we seen an actor on the screen who looks the part, but who doesn't play the part? Who leaves a false note, who lacks sincerity and conviction?

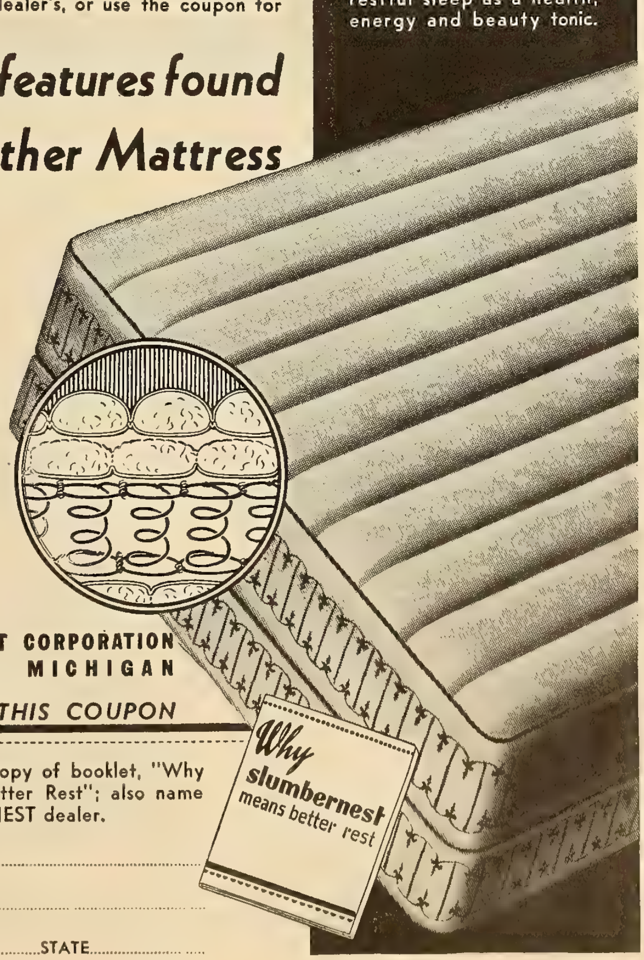
What the bare photographic eye sees at first glance doesn't make the actor. It's the soul that is revealed behind the actor's eyes and in his method of expression.

In real life, Ralph Morgan is an exceptionally distinguished-looking gentleman. To some, he may look more like a colonel or a clubman than an actor.

Certainly he doesn't look like a comedian, but then, neither does William Powell. And, who can play suave,

[*Continued on page* 58]

Frank Morgan made such a hit with the stammering, hesitant comedy in *Affairs of Cellini,* that Hollywood has "typed" him



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Fred MacMurray's Honeymoon Diary

Fred and his bride, Lilian Lamont, find romance and adventure in beautiful Hawaii

By Ruth Hale

Fred MacMurray and Lilian Lamont, after surprising Hollywood by their elopement, cast about for an ideal honeymoon and chose the trip to Honolulu

THERE were three chaise longues lined up on one of the cooler sound stages across from *The Big Broadcast* set. A large cardboard sign above them was roughly lettered in red crayon. It read: "These chairs reserved for Gracie Allen, Shirley Ross and Martha Raye. Please keep off and this means YOU. Thank you!" and it was signed Gracie Allen, who was, we presume, at that minute in doing her bit for *The Big Broadcast.*

"Here," said Fred MacMurray who was taking time out from *Champagne Waltz.* "Here's a good place. Let's sit down here."

You may wonder what this has to do with Fred's honeymoon voyage to Hawaii. Just this: a fellow who doesn't believe in reading signs doesn't believe in readable diaries either.

"I know I promised to keep a complete one for you, but have a heart, Lady . . . there were so many things to do and see that I couldn't keep up with myself. I did make a few notes though. Maybe you can piece them together. Here."

He fished in a voluminous pocket and brought out a handful of jumbled scraps of paper. Such a conglomerate string of words and thoughts I have never seen except in a Gertrude Stein opus. Parts of it ran like this: *lanai* . . . horse racing . . . *poi,* lavender wall paper paste . . . Lily, flowers . . . King Kamehameha . . . *palai* . . . liquid sunshine—and so on, pages like that.

No poker face, my perplexity was plain. "Of course if that isn't enough," said Mr. MacMurray with his tongue in his cheek, "perhaps I can give you some more dope to fill in."

This, then, is the monosyllabic diary plus a verbal hypodermic. Fred grinned—it's practically perpetual—leaned back against Gracie Allen's cushions, and began his recent trip all over again.

Saturday

This boat has everything . . . *more* than all the comforts of home. Swimming pool, gymnasium, orchestra, movies at night, games all over the place . . . I guess they're going to keep us busy. Learned my first Hawaiian word: they call the private decks *lanai,* which is much the same as our word, *patio,* so I guess we really are on our way to Honolulu. Seems unbelievable. The only sea trip I ever made before was from Boston to Providence, but maybe I shouldn't own up to it. Lilian's been to Europe. She knows just what to do about everything. I didn't know what to do about all the flowers people sent us—there were so many in the stateroom we couldn't move—but Lily said we should send the bouquets to the dining room for the tables, and the corsages to the ice box; then the steward would bring her a fresh one each night before dinner. I didn't even know we weren't supposed to dress for dinner the first night at sea. That's *one* break, but it'll be stiff shirts from now on. We have a table for two in the corner of the dining salon. The steward looked sort of disappointed when I requested that; said the Captain would like to have us at his table. But you know me on talking to people three times a day, five days in a row.

Sunday

The ship's paper under the door this morning—and even on board a peaceful ship like this, the paper has a gossip column about movieland in it! Will we never get away from Hollywood! Learned this morning that it takes eight turns around the deck to make a mile. Gosh, how they beat it out for that morning constitutional right after breakfast. People who wouldn't think of walking around the block at home breeze around here like marathon walkers! We've sort of got the bug ourselves. Not seasick yet, though I can sure feel the throb of the motor. Played the horse-racing game after lunch—and did Lily have the laugh on me! Trying to act like an old-timer I walked up and put my money on a horse and said, "To show!" And was politely informed that in that game you only bet to win. Then a nice fellow from San Francisco who was playing explained it to me. He's a peach, never mentioned Hollywood or movies or having seen me on the screen. Funny thing—people do not stare or ask for autographs or anything. It's nice not to be treated as freaks, for a change. Guess they realize we're out for relaxation just as they are. Only one strange thing; my new friend asked me if I was a *Malahene?* I didn't know what that was so pretended I didn't hear him. Wonder if that's some kind of an Elk?

Guess I'm not going to be seasick. Glad too, because the food's so good. Every time you turn around they feed you—six times a day to be exact. Hot dogs in the middle of the morning, or ice cream, or whatever you want, also at four, then a midnight supper—in addition to the three regular meals. Being a MacMurray I must also note—it's all paid for!

Monday

Today we were invited up to the bridge, to watch them send up balloons to test the wind velocity, direction, etc. They do this several times every day, and then radio the information to the clipper ship! Didn't know clipper ships were so dependent on sea ships! They say the Philippine Clipper will pass us early tomorrow.

Tuesday

Was that a sight! The Clipper overtaking us, giving us the go-by. We could see it for twenty miles. Sometimes it would disappear through the clouds and then come back again, and we could actually see the propellers flashing in the sun. A thrill I won't forget for a long time.

Wednesday

More excitement. Passed our sister ship going the other way. Both ships tooted their whistles or whatever they call those noisy things, and ran up code flags to signal each other. They asked us if we knew anybody on the other boat; we could send them a message. Didn't unfortunately, because that would have been great.

Thursday

Back to old times. The boys in the ship orchestra let me play a couple of numbers on the saxophone. Reminded me of the time I tried to get a job with a ship's band. I wish I had, now.

Captain's Dinner tonight, with silly caps and horns and balloons and things like that. And champagne. And the orchestra wandered from table to table, serenading. I've been thinking maybe we *will* sit at the Captain's table on the way back, *if* we're invited. These people are all right. Only my friend from San Francisco asked me again if I was a *Malahene,* and this time I had to have a choking spell. Is it a gag, or what?

Friday

Everybody up at seven this morning, though we didn't dock until nine. But on the way into Honolulu you pass a lot of

(Continued on page 62)

Table tennis on the high seas. And even aboard ship Fred MacMurray couldn't entirely escape the omnipresent news photographers who hound Hollywood's stars

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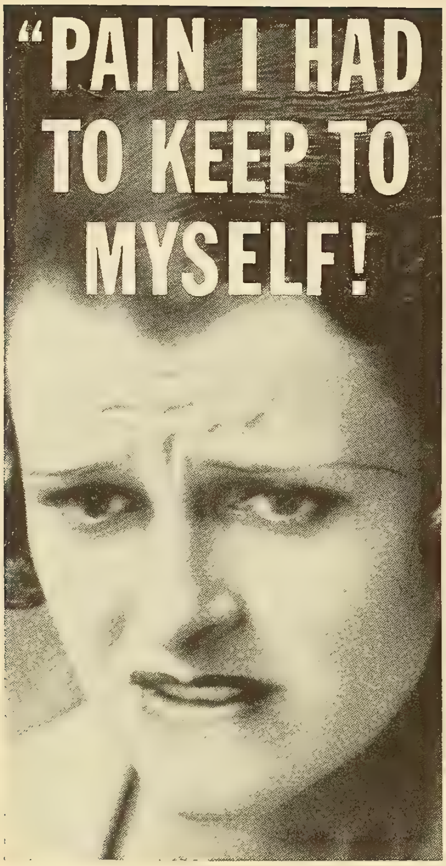

"PAIN I HAD TO KEEP TO MYSELF!

I Got No Sympathy Because I Couldn't Explain!"

WHAT an affliction Piles are! What a tax, physically and mentally. Piles not only cause you untold torture, but they make you look the suffering you feel.

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Hollywood For Him

Frank Forest had to go to Europe and become an opera star before Hollywood recognized—and rewarded—his ability

by Stuart Housel

HOLLYWOOD'S favorite story is that of Cinderella. Next comes the one concerning the several who tried in vain to win a place on the screen, gave up, left town, and there in their new environment were hailed as "discoveries" to be offered fabulous contracts and dressing rooms with gold-plated door handles. Fred MacMurray is a stand-out example of that. He knocked at every studio gate in town, gave up in poverty and disgust, joined an orchestra, and a couple of years later was snatched right off the stage in New York, where some studio scout had seen him in *Roberta*.

This, however, is not a story about Fred MacMurray. It is an introduction to Frank Forest who has indeed a tale to tell about Hollywood's propensity for seeing greener grass in the farther fields.

Forest was headed for Hollywood when he went to Italy eleven years ago to study voice, but he did not know it at the time. He had his eye on the opera stage, and nothing else mattered. It took Hollywood ten years to catch up with him but it finally did, through the agency of Arthur Hornblow Jr., a member of Ernst Lubitsch's Paramount production staff, who heard Forest sing in England with the Italian National Opera company. It was pure coincidence that representatives of two other American studios heard Forest at the same time. The following day he had offers of a contract from all three. He signed with Paramount for reasons of his own.

Forest's life has been like that. Things would go along and suddenly something would happen, something lucky, and of benefit to him. But at the same time he never ceased to work for what he has, and music always has been his aim, purpose and sole concern.

Once known as Franco Foresta, Paramount's newest singing sensation is on the road to stardom

"There never was a time in my life that I didn't want to sing," he says. "I would have sacrificed everything, no matter what, to win a place in opera, a hearing on the concert stage."

Such singleness of purpose cannot be denied.

Forest's first picture is *Champagne Waltz*, and in it he plays a role scarcely less important than those of Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray, the co-stars. Ernest Lubitsch is now searching for a suitable story and Paramount has announced that Forest will be starred.

With such a future assured, Forest changed his plans accordingly. Instead of a concert season, which for four years has been his custom in January, February and March, he devoted those three months this year to an intensive course of "watching what goes on" in the studio. He was on one set or another every day. He spent hours in the music department, other hours with the studio dramatic coach, and two or three times each week he returned to the studio at night to watch the labor crews prepare the stages for the next day's work. Within three weeks he knew more about the general scheme of motion picture making than the average newly-signed player learns in six months.

Fought

"THE only thing I haven't learned, and a thing that is absolutely necessary in Hollywood, is to be patient," Forest declares. "Everything seems to move so slowly but it is easy to realize why. Each picture from the outset is a new production, every part of which has to be created or built from scratch. This takes much time for preparation. On the opera stage, the only thing I have known, everything is ready—settings, score, costumes, even stage business that has been handed down for generations of players. Rarely is a new opera presented. Personally I feel that this condition should not prevail. I often feel that the presentation of opera must change with the times in order to survive. Modern audiences have a right to see an opera well acted as well as hear it well sung.'

This thought of Forest's is reflected in his work, according to critical comment following his appearance with the Chicago Opera company during its most recent season. It was Forest's first appearance on an American stage since he left New York for Italy ten years before.

"The work of Frank Forest, young American tenor, was auspicious in his debut," said the Musical Courier. "He has a remarkably fine voice, but plus that he has extraordinary ability as an actor. His performance was outstanding because of this fact."

HE recalls a time when his work was not held so highly, at least by one fellow member of an opera troupe with which he was appearing at the time. It was after he had been in Italy some five years, and was appearing professionally, as Franco Foresta, with a medium rate company in a provincial city. The baritone with the company was not as young as he once had been, and his performance this particular night got far from a charitable reception at the conclusion of his opening aria. In fact the audience whistled and hooted in frank derision and refused to let the show go on until its displeasure had been registered to the full.

After enough of this, the blustering baritone walked down to the footlights, glared out over the audience, and roared, "You don't like me, eh? All right. But just wait till you hear the tenor!"

"It was a difficult night," Forest recalls.

It is from such things as this that you draw your chief first impression of this young tenor. His ready smile and his frank blue eyes promise a fine sense of humor and the ability to laugh. Then there is a drive about him, some electric alertness, that leaves a fine impression. He seems eager to have you like him, and to share the regard. An easy person to know. He is definitely the athletic type, broad- [*Continued on page 76*]

'HOUSECLEAN' YOUR SKIN

LOOSEN THOSE STUBBORN BLACKHEADS

A Penetrating Face Cream Is What You Need!

By *Lady Esther*

When it comes to your skin, be a good housekeeper! Don't be satisfied merely with surface cleansing. Get "into the corners."

You may not realize it, but many complexion woes are due to nothing else than imbedded dirt. This dirt may not be noticeable at first because it is buried quite deep in your skin. But it causes tiny bumps and rough patches which you can feel with your fingers.

Make the finger-tip test described to the right, and if you feel anything like tiny bumps or dry patches, you can be sure your pores are clogged and your skin dirty. This hidden, stubborn dirt, as it keeps on accumulating in the pores, causes, not only gray-looking skin, but enlarged pores, blackheads, dry patches and other unsightly blemishes.

Meets the Need!

Lady Esther Face Cream adequately meets the situation because it is a *penetrating* face cream. Gently and soothingly, it penetrates your pores and there it "goes to work" on the waxy matter. It loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

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Lubricates Also!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses your skin, it *also* lubricates it—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth. Lady Esther Face Cream is on sale at all drug and department stores, but for a free demonstration, mail me your name and address. I will at once send you a 7-days' tube postpaid and free. See for yourself how this cream works. See how deeply it gets into the pores, how thoroughly it cleanses your skin. Your cloth will reveal dirt that you never suspected lurked in your skin.

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Feel Those Little Bumps?

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sign your pores are clogged and your skin needs "housecleaning."

Prove to Yourself!

With the free 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I will also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder so you can see which is your most flattering shade and how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Write me today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (26) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

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THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT WAR! . . . fired with the inspired acting of the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC MARCH · WARNER BAXTER

LIONEL BARRYMORE

THE ROAD TO GLORY

with

JUNE LANG

GREGORY RATOFF

Directed by Howard Hawks

Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!

—Photograph by Hurrell

★ carole lombard

As the madcap Irene Bullock in *My Man Godfrey,* Carole Lombard more firmly entrenches her position as the screen's première comédienne. Off-screen, she is one of Hollywood's most popular hostesses

The Real Reason Why Jean Harlow

Branded by her spectacular appearance—feared and hated by other women—Jean risked her career to recapture happiness

by Mary Altman

IT WAS the great social event of the Hollywood year. At the party every star name was present. Jean Harlow, in the first new evening gown she had had in two years—an expensive original created by one of the world-famous couturieres—looked at herself in the mirror which flanked one side of the anteroom in which she was chatting with several friends. She was pleased with herself. It was a lovely gown and she was glad she had bought it.

And then, suddenly, she saw a face behind her—a face distorted with rage and jealousy and hate. The face of a woman she had never seen. For a moment she was paralyzed with fright, and then she saw a glass lifted in a threatening hand. She turned too late. The contents of the glass were hurled at her. It streamed down her back. Down her arms. Down the front of that glamorous frock. She was too astonished and hurt to say a word. The woman turned and walked out of the room.

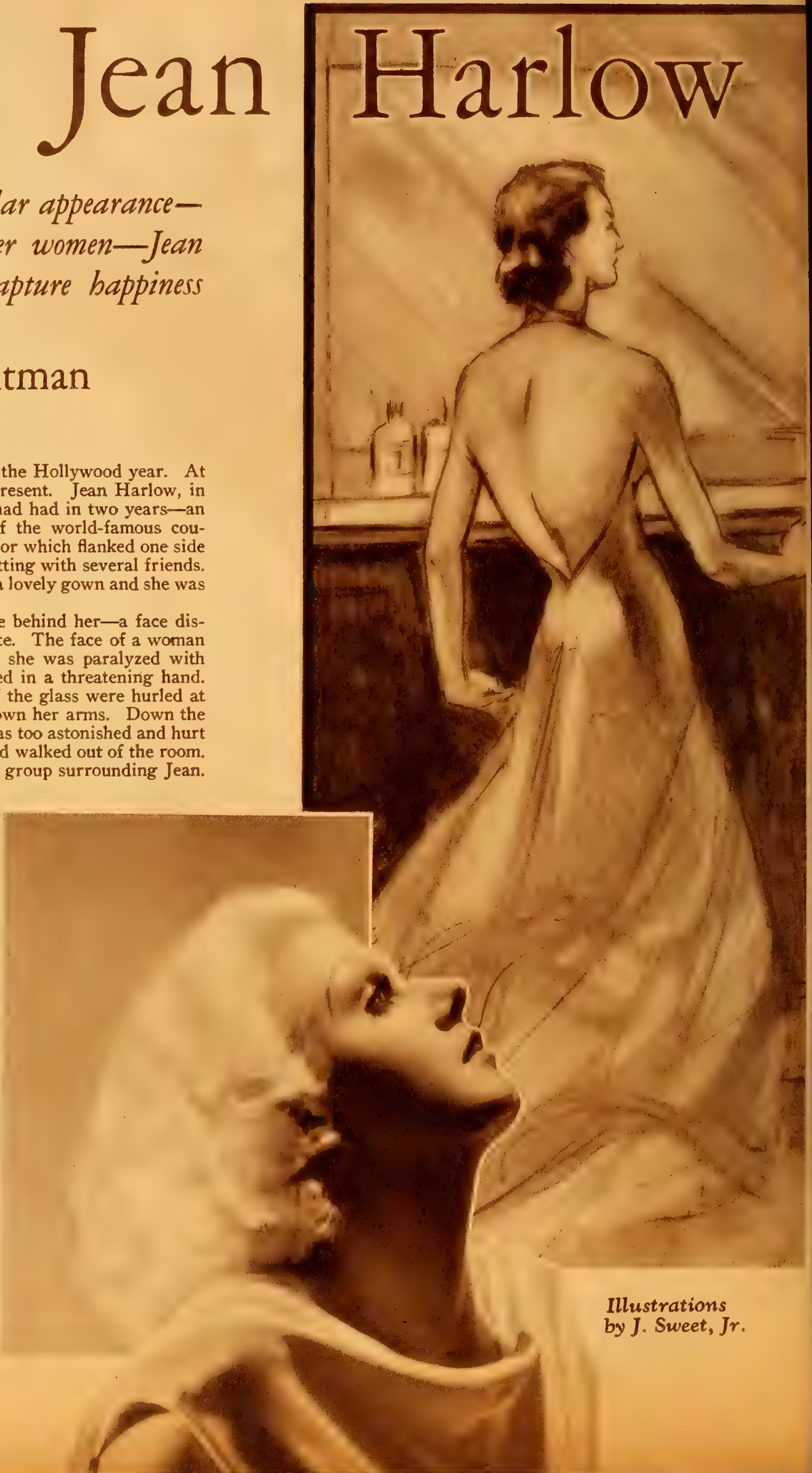
"Good Lord," said one of the small group surrounding Jean. "What do you think made her do that? She doesn't know you!"

White to the lips Jean stood there, mopping ineffectually at the ruined gown. And then she laughed. And there was bitterness in her voice. "Let's pretend it didn't happen."

If the others didn't know what caused the incident, Jean knew. Knew as certainly as if she had looked into the woman's mind. For this was a gesture not towards the girl Jean Harlow—but towards "That Platinum Blonde" — towards that flamboyant personality portrayed on the screen.

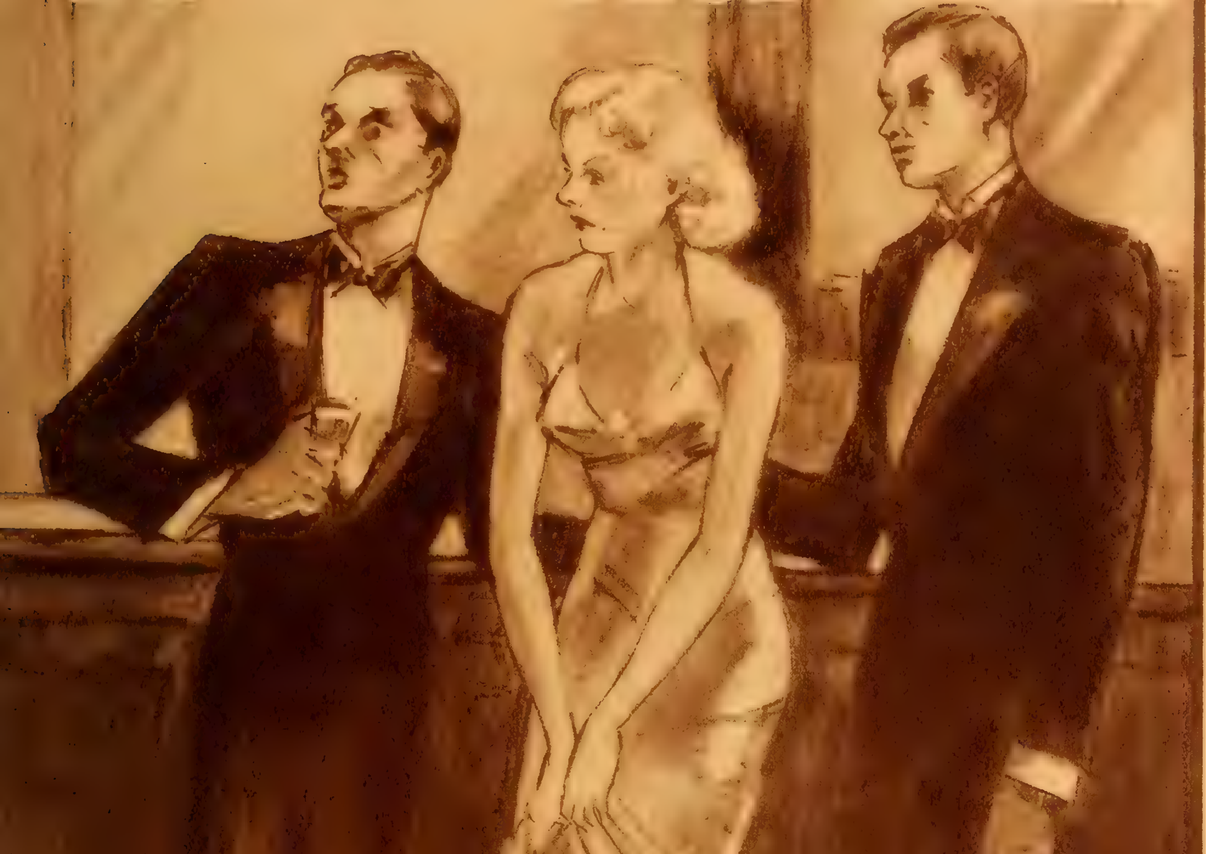
For six years Jean Harlow had been in bondage to her hair and to her synthetically acquired reputation. She had been invested with a personality and that personality had been dissected, exploited, discussed, accepted. Yet the Jean Harlow the world knows and the real Jean are fantastically different. But from the beginning, her spectacular silver hair has been

[*Continued on page* 90]



Illustrations by J. Sweet, Jr.

Hated Her Hair



The contents of the cocktail glass streamed down her new frock . . . and Jean knew only too well the reason for the woman's action . . .

The platinum hair which she donned for her sensational sex rôle in *Hell's Angels* (left) invested her with a synthetic reputation. As a brownette (right) she is, for the first time, herself

Merle Oberon's

Discouragement . . . . Hunger . . . . Loneliness . . . . Merle Oberon survived twenty days of despair which would have crushed the average girl. And those twenty days helped make her a star

by

Sonia Lee

THE London fog hung in billows; swirled around the tops of buildings, cutting them off, as with a knife, from sight.

It was a depressing day and its grayness crept into the heart of sixteen-year-old Estelle Thompson as she stood at the window and dreamed of her beloved India, where skies were always blue, and where her heart had been always gay.

There were no fiery letters of hope on *her* wall to prophesy that some day the world would bow at her feet, and that, as Merle Oberon, she would be known in every hamlet and every town.

At that moment, she was only a forlorn little girl—hungry, without hope, homesick!

A ten-pound cannister of crackers, standing in a corner of her room, taunted her. She could hear the clanking of china and silver as waitresses passed her closed door with heavily laden trays of breakfast for the other guests in the house. The aroma of hot coffee made her nerves twitch. The fragrance of food made the gnawing in her stomach harder to bear. For her breakfast meant two crackers. *Two and no more.* There were not so many of them left, and after that . . .

In a way, it was amusing. Here she was, god-daughter of Lady Monteith, niece of a British Colonel, a girl descended from an eminent line of English officers and gentlemen, and yet, she was starving to death by degrees.

Her French, her Hindustani and Latin were not making it easier for her to find a job. Her meager diet was no help either, for a girl became desperately tired when crackers had been her sole food for weeks.

Perhaps some day she would think of this interlude and laugh about it. Remember the series of events which had led her to this situation, and believe the experience worthwhile. But at the moment she was hungry—frightfully hungry.

She had been so certain of herself when she had stowed away on the English-bound boat. London was her Mecca, and there she would find success and fortune and all the things she had dreamed of in the years past. Her Uncle was going off on a holiday. She had come to bid him *bon voyage*. He had kissed her and said, "It won't be long before I see you again," and she had answered, "No, it won't be long," hiding a smile.

Two hours off-shore, she had knocked on his stateroom door and announced that she was traveling to England with him. She had smuggled a few bags on board, and there was nothing to be done but to permit her to go along.

While her Uncle remained in England, Merle gave no thought to job-hunting, but she felt instinctively that here in this town lay her destiny.

When the Colonel's leave was at an end, he begged her to return to India with him. Pleaded that her mother's mind would not be at peace, knowing that Merle was in the city alone. But finally compromised with her by renting a room for her in a superior boarding house and paying the rent for three months. He gave her a return ticket home and twenty-five pounds. From then on, she must either swim to success or come home.

"In those first few days after his departure, I was overwhelmed by the excitement of being on my own. I suppose it was primarily due to that excitement—due to the novelty of thinking for myself, that I found myself hungry a few days later.

"On the second day of my new freedom, I went shopping. In addition to the twenty-five pounds I had a bit saved from my allowance. I felt as if I had all the money in the world.

"And so, one morning, I set forth very gayly to inspect London and its shops. As I passed a window I was suddenly arrested by the most glamorous coat I had ever seen. It was a black beauty, trimmed with silver fox. Enchanting beyond words! I went in and asked to try it on."

Merle strutted before the mirror, craned her neck to see it from every angle. Definitely it was the coat of a woman of the world. A sophisticated coat! A coat in which a sixteen-year-old could say she was twenty and get away with it.

"There was no recourse. I *had* to have that coat. I hesitated a bit when I discovered the price—twenty-two pounds—almost all I had. But I was confident I would have a job almost any moment. I was optimistic about my future. And so I bought it.

"As I trudged home, quite happy with my precious coat under my arm, I passed a bakery window and saw a huge canister of crackers—biscuits we call them in England—and almost without volition my feet turned in at the doorway and I bought those too.

"Perhaps unconsciously I realized that hunger was before me."

The little money Merle Oberon had left seemed to fade away. She did not realize how slippery money could be. One morning she had a pound and by evening she had nothing at all.

"In three days I didn't have a farthing," Merle tells today. "My cracker diet began. Stupid, I told myself, not to have coaxed my Uncle into paying my board too. At least I could have been certain of regular meals.

"Existing on crackers wasn't so bad that first day or even the next. I like crackers. That was a blessing."

But as one day followed another, as no job appeared, something of frozen horror clutched her heart.

Fortunately, she had met some of her Uncle's friends and every ten days or so they would invite her to dinner. And always before her engagement, she coached herself against overeating, against eating too hastily, for fear they might think her a glutton, or, worse, guess her desperate situation.

She knew nothing about theatrical agencies, nor the procedure a novice must follow to achieve attention. She could only hope that her hit-and-miss method of job-hunting would bring results.

One day she heard that a film company was holding an audition for players at the Cafe de Paris in London. She applied. Her name was taken and her address, but no definite verdict was given her.

But the manager of this impressive night club approached her and asked whether she would like to dance there. He set a day when other girls were coming, and at first she declined. And then he said casually, "Why don't you come in and talk it over and meet the girls anyway? Come in at tea-time and we'll all have tea together."

When the appointed afternoon arrived, Merle

20 Dangerous Days

was hungry enough to walk miles for tea and sandwiches and cakes. She came with little interest in the proffered job. But she ate with fervor and application and continuously—dozens of little sandwiches, and tiny cakes and gobs of tea.

For the first time in days she had that comfortable full feeling around her middle. For the first time she was warm!

When the manager again talked to her of a job he pointed out that it was a fairly good wage—five pounds a week and dinner.

"It wasn't so much the money he offered, but the idea of having dinner assured each and every night—of never knowing hunger again—that appealed to me as nothing else could have."

She could really write glowing letters to her mother now and tell her that she was well and happy. For weeks even notes had been difficult to write, for she had had to lie in every sentence. And hold her tears in check for fear they might mar the note paper.

Dinner! Yes, she would work. Of course, she would come and be a dancing girl.

And there is an epilogue to this story. It revolves around that be-furred coat which put Merle Oberon on a starvation diet for weeks. She wore it and was noticed and admired in it. And so it served a purpose! But to her it stood for weeks of hunger pangs.

Her desperate days were at last at an end. She was working, meeting people who gave her entree into the film studios, where her ambitions lay. At last she was beginning to realize her first dreams—to be in a position where she could give her mother all the luxuries Mrs. Thompson had missed since her husband's death.

For two years Merle worked obscurely in films, playing bits or perhaps only atmosphere.

Then her big chance came! Alexander Korda and his wife were having luncheon at the British and Dominion Studio restaurant, and nearby sat Merle Oberon. Korda's wife pointed at her and said, "That is the most striking face I have ever seen."

Two months later Korda sent for Merle Oberon and cast her in *Wedding Rehearsal.* Later came leads in *Men of Tomorrow* and then she was cast as Anne Boleyn with Charles Laughton in *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*

Hollywood discovered her. And from then on her climb to fame is history. Today with Goldwyn's production *These Three* she has become one of the outstanding stars of motion pictures.

Hunger is forever behind her!

Hollywood's "NO" Girl

Independent, fearless and individual, Gloria Stuart has coined an unusual philosophy which is carrying her to stardom

by

John L. Haddon

YOU'VE all read the story, time and again, of the girl Who-Knew-What-She-Wanted—and became Joan Crawford! or Katharine Hepburn! or any one of a dozen other movie stars you know . . .

Those stories are true enough, and fine, too. They prove that a serious one-mindedness, plus determination, plus courage can bring a girl to the fulfilment of her dreams, as those qualities really did bring Joan and Katie and the others to theirs. They had that goal since childhood, and so intense was their determination to Have-What-They-Wanted that they fought through, and got it.

BUT—

—there's another story in Hollywood. And this is it—this is the story of the girl *Who-Knew-What-She-DIDN'T-Want!* —and became Gloria Stuart.

And it's just as thrilling, just as fine, just as exciting as the story of those stars who fought for what they wanted, and gained it. Because Gloria Stuart was just as courageous, just as determined, just as smart about what NOT to want. She fought just as hard against the injustice of having to take what she didn't want. And, like the others, she's come out on top.

And so here's her tale—the tale that'll show you young folk who know what you *don't want* and who think you shouldn't be forced to take it, that maybe you're quite right. . . .

It began in her childhood—Gloria's knowing what she didn't want. It began when she went to school, at four! She was so young that even the six-year-old girls thought she was a baby, and wanted her to play baby games.

But Gloria *didn't want* to play baby games. She gave the six-year-old girls a push in the tummy, and found some boys to play with. She became the Tomboy of Santa Monica (that's her home town) and the other girls stuck out their tongues at her, and envied her the fun she was having with the boys!

Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman have made their marriage one of the happiest in all Hollywood

Then the school bosses ruled that all girls must wear uniforms. Gloria *didn't want* to. Here was her first rebellion against mediocrity—a rebellion that has been waged unceasingly through the rest of her life, and the rebellion that has brought her to the un-mediocrity she now glories in. She *didn't want* to wear the school uniform—and after all sorts of hullabaloo, she got away with it! By some manner of special dispensation, Gloria was the one girl

[*Continued on page* 82]

Laughs on the Cobb

Meet the screen's homeliest—and kindliest—and best-loved star who complains about his Thespian estate and loves it

by Harry Lang

Irvin S. Cobb, famous humorist, came to Hollywood to write for the screen and—thanks to his pal Will Rogers—stayed to act. He will be starred in a series of comedy-dramas by Twentieth Century-Fox

ONCE upon a time, in New York's Central Park Zoo, I saw a hippopotamus with a toothache. They were going to pull the aching tooth next day, the keeper told me. But in the meantime, the hippopotamus was feeling bad—very, very bad. And as I beheld the shuddersome depths of misery in that hippopotamus' countenance, I believed that never, never again in this world or any other, would I see as doleful a puss . . .!

But wrong was I. Ah, how wrong. For I had not reckoned with Irvin Cobb. I have just lunched with Irvin Cobb—America's best humorist (and by his own boast, America's worst movie actor!)—and I want to go on record right here as saying that compared with Cobb's lugubrious physiognomy, that hippopotamus' pan was as joyful as Shirley Temple's.

On what Mr. Cobb affectionately terms his face, there was an expression of profound woe. At any moment, I expected to see a tear roll down that cheek of his and plop into the middle of the mountain of ravioli before him. It didn't. It fell with a lovely splash into his glass of beer, instead.

"Oh," he moaned, at last, "I am so low. I have sunk to my lowest estate. I have reached the bottom of the ladder! I have become, after a blameless life in every other respect, a *movie actor.* Ah, woe is me . . .!

"But what," I asked, "would you rather be?"

He turned ponderously around on the bench of the cafe where we were lunching, and pointed at little Jane Withers, lunching with her ma in the next booth. "See her?" he asked me. I said I did. "I'd rather," he pronounced, "be Jane Withers' tapeworm!"

Then he fell upon the ravioli. If there's anything Mr. Cobb apparently likes very much, it's eating. In the zest of crunching each little ravioli, he brightened considerably. I pried into the depths of his ache, seeking the reason for his woe. Finally, between ravioli, he gave out the truth.

"Today," he confessed, "Jane Withers will throw tomatoes into my eye!" It appeared the afternoon's takes were to show him being socked in the optic with a moribund tomato, flung by Jane. As a matter of fact, a baseball pitcher with excellent aim and magnificent speed had been retained to throw the tomato from out of camera range so it would properly impinge upon the Cobbean organ.

"And when I came to Hollywood," he moaned, bathing a ravioli in beer, "they told me acting was quite dignified, now. Bah—seven more bahs! A custard pie in the face is still the highest form of Art in movies!"

By now, the ravioli was gone, and Mr. Cobb was attacking a cantaloupe half. He washed that down with beer, too. "When this picture is over," he went on, "I'm going away. I'm going off to the desert, where no producers can ever find me, and I'm going to fight back for my self-respect. I'm going to finish a couple of books I'm writing.

[*Continued on page* 80]

The Good Earth

A preview of scenes from one of the most daring film experiments ever attempted in screen history

ONE of the greatest location tasks ever attempted by Hollywood is now nearing completion in the nearby foothills, where five hundred acres of rolling terrain have been transformed into a replica of the densely populated farm areas of North China, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The Good Earth*, which will co-star Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. Hundreds of Chinese live on the farms, in the villages, in the walled cities.

The day's work begins at five in the morning, when the production manager arrives at the location, checks his weather instruments, and decides whether or not the sun will shine. If he so decides, he notifies the studio.

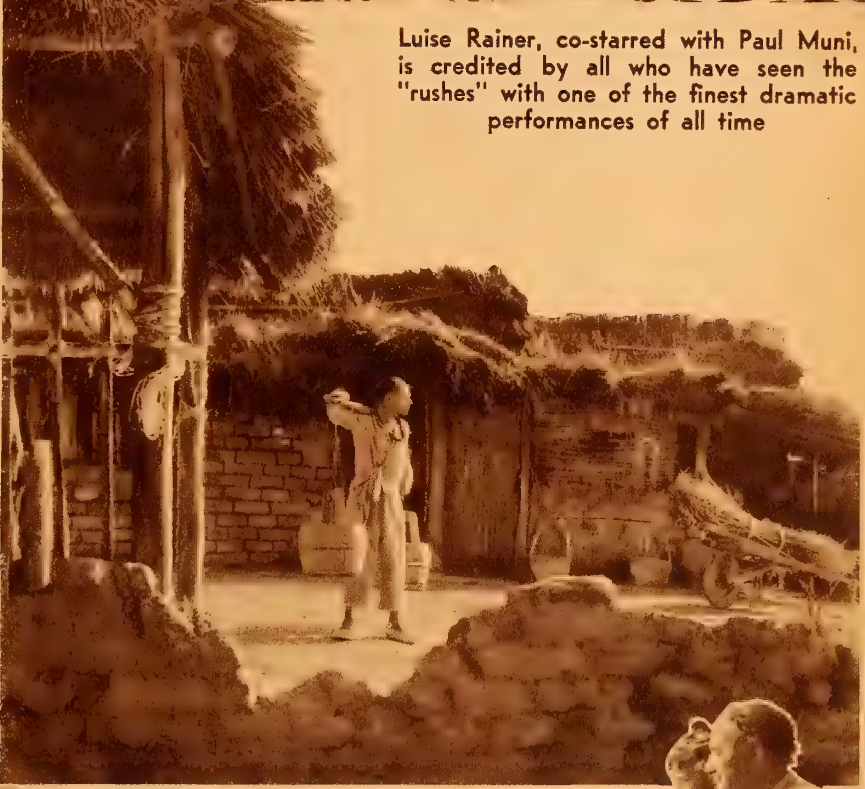
A crew of make-up experts board cars, with their materials, and start for the location. The casting office notifies the players. The studio school is also notified, so that teachers may be sent out for the children.

Shortly after seven o'clock, great busses begin unloading extras, Orientals, who file past the tables where make-up artists work, affixing queues and other accessories. Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, with the rest of the principals, arrive shortly before eight, to be made up in their dressing rooms, built on the set. Cameraman Karl Freund and his crew are meantime setting up their cameras, the necessary properties are assembled, and Director Sidney Franklin checks the details. At nine sharp players, director and cameras are ready for the day's work.

The location represents a Chinese countryside. The hills are terraced and planted, in authentic Chinese farm fashion. Patches of onions, leeks, cabbage, mustard, Chinese greens, cauliflower, water chestnut, acres of wheat and millet, are planted. The work was supervised by Yee On, a practical Chinese farmer, the actual growing having been started weeks and months ago.

Chinese houses dot the landscape; thatched homes representing those of Wang Lung, the farmer, played by Muni, and his wife, O Lan, [*Continued on page* 88]

Luise Rainer, co-starred with Paul Muni, is credited by all who have seen the "rushes" with one of the finest dramatic performances of all time



Thousands of dollars were spent to import authentic properties from the province of Ho-nan, in China, during the four years spent in preparation work

Paul Muni (left) lived with a Chinese family for weeks while studying his difficult rôle. Charles Grapewin (right) plays the important rôle of the grandfather

Adventures of an Extra Girl

"Margaret Sullavan rode a horse, a bike and a motorcycle during her lunch hour . . ."

Sometimes amusing—sometimes dramatic—but always interesting are the experiences of the unknowns who work on Hollywood's motion picture sets

A scene from The
Their lot is hard,

ON A movie set an extra holds about the same position as a spear-carrier in a show, or the wen on your Aunt Susie's nose—it's there, and the less said about it the better! We're a necessary evil—and that's about the best that can be said for us.

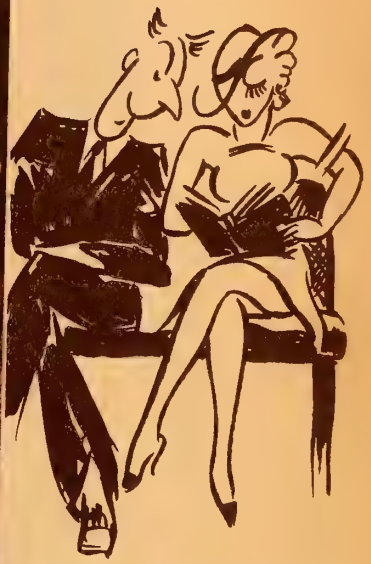
I'm an extra and I ought to know!

But in spite of the fact that nobody loves us, we're an essential part of most pictures. Who else would be shoved all over the place in mob scenes? You guessed it! The extra is the only specimen known to take such punishment. Of course we're not always right. We make our mistakes too! Like the time in one of De Mille's super-spectacles when thousands of extras were battering at the walls of Paris. In the "rushes" next day it was discovered that three of the wild revolutionaries were storming the gates of Paris with all-day suckers in their mouths! De Mille didn't like that. But after all, we're only human! We have to have a *little* diversion.

That's one grand thing about Jean Harlow's pictures—we like to work with her. She's gay and friendly and keeps the sets humming. She has a phonograph with her and the minute the director yells, "Cut!" the victrola starts—with all the latest jazz. It keeps her in the mood—and as a result, keeps everybody else in the mood too.

You see, like chameleons, we take on the color of our surroundings. I've been on sets with a star who resented each tiny noise—and after awhile you could actually *hear* the quiet! Everybody tiptoes around; a whisper brings you dirty looks and a laugh brings an army of second assistant directors on your neck. By five o'clock you're so down that nothing matters any more; and when you go home you startle your family by sneaking around the house and whispering to yourself. It

by Virginia Odeon



"Sometimes the boys try to make dates with me but I don't encourage them . . ."

Lost Horizon, **on which thousands of extras worked for weeks. but their work is interesting. At left: Virginia Odeon, the author**

The dancing girls get a break in *Cain and Mabel,* co-starring Marion Davies and Clark Gable. Dancers are paid more than the average extra

takes two good hours to come out of it. They're not all like that, thank heavens!

When we're on a set with Alan Mowbray we settle down to a good show—and nobody could have a more appreciative audience! We're *so* easy to please, bless our hearts! Alan clowns from morning until night; he has a grand sense of humor and keeps everybody amused. Only once have I seen him quiet—and then he didn't feel well! Whereupon he called for some bicarbonate of soda. As soon as he had downed it the director (much to his own surprise and chagrin)—burped! That's one up for the power of suggestion. Of course we nearly fell off our seats at that! The director didn't like it.

Usually on sets I don't get too well-acquainted with other extras. They get pesty and don't get a girl anywhere. I know what their pay-check is and I know they may not work again for two weeks—so what's the percentage? I take my books seriously and when Anita Loos writes that a "kiss on the wrist is nice but an emerald bracelet lasts longer," I believe her.

One boy, however, tried very hard to start a conversation. I shudder now to think what I nearly missed. It was like this: we were placed side by side in a court-room scene and there we sat all day. I buried my face in a book and that was that. The next day we were called back and he started the conversation in such an original manner that I replied before I thought. He said, "It's a hot day, ain't it?"

I said, "Is it? I thought it was cold!"

Well, one thing led to another (you know how it will!) and he told me that, coming from N'Yawk the weather here seemed "poifect." I couldn't imagine why a boy like that would try the movies and upon inquiry he said, "George Raft's bodyguard got me in."

I said, "You mean Mack Gray?"

[*Continued on page 78*]

Those Barrymore

They're synonymous with "The Theatre" corner of the land . . . . other actors envy

Lionel, the eldest of the three Barrymores, has a warm heart. He calls brother John "The Kid"

FROM infancy on, I heard about "The Barrymore Tradition." Along with *Mother Goose* and the *Katzenjammer Kids* and *Horatio At The Bridge* and *Alice In Wonderland* and the *Midnight Ride of Paul Revere,* there were woven frequent allusions to the Barrymore Tradition. Tales of Grandmother Louisa Drew and daughter, Georgie Drew Barrymore. Tales of Maurice Barrymore and John Drew. Later tales of Lionel, Ethel and John. Until the Barrymore Tradition became a part of the American tradition to me, folklore as fabled and fantastic as the tales of the brothers Grimm.

The very mention of the name of Barrymore conjured up—and still conjures up—The Theatre, mysterious and glamorous. They *were* the Theatre, the Barrymores. They were, and they are, what you mean when you say, *The Theatre.*

I remember hearing my father tell amusing tales of Maurice, father of Lionel, Ethel and John. How once, while Maurice was the great matinee idol of London and John was at school in England he was required, always, when he came up to the city to visit his father, to travel third-class. John didn't understand this. He resented it. And on one such occasion he said hotly to his father, "How is it that while all of my friends, sons of fathers of whom no one has ever heard, travel first or second *I,* the son of the great Maurice Barrymore, have to travel third?" Whereupon the superb Maurice drew his dramatic brows together and responded deeply, "You travel third, my son, because there is no *fourth!*"

Such stories as that.

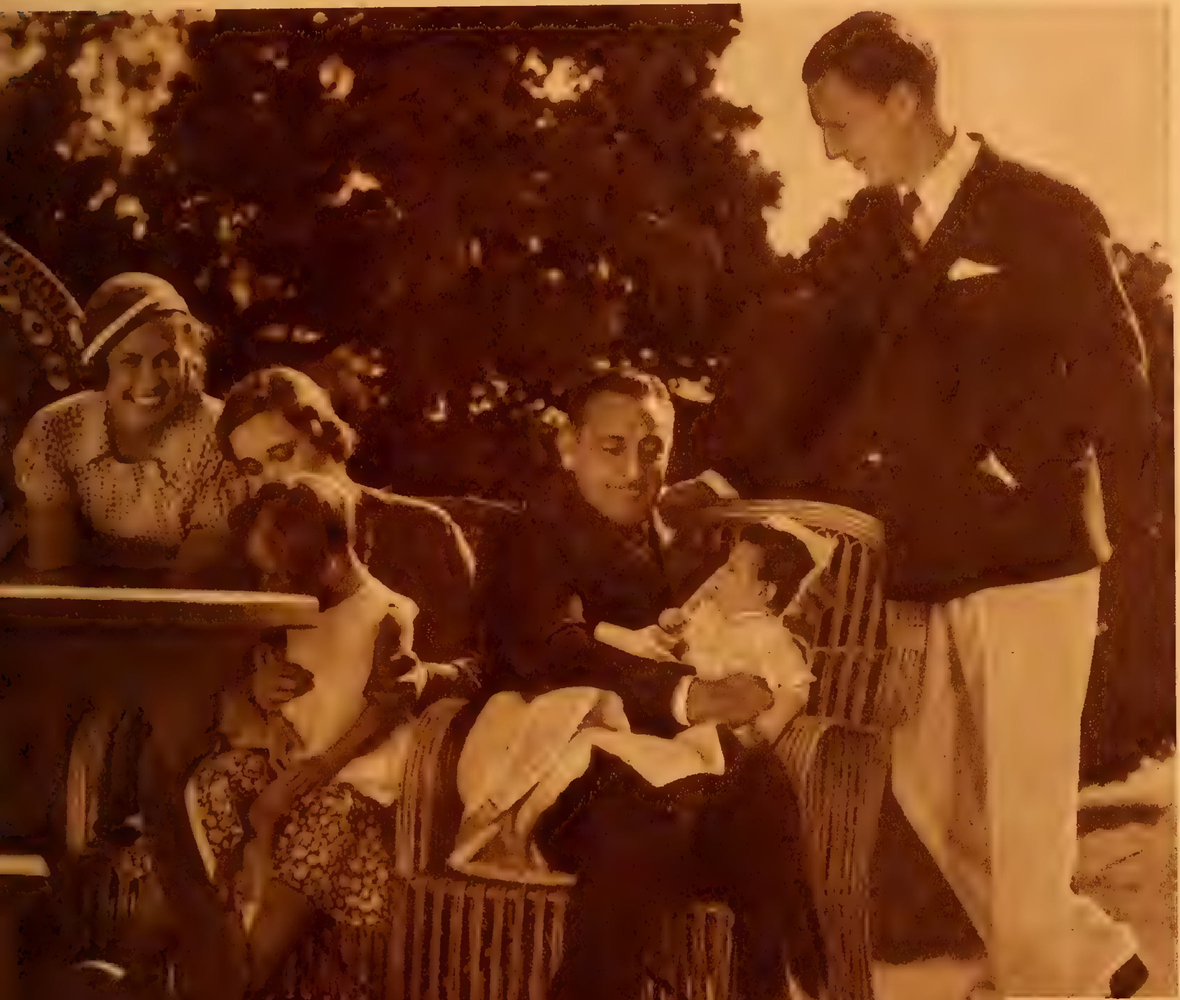
People went about intoning "That's all there is—there isn't anymore . . ." in the sombre, throatily thrilling cadences of Ethel.

The first serious epidemic of fan fever broke out over the profile of John, matinee idol extraordinary. It was the profile of John which really paved the way down which the fans have travelled bearing frankincense and myrrh to the Valentinos, Gables, Coopers, et al. Girls wrote fervid love letters to that profile. Girls and women framed that perfect profile and hung it in their boudoirs. There are Ariels now as there were Ariels then. . . .

But I never knew exactly what the Barrymore Tradition really meant. I thought there might, perhaps, have been a murder in the archives of their ancestry. Or perhaps a bar sinister upon the 'scutcheon. And so, now, many years later I have endeavored to find the explanation of The Barrymore Tradition by the simple and direct expedient of asking Lionel and John themselves.

We talked on the set of *The Devil Doll,* Lionel, John and I. We sat on the side-lines talking between Lionel's scenes,

. . . . their sayings are passed along until they echo in every them and pay them deference . . . . they themselves are traditions



by Gladys Hall

And here is the Barrymore clan assembled in full force when Ethel joined her brothers in Hollywood several years ago to film *Rasputin.* They are, from left to right: John Barrymore Colt, Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Lionel, Ethel (Mrs. Colt), Ethel Barrymore Colt, Dolores Costello Barrymore, little Ethel Dolores Barrymore, John, baby John Blythe Barrymore and Samuel Colt

Traditions

John Barrymore's famous profile, glimpsed at its best in the ten-year-old photo at the right, made him the idol of feminine fans. Now in his fifties, he plans to wed Elaine Barrie soon. Below he is glimpsed with his fiancée and her mother

watching Rafaelo Ottiani do macabre things in an eerie laboratory. Strange retorts and vials gave forth strange gasses and abnormal colors. The wizardry and necromancy of the Theatre were there. It was a fit background for a Barrymore.

And I said to Lionel and John, "What *is* 'The Barrymore Tradition?' It's about time one of the Barrymores explained it to us. Three generations, at least, have wondered. . . ."

[*Continued on page* 56]

Nelson Eddy's Rescue Mission

IN THE Boweries, and the Bronx's and the Chinatowns of most large cities, there have sprung up what are known as Rescue Missions—places where dejected souls can join together, in song mostly, and find a lift for their hearts. Some of these Rescue Missions are broadcast so that millions, rather than hundreds, may be reached.

Nelson Eddy, in his own way, runs just such a Rescue Mission, only you won't find it listed in any radio log, or signposted in any way. Nor will you find him even talking about it. But it exists just the same, as a few of those he has helped are eager to testify. The people who come to him are singers mostly, not necessarily looking for financial help, but singing help—the kind of personal help which involves time, interest and work, all of which Nelson Eddy gives generously.

There is the story of John Carroll, as he told it to me himself. About a year ago when John was under contract to RKO he was assigned to a singing rôle in *Hi Gaucho* and given a song which was a typical Nelson Eddy song—a rousing, robust baritone number. John worked on the song for several days but was terribly discouraged. He could get nowhere with it. Yet it was his big chance. For months he had been begging for a singing rôle instead of the dramatic "villain" parts which had been handed him, and now that he had his chance he was filled with the fear of flopping. If only Nelson Eddy would show him how the song should be sung. But at that point it never occurred to him that Nelson would do such a thing. Nelson Eddy of sudden *Naughty Marietta* fame would be too busy, too important, and too inaccessible.

But then he met a friend of Nelson's, told him his plight, and the friend said: "You don't know Nelson. He's always doing things like that. Just give him a ring. No! You don't need to be introduced . . . here's his number."

Unbelieving, but desperate, John did call him. "Surely," said Nelson. "I'd be glad to. What are you doing now? I have about an hour."

They wasted no time in getting down to work. Nelson studied the song silently for a few minutes, pacing up and down, beating out the rhythm with his hand. "It's a good number . . . you can make a hit with this," was his immediate judgment. And then his voice boomed forth, and, as he sang, he penciled the phrasing and the breathing on the score. In five minutes, they were singing it together. In ten, John was singing it alone, and with a confidence he had not felt before. As he said, in telling me about it: "For some strange reason I felt right at home with him, not like a novice at all. He wasn't the least bit patronizing You can't help admiring a fellow like that. A funny thing, though . . . the minute I got home, I slumped right back again. But because he had been so swell and so understanding I didn't hesitate in phoning him a second time, and telling him frankly that I still wasn't right. 'All right,' he said, 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a home recording of it for you and send it over. You can work from that.' It's hard to tell you how much that meant to me. Thanks to him, they were quite pleased with the way I did the song at RKO. And if it hadn't been for Nelson I don't believe I could ever have gotten away with it. Nelson helped me find a new teacher too, and now, thanks to him, my singing is the paramount interest in my life."

Nelson Eddy won't like this story—for he tries to conceal his generosities. But many a young singer has reason to acknowledge his advice and helping hand

More dramatic is the story of a girl who asks to be nameless. More dramatic and more Nelson-revealing too, because in this case it was Nelson who went to her. During his winter concert tour in a middle-western city he found time to stop in at the local opera house to see a performance of *Carmen,* with one of the town's local girls making her début in the leading rôle. Nelson arrived in time to hear her take a flat high note, and to hear the audience groan in appreciation. It was pitiful. The girl was obviously nervous and frightened, and the audience wasn't helping her any. *Polite* applause which is worse than none at all, at the end of the aria. Nelson was suddenly incensed, for as he listened he recognized that the girl did have a lovely voice, clear and rich, though nerve-wracked. She didn't know how to use it, that was all. A natural voice, badly and over-trained. Overcome with sympathy, he decided to sit through to the end. Scene by scene, he watched her grow more pale and even less sure of herself. Once he thought she was going to faint. She was young and slender, and the strain of such a dramatic rôle was too much for her. At the final curtain he left his seat hurriedly and started backstage. But he was recognized and mobbed and, as usual, had to stop for autographs. When finally he did get through the girl had gone. "She beat it outa here like a house afire, in her costume and everything," an electrician told him. "And she was crying."

NELSON got her name and address, hailed a taxi, and followed her. He had just forty minutes until train time. He found the house dark except for a light in an upstairs window. Quickly he surmised that the family was still at the opera looking for the daughter. He remembered his own periods of despair and how little he wanted to talk to anyone at those times, so, using a ruse, he rang the bell and called out, "Western Union!"

In a few minutes she came down. Quickly he tried to explain, and inveigled her out to the porch. He didn't tell her his name and in the darkness she didn't recognize him, but he did say that he had heard her, and that he knew as well as she did that she had made a poor showing. "But that doesn't mean anything," he added enthusiastically. "I think you have a beautiful voice, and I've studied a lot myself, and I should know. But I do have a suggestion. Get out this town as soon as you can and start in again somewhere else. For if you're as sensitive as I think you are, you'll have a hard time living down tonight—within yourself, I mean."

Suddenly the girl was sobbing. Completely unnerved emotionally, she was telling this stranger that she was never going to sing again. That there wasn't any use . . . that there wasn't any use in *anything.* That she was hopeless, study was hopeless, life was hopeless. Nelson listened for a while and then gently he told her about lots of singers he had known, one particularly—a man—who had once felt just as she felt now. A man who had gone

by
Katharine Hartley

desperately from one singing teacher to another and who, after fifteen years of plugging and discouragement, had only begun to realize any success. How for years he had been singing wrong, getting anything *but* the best out of his voice. How, time and again, he had been advised to "give it up."

Then, getting down to practicalities, Nelson told her how he thought she could improve her singing. He said he wanted to give her some breathing and vocalizing exercises he had worked out for himself, and she led him in to the piano. In the light she stared at him, aghast, in recognition. It couldn't be true. But then, as he started to illustrate the exercises for her, and she heard his voice, she knew there could be no doubt. "Nelson Eddy! It was *you* you were talking about . . .!" Holding a long note, Nelson said, on tune, "Yes, but don't let's waste time talking about that . . . have to go pretty soon!" Then he took a breath: "See, this is the way you do it, controlling the breath, so no one will even guess you are out of it. Now, come, you try it with me. No, don't open your mouth so far . . ." (her mouth had been agape in amazement) "Like this!" Startled and bewildered, the girl nevertheless mimicked him. Ten minutes later, as the family was driving up, Nelson was driving away, calling out over his shoulder: "If you come out to Hollywood come and see me. I expect you to be famous someday!"

The girl is in Hollywood now, or I might never have heard her story. She is studying as she has never studied before, and *hoping* as she has never hoped before, and once every week or so she goes to Nelson's to report her progress. She is just one of many in whom Nelson has instilled the *will* to sing!

But, lest you think that Nelson's rescue mission is just a gesture, easily made by one who has arrived, and can afford to be generous, there is the time he helped Joan Marsh, two and a half years ago, before he became famous, and before Joan ever dreamed of becoming a professional singer on a radio program as she is today. They met at a dinner party one evening and Joan happened to mention that she was giving an audition the next day, her first, and that she was "scared to death." During the early part of the evening no further reference was made to the audition but when Joan started to leave with the other guests, Nelson asked her to stay and sing. "You don't want to hear *me* sing," she said quickly. "I don't really have a *voice* . . . I only sing popular things. But maybe you *could* help me pick some numbers! My audition's at three, and I still haven't decided on anything."

That was eleven in the evening. At one in the morning they were still working at the piano. They went over Joan's entire repertoire, discarding this and then that, until they had selected the three songs which were the most showy, and the best suited to her voice. The next day Joan phoned him to say that, because of his help, the audition had gone over successfully. After that, for a while, she consulted him on many of the numbers that she sang. And when she later made an extensive personal appearance tour, all of her most successful number were those which Nelson Eddy had chosen for her. [*Continued on page* 74]

Joan Blondell's

Cheap vaudeville houses . . . overnight jumps in a rickety car . . . starvation days in New York's tenements . . . all that and more Joan went through on her climb to fame and fortune

by

Whitney Williams

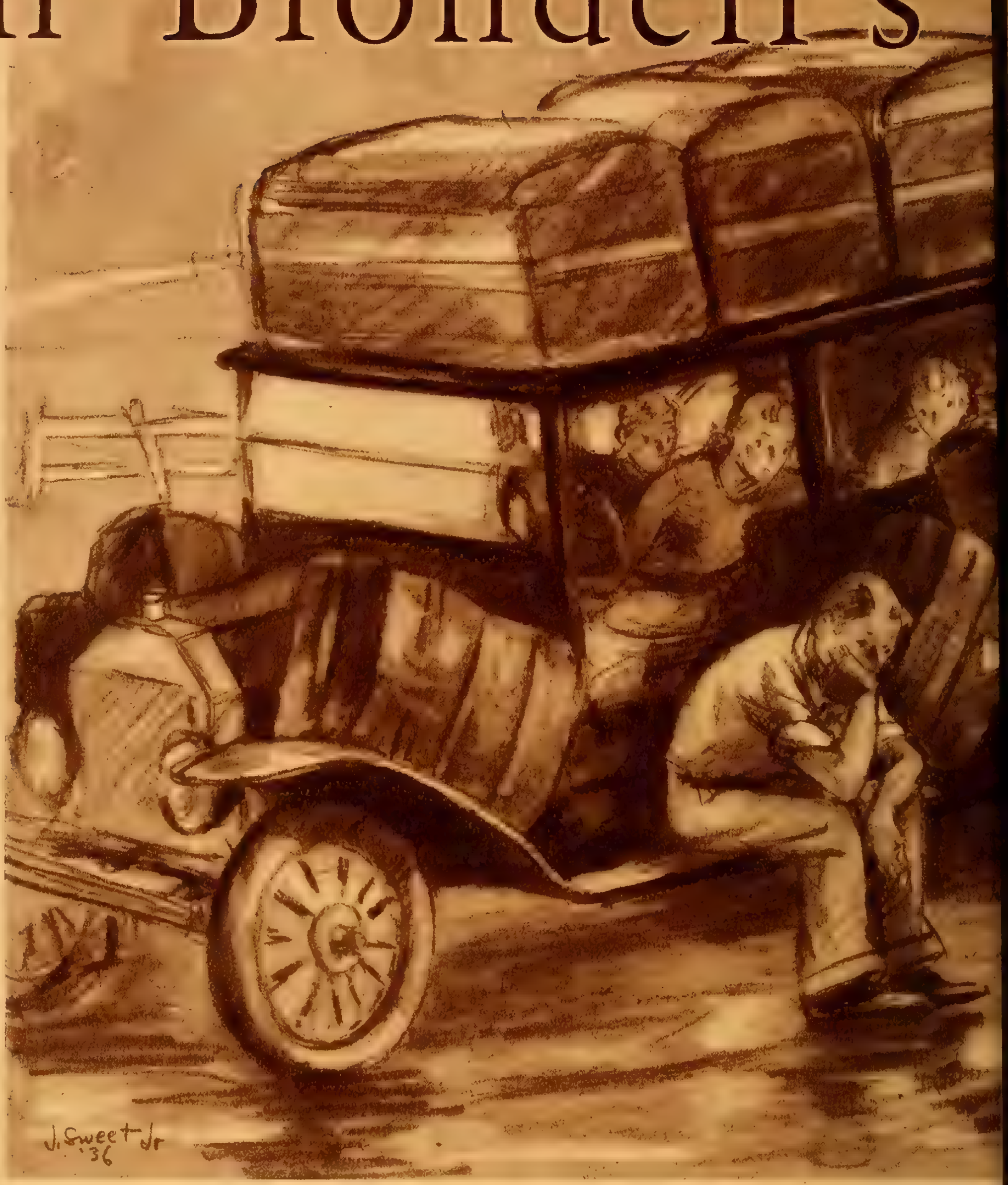


Illustration by J. Sweet, Jr.

JOAN BLONDELL is one of the reigning favorites on the screen today. Famous, wealthy in this world's goods and as topping a trouper as you can find on any studio lot in Hollywood, her niche on the scale of success seems to be permanent.

All of which leads to this point: I can't help but wonder, knowing her history as I do, just how many people—even those stage-struck the hardest—would have the guts, and I mean exactly that, to go through what Joan has endured in reaching the top!

Joan has encountered no particularly trying circumstances since coming to pictures. The majority of her rôles on the screen have been prominent ones. Even her début to film audiences was made as a featured player. But she has, nevertheless, known a succession of bad breaks and hard raps that would discourage and lay low even the hardiest optimist.

What I refer to goes back way beyond her trekking out to Hollywood from the New York stage. Those years leading up to her great break in *Maggie the Magnificent,* one of George Kelly's better-known stage plays. Those days like the ones when the entire Blondell brood—father, mother, Joan, brother and sister—made four and five appearances daily in cheaper than cheap vaudeville houses, pocketed their five or six dollars for the act, then drove all night in a rickety model-T Ford to the next town for the following day's performances.

I repeat . . . just how many of you could take what Joan Blondell has had to suffer in getting where she is today?

What made those days of adversity even harder to bear were recollections of her earlier life. Her father, Eddie Blondell, for twenty years, was a big-time vaudeville headliner, and his family not only travelled with him but appeared in the act as well. By the time Joan was able to walk out on the stage, she, too, was playing a part.

There was no depression, no talk of the wolf, then. Tiny fur coats, the most expensive dolls and suites in the best hotels were her lot from earliest childhood, as the Blondell family travelled in luxury up and down the world. Up to the time of her seventh birthday, each natal anniversary was celebrated in a different country. Europe, Asia, Australia . . . Joan's played throughout them all. With the decline of vaudeville there came a change. When the bottom fell out of the variety stage, Blondell senior decided to retire for a time, and one fine day the family discovered itself in possession of a gown shop in Denton, Texas. This venture ended disastrously, and Blondell moved his family to Santa Monica, Calif., where they opened—of all things—a tearoom.

The same fate overtook this undertaking. Their savings had dwindled down to practically nothing. Only one thing remained for them . . . to return to the stage.

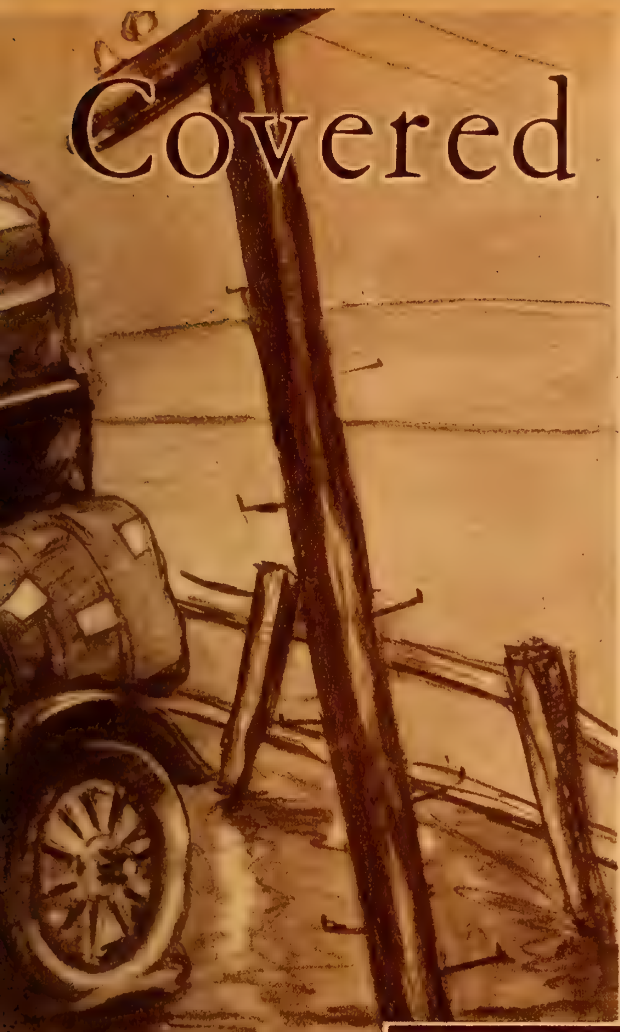
But salaries no longer soared in the altitudes Eddie Blondell always had known, and he refused to return to big-time vaudeville—what survived of it—for only a fraction of the figure he formerly had made. If he did that he would be classed forever, with no hope of ever climbing into the higher money brackets again.

Consequently, he made up his mind to work his way east, to New York, taking whatever cheap engagements he could find. This wouldn't affect his standing.

So, on another fine day, the Blondell tribe found themselves eastward-bound . . . in a thirty-seven dollar model-T Ford sedan, and with exactly sixty dollars as their total exchequer!

"No prairie schooner ever presented half the spectacle that

Covered Wagon Days



Joan Blondell has attained luxury and wealth and position but few people have ever had as rough a road to travel. She credits her early adversities for much of the rich philosophy which is hers today

our overburdened Ford made," Joan reminisced, as we chatted in her dressing room.

"We had three large theatrical trunks wired on top and bags and suitcases everywhere . . . on each running board, roped to the back, even between the fenders and the hood. Why, we couldn't open one of the doors. Whenever anybody wanted to get out of the car he had to climb out the driver's window. Even the other front window was blocked off because of the baggage piled against it from the outside." Memory of that occasion prompted a wide smile to creep over Joan's tanned face. She had just returned from a month at Palm Springs and the bloom of the desert touched her cheeks. How different from those other days . . .

"If you think it's easy to leave a car this way, just try it. Dad was fat and so was Mother, and even for us kids—I was sixteen or seventeen then—it offered somewhat of a feat.

"About every three miles, too, one of the tires would go flat and Dad would have to crawl out and fix it. After a few days of constantly stopping to repair one or more of the tires, he accused those of us in the back seat of being responsible for all the trouble. He said we laughed so hard that we shook the car and that, in turn, wrecked the tires. Imagine.

"We did most of our driving at night. During the day and evening we put on our act, and as soon as the last show was over we'd pile into the car and start for the next town. We had very little money, the five or six dollars received for the act having to go for gas and cheese and crackers. Once in a while, we'd splurge and buy a steak. Mother then would cook that on a little oil stave we carried with us. Many and many a time she cooked it while holding the stove in her lap in the back seat.

"That trip across country will always be a nightmare, although we did have fun at times despite all the hardships and privations we suffered. We got very little sleep, because we couldn't always afford a room, even in a cheap boarding house.

"I remember one rainy night somewhere in Texas, when we just had to find shelter. We tried a hotel and they wanted three dollars. We couldn't afford that, so we went down the street until I saw a sign, 'Beds, ten cents.'

" 'No family of mine will ever sleep in a place like that,' Dad spouted, nobly. 'Don't be an old silly,' I told him. So we went in.

"Have you ever been in a cheap flop house? Well,, this was just that. When we entered there was only one large room, with numerous and assorted snores

[*Continued on page 72*]

Make Things Happen To *You*

Una Merkel, who proved what an "ugly duckling" can accomplish, offers sage advice to Miss Average Girl

by
Una Merkel

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Average Girl—Everywhere:

I'VE always wished that I could write a letter that would reach every "average girl" somehow, by some means. All the girls I call "just girls." *Girls like me.* Now CLASSIC has given me my chance.

Sensationally beautiful girls, girls with brilliant, outstanding personalities, girls born with genius don't need letters from me nor from anyone else, for that matter. But average girls, everyday girls living everyday lives—girls who have no flaming, conspicuous talent, girls who are not breathlessly beautiful, all of you little Janes and Sues and Bettys living in small towns, perhaps, fearing that nothing very grand or glamorous will ever happen to you—well, I do think, kind of, that I have something to say to you.

Because I am such a girl. And I tell you that you can make things happen to you. I ought to know—because I did.

You don't have to sit back in your little home towns, or hide away in big cities, being meek little mice, nibbling at drab little experiences, watching other girls become famous actresses and artists, make romantic marriages, have things. You don't have to be front page beauties or geniuses or exceptions in order to have things happen.

Meet one of the happiest family groups in these parts — Una Merkel, her aviation-engineer husband, Ronald Burla, and her parents. Hollywood, we'll have you know, is profoundly proud of Una

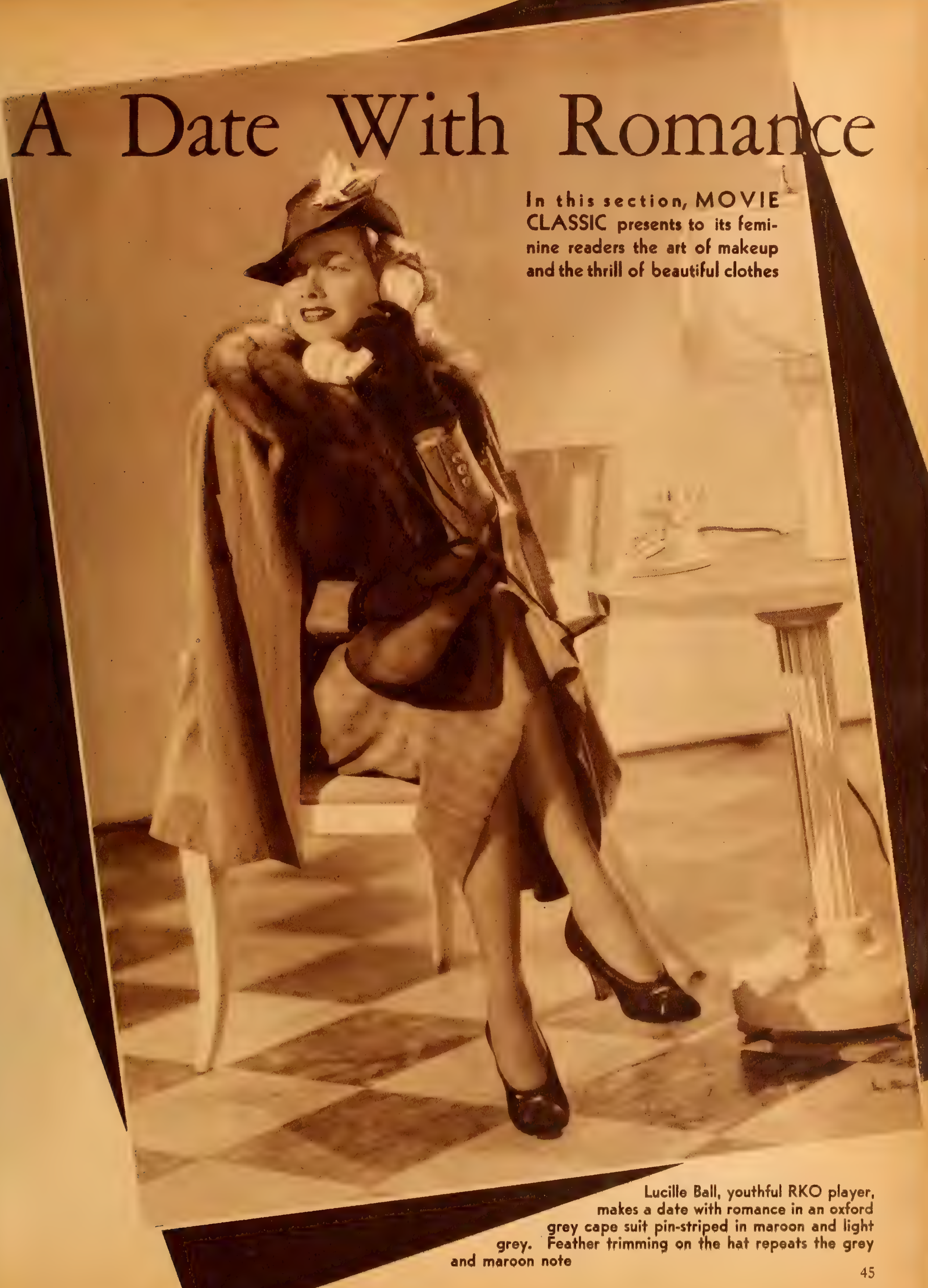
There are some people, of course, to whom things just *do* happen. Without, apparently, any effort on their parts. They don't have to *make* things happen. *I* did. I mean, there is, occasionally, some young man like Robert Taylor, so extraordinarily handsome, so gifted, so endowed with *everything*, that he just becomes a star almost before he has had time to know what is happening to him. Or how it happened. There will be a Garbo, with a personality like a splendid sword, so strong, so forceful, so unique in a world where most of us are pretty commonplace, that her personality carves its own predestined way.

Great beauties do seem to be their own reward, if you know what I mean. But don't let them discourage you. For I will say, confidentially, that their "rewards" do not seem to be as lasting as the rewards of girls like you and me, who haven't great beauty or great anything to work *for* us—but have to do all the work ourselves. I knew a great many sensationally beautiful girls when I was on the stage in New York. I don't even remember their names today. And neither does anyone else. I also knew Helen Hayes and—see what I mean?

Oh, I know what you may be thinking [*Continued on page* 66]

A Date With Romance

In this section, MOVIE CLASSIC presents to its feminine readers the art of makeup and the thrill of beautiful clothes



Lucille Ball, youthful RKO player, makes a date with romance in an oxford grey cape suit pin-striped in maroon and light grey. Feather trimming on the hat repeats the grey and maroon note

First the beauty shop, where magic is wrought—

Mel Berns enhances the natural beauty of Lucille Ball with skillful make-up

by alison alden

LUCILLE BALL has a date with romance. But will romance nod and pass her by? Not if Mel Berns, maestro of make-up at RKO Studios, has a deft hand in the matter!

Demanding to be made irresistible just for tonight, Lucille offers as her contributions to beauty a flawless skin, lustrous gold hair and large blue eyes. Mel Berns offers an artistry in make-up that has changed many a merely attractive girl into a vision of enchantment. His magic is wrought not with mirrors, in the Hollywood tradition, but with brushes.

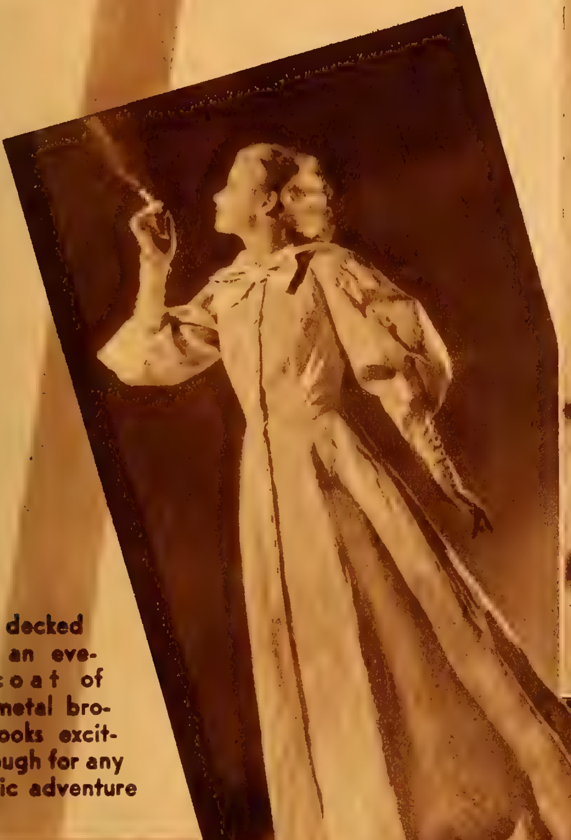
There's nothing like a good foundation for either romance or beauty and Lucille's face is first treated to a layer of foundation cream (1) lightly applied.

Eyebrows take form, penciled in with a series of short light strokes (not the single shiny line with which so many err) and extended gracefully at the ends. Berns does the penciling but Lucille offers this bit of wisdom, "Never pencil the brows in a down curve at the corners. It makes the face appear to droop."

Eyeshadow is applied with a brush (2) and blended out to nothingness near the brows with patting movements of the thumb. "A shadow always recedes that part of the face to which it is applied," Berns explains, "therefore the lid is shaded to bring the eye forward."

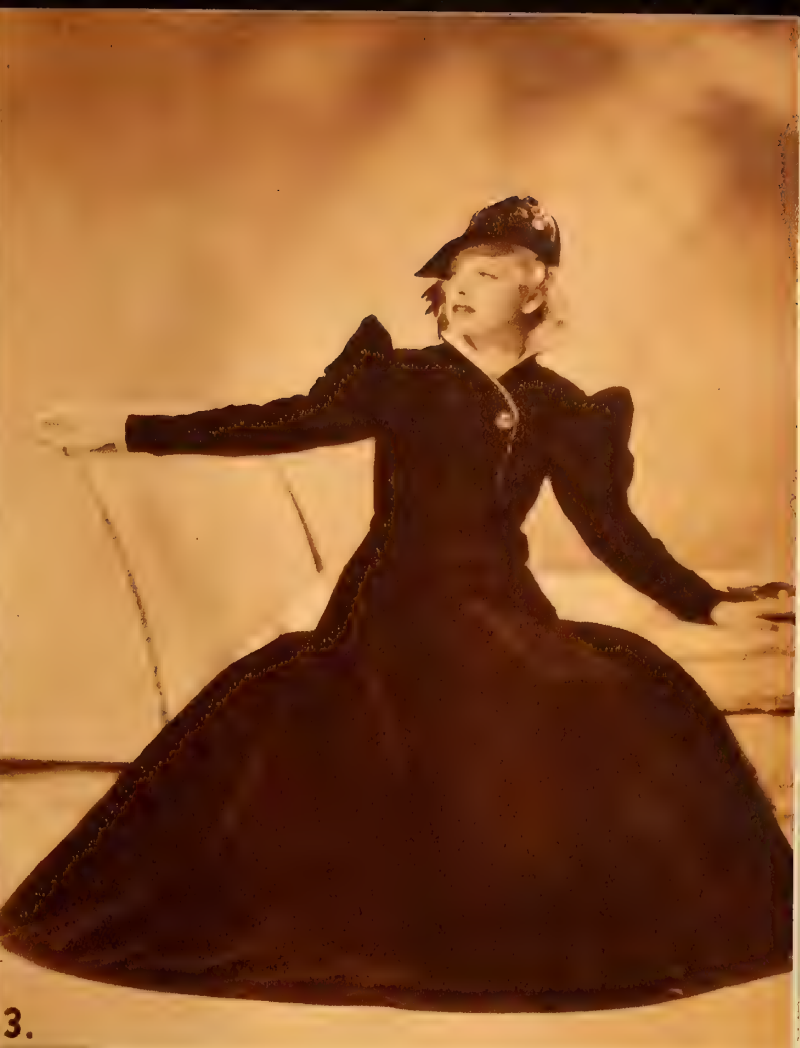
[*Continued on page* 75]

Then—



2.

Lucille decked out in an evening coat of white metal brocade looks exciting enough for any romantic adventure



3.

Lucille is stunning in a black velvet evening coat lined with turquoise satin and a velvet hat trimmed with coque feathers

by sally martin

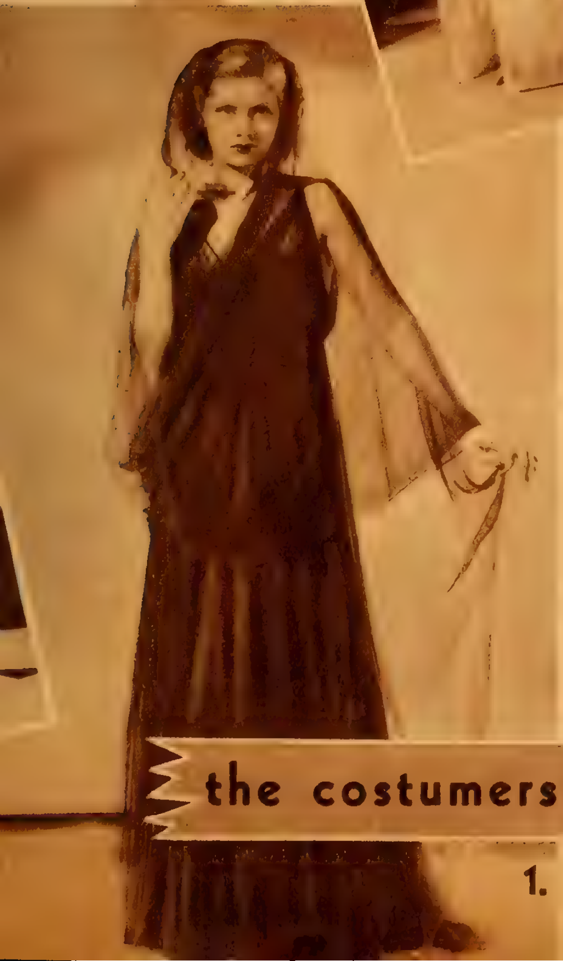
SINCE the beginning of time, romance—"a dreamy, imaginative habit of mind"—has been the ultimate, the one want in life that all women, young or old, have had in common.

That one glorious adventure makes many demands among them, with constant planning of clothes and meticulous grooming of appearance. This, of all delectable experiences, must not catch us unawares.

Lucille Ball, young RKO player, has a date with romance. Lucille is the personification of young womanhood for she has charm, personality, figure and the instinctive ability to wear clothes. As Bernard Newman, Hollywood's ace designer says, "Lucille has the potentialities of another Lilyan Tashman." To a girl who is clothes conscious and remembers the Tashman flare for wearing ultra-chic creations, Newman's remark would be sufficient to place Lucille at the head of Hollywood's smartly dressed list of screen stars.

Lucille is an average girl living on an average income. She is not a star with a fabulous salary and must therefore plan her wardrobe as carefully as you or I.

Goethe once said, "He who is of his own time, [*Continued on page* 75]



1.

For the formal date, Lucille Ball wears a full black chiffon gown

the costumers for a ravishing selection of gowns

Revealing the colorful life story of a great new star

PEOPLE are always asking me what tendencies toward acting Robert Taylor showed as a child. As I look back now, I remember that he used to mimic Charlie Chaplin—the shuffle, the sniffle, everything. If we had ever thought that he might some day be an actor, I suppose we would have suspected that he would be a comedian.

We had been told, many times, that he would be an actor—but we never took the prophecy seriously. It seemed to us that all children were talented mimics. A Mr. Dempster, who was head of a big manufacturing company, urged the doctor and me to educate Robert in dramatics. He always predicted, "Some day that boy of yours will be a big movie star!" I wish he could have lived to see his prediction come true. . . .

Our minister, too, often said that Bob would be outstanding in some way with his voice. All of which flattered us, but we did not try to develop Bob in any one direction. We intended to let *him* decide what he would like to be.

Meanwhile, like most of the other boys in Beatrice, Nebraska, Bob played ball, although he never landed on any team. He went swimming in Riverside Park and the "Y." He rode horseback and went for long bicycle rides and played tennis. He did not seem to worry much about his future, himself.

One time, when he was about eleven or twelve, he came to me and asked, "Mother, *what* will I be when I get to be a man?"

I told him, "Opportunity will lead you. Men don't decide, as a rule, what they will be. Circumstances decide for them."

Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford in a scene from *The Gorgeous*

Fate—Fame—and

Pages from the photo album of Mrs. Ruth Brugh: (1) Spengler Arlington Brugh, now known as Robert Taylor, at the age of three; (2) the future Robert Taylor posed for this portrait when he was ten months old; (3) a class portrait taken while he was a student at Doane College; (4) "The Three Harmony Boys," stellar attraction for Radio Station KMMJ, at Clay Center, Nebraska

1

2

And I think that lingered in his mind.

People are always asking me about his school-day romances—as if they were important. I guess that he had his "crushes" on girls, but he never was much of a hand to tell about it. The only girl I ever knew for sure that he was excited about was a little girl named Helen Rush. For a long time, just before he went into high school, she was "the most wonderful girl in the world." If there were any others who had the same effect on him, he was very quiet about it.

I am continually asked, too, if he was popular as a boy. The doctor and I used to wonder if he was not *too* popular for his own good—but he never seemed to become cocky or conceited about it. And the older he grew, the more popular he became—maybe because he never did become spoiled by all the attention he received. I have no worries about his movie popularity changing him. He is too sensible.

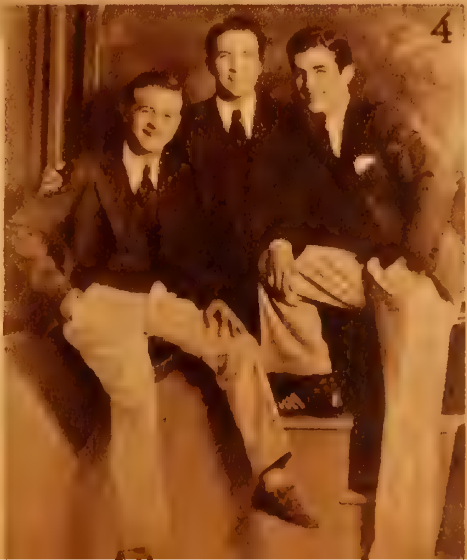
Whenever there was some entertainment at the theatre in Beatrice, he was always invited to play in the orchestra. He played in church, too, and was paid for his work. For a time, he also sang in the choir. Every time there was a fashion show, or some other public function, he was asked to be master of ceremonies. He was the president of his class all the way through school. He was always the leading man in the school plays. One, I remember, was *Nothing But the Truth.*

He enjoyed the acting, but not any more than he enjoyed being a master of ceremonies or playing the 'cello or entering oratory contests. He was constantly entering oratorical contests and musical contests, and constantly winning them. I remember that he came out first in one musical contest by playing *The Swan.* He won a ten-day trip to Detroit, with one oration that he gave. He wrote his orations himself, [*Continued on page* 64]

***Hussy,* a romantic drama of the early nineteenth century**

Robert Taylor

3



4

by his mother Mrs. Ruth Brugh

As told to
James Reid

The Show Window

Presenting frank reviews of the latest screen offerings

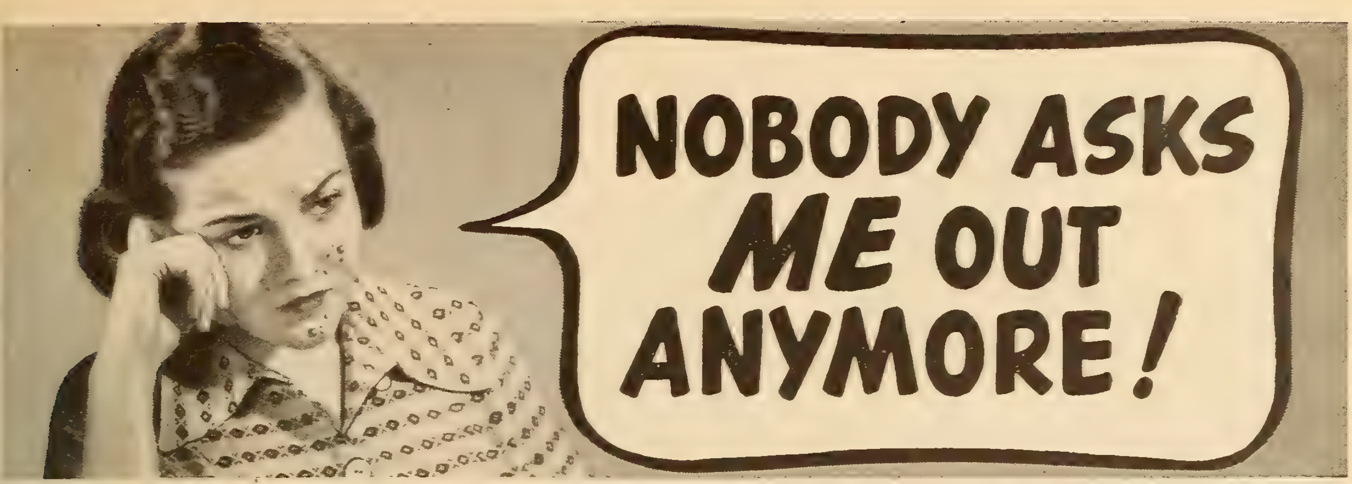
by Eric Ergenbright

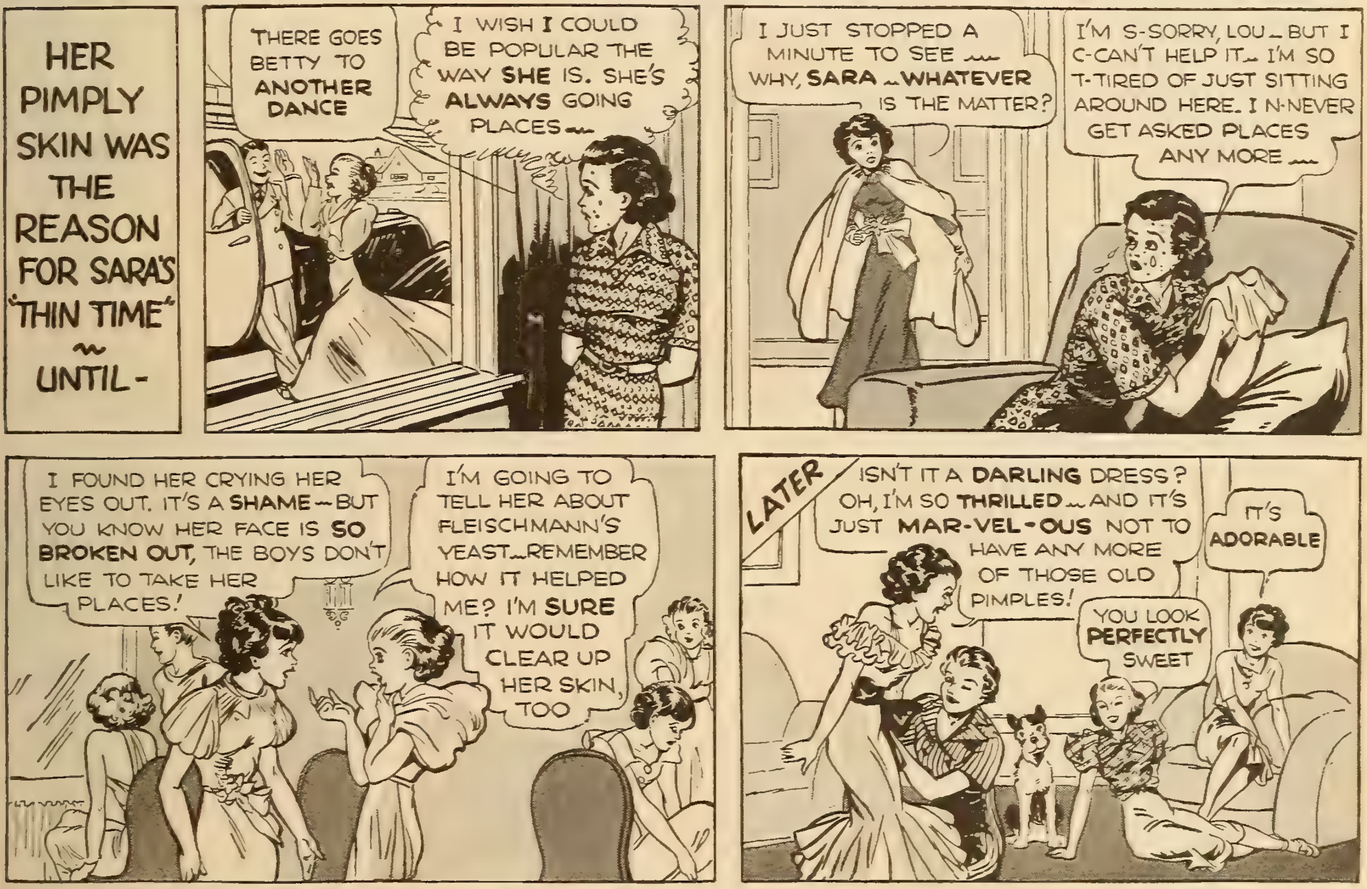
Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in the title rôles of *Romeo and Juliet*, one of the most magnificent productions ever filmed. Right: Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg attend the press preview

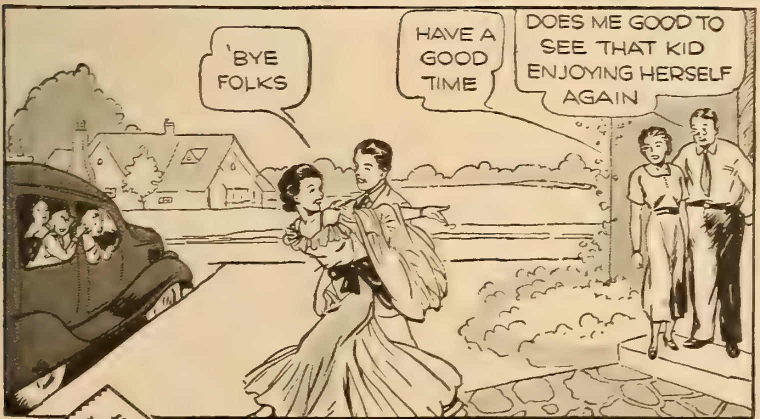
ROMEO AND JULIET highlights the new film offerings of the month. Produced with a complete disregard of cost, liberally besprinkled with great star names, bedecked with sets and costumes so authentic that Fifteenth Century Italy seems as real as Times Square, photographed and recorded with consummate artistry, it is, beyond a doubt, one of the most magnificent productions ever screened. It is also one of the most daring and one of the most progressive experiments ever attempted by a Hollywood studio.

Norma Shearer, as Juliet, gives not only the greatest performance of her career but one of the outstanding dramatic performances of screen history. She had always wanted to play the rôle and it is a fact that for nearly one year before production work was started, she lived in virtual seclusion, studying constantly. The result more than justifies her effort.

Leslie Howard, as Romeo, seems to this reviewer to be slightly miscast—yet there can be no denying that his performance is a finished, masterly work of art. Basil [Continued on page 52]


NOBODY ASKS *ME* OUT ANYMORE!


HER PIMPLY SKIN WAS THE REASON FOR SARA'S "THIN TIME" ~ UNTIL-
THERE GOES BETTY TO ANOTHER DANCE
I WISH I COULD BE POPULAR THE WAY SHE IS. SHE'S ALWAYS GOING PLACES —
I JUST STOPPED A MINUTE TO SEE — WHY, SARA — WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?
I'M S-SORRY, LOU — BUT I C-CAN'T HELP IT — I'M SO T-TIRED OF JUST SITTING AROUND HERE. I N-NEVER GET ASKED PLACES ANY MORE —
I FOUND HER CRYING HER EYES OUT. IT'S A SHAME — BUT YOU KNOW HER FACE IS SO BROKEN OUT, THE BOYS DON'T LIKE TO TAKE HER PLACES!
I'M GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST — REMEMBER HOW IT HELPED ME? I'M SURE IT WOULD CLEAR UP HER SKIN, TOO
LATER
ISN'T IT A DARLING DRESS? OH, I'M SO THRILLED — AND IT'S JUST MAR-VEL-OUS NOT TO HAVE ANY MORE OF THOSE OLD PIMPLES!
IT'S ADORABLE
YOU LOOK PERFECTLY SWEET


'BYE FOLKS
HAVE A GOOD TIME
DOES ME GOOD TO SEE THAT KID ENJOYING HERSELF AGAIN

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regular*
—a cake about one-half hour before
Eat it plain, or in a little water until
entirely clear. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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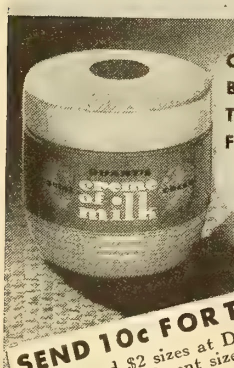
ADRIENNE AMES, beautiful screen star

My beauty creme is made from Milk!

NEW TYPE FACE CREME
wins hundreds of Hollywood Stars and thousands of women everywhere

You know that no other creme in the world is like Duart's Creme of Milk the very moment it touches your skin. Because this delightful new kind of face creme is actually made from the rich natural oils found only in pure dairy Milk . . . it **PENETRATES** more deeply . . . **CLEANSES** more thoroughly . . . **NOURISHES** more completely and **BANISHES DRY SKIN** almost at once. If your complexion is not as fresh, clear and youthful as it should be, do as the beauty-wise Hollywood Stars and thousands of other women have already done, start using the newest beauty discovery . . . Creme of Milk. Results you can **SEE** and **FEEL** will come amazingly quick. Use coupon to send for Special Trial Size Jar (not a tube).



ONLY ALL-PURPOSE BEAUTY CREME IN THE WORLD MADE FROM PURE DAIRY

Milk!

SEND 10c FOR TRIAL JAR

50c, $1 and $2 sizes at Drug and Department Stores; 20-cent size at F. W. Woolworth stores.

Duart, Creme of Milk Division,
984 Folsom St., San Francisco, California
Please rush my Trial Jar of your new face creme made from milk . . I enclose 10 cents.

Name.......................................10
Address.......................State...........
City...

Look For CREME OF MILK At Your Beauty Shop Too

The Show Window

[*Continued from page* 50]

Rathbone, as Tybalt, is magnificent. Given a lengthier rôle, he would have dominated the play. John Barrymore, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny, Edna May Oliver, Andy Devine and C. Aubrey Smith, heading a strong supporting cast, are excellent.

Romeo and Juliet is a screen triumph. Produced in the face of out-spoken skepticism, it is a tribute to the courage of Irving G. Thalberg, as well as to his showmanship. It would be difficult to imagine a finer production of Shakespeare's immortal romance. *MGM.*

EXCELLENT

THE TEXAS RANGERS—There's not a dull moment in this exciting drama of the Old West, which deserves a place near the head of every "must see" list for the current month.

Produced on a lavish scale by Paramount, highlighted by brilliant performances on the part of every leading player, distinguished by a genuinely dramatic and always believable story, *The Texas Rangers* is undoubtedly one of the best "westerns" ever produced.

Fred MacMurray, cast as an ex-gunman turned Ranger, is outstanding, particularly in the final sequence in which he is required to track down and kill a former crony. Jack Oakie is at his best in an important role. Jean Parker, playing a rather incidental part, manages to score heavily. *Paramount.*

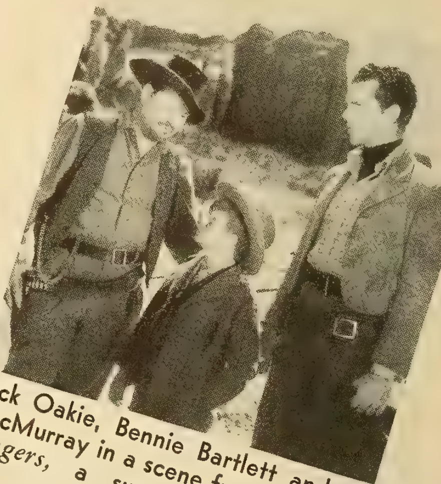
RHYTHM ON THE RANGE—There was a lot of skeptical comment along the Boulevard when it was announced that Bing Crosby would be starred in a western musical—but the skeptics, for once, stand confounded. *Rhythm on the Range* is the most entertaining Crosby opus in many a moon.

The story itself is trivial—and what there is of it is unbelievable—but the laughs crowd fast on one another's heels and Bing is given opportunity to sing some very catchy numbers, notably *Empty Saddles,* which already has moved into the hit class. His acting is more than satisfactory and he certainly will gain fans as a result of this picture. Credit Bob Burns, of radio fame, with as impressive a screen debut as this reviewer has seen in months. He is a comedian par excellence and makes every one of his scenes a standout. Martha Raye, as delirious a laugh-getter as ever faced a camera, is a perfect partner in his clowning. *Paramount.*

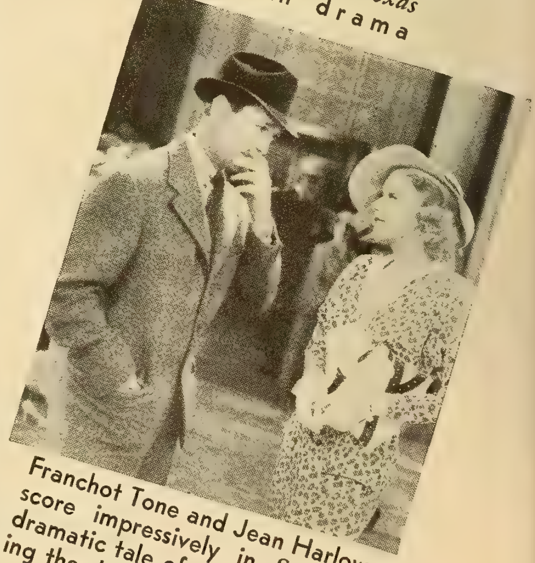
MARY OF SCOTLAND—Frankly intended as a "prestige" picture, this historical drama more than achieves its goal. Some audiences may consider it too heavy and too sombre to be listed as outstanding entertainment, but every audience will acclaim it as an artistic triumph for all concerned.

Katharine Hepburn, perfectly cast as the tragic Mary, is magnificent, particularly in the final scenes where she faces Queen Elizabeth and defies her before being led to the block. And Fredric March, as the dashing, domineering Earl of Bothwell, who crushes every opponent and finally marries his queen, gives perhaps the best performance of his entire career. Florence Eldridge, Ian Keith, John Carradine, Douglas Walton and Donald Crisp are outstanding in the supporting cast.

Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March, co-starring for the first time, give brilliant performances in *Mary of Scotland*



Jack Oakie, Bennie Bartlett and Fred MacMurray in a scene from *The Texas Rangers,* a super-western drama



Franchot Tone and Jean Harlow score impressively in *Suzy,* a dramatic tale of espionage during the days of the World War

The story adheres closely to historical fact—and if this picture fails in entertainment value, it is largely because its authors did not dare to distort history. It is difficult for a Twentieth Century audience to understand the circumstances on which the plot revolves. *RKO-Radio.*

PEPPER—Chalk up another triumph for Jane Withers, whose fan mail has already reached avalanchal proportions. Playing a role that gives her a chance to express every imaginable emotion, she handles all of her situations with a finesse that few adult actors can equal.

The story deals with the regeneration, through "Pepper's" efforts, of a crabby old curmudgeon whose imagined bodily ills are largely the product of a grumpy disposition. Irvin S. Cobb plays the rôle and proves himself an able actor as well as a fine comedian. Slim Summerville, as "Pepper's" slovenly uncle, shares the comedy laurels.

The kids will love this one—and few grown-ups will fail to acclaim it fine entertainment. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

YOURS FOR THE ASKING—Co-starring George Raft and Dolores Costello Barrymore, this humorous and exciting story of "the gambler and the lady," is sure-fire entertainment for any audience, and will win new popularity for its stars.

Raft plays the square-shooting proprietor of a gambling casino who has aspirations to rise in the world. In Dolores Costello, the impoverished daughter of a blueblood family, he finds a mentor and an inspiration. And in the rapid-fire developments, you will find ample interest.

Both of the stars give near-perfect performances but a goodly share of the picture's many laughs go to Ida Lupino, cast as a designing little hussy; to Reginald Owen, playing a genteel but unscrupulous grafter; and to Jimmy Gleason, Lynn Overman and Edgar Kennedy who play Raft's uncouth henchmen.

Put this one on your preferred list. *Paramount.*

GIRLS' DORMITORY—A great picture, subtly dealing with a sophisticated, absorbing theme and distinguished by brilliant writing, brilliant dialogue and brilliant performances on the part of every member in a fine cast.

But the outstanding feature of this picture is Simone Simon, already an established star of the European screen but a newcomer to American audiences. Imported from France more than a year ago by Twentieth Century-Fox, she makes her debut after a year of grooming and unquestionably is established by this one picture as a potential star of great importance. She possesses an impish quality that is refreshing, acting ability far above the average and an exotic but fascinating beauty that will make a profound impression.

The story deals with a young student's love for her professor and the unjust accusations which threaten to drive her from school. Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton, who are co-starred, are excellent. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

MY AMERICAN WIFE—A clever, unusually entertaining comedy drama, co-featuring Francis Lederer, Ann Sothern and Fred Stone. Put it on your preferred list for the month.

Lederer plays a foreign nobleman who marries an American girl and attempts to live in her home town in Arizona. He is misunderstood by everyone except her grandfather, a rough old stockman, who sympathizes with his desire to be a working farmer.

[*Continued on page* 54]

HELEN WOOD

FEATURED IN "CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK." A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

Beautiful Hair

IS EASY TO HAVE . . . IF YOU KNOW HOLLYWOOD'S SECRET

When a Hollywood star gets a permanent wave she doesn't take any chances with the beauty of her hair by trying out trick waving methods. She knows that the world's most highly paid beauty experts, the Motion Picture Hairstylists' Guild have tested every known waving method and she trusts their judgment and advice. Duart is the one and only permanent wave that has ever received the 100% endorsement of the Motion Picture Hairstylists' Guild and that is why nearly all the feminine stars you see on the screen are wearing soft, beautiful, *natural* Duart waves. And because no other waving method has the exclusive Duart feature of HEAT CONTROL for EACH SEPARATE CURL, Duart has become America's leading permanent wave. Ask for a Duart wave, it costs no more.

DUART

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DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a star's coiffure exactly. Choose from Hollywood's newest hairstyles by Hollywood's leading artists. Booklet sent free with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. No dye—no bleach just a colorful and cleansing touch of sunlight. Select your shade—see coupon.

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE HAIRSTYLE BOOK

DUART, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, California. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

☐ Chestnut Brown
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☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ White or Gray Platinum
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Black
☐ Medium Brown

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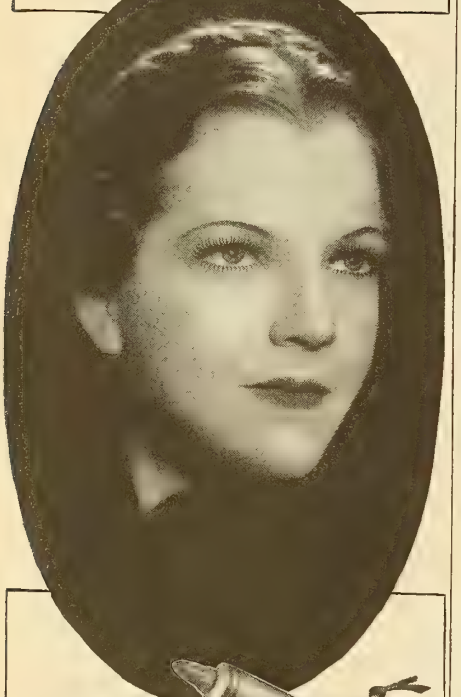
DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Eye Make-up in Good Taste

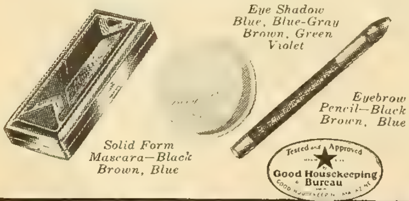


Maybelline Cream Mascara — Black, Brown and Blue—with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c

SOME are born beautiful — others acquire beauty. If you aren't a *natural* beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to *acquire* beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant—quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes, which heightens the whole charm and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

The smoothness and ease of application of Maybelline Mascaras, their naturalness of color and lack of gumminess, have won them unequalled popularity among beauty-wise women the world over. Tear-proof. Harmless. Not beady on the lashes.

Open your eyes to a new and lovelier beauty—with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Obtainable at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes at leading ten cent stores. Try them—you'll discover a totally new and enjoyable beauty experience.



Eye Shadow Blue, Blue-Gray Brown, Green Violet

Eyebrow Pencil—Black Brown, Blue

Solid Form Mascara—Black Brown, Blue

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

The Show Window

[*Continued from page* 53]

Lederer scores as the foreign blue-blood who wants to make good in America, and Ann Sothern is excellent as his wife. Fred Stone, Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell are outstanding in important roles. *Paramount.*

I GIVE MY HEART—Kay Francis and George Brent are at their best in this poignant drama of unwed motherhood which has been adapted to the screen from Jan Mallory's play with praiseworthy delicacy and good taste. Miss Francis, in particular, scores a triumph, proving herself one of the screen's finest dramatic artists. For adult audiences, this picture cannot be recommended too highly. *Warner Brothers.*

GOOD

WHITE FANG—A vigorous, action-crammed melodrama of the Alaskan gold-rush, remotely based on Jack London's immortal novel of the same title.

As in the case of it's predecessor, *Call of the Wild,* the producer has again chosen to play down the "dog interest" and increase the "human interest." To achieve that goal, what really amounts to a new plot has been written and London addicts will be amazed to see one of their favorite stories so mercilessly mutilated.

However, the picture is grand entertainment, and the carefully tailored plot rings true. It has suspense, thrills, romance and uproarous comedy. Michael Whalen, Jean Muir, Slim Summerville, Charles Winninger and Jane Darwell are excellent in leading roles and Lightning, the dog, will delight every animal lover. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

BENGAL TIGER—Thanks largely to the outstanding direction of Louis King, this exciting melodrama of circus life, intended by Warner Brothers as a Class B picture, proves better entertainment than many of the so-called Class A pictures of the month.

The story hinges on the conflict between Barton MacLane, playing a stubborn, strong-willed animal trainer, and a magnificent Bengal Tiger which he vows to tame. MacLane gives an excellent performance. Warren Hull and June Travis, carrying the romantic interest, are both effective. *Warner Brothers.*

THE DEVIL DOLL—As bizarre and horrifying as an Edgar Allan Poe tale—but hardly as plausible—is this new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chiller.

The story deals with the vengeance of an escaped convict, who, through the aid of a crack-pot scientist, discovers a means of converting human beings into automatons responsive only to his will.

Lionel Barrymore, as the convict, plays most of his rôle disguised as a woman—and plays it well. Maureen O'Sullivan is unusually **competent** as his daughter and Henry B. Walthall, whose untimely death occurred before the picture could be previewed, gave an impressive performance as the scientist. *MGM.*

MISTER CINDERELLA—As dizzy a slapstick comedy howl as you will see in a year's theatre-going. The story's a crazy-quilt and "sophistication" is conspicuous by its total absence—but it's funny, and how!

Jack Haley (who will be a top-flight star if he gets a few more pictures of this kind) garners the principal credit but is ably assisted by Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Robert McWade, Rosina

Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby in a scene from *Rhythm on the Range,* Bing's best musical-comedy in many a film moon

Kay Francis and George Brent are re-united again in *Give Me Your Heart,* which combines comedy and romance entertainingly

Lionel Barrymore (believe it or not) and Maureen O'Sullivan in *The Devil Doll,* a wierd and macawbre melodrama

Lawrence, Monroe Owsley, Kathleen Lockhart and Edward Brophy, all of whom reap a rich harvest of laughs. Betty Furness is capable in the picture's only "straight" rôle. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

SUZY—If judged from too critical a standpoint, this melodramatic tale of World War espionage, will be found rather disappointing, despite the presence of Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Cary Grant and Lewis Stone. But it's a safe bet that the average audience will overlook its story flaws and technical absurdities and pronounce it grand entertainment.

Jean Harlow, wearing her now famous brownette hair, can hardly be credited with an amazing performance but she is, nevertheless, very adequate in the rôle of an American chorus girl who marries a French ace and saves him from the scheming of a German spy. Franchot Tone, as an Irish flier and inventor, gives a superb performance. Cary Grant, as the amorous French hero, turns in an outstanding portrayal. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THEY MET IN A TAXI—With Chester Morris and Fay Wray as its co-stars and Lionel Stander and Raymond Walburn present to account for the laughs, this fast-moving comedy-drama is top-notch fare. The story concerns a taxi-driver, an ex-gangster, a girl jewel-thief—and their mutual efforts to clear up a baffling mystery. The laughs are plentiful and the dialogue is brilliant. *Columbia.*

FAIR

I'D GIVE MY LIFE—Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown and Francis Drake in a melodramatic and very emotional story of gangland, which hinges on the efforts of an honest governor to clean up the criminal rackets in his state. The discovery that the ace racketeer is the former husband of the governor's lady, and that their child is a condemned killer, serves to complicate the situation most dramatically. On the whole it's satisfactory. *Paramount.*

THIRTY-SIX HOURS TO KILL—Once more the G-Men are on the rampage, this time aboard a transcontinental train, determined to get their man, who, as usual, is Public Enemy Number One.

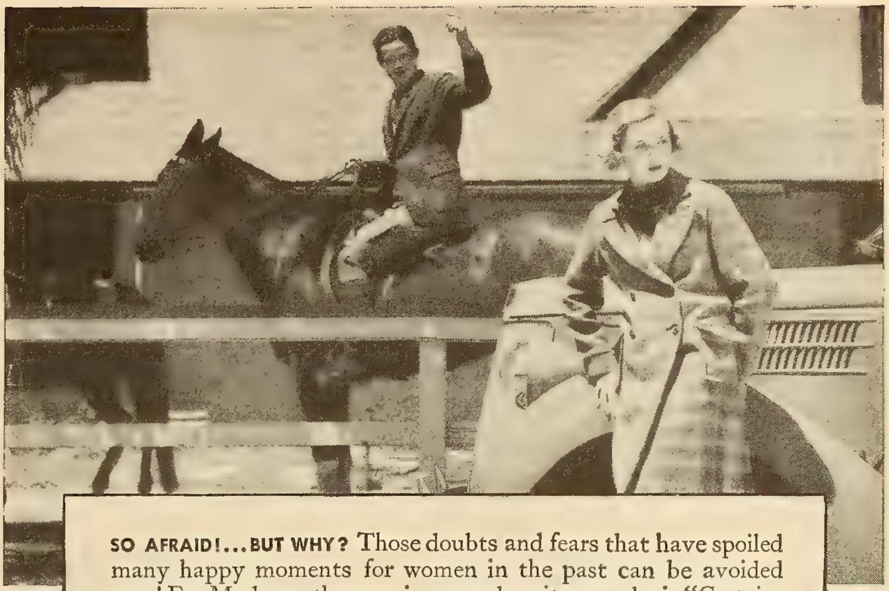
The story offers little that is new but much that is entertaining—if you like fast-moving, he-man action pictures. Brian Donlevy, who looks like a coming star, plays the government sleuth very effectively. Gloria Stuart, too capable an actress to be wasted on so unimportant a film, makes the most of a thankless rôle, and Warren Hymer and Isabel Jewell do good work. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

Here's a Tip

You can have an advance showing of Twentieth Century-Fox's outstanding romantic picture of the year, *Ladies in Love,* starring Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon and Don Ameche.

Romantic Movie Stories for October will publish the complete fiction story of this great film. In the same issue you will find complete fiction stories of *Adventures in Manhattan, Lost Horizon* and many other great screen masterpieces now being filmed.

Romantic Movie Stories is now on sale at all news stands. Ten cents everywhere.



SO AFRAID!... BUT WHY? Those doubts and fears that have spoiled many happy moments for women in the past can be avoided now! For Modess—the new, improved sanitary pad—is "Certain-Safe!" It brings you a kind of protection and comfort you've never known before, because Modess is made differently!

NO UNCERTAINTY NOW! You can go wherever you want to... wear whatever you want to... with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back which prevents *striking through!* Modess stays safe... stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection is yours.

Modess
It's Certain Safe

End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

● *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

Here's How To Treat
FOOT ITCH
ATHLETE'S FOOT

PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED
Send Coupon

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
829 Perdido St., New Orleans, La. F.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY .... STATE ....

Those Barrymore Traditions

[*Continued from page* 39]

"I never heard of it," said John. . . .

"Nor I," said Lionel, that deep, amused note in the unmistakable Barrymore voice, "but that we haven't heard of it means nothing. A wife is always the last to hear of her husband's misdemeanors, a father the last to hear of his son's debts."

"I suppose," John was saying, looking very fit and tweedy and rested as he visited Lionel on the set, "I suppose, if there is such a thing as a Barrymore Tradition it's because the family has been on the stage, in public life, for many years. And in the course of that great length of time things have been said among us which have been passed on by word of mouth, exaggerated, and so, perpetuated."

"I know, for instance," said Lionel, "that when they put Ethel and John and me together in *Rasputin* I heard that there were torrid tales abroad about the 'temperament' that was certain to be rampant on any set where all three Barrymores were gathered together in the sight of Louis B. Mayer. 'The Barrymore Temperament' might, by the way, be a fitter question to discuss than The Barrymore Tradition. Both are largely imaginary."

"Why," murmured John, "why do they all think the three Barrymores are *all* damn fools . . . ?"

"John once said to me, I remember," Lionel went on, in the low voice you have to lean near him to hear, "John once said to me 'I like to be introduced as America's foremost actor—it obviates the necessity of further effort.' I heard that remark repeated back to me a dozen times in subsequent years.

"ON ANOTHER occasion he said to me, 'I saw a geneology lately dealing with Lord Barrymore—(the distant relative from whom we took our stage name) it's interesting—if you like salacious literature.' That came back to me."

"It should have," said John.

"These remarks and others like them," said Lionel, that somehow patient smile on his face, "are the ordinary patter of any family. If they are confined to the bosom of the family, that ends them. They die there. But we of the stage do not live in our own bosoms. We live in the bosom of the public and the press, indecently exposed spots."

John grunted.

"I recall how John, as a youth, once found a volume of Balzac. He then read all of the Balzacian works with great avidity. And he later declared to Ethel, 'There're great. Lionel thinks so, too. But it's funny that people go right on reading them without waiting for the Barrymores!'

"When Ethel made her debut on the stage in *Captain Jinks* at the age of seventeen the whole family turned out. I couldn't, I recall, find our father anywhere . . . do you remember where I finally did unearth him, kid?"

"At the very back of the house," said John, "in a rear seat, huddled down where no one could see him, weeping copious tears of pride. Many a father mops the dew of pride from his brow when his daughter makes her debut in a graduation play or an amateur theatrical and his pride and his tears pass unnoted and unnoteworthy. But the tears of Maurice Barrymore were headlines!"

And the tears and the trips and the tantrums of the Barrymores are still headlines, I thought. The Tradition is still in the making. For many a man and many a maid become entangled with Eros and do their unravelling in private. But John and his "Ariel" were *front page stories* for weeks. And even after their announced marriage, they will be front page "copy."

"ONCE," continued Lionel, in one of his rare and, for me, most fortunate and fortuitous conversational moods, "once, asked by a reviewer of the Police Gazette if he had read the review of his latest show, Maurice, our sire, replied 'No—*I shave myself.*' The remark was passed along and became, I suppose, a cornerstone of the Tradition.

"Another time, getting out of a hansom cab, Maurice espied a process server advancing upon him. He expected a service. He thought fast and acted faster. He pushed his friend out ahead of him and yelled, 'Run, Barrymore, run!'—and while the process server was pursuing the befuddled friend, Maurice did a vanishing act!"

"Good old Uncle John Drew, too, made pithy remarks in his day," said John, "on the occasion when I was caught in the San Francisco earthquake I had to get out of my hotel at six in the morning and when I went forth into the devastated streets I was put to work cleaning away bricks. Commented Uncle John, with relish, 'It took an earthquake to get him out of bed and the United States Army to put him to work!'—and how right he was!"

But this *is*, I thought to myself, this *is* The Barrymore Tradition—they are explaining it to me, without, perhaps, realizing it. They are giving me the threads which, gathered together, have woven the tapestry of the tradition.

Lionel was called to the set at that moment. He rose with his habitual slowness. He dropped his limp and again unlit cigarette and stepped into the scene. The director called, "They're turn-ing!"—and a Barrymore was trouping again.

And as I watched him, as I watched John talking aside to another member of the cast, I thought how much poorer the world would be if the name of Barrymore should appear no more on billboards and theatre marquees. For something would go from the theatre with the passing of the Barrymores; a fever would leave the Thespian blood. There have been many and heated disputes about the Barrymores, whether they are great actors or just great showmen or neither or both. Does it matter? They are exciting *people*. They raise the blood pressure of the imagination.

And I said to myself what I had tried to say to Lionel—that he had explained the Barrymore Tradition. For a tradition is, after all, only the amassed folklore of a people or a family, even as he had said.

"Tell me," I said to John, who was standing now, ready to take off, "tell me some of the 'little things' about Lionel—little personal things you know which will, one day, be embroidered into the Barrymore Tradition."

"Lord, I don't know," said John, his eyes on his brother, "let's see . . . he always wears loose-fitting suits, don't ask me why. Keeps his hands perpetually in his pockets. Smokes his special brand of Virginia cigarettes. They go out constantly. He is forever borrowing matches. Speaks with a slight drawl when he is telling a story. Has a habit of making up apt and pertinent similies. Said one time when he heard about someone worrying over a very trivial matter, 'That's like worrying about a manicure on the way to the guillotine.'

"Never on the set except when actually working. Passes most of his time in his dressing room, etching or composing music. Or telephoning to Irene, his wife. She was once his leading lady. Still is. The scene shifts, not the rôle. He phones her long distance when she is away from home, at home when she is there. Several times a day when she is ill. He has been called," said John, with a sardonic shudder, "'Hollywood's Greatest Lover.' When he was 'accused' of this he remarked that he saw nothing unusual or worth comment in a husband's devotion to his wife. He further observed that before long people will be putting it in the papers when they observe a parent's fondness for a child.

"HE WORKS without make-up. Studies his lines and the business together, fitting the gestures to the lines as he reads. Has three dogs, a monkey and a parrot. Has a smile for everyone, words for very few. Keeps up on politics but never discusses them. Too peace loving—like all the Barrymores! Sneaks out a side door when he goes to a preview. Appears to be grumpy but is really soft-hearted. Family failing. Many a Forgotten Man has old Lionel to thank for his job and daily bread. Doesn't drink. Keen about Amos and Andy. Loves children and dogs. Gets on beautifully with kids. Says 'they talk sense.' Crazy about young Shirley Temple.

"Is the only member of the family who is not a typical showman. I like to think I'm not but know better. Regards acting as a business, just as manufacturing automobile parts is a business.

"He's a talented composer and pianist. Clever painter in oils. An expert etcher. Had three etchings hung in New York in the 'Hundred Prints Of The Year' exhibit. His first appearance on any stage was at the age of five, with our father, playing a crying baby. He has remarked to me that his last appearance will doubtless be that of a crying baby, also. When we were all three on the stage, Ethel, Lionel and I, we always sent Ethel a big red apple on her opening nights. For no explainable reason. It got to be a family custom."

Lionel came back from the set and rejoined us. He borrowed a match from John and lit a fresh cigarette. I mentally gave him three puffs and then readied another match. John strolled off, with a nod and a wave of the expressive Barrymore hand. . . .

"As *Mercutio*," said Lionel, "the kid is —" and Lionel's face expressed what his voice failed to say—"I was just thinking," he chuckled, "when John and I were about eight and ten, respectively, we used to hang around backstage during our father's rehearsals. One day he gave us fifty cents each and told us to go out and get lunch. We invaded Delmonico's, found that French Pastry was listed on the menu, at a quarter. We consumed the whole tray between us and then found that it had meant a quarter *apiece*. We had eaten *five dollars worth*. So John called the maitre d'hotel over and leaving me in hock, went out, got the old man and had him come over and redeem me . . . !"

The director called again.

Lionel rose and said goodbye. He apologized, "Sorry I couldn't explain the Barrymore Tradition. Another myth, I suppose . . . there isn't any such thing. . . ."

But there is, I thought, leaving the set—there is and they did explain it. To me. Have they to *you?*

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*PROOF: In identical bottles, left open for 12 days, Glazo was tested against ten other brands. Glazo stayed as perfect, as usable as ever . . . evaporated less than 10%. Every one of the others became thick, gummy, unfit to use . . . evaporated an average of 45%.

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NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it, by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

The House of Morgan

[*Continued from page 21*]

sly, intriguing comedy more artfully than our Bill?

Catch on! I recall Ralph Morgan on the New York stage, where he starred for seven consecutive years, as a widely versatile actor of parts. In one play, he was a very clever, devil of a chap with suave sophisticated manner and a swell sense of humor. In another opus, he proved to be as engaging a villain as ever lived.

DON'T get the idea that Ralph, in saying that he is a comedian, is trying to steal brother Frank's thunder.

Frank's comedy is as individual in style as may be found within the realms of acting. As a matter of fact, brother Ralph thinks that brother Frank is just about the funniest fellow in the world. But he also thinks he is a pretty funny guy, himself.

It has been a strange quirk of fate that Frank Morgan, who gained his fame on the stage as an actor of straight dramatic parts, should become one of the really few genuine comedians in pictures. And, that Ralph Morgan, who was famed for his comedy ability on the stage, should be "typed" in pictures as a straight dramatic actor.

Ever since Frank Morgan burst forth before a delighted public with that marvelously droll performance of the Duke in *The Affairs of Cellini,* he has been called upon time and time again to play the same sort of amusing character

Don't think for a moment that Frank doesn't yearn to get a strong dramatic rôle that he can sink his teeth into.

By the same token, ever since Ralph Morgan re-created his original stage rôle of "Uncle Charley" in *Strange Interlude* and contributed that splendid characterization of the Czar Nicholas of Russia in *Rasputin* with the three Barrymores, John, Lionel and Ethel,—he has been doomed by the picturepickers to portray sad, gentle oldsters with the same charming, wistful appeal of your favorite dear old college professor.

It was such a rôle he played recently in *The Magnificent Obsession,* an eccentric inventive old coot with Christlike qualities. He played it as a Morgan should, but after all that type of rôle never makes one a picture star.

"Really, I can be a hell of fellow," says Ralph when he endeavors to persuade the "boys," but they must think he is "ribbing."

One producer said to me: "Imagine that guy playing a gangster? It's ridiculous. I would just as soon pick Frank to play the rôle."

He thought I was "ribbing" when I told him that I had once seen Ralph in a stage play in which he was the most menacing so-and-so one could possibly imagine. Every time he came on the stage, cold chills ran through the theater so rapidly that most of the audience turned up their coat collars.

AT the present time, Ralph's daughter, Claudia, is carrying on the Morgan tradition on the New York stage by accomplishing the amazing task of appearing in two successful plays simultaneously. The ambitious youngster plays a featured rôle in the second act of the Theatre Guild production, *Call It A Day,* and also in the first and third acts of *Co-respondent Unknown.* She accomplishes this feat by changing her makeup and costume in a taxicab between theaters. As a result of her performance in *Call It A Day,* Claudia has been signed by the Theatre Guild to a three-year contract for leading rôles, an honor which had previously been reserved for Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Ina Claire.

It seems odd to refer to the Morgan tradition of the stage, when one recalls that Ralph and Frank created their own traditions.

They were born Wuppermann, heirs to the Angostura Bitters fortune. Ralph is the eldest, and he had to break the ice in the family about going on the stage.

"There was plenty of ice, too," confessed Ralph.

"My parents had old-fashioned ideas about the stage. They sent me to Columbia University to study law, so that I could be of some use to the family business. It all started in the college shows and the Comedy Club in New York, where I first was bitten by the acting bug. It wasn't long after I graduated that I was spending the twenty-five dollars a week I earned in a law office for theater tickets.

"Alla Nazimova, the great Russian actress, became so curious over seeing me in the front row at her Ibsen repertoire nearly every night, that she finally sent her manager to bring me back stage. I still think she originally thought I was crazy. And, I know my parents did. At any rate, Warner Oland happened to be visiting in her dressing room that night.

"A remark he made to me at that time helped me immeasurably to make the decision that was to change the entire course of my life. Kindly Warner said: 'With your love of the theatre and your understanding, you belong in the profession'."

EVEN when Wuppermann *pere* offered the eldest son a fortune to go back to the law office, Ralph stuck to his guns. He set forth on the stage to earn his own living, and to try for fame, in exactly the same manner in which most great actors have achieved acting ability and success. This means the hardships of one-night stands, hall bedrooms and precarious salaries. Once he made the grade and proved his sincerity, all was forgiven, and the younger brother, Frank, was permitted to follow in his footsteps.

Some day Ralph and Frank will fall heirs to the immense Wuppermann Angostura Bitters fortune. Father Wuppermann has passed on to his reward, but their eighty-five-year-old mother actively rules over the business today. Frank is vice-president of the company.

As I sat with Ralph and his charming wife, Daisy, the love of his stage days to whom he has been happily married for twenty-two years, discussing the strange quirks of his career, I couldn't help thinking that acting is the noblest of professions.

It must be to command the love and loyalty of this kindly, distinguished man who has devoted his life's work to the service of entertaining his fellow man.

Despite his wistful protests against Hollywood "typeing," I know that he has no envy of any other actor in his makeup.

But, I am likewise sure that he would be a happier actor if the movie moguls would let him be a comedian or a villain, occasionally.

Now You're Talking

[*Continued from page 6*]

and everything around me, and live for a little while in a glorified land where everything is just the way I would like it to be. —*Cecelia Galloway, Washington Hotel, Portland, Oregon.*

$1 Letters

Illusions Preferred—Historicals are now the rage. So much so, that fans are complaining because of the lack of American historical films.

I think that the people would be disappointed in a film biography of Lincoln, Washington, Jackson, or Grant, or of any other famous pioneer of the United States. For years the people have cared for and nursed the names and memories of those who built this country. And to have them brought out, dramatized by others, their blunders shown, their lives re-enacted, would take much of the color and drama out of a history that has made these men almost legendary.—*S. Begg, Kingston, Ont., Canada.*

Glamour Vs. Naturalness—It's about time the stars "came down to earth" and all this "Glamour business" vanished. What folks want these days is Naturalness! Good, common, everyday naturalness.

Wouldn't it be great if we could see Joan Crawford, after a swim with hair stringing down, or be able to wear some of those fantastic clothes in public without looking like a walking fashion plate. And, hasn't Dietrich ever stumbled on a chair or does she always have that perfect "glide"? On the screen, why not have some of the beauties awaken with their hair in curlers like every other woman?

Ah! the wonder of it, the very wonder of it, that never has there been a movie heroine who wore glasses.

Oh, I could go on forever, but what's the use, Glamour and Naturalness will always be opponents. Or, maybe I'm wrong, perhaps Naturalness will defeat Glamour and when it does I can let the boy-friend see others besides Shirley Temple and Wallace Beery.—*Doris de Fabry, Newark, New Jersey.*

The Other Side—These irate selfish souls who are continually complaining about the two-feature bills make me so tired. In the first place, whenever two films are being shown at one theatre, it is usually very plainly advertised so, and no one who dislikes the double-bill need to even enter the show. And, should they be anxious to see one film but don't want to stay for both, no one, I am sure, would object to their coming on time, seeing the desired film and leaving. They wouldn't lose any money—and I am sure that I should be ashamed to admit that I sat four hours watching a show that I didn't like just to "get my money's worth."

These double-features weren't planned for the restless rich who can attend as many films as they like. It is for people with slim pocketbooks and few spare hours. With only one afternoon off a week, a two-for-the-price-of-one attraction is an answer to a prayer. It enables one to see many worthwhile pictures—and there are worthwhile pictures—that could not be seen otherwise.

I say let those who don't like them go elsewhere (there are plenty of places), and leave the blessed double-features for those who can truly appreciate the bargain they get.
—*Charlotte Fox, R.D. No. 2, Elyria, Ohio.*

Do This When You Wake Up With a Headache

A Genuine Bayer Tablet Starts to Disintegrate and Go to Work
IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH
Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.
Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.
What Happens in these Glasses happens in your Stomach

Enjoy Relief before You've Finished Dressing

If you wake up with a headache, just do this: Try two quick-acting, quick-dissolving BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a little water. Take them the moment you get up — before you start dressing.

By the time you've finished dressing, nine chances in ten, you'll feel relief coming. You'll meet the day with a clear head instead of suffering for hours.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin provides this quick relief because it is rated among the quickest methods for relief science has yet discovered. And — because real BAYER ASPIRIN tablets are ready to start working almost the instant you take them. (Note illustration.)

So, next early morning headache you have, try this way. Get real Bayer Aspirin now for only 15¢ — two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States. Ask for it by its full name BAYER ASPIRIN: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15c FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN . . 25c
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HEADACHE
C.W. FRENCH
YOU SURELY COOK A DANDY MEAL. IN FACT IT'S HARD TO BEAT IT.
AND THANKS TO ALKA-SELTZER, YOU ARE JUST THE MAN TO EAT IT.
ACID INDIGESTION
I WONDER WHY I FEEL SO LOW. I DIDN'T OVER-DO IT.
JUST TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, JOE, AND THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO IT.
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Be Wise— Alkalize
Alka-Seltzer
Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains
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AT ALL DRUGGISTS
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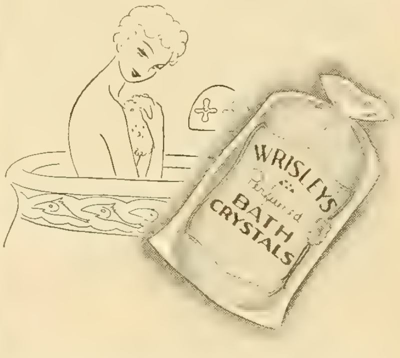
Aids to Romance

Recommended by Alison Alden

THERE are important moments in every girl's life that matter more than a year of ordinary living. And what girl hasn't wished that just for one night some benevolent genie would appear to make her especially lovely! She can, however, work magic of her own if she will put to proper use the many available aids to beauty. To keep step with the science of perfumer and cosmetician is to keep step with romance.

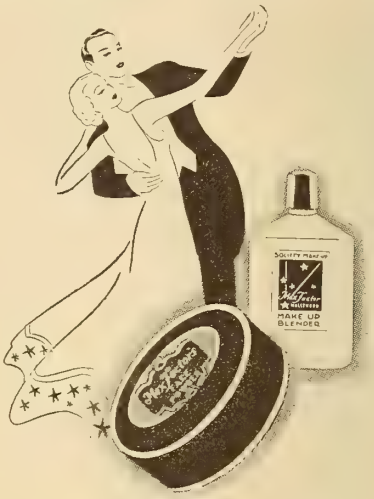
A beauty bath, perfumed and relaxing, is the very best start in preparing for an evening of high adventure. It should not only be a bath for cleanliness but for fragrant daintiness and rested nerves. A handful of bath crystals in a tub of warm water affords this inexpensive luxury. Especially delightful are *Wrisley's Perfumed Bath Crystals* for they soften as well as scent the water. The best method for getting the fullest enjoyment from your bath is to relax in the tub for five or ten minutes, then soap and cleanse the body and finish with a cool shower. The kinks in your system will have evaporated and your skin will feel soft and velvety. *Wrisley's Bath Crystals* can be had in five fragrances: Bouquet, Pine, Lavender, Gardenia and Lilac. Try adding some of these crystals to the water in which you rinse your lingerie. Your garments will retain an elusive fragrance which lasts indefinitely.


WRISLEY'S
Perfumed
BATH CRYSTALS

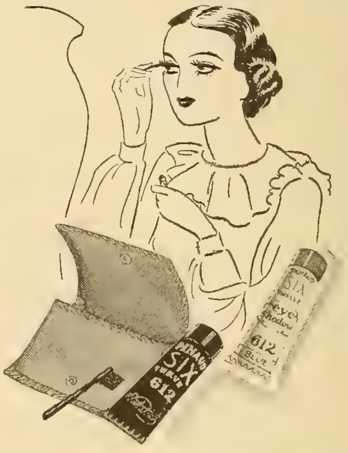
Wrisley's Perfumed Bath Crystals and Water Softener in floral scents are a definite aid to romance

No matter how refreshed you may feel after your bath, don't fail to use a deodorant, as a few hours of dancing will undoubtedly cause those unpleasant perspiration odors which are so disillusioning. I have found that *Mum,* a dainty cream-like deodorant, will not stain the most fragile gown and that it can be applied with safety even following a depilatory. *Mum* is soothing to the skin and affords an absolute safeguard against the possibility of offending for twenty-four hours.

Make-up for neck and arms is a problem that needlessly perplexes many girls when they dress for the evening. Dusting with a face or talcum powder that promptly rubs off on her escort's dinner coat is one sure way for a girl to write finis to a romance. Max Factor has filled this need for a lasting make-up for neck and arms with his *Make-Up Blender,* which comes in white, flesh, rachelle and natural. Created originally for the stars of Hollywood, it is now available at most drug and department stores at one dollar for a generous sized bottle. *Max Factor Make-Up Blender* gives a creamy appearance and tones in naturally with the facial make-up, concealing any change in complexion which exists between face and hands.


Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD
MAKE UP BLENDER

For lasting evening facial make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, and for flawless arms and back, Max Factor's Make-Up Blender


SIX 612
SIX Eye Shadow 612

Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy Mascara has a new team-mate in Six Twelve Creamy Eye Shadow—also in tube form

Be sure to use *both* eyeshadow and mascara—those infallible aids to romance—to give your eyes a starry, luminous appearance. Block in the shadow from the upper lashes almost to the brows, diminishing the color as you blend it upwards. You will like the new creamy eyeshadow introduced by the House of Pinaud in their *Six-Twelve* line as it can be smoothed into delicate shadings on the lids and will do wonders in lending glamour to your eyes. An attractive feature of this shadow is the fact that it comes in a tube and can be conveniently carried in the purse as a companion piece to Pinaud's *Creamy Mascara,* also packed in a tube and enclosed, with a brush, in a handy suede bag.

Tangee's "Little Miracle" Compact contains both Tangee Lipstick and a pat of matching Tangee Rouge, and is so neat and small that you can tuck it into your tiniest evening bag . . . Then when you find cheeks and lips growing a bit pale after hours of partying, you can touch them up quickly and inconspicuously by means of this handy vanity. If you insist on a very brilliant lipstick and rouge for evening, you'll probably like Tangee's *Theatrical;* however, there are many gals who won't allow Tangee *Natural* out of their reach, night *or* day . . . The "Little Miracle" costs only $1.50.

As perfume is the very essence of romance, the careful selection of your perfume is of utmost importance. Everyone familiar with *Coty's* exquisite perfumes will be delighted to know that this house is now presenting its most treasured fragrances in gem-like flacons at a very modest price. These small flacons, *Petite Modeles* they are called, reproduce in miniature the details of the famed originals. You are certain to want one to carry in your evening bag.

Acquiring beauty can become a fascinating adventure for the girl who recognizes the possibilities which lie in the art of make-up. Few girls are born beautiful; fewer still have facial defects which cannot be minimized by a change of hairdress or the scientific use of cosmetics. I shall be glad to discuss your own beauty problems with you if you will write me in care of Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped return envelope with your letter.

A Beauty Expert for You

Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC'S beauty editor, offers her services free of charge in solving your problems of make-up or in answering perplexing questions on the care of hair and skin. Write Miss Alden in care of MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. Her letter to you will be confidential and her recommendations based on years of experience as a beautician.

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Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
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Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM

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ORALGENE
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SPEARMINT

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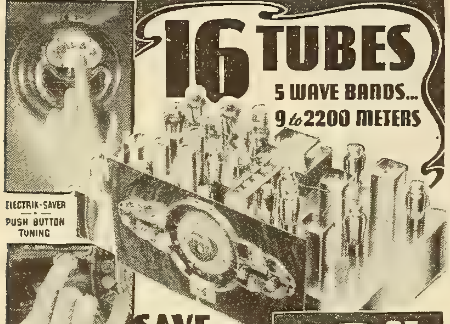

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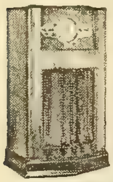

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Fred MacMurray's Honeymoon Diary

[*Continued from page 23*]

interesting islands. I swear you could smell the fragrance of those islands as we came in. When we got near enough, about fifty natives swam out to greet us, and we threw them coins and they dove for them; came up with the coins in their mouths, grinning and shouting and hallooing. There were a lot of little boats that came out too. From the dock you could hear the strains of Hawaiian music—they had a whole orchestra there—and the cries of the lei sellers. The dock was jammed with people . . . it seems all the natives always turn out for every landing. There were some official singers, too . . . Hawaiian men and women in white . . . fat, most of them . . . with the most beautiful voices.

Then we disembarked, (how'm I doin'; that's real travel parlance!) and there were a lot of friends to meet us, and all of them had leis over their arms for Lily. The presentation of a lei is quite a ceremony. No one would think of just sending flowers by messenger; that would be an insult. If you can't bring the flowers yourself then you send them with a close friend, and the friend puts the lei around the girl's neck and says, "This is from so-and-so. When anyone presents the lei himself, he always presents it with a kiss. I soon discovered that whether the girl is on her honeymoon or not makes no difference. Oh, well, they say it's the custom!

At last! I found out what a *Malahene* is . . . it's the Hawaiian word for a sort of a tenderfoot, a person who has come from the Mainland, (they always speak of the United States as the mainland) to the islands for the first time. That makes me one, and I must say I'm relieved.

Saturday

Went dancing last night at the Royal Hawaiian, and that is something I can't describe in justice. The dance floor is outside, under the sky and stars, and the orchestra is outlined against the ocean. The moon comes up behind them, and you can hear the lapping of the waves sort of mixed in with the music, and is it something! Henry Owens orchestra, with Rae Kinney singing, than which there is no better. He's coming to the Cocoanut Grove soon. A friend of mine I haven't seen for a year is here playing with them. They played a piece, *Dancing Under the Stars*, written by Owens' that's sure to be a hit in America this winter.

All the girls wore leis, some of them of gardenias, and some of pekaki, which (I found out!) are very expensive. But Lily was pleased. The dance floor was so full of the fragrance of them that you almost got dizzy. Lily says that the hotel cleaner told her that even after you clean a dress that you've worn pekaki with, it still retains their fragrance!

And liquid sunshine at night—that's a funny one. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't experienced it. It rains at some time of the day almost every day in Honolulu, but it's such a light rain that it doesn't even get you wet, and nobody pays any attention to it. That's why they call it liquid sunshine. Well, last night it "liquid-sunshined," at night, while we were dancing. Dancing in the rain. The most glorious feeling you can imagine!

And afterwards we went swimming . . . moonlight swimming on the beach of Waikiki! It was so warm we were comfortable even sitting around in our wet suits afterward.

Today we spent most of the day on the beach and in the water. When you swim out far it's so clear you can look down and see fish. Tried a little surf riding, but is that an art—and don't let anyone tell you differently!

Sunday

The famous drive around the island! Took most of the day, but it was worth it. Have never seen so much in one day in all my life. Miles of sugar fields, and pineapple groves. We wanted to pick some pineapples but our driver said there was a forty dollars' fine. We saw the Mormon Temple, (first time I knew there were Mormons on the islands) Schofield Barracks, (the army post) and Pearl Harbor, the naval station . . . one of the biggest in the world; you could put the whole United States navy in it. One of the few places in the world where they have a dry dock for battleships. The size of it! You stand at the top of it and look down and you think you're on the *palai*. That's another place we saw . . . the place where King Kamahameha pushed a whole army over. They call it palai, because that's the word for cliff or mountain, I believe. It overlooks the sea for miles and miles and the wind speeps over it at such a speed that you can actually lean against it with all your might and still not move. The rush of the wind and the beauty of the waves—the two leave you speechless.

Monday

Lily went shopping today and was surprised to find that Honolulu is such a city. Trolley cars, department stores, everything.

Had some *poi* today . . . looks and tastes like lavender wall paper paste. I'll take steak and french fries. That's the Beaver Dam in me, I suppose . . . nothing fancy. Also bought some Hawaiian records—*Aloha Sweetheart*, *Hawaiian Paradise*, *Pretty Red Hibiscus* . . . this music gets in your blood.

Tuesday

On shipboard. Aloha, aloha, and do we feel blue, even if we *are* at the Captain's table. Lily almost cried when we passed Diamond Head, coming out of the harbor. Our friends had gone up there to flash mirrors at us, to say goodbye. You can see the flash of the mirrors until the curve of the horizon takes it away. When you pass Diamond Head you're supposed to throw a lei overboard if you're ever coming back . . ."

That seemed to be the end of it all. Fred bestirred himself, trying not to look mournful.

"Well," I wanted to know. "Did *you* toss one over?"

He looked at me, askance. "You bet we did. Of course we're going back to that paradise some day soon. I'm not a *Malahene* anymore either." He paused. "You know," he said, "you don't realize how crazy and goofy Hollywood is until you get away from it."

Suddenly, like Dante's disciple, Gracie Allen was standing there before us. Arms akimbo, eyes flashing, she said loudly: "Well, must I throw you out, or will you leave under force?"

"See," said Fred, "that's what I mean, exactly!"

Ginger Answers

[*Continued from page* 16]

hurry for I feel that my work on the screen is giving me back-ground and the ability to understand all sorts of people.

Q. If you ever fail in movies, what business or occupation would you turn to?

A. I have already spoken of my wish to write. I also have an idea that I could be a designer of women's clothes.

Q. Did you and Harriet Hilliard become good friends during the filming of Follow The Fleet?

A. Yes. We became very good friends.

Q. Do you enjoy being a guest star on the radio broadcasts? Would you like to do more radio work? Do you have a favorite program?

A. I enjoy radio work immensely and I have made definite arrangements to appear on several radio broadcasts this fall for Lux and for Louella Parsons. My favorite program is Jack Benny's.

Q. Do you intend to write more songs? What is your favorite song?

A. Yes, I do. I love to write songs—particularly silly songs. My favorite song is, "Who" from *Sunny*. It's old but I never tire of it.

Q. What picture have you enjoyed making the most?

A. *In Person.* Simply because every circumstance connected with this production was congenial. We had a cast of comics, and I love banter.

Q. What is the largest number of retakes you have ever had to do on a single scene?

A. We take some dancing scenes as many as twenty-eight and thirty times before they are pronounced perfect.

Q. If you should fall in love with some man other than an actor, would you be willing to give up your work should he want you to?

A. No, I wouldn't! I think any man who would make such a demand would be very selfish in his love. I would consider him more in love with his own egotism than with me, for after all, my work is part of me.

Q. Have you any plans at present of appearing in a musical in New York?

A. No, I haven't.

Q. Please tell me what special care you give your feet after rehearsing for hours?

A. I bathe them, first in hot and then cold, water and then—don't laugh—I rest with my feet higher than my head in order to allow the blood to recede from them.

Q. Are all of your pictures chosen for you or do you have a choice as to those you would like to appear in?

A. They have all been chosen for me with the exception of *In Person.*

Q. Why do you desire to play dramatic roles when you have made such a hit in musicals?

A. People misunderstand the meaning of the word, dramatic. I simply want parts which demand characterization.

Q. What is the most thrilling experience in your life? When and how did it occur?

A. One of the greatest thrills of my life occurred when I first stood on the stage of a theatre. It was in 1917 during one of the Liberty Loan drives. With my mother, I had gone to see Jane Cowl in a play. Between acts she came out on the stage and urged the audience to buy liberty bonds. Naming the states of the Union one by one she asked the residents

[*Continued on page* 69]

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Fate—Fame and Robert Taylor

[*Continued from page 49*]

and did a lot of thinking about them.

No teacher in high school ever particularly encouraged him about his acting. We never thought much about his dramatic ability; neither did he. To us, it was only one of several talents that he showed.

He was always a student; yet he never had to work to get good grades. In his Freshman year in high school, he was elected to a national honorary society. And he graduated at the top of his class, or next to the top. (If I remember correctly, there was one girl ahead of him.)

He was never afraid of work. Every summer, he would find a job. When he was fourteen or fifteen, he worked on a farm, shocking wheat. When he was sixteen, he found a job painting cars, and his fingers swelled from lead poisoning. He wanted to keep on with it, in the afternoons after school started again, but we would not let him. The summer after he graduated from high school, he had a very good position in a bank as a teller, and then would mow lawns after banking hours.

Robert did not have to work; he just wanted to—and we encouraged him. We felt that a busy boy would make a better man than an idle, restless boy would.

He did not work straight through the summer; he would always stop near the end and join his father and me on our vacations. Three successive summers, we had a cottage at Lake Okaboja in Iowa. It was at the Casino there that he learned to dance, when he was sixteen.

When he got back to Beatrice that autumn, his father gave him a car. It may seem unusual for parents to entrust a young boy, still in high school, with a car of his own. But we told him that he was such a good boy, and so trustworthy, that we knew we could trust him with this. It was *his* property and *his* responsibility.

It sounds amusing now, to recall what his father told him: "I've given you a nice car, but one thing I must demand. Never go over thirty-five in it."

Bob promised, and we let him drive to Lincoln, forty-two miles away, to take his 'cello lessons. And the next year, after he entered Doane College at Crete, Nebraska —32 miles from Beatrice—he would drive home two or three times a week.

EVEN when he entered college, he did not know what he wanted to become. The main reason why he went to Doane was that Professor Gray, his 'cello teacher, taught there. He still kept on with the interests he had developed in high school. He broadcasted for a long time over Station KMMJ at Clay Center, Nebraska, playing and singing with a group that called themselves "The Harmony Boys"—sponsored first by a harvester company, then by a spray company. He played all over the state with a trio composed of Professor Wolf of the college, a boy named Taylor (the dean's son), and a boy named Adams. He kept on entering oratory contests. In his Freshman year, too, he was the leading man in a campus play, *Helena's Boys*.

It used to break Professor Gray's heart, his fooling with dramatics. He thought we all were crazy, to let him do it. He said that Bob could become a great concert 'cellist. But we did not want him to gamble his whole future on just the 'cello; we wanted music to be something that would give him personal pleasure, relaxation. It hurts me now that he seldom plays.

One teacher in college, Miss Ingles, took a great interest in his oratory. She thought that eventually he might become a lawyer, a public speaker. And as I look back now, his practice in oratory gave him the good voice he has today—for he never has had any voice training. (I still am urging him to take singing lessons.) Also, appearing before critical audiences in oratory contests helped him to develop poise.

The most memorable contest, to me, was one held in Doane—the biggest one ever held in that section of the country. I wanted him to enter; so did Miss Ingles; and I was sure that he could win. But he held back.

"Mother, I can't win that," he told me. "Why, there are three ordained ministers entered in it—and every one of them knew how to win an audience before I was born."

At that particular time, he was begging for a fur coat. Not that he needed one; but he wanted one badly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "If you enter the contest and win, I'll get you the fur coat." I looked over at his father. "You'll stand by me, won't you, Dad?" I asked. He nodded.

So Bob decided to enter. And he worked hard over his oration. Finally, the night of the big contest arrived. He made both his father and me stay home; he never wanted us there when he was in a contest; we made him "nervous."

About ten o'clock the 'phone rang. It was Bob.

"Well, Mom," he told me, "you'd better get to Lincoln and get that coat!"

He has told me often that he is glad that we were that way—that we taught him to

Mary, Mary, quite contrary—where does her fancy go? Hollywood's been asking that about Mary Brian for years and still is no nearer an answer, although she's being seen everywhere these days with Cary Grant appreciate whatever he got, by earning it.

Bob was always so good about writing, telling us everything that he was doing. (I would be kind of scared now to go away. Last summer, when I went East for a visit, I would never have known what was happening, if his Filipino boy had not written to me.) Once in a while, in his letters, he would mention some girl. Doane was co-ed, and he liked several girls there. But as for his getting serious about any of them, I do not think so. He was always very sensible when it came to girls, not one to fall for flattery.

He was troubled at that time, trying to decide what he wanted to do with his life. We never influenced him in any way. We would tell him, "You have your own life to lead, just as we have ours. It is up to you to decide." We never urged him to become a doctor.

ABOUT half-way through his Sophomore year, we received a remarkable letter from him. He told us that he did not want us to think that he was fickle in his ambitions. But he had decided that he did not want just a liberal arts education. He would miss terribly not becoming the sort of man that his father was, trying to follow in his footsteps. So he thought that he had better drop out of Doane and go to Kirksville. He felt that his father had been so good to him that he wanted to repay him by being as much like him as possible. It would probably take him eight years to become a doctor, and he thought he had better get busy and start work. He was going to be a general practitioner, but take up orthopedic surgery as a sideline.

We treasured that letter. We had always felt that we had an unusual boy, but this was the climax of proof. Robert was always in his father's office a great deal as a boy, and went with him on some calls out in the country. One time he even assisted his father in an emergency operation on an injured farmer. He had always seemed interested in his father's work. (I think that is why he takes the part of a doctor so easily, so convincingly.) But we felt that he was too young to be positive that he wanted to devote his life to medicine. We persuaded him to wait until he had finished college before he decided definitely.

At the end of Bob's Sophomore year, Professor Gray accepted an offer to go to Pomona College, in Pomona, California—and Bob was offered Professor Gray's post at Doane, even though he still was a student. He came home to ask us if he should accept. And among the three of us, we came to an unexpected decision—which changed the whole course of his life.

We decided that he should transfer to Pomona.

Professor Gray had told us at great length about Pomona, which had a high scholastic rating and was a much larger college than Doane. The doctor and I believed that a larger college might be more beneficial for Robert. We felt that, in a little college, he did not have enough competition. At Doane, he had everything his own way—in oratory, music, acting, singing. We felt that he was not getting the right preparation for life. It would be hard, seeing him go so far away—but, again, we knew that we could trust him. Also, his friend, Professor Gray, would be there to advise him; and nearby, in San Bernardino, was my husband's former partner, Dr. Gass, who would watch out for him.

So Bob applied for admission to Pomona, was accepted, and prepared to start for California, driving his own car out.

His father and I never thought at that time of the nearness of Hollywood to Pomona. Neither did Bob.

(To be continued)

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Make Things Happen To You

[*Continued from page* 44]

as you read this letter. You may be thinking, Oh, yeah, it's all very well for *her* to talk! She is a motion picture actress. What does *she* know about 'average girls'?"

But I do know. Because I was one. I *am* one—*reconstructed.*

I was plain as a pipe-stem. And I've made myself look—well, photographable.

I was as timid as a church-mouse and I've made myself be a business woman, an actress, aggressive enough to hold my own in the most competitive place and business in the world.

I began life by being not only plain but downright *homely.* I was ill during most of my childhood. I caught everything! I had all the measles and mumps and chicken poxes there were to be had. I was thin and colorless and gangling. I'd never even *heard* of "sex appeal." In short, I was certainly no Garbo by virtue of personality. I had none of the allure of Jean Harlow, none of the dramatic beauty of Joan Crawford.

I was shy, I didn't make friends easily. I didn't know how to mix with people. I am an only child and my father, who was a patent promoter, travelled about from town to town, from city to city. So that I never stayed long enough in any one place to make friends or to learn how to make friends.

I wasn't outstandingly good. I wasn't deliciously naughty. I was 100 per cent an average, rather mousy, little girl.

I THINK I get the thrill I do get out of Hollywood because of my childhood and young girlhood. Everything has for me, still, a quality of the fantastic. I can't believe that I, *Una Merkel,* am really here in Hollywood, a part of it all. I can't at all believe that I am actually a motion picture actress, with a contract and my name and pictures in the papers. I still feel little spiney shivers of pleasure and surprise when Clark Gable yells at me, "Hi, there, Una!" or when Joan Crawford nods companionably. If Garbo spoke to me I wouldn't answer her, I know. I'd never dream that she meant *me.*

When I go, as I do about once a year, to have a conference with Irving Thalberg I feel exactly like *Alice In Wonderland.* I keep thinking that at any moment he will look at me blankly and cry, "Off with her head!"

I have to pinch myself when I read my fan letters and say to myself, "Why, *you* are a movie actress, too, *you* . . ."

And I made it all happen to me—all of it—everything—

I made it happen by, first of all, *thinking about it.* And that's the first thing I want to say to you average girls, everywhere—Whatever you want to do, whatever you want to be, you've got to *think* about it first.

MOST girls, I think, want three things from life. They want beauty and love and fame.

I did. I thought about those three things. I thought about them and thought about them until I had them so firmly fixed in my mind and in my heart that they became actual, almost physical things.

I think we are all born with at least *one* quality which can make for success. I was born with a grim determination to do every thing I tackled as well as it could possibly be done, or as well as I, being I, could possibly do it. That's important, girls . . .

When I was a youngster, for instance, my mother had me take piano lessons. I had about as much talent for the piano as a crawfish. But all nice, well brought-up, little girls took piano lessons and so I took them, too. When I realized that there was no help for it, I went at it with all the concentration of a potential Paderewski. I knew I had no talent for it. I knew I'd never be a famed pianist just as, later, I knew that I had no great beauty and no burning genius to push me into fame. But I could do the best I could—and I did. I practised for hours and hours and *hours.* I read the biographies of great musicians. I studied harmony. I went to recitals. And eventually I was able to render Bach and Chopin and MacDowell in a fashion that at least earned me the praise of accomplished musicians.

I have my parents to thank for a good deal of this quality of self-control which has stood me in good stead of the more spectacular qualities. Because they taught me discipline. I was an only child and we adored one another. But they never spoiled me. When they told me to do a thing, I *did* it. I remember how I always hated to go to bed early (I still do). And I used to beg them, especially on the nights when they had company, to allow me to sit up an hour, or even half an hour, later. I'd plead that I never went to sleep until they came up to

Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) is judged by Hollywood's beauty experts to be the possessor of the most perfect figure on the screen. After a partial retirement following her marriage, she is again soaring to stardom bed. And my mother would say, "Well, you are resting, anyway"—and *I went to bed.*

WHEN I was sixteen or so, just old enough to go with boys, when I began to go to little dances at the summer resorts and hotels—I was a wall flower. I didn't know how to meet boys, nor even girls. I didn't know how to flirt. I didn't have any small talk. I had been so much with mother and father and their friends that I was too old for my age, mentally, and my numerous chicken poxes and things had made me too young and undeveloped physically. I didn't dress right. I didn't look "cute." I wasn't sophisticated. I would have run like a streak from the very sight of a flask of gin. I wouldn't have known what on earth to do about "necking." I would certainly have "walked home."

I suppose you girls who are reading this are thinking at this point, "I know what's coming next. She's going to tell us that overnight a Great Transformation took place—that she suddenly and miraculously blossomed forth and became The-Belle-of-the-Ball, had the most popular boys in town dangling from her charm bracelet, waved a wand and bade Romance and Adventure come her way.

No, I didn't. I didn't make anything of any importance whatsoever happen to me. Nothing that anyone could *see.* But I did pave the way for something wonderful and worthwhile. And I did it *by reasoning with myself.* I did it by forcing myself to realize, to honestly *believe* that to have boys asking me for dates, asking me to dance, flirting with me wasn't really important—then. I was prematurely wise when I figured that if I allowed myself to feel embittered, if my unpopularity pushed me further into my funny little shell I would be in a bad way and nothing would *ever* happen. So I would say to myself, when I watched pretty, laughing, gay girls dance by me and all but over me, as I sat against a wall—when I watched popular, slick girls going off to proms and football games and house parties—I'd say, "It doesn't really matter. *I can wait.*"

And I did wait. And if any of you who are reading this letter are in the same fix as I was, you can wait, too. For sometimes I think it's bad when too many gay, romantic things happen to us girls when we are too young. We don't know how to handle them. And unpleasant, even tragic, things can happen.

I NEVER went to a college prom in my life, I never went to a football game wearing a shaggy chrysanthemum. When I was very young and wanted to go, there was no beau to ask me. And when I grew older, I was working on the stage and couldn't go when I was asked.

But do you see what I mean? Sometimes you can best make things happen to you by not caring whether they happen or not. You can learn to weigh values. You can keep your heart open for the things that will happen later on.

When I made up my mind to go on the stage—that was when we were living in New York—I certainly made that happen to me. No one in my family had ever been on the stage. I had no connections, no influence, no "pull." I didn't even have a name and address to begin with. I did read theatrical papers and I had heard about casting offices. So I went the rounds of the casting offices. Day after day after day. I sat on hard benches for hours and hours. I was told "nothing today" and "we'll take your name and address" at least one thousand and one times. I just made those stereotyped formulas roll off of me like

[*Continued on page 68*]

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Brings back the expression necessarily taken out in the studio in transmitting the program.

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Make Things Happen To You

[*Continued from page 67*]

water. I refused to let them eat in. I knew that I had only my stubbornness to work with. No beauty, no anything but plain, plug headed *stay-with-it.*

I should have been discouraged before I ever began. Maybe where there's no sense there's no feeling. I don't know, I only know that I was a plain, awkward, "country" looking girl trying to take the most sophisticated street in the world by its forelock.

And finally, worn out by seeing me sit there, I suppose, a casting office did cast me in *Two By Two,* which starred Charlotte Walker. I had two lines to speak. I suppose they figured that I couldn't quite upset the apple cart with two lines. I didn't care. *It had happened to me.* I had made it happen—*I was on the stage!*

The next part I got was in *The Poor Nut* (and very fitting, that title, I thought). And I had NO lines to say in that. But that proved to me how mistaken we are when we despise the little things that happen to us just because they seem to be unimportant. Not every event in life can be the Great Event. And in this case John Golden, the producer, saw me in *Poor Nut* and gave me a speaking rôle in, of all things, *Pigs*—and the next season I played the leading rôle in *Pigs.* And after that nothing came my way on Broadway so I went out and got myself into vaudeville. No use sitting around just because the thing you want most doesn't happen. Take the next-best thing, that's always been my policy. Keep moving and you'll *arrive somewhere.* It always works. In my case, after my tour, I played a rôle in *Coquette,* with Helen Hayes, and it ran for two years.

I came to Hollywood. I took one look. I knew that I had to make beauty happen to me.

I was just "wrong," photographically, and I knew it. I didn't wear my clothes well. I didn't do my hair to advantage. I didn't make up right.

I REALIZED that in order to make something approaching "screen personality" happen to me I would have to go pliable. I did. I put myself unreservedly in the hands of make-up experts, designers, hairdressers. I kept my eyes open and watched the other girls and what they wore and how they did their hair and everything about them. Madge Evans, my good friend, conferred with me, gave me advice. I took it. I managed to acquire some knowledge of myself and of what were my best points and what were my defects. And so can you . . . and you . . . all of you. For every single girl, however plain, or beautiful, has her best points.

Love—well, I don't know that I can actually go so far as to say that you can make love happen to you. It's so much a matter of happenstance, I think—whether you meet the right boy. But I do think that any girl can do what I tried to do about it—and that is, keep your mind open and your heart uncluttered by little half-loves and meaningless romances and cheap flirtations—and then, when the real thing does happen, *you will know that it is happening.* As I knew.

Sometimes, you see, if you keep things from happening, you are paving the way for the biggest and best thing to happen.

I think you can make successful marriage happen to you, too. We certainly could have problems if we wanted to make problems of them, Ronnie and I. I have my career. We live at home with my mother and father. But we just don't *allow* the love we all bear one another to cause trouble as love, very strangely, sometimes does.

I AM still in process of trying to make things happen to me. I want to develop in pictures. I mean, I like comedy but I do get tired of playing dumb girls who never have a thought in their heads, never say anything but the wrong thing. I'd like to appear to be at least normally intelligent now and again. Which is why I did the bit part in *Speed.* I don't suppose it did me much good or much harm. But I wanted to prove that I could walk onto the screen without getting a laugh. And I did prove that. I hope, having made this happen to me by *doing it* when I didn't really have to, it will be the opening wedge for better parts happening to me. I'm holding the thought.

And I forgot to mention this, girls . . . it may be just as well, while you are thinking and planning and working toward what you want, to keep your fingers crossed and to knock on wood now and again. I do.

And I hope what I've written you will be of some help to some of you. I wish you'd write and tell me. Because honest to goodness things *do* happen to girls who are not fairy princesses—and movie stars!

I know. Your friend,

Una.

Born to Dance—that's the title of Eleanor Powell's current picture and it's also the theme of her entire life. Rumor insists that she and James Stewart are romancing

Ginger Answers

[*Continued from page 63*]

of each, who were present, to stand up and then demanded their pledges to buy. When she called Missouri, my mother stood up and of course I did also. Jane Cowl asked me to come up on the stage, and during the remainder of her speech, I stood there with her arm around me—and I have never before or since been more thrilled.

Q. Is there any special step that is the basis of all tap dancing? If so, what is it?

A. No. Not to my knowledge.

Q. Did you as a child ever appear in any screen plays and if so, what were they?

A. My only appearance on the screen as a child was once in Kansas City when I appeared in an advertising short for an optical shop.

Q. Did you attend college? If so, what one? If not, would you like to attend now, and for what reason?

A. I would love to attend college for I feel that by not doing so, I have missed a great deal. If I could go to college now, I would study literature and languages. While I can gain some of the knowledge that I missed through lack of higher schooling, by reading books, I know that my reading can never take the place of organized study.

Q. Do you consider acting hard work or fun? Do you intend to visit the Texas Centennial? If so—when?

A. Acting itself is fun, but the long hours put in on the production on a picture, and the nervous strain and responsibility, combine to make it also work. My present plans include a visit to the Texas Centennial during the month of August.

Q. What type of make-up do you use off the screen? How do you put it on? Do you use soap or do you use cream? Do you use a powder base? Do you think it is good taste to use eye-make-up in the daytime or just at night?

A. I use lip rouge, eye-brow pencil, mascara, and occasionally, face rouge. I use both soap and cream in cleansing my face. I so seldom use any powder that I really don't require a powder base. I do not object to the use of very light make-up in the daytime, or at night, but I do think a heavy eye makeup with eye shadow and a great deal of mascara is in poor taste at any time.

Q. After you had won the Charleston Contest in Ft. Worth, Texas, did you believe that your chance had come at last?

A. No. I didn't know what it was all about. At that time I had no goal, and winning that Charleston contest was exciting simply because it was an excuse to get out of school.

Q. What is the one thing which contributed most to your spectacular success?

A. Genuine love of my work. Enthusiasm and the desire to succeed if founded on love of one's work, usually is the most important asset anyone can have in achieving success, I think. I know that is true in acting or dancing or anything else pertaining to the theatre or the screen.

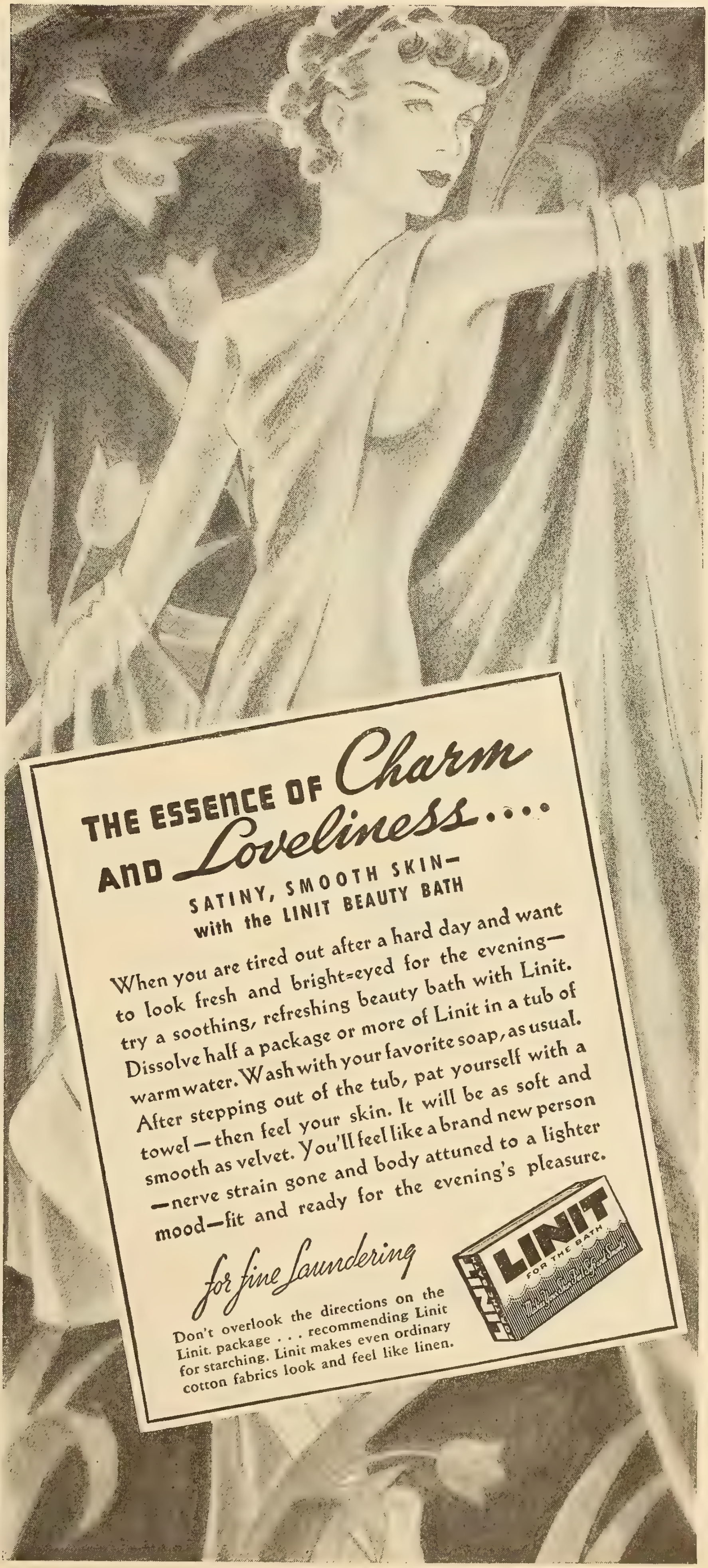
Q. Do you consider marriage incompatible with a career?

A. No I don't.

Q. How would you recommend training for a career as a dancer and dramatic actress in the movies?

A. I think the best training that anyone can have for any type of screen work is to be found on the stage and it is far

[*Continued on page 70*]



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TUNA CELERY SOUFFLE

Cook 1 cup chopped celery in 1 cup boiling water. Drain. Blend 5 tbsp. flour into 4 tbsp. butter, stir in celery water adding milk to make 1½ cups liquid. Season with salt and pepper. Cool. Add beaten yolks 4 eggs and 1 tin shredded BREAST-O'-CHICKEN TUNA FISH. Fold in beaten whites 4 eggs. Bake in buttered casserole, in pan of hot water, about 45 minutes, moderate oven.

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Ginger Answers

[*Continued from page 69*]

easier to obtain a first opportunity there than it is today, in Hollywood.

Q. Is it true what I think about your wise mother making your climb to the top easier for you?

A. Yes, definitely. She had had great experience in show business and her advice and help meant a great deal to me—and still does.

Q. Do you smoke? If so, approximately how many cigarettes a day?

A. Yes. In moderation.

Q. What person has helped you most in selecting your clothes?

A. Bernard Newman, stylist for RKO-Radio Pictures, has helped to select all of my screen wardrobes. Off screen I am an individualist in dress.

Q. Are you and Lew Ayres divorced or merely separated?

A. We are merely separated.

Q. Do you prefer wearing formals or sportswear?

A. I usually wear sports clothes because they are so much more comfortable. After being so painstakingly dressed while working before the cameras, it is a genuine relief to slip into a pair of slacks or some other informal costume.

Q. Do you prefer to dance in low-heeled, or high-heeled shoes?

A. I always dance in high-heeled shoes.

Q. What do you consider one of the most humorous experiences in your life?

A. One of the best laughs I have ever had was in connection with the picture, *In Person.* If you saw it you remember the hideous disguise that was devised for me. Well, before Bill Seiter, the director, had seen that disguise, I played a practical joke on him. I persuaded Pandro Berman, the producer, to act as a partner in my scheme. He called Mr. Seiter and told him that a friend of his from Paris was in town and had to be given a job in the picture. Then, wearing the disguise, I paraded into Mr. Seiter's office. I assumed a heavy French accent and just sat there staring at Mr. Seiter through those heavy lensed glasses and smiled at him through those horrible protruding false teeth and the poor man gulped and stuttered and didn't know what to do. I suppose he thought Mr. Berman had lost his mind, but the fact remained, and it must have been a dreadful fact to him, that his orders were to find this atrocity a job. Finally he mumbled something about writing in a maid's role, and hastily excusing himself for a moment, left the office. While he was gone I took off the wig, jerked out the false teeth, and discarded the glasses—and when he came back and realized that it was Ginger Rogers he had been talking to, his face assumed such a ridiculous expression that I laughed until I was limp.

Q. What was your favorite, most interesting, hardest and most popular dance routine you have put on in the past year?

A. My favorite, most interesting, and I think, my most popular, dance routine in the past year was the comedy dance, *Eggs in One Basket* that Fred and I did in *Follow The Fleet.* My hardest routine, I believe, was *Face the Music.*

Q. What is the greatest goal you wish to achieve in life?

A. Happiness—and that implies success and financial security.

Q. How do your present roles compare with your original aspirations to go into pictures?

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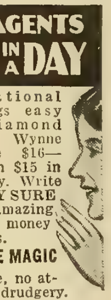

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Now, an amazing new self-heating Iron with all the conveniences of gas or electricity without the annoyances—and at ½ the cost. No cords, no hose, no attachments to bother with. Ends hot stove drudgery. forever. Quick, regulated uniform heat. Always ready. Burns 96% AIR—only 4% common kerosene (coal oil). Costs only 1c to do the average family ironing. Gleaming CHROMIUM finish assures handsome appearance and life-time service. **HOME TRIAL**—Write today for full particulars and 30-day TRIAL OFFER.

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A. They don't compare at all for I never expected to dance and I did want to be an actress.

Q. Are you actually as enthusiastic about your work as you appear to be on the screen?

A. Yes.

Q. Who was the founder of tap dancing?

A. I don't know. Tap dancing in one form or another is probably the oldest form of dancing. It is based purely and simply on rhythm and probably is prehistoric in its origin.

Q. If you are allowed to play dramatic parts, what type of character would you like to portray the most?

A. I can answer that by saying that one of my great ambitions is to play "Steve" in *There's Always Juliet.*

Q. Has your dancing been of any off-screen value to you? If so, in what way?

A. It has given me poise and grace.

Q. What are the fundamentals of tap dancing?

A. In my opinion they are a profound sense of rhythm and natural agility.

Q. What reaction does this form of dancing have on a person's general health?

A. Like any other exercise, it is beneficial.

Q. What was the saddest disappointment you encountered when you were trying to make good in the movies?

A. The fact that I couldn't get a job. After I had made eight pictures in all, three of which were produced in California, I went for three months without work and began to feel that I never would find another job.

Q. How many hours a day do you practice dancing?

A. While preparing for a picture, I practice from nine or ten in the morning until six in the evening. Between pictures, I do not practice at all.

Q. What is your favorite remedy for the "blues?"

A. Cheery music.

Q. Who have been your dancing teachers and what types of dancing have you studied?

A. I have never had a dancing teacher and I have never made any systematic study of any type of dancing.

Q. Would you like to appear in a technicolor picture? If so, why?

A. Yes. Because I think technicolor undoubtedly will be in almost universal use before long and naturally I am anxious to meet this challenge.

Q. Is your singing recorded at a different time from the filming of the action, then combined in the finished movie?

A. That depends upon the circumstances attending each scene. Usually it is recorded while the scene is being filmed but occasionally that is impossible because of crowd noises or some other interference, and then the recording is made after the scene has been filmed.

Q. What is more valuable, a voice with inflection, or nice facial features?

A. Both are valuable but I believe that voice is the most important.

Q. Do you think that the movies could cause international hatred by putting on the screen such books as Sinclair Lewis' story, It Can't Happen Here?

A. Yes, I do. I think movies have a great influence.

Q. Are you satisfied with your career?

A. Yes. I have comfort, work and success.

And there you are. Your Inquiring Reporter confesses that even though he has interviewed Ginger on numerous occasions, he himself has gained much new information about her as a result of this questioning. And remember, next month Loretta Young takes the witness stand.

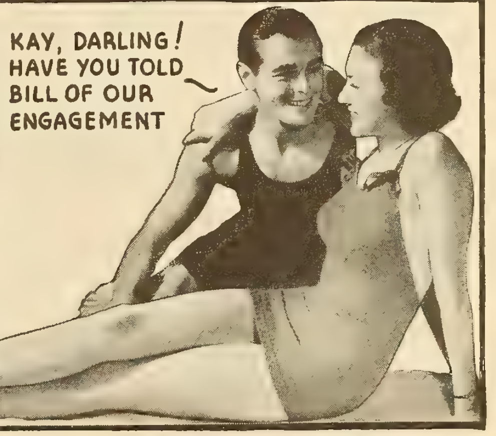
She was Beautiful

TILL HE HELD HER IN HIS ARMS...AND THEN..

WHAT HAPPENED! I THOUGHT WE HAD A BUDDING ROMANCE WITH YOU AND KAY
WELL, BILL, SHE'S SO FRAIL, SICKLY AND TIRED-OUT ALL THE TIME

HE THOUGHT
MY GOSH! SHE'S AWFULLY SKINNY AND FRAIL-I BET SHE'S ALWAYS SICK WEAK AND TIRED-OUT!

A MONTH LATER
MEET A NEW WOMAN, BILL-KAY'S BEEN TAKING KELPAMALT!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Here's new hope and courage for thousands of even "Naturally Skinny," weak, worn-out, haggard-looking men and women, whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. No longer need you pass up the opportunities for good times, for romance, and for friendships and associations which may mean so much to you, all because you are skinny, sickly and forever tired out. Science now says that one of the principal causes of this skinniness, this weakness, and these tired-out, rundown conditions is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE.

When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you . . . it just isn't turned into flesh, strength and energy. The result is you stay skinny, pale, tired out, run-down and nervous . . . and nobody loves a person who is always sick and complaining.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength-building—needs a definite ration of NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE all the time to regulate metabolism (the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.) Thousands say, "For NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol KELPAMALT"—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1300 times more iodine than oysters. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol KELPAMALT for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves! The color comes back into your cheeks. And—if you don't add at least 5 lbs. of solid, flattering flesh the first week, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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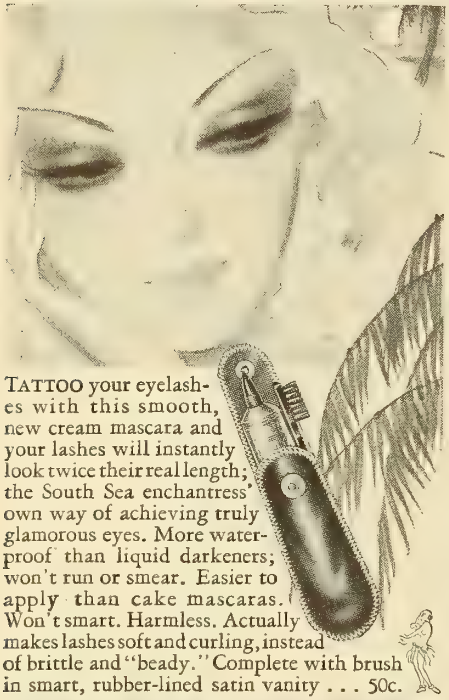
Kelpamalt Tablets Builds Extra Pounds
...New Strength and Energy

BY REPLACING MINERALS AND IODINE IN BLOOD & GLANDS

● Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!



TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

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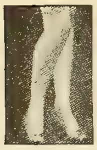

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FREE TEST ~We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

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3022 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name....................................
Street....................................
City....................State..............
Color of your hair?...........................

Joan Blondell's Covered Wagon Days

[*Continued from page* 43]

greeting us. But, unlike most such places, the room was split up in numerous small compartments, with walls reaching as high as six or seven feet.

"For forty cents, we took one of these tiny so-called rooms and hired four cots, on which the five of us slept. That ten cents saved on the fifth cot would go a long way toward paying for our breakfast of soda crackers. We always filled up on crackers whenever we could, so that we wouldn't feel hungry.

"FINALLY, after some months of travel—playing in the worst type of cheap theatres you can imagine, sometimes without even a dressing-room between us, driving through all kinds of weather and often being stuck in the mud—we reached New York.

"As we neared the east coast, we began to make better pay, and when we arrived in the big city Dad had enough to buy some scenery and a few props.

"Dad called up a booking agent and he promised to give us a try-out with the new act. We scoured New York for cheap quarters but the best we could do was a miserable little place for ninety dollars a month. And then, it was only one fair-sized room with two beds and a cot and a nook for a kitchenette.

"On the morning of the day we were to try-out, we awoke to find my brother gone. He had fallen in love with a girl in Texas and in the note he left said he was returning to marry her.

"Did that put us in a spot! We needed my brother to shift scenery and make a couple of appearances, and we didn't have money enough to pay for another boy. Consequently, we lost out, and there we were, with only a few dollars between us and starvation, and no prospect of an engagement.

"I haunted all the booking offices for weeks, going without lunches and beating my way home to save carfare. One morning, I passed a small circulating library and noticed the window was an awful mess. I went in and told the woman if she'd allow me I'd put it in order.

"'Do you want a job?' she asked. 'And how!' I replied. 'Okay, then, if you'll take twelve dollars a week you're hired.'

"That money was like manna from Heaven. It was only a pittance, but it did pay for a bit of food. Neither Mother nor Dad could get work of any kind, and there were shoes and a heavy coat and stockings to buy. Gloria, my sister, was only ten.

"I heard some girls says that Gimbel's, the department store, needed saleswomen and were paying eighteen dollars a week. I was down there at opening time the next morning and among those they hired. For three days I went through a sales course, then the store placed me in the misses' coats department.

"My luck there was nothing short of miraculous. I've always been able to sell myself to the public, and while selling coats in a store is a bit different from selling yourself to an audience in a theatre, still in some respects it's related. I managed to sell where other clerks failed.

"But, after only six days, I was fired—or would have been, probably, if I hadn't quit first—when the department manager heard me tell a customer, 'You look lousy in that. But here's a coat that really looks well on you.'

New approved formula

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WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently *while you sleep*. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. ● Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 134, Paris, Tenn.

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How much is it costing you in wasted opportunity?

Every day your associates are judging you—by what you say and how you say it! Hazy ideas, ill-chosen words, halting sentences, crude, slovenly speech—these mark a man as loose in thinking. Thoughts clear-cut, words that give true shape and color, sentences aflame with power and originality—these are the things that proclaim ability, that win for their users swift advancement. Stop apologizing for poor English—it's inexcusable! In the quiet of your home—with LaSalle's help—you can learn to speak and write with real distinction, learn to make the words you utter and the letters you compose stamp you as educated, cultured, a power to reckon with in the business world. Complete details in an attractive 32-page book, "Effective Business English," sent you free upon request. Ask for it TODAY.

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

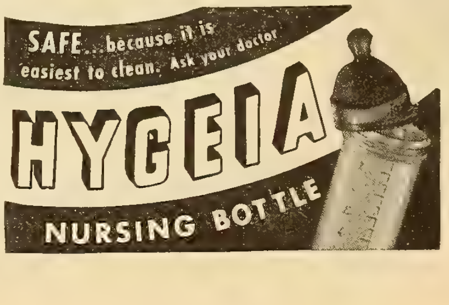
Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

PIMPLES From External Causes

Relieve the sore, itchy spots and help heal the ugly defects with—the tested medication in

Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 2a, Balto. Md.


SAFE...because it is easiest to clean. Ask your doctor
HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE

"Returning to the library, I worked all day and spent my noon hours waiting in the offices of booking agents. Somebody told me of a cheap theatrical troupe that needed another player. It was way over in a remote section of Brooklyn, and required two hours to reach the house where they were rehearsing, but I got the job—or thought I did.

"FOR ten nights I rehearsed, going there from the library. We worked hard and far into the early morning hours and were to open within a few days. I was to get twenty-five dollars a week. On the eleventh night, I arrived to see a girl going through my part.

"'You're through,' the manager told me. 'Get out.' He wouldn't even let me ask why. I knew I was better than the other girl. But when I wouldn't go some man led me out.

"'Forget it, sister,' he said. 'The boss's sweetie is back in town and wants the job.' So there I was.

"I've never felt so down in the mouth. All that time and carfare wasted. It doesn't seem important now, but when you have only a few pennies, ten cents each way for carfare counts up. And I might have found something else.

"I kept working on at the library until another opening presented itself, likewise in Brooklyn. A small show needed girls.

"The manager saw what I could do and then suggested lunch. 'No thanks,' I begged off. 'So you're one of them there so-called virgins,' he sneered.

"'So I don't get the job?' I asked. "'Whatta you think, sister?' he snapped back, and told me to get out, fast.

"Ziegfeld was my next try. With several hundred other girls trying out, I managed to be in the last bunch from whom the chorus was to be selected. But I lost out here, because I couldn't dance well enough. I once fractured both my feet and since then haven't been able to dance as well as I once could. Besides, I was out of practice. That seemed to me to be the last straw. If I couldn't dance, then what *could* I do?"

Do you still think you could take it, you out there—and would you want to—if you were called upon to go through Joan's bitter experiences? Could you retain your sense of humor, even though cold and hungry and discouraged and on the verge of despair, like Joan has done, without once losing it? And would you be a better person for all the suffering, just as Joan admits she is as a result of all those terrible months and years?

You've heard the rest of Joan's story many times . . . how she finally won a place in the cast of the road company of *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, and for a year sent fifty dollars of her weekly seventy-five dollar pay check to her folks . . . how she entered the New York cast of *My Girl Friday* . . . and how she met Jimmy Cagney in the outer office of George Kelly, the writer-producer, and the same day was assigned by Kelly to the part in *Maggie the Magnificent* which was to bring her so sensationally to the attention of New York's theatrical world. All you've read, and more.

Small wonder that Joan Blondell is on top today. She's a trouper through and through. She knows life in its every stratum. But to get to the peak . . . what she had to go through!

Could you?

Read

The Hollywood Melting Pot

by Paul Muni

November MOVIE CLASSIC

This Girl

WON

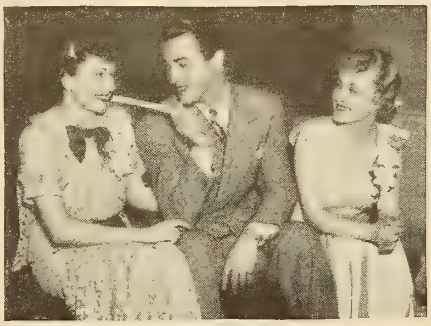
the **MAY**

"SEARCH·FOR·TALENT"

. . . and will have an opportunity to appear in a Walter Wanger Production.

EVELYN EARLE GRESHAM of Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Same Chance is open to You!



HELEN DAX and DOROTHY KATE BROWN, "Search for Talent" winners, chat with ROBERT TAYLOR in Hollywood.

MADELEINE CARROLL and GEORGE BRENT as they appear in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames", A Walter Wanger Production.

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For complete information see your HOLD-BOB dealer. You'll find entry blanks printed on the back of the HOLD-BOB card. Secure a card of HOLD-BOBS—not only for the entry blank, but because these bob pins offer you so much. They're the favorite in Hollywood where a lovely hairdress is so important. They're the only bob pins with so many practical and exclusive features such as small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped; and colors to match every shade of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS always . . . they are available everywhere.

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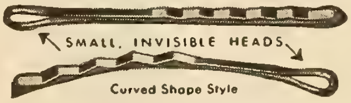

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AGENTS! Make big money showing ring Write quick for money-making plans.

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YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size.

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Nelson Eddy's Rescue Mission

[*Continued from page* 41]

Again, when Evelyn Herbert of operetta fame was in Hollywood Nelson helped her, too, to snap out of a singer's dilemma. Evelyn had been brought out by RKO for a test. The test was made at the cost of $1,300 and a whole day, and Evelyn was to hear the verdict within ten days. The tenth day came and went and the option was not taken up, and on the eleventh day Evelyn's doctor ordered her to bed. Her throat was inflamed and raw, she could scarcely speak above a whisper, and the doctor predicted quinzy. Evelyn's agent tried to soothe her with the information that her test had been good, and that she did have possibilities, but that RKO had signed Lily Pons and they felt one artist would fill the singing bill for the time. But that, he said, was the only reason they hadn't signed her. Naturally the bigger name would be chosen first. If he expected this to be balm to her rasped throat, he was mistaken. Evelyn's spirit fell and her temperature went up.

A WEEK or two later, when she was up and around, but still whispering, some friends announced a party for her. At first Evelyn demurred. She couldn't, wouldn't go. Everybody knew about her test. Or so she thought. But finally she was dissuaded of that idea, and went. Usually vivacious and exuberant, she was not at all herself, that night, and sat dismally in a corner most of the evening, until one Nelson Eddy sat down beside her.

"I hear you've been having a siege with your throat. I'm sorry," he said. And Evelyn proceeded to tell him her troubles. "Wait a minute," Nelson interrupted her in the middle of her story. "Let me tell you the rest. So the doctor came and took one look at you and shook his head, and said, 'You're a very sick young lady, my dear.' And *gratefully* you took to your bed. And people began to call and send you flowers and your nurse told them how ill you were, and you could just lie back there and think to yourself, 'Now they know it's because of my throat, because I've lost my voice, that I'm not in pictures!'"

For a moment Evelyn looked as though she were very much tempted to slap his face. She said redly, and angrily, "You mean you think I was lying about my throat! Don't you know that I can't sing even now, and that was two weeks ago!"

"I know that," Nelson nodded. "And I don't mean that you were lying. Not at all. I just mean that you lost your voice because you wanted to lose it. You thought it had failed you. You were disgusted with it. Tired of it. *Psychologically, you wanted to use the losing of it as an excuse.* If you *really* wanted to get your voice back, you could, you know."

"How?" said Evelyn, thoughtfully, and earnestly, won over now.

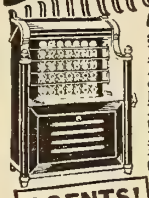
"By getting rid of your pride."

"How do you know all this?" Her tone indicated that he was right.

"Because I've been through it myself. Seems to me I've gone through everything myself."

And therein, actually, lies the reason why Nelson Eddy does find time and interest for other singers who haven't yet hit the stride he has hit. He recognizes their problems and helps them find solutions, just as he helped Evelyn Herbert find her voice again, because—wonder of wonders—he remembers *his* yesterday's problems. That's what makes Nelson Eddy one of the most remarkable personalities in Hollywood.

HEAT 1½¢ Per Hour!



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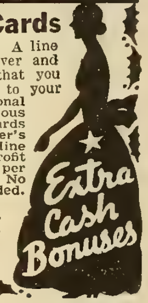

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

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A Date With Romance
The Beauty Shop

[*Continued from page* 46]

In the outer corner of Lucille's eye is drawn a tiny triangle and the black outline filled in with flesh colored paint on the point of a brush. Thus the eye assumes a long, fascinating look. Faint lines penciled next to the lashes, above and below, are blended with the fingertips into a faint shadow. "The eyes need a frame as well as the face," says Berns. "The face is framed by the hair and the eyes should be framed by accentuating the lashes."

MASCARA next (3) with an upward stroke of the brush. Then the lashes are coaxed to curl divinely upward and brushed to silky smoothness. A small stick, tipped with cotton, does duty in removing flecks of mascara that fly willy nilly below the eyes or on the lids. "In making up the face, start at the top and work down," is Berns' advice.

It's just an old Chinese brush (4) that creates those enticing lips. Dipped in lipsalve (or a little cold cream and your favorite lipstick) the tip of the brush is used to outline the lips and broaden the bow in a luscious curve. Fill in with broader treatment—so that smiling does not reveal a line of demarcation.

To complete the make-up equipment is a brush for powder (5) to whisk it evenly over the entire face and throat and another brush for rouge to blend the color subtly far out on the cheekbones. "Rouge should be applied to the highest point on the face," says Berns, voicing a simple formula to solve that oft-repeated question. "Never should it extend into the shadows around the eye."

Wearing beauty like a star on her brow, Lucille mirrors a smile of appreciation for Mel Berns—too busy with the final arrangement of a rhinestone comb to notice.

See Page 60 for Alison Alden's Recommended Beauty Aids

A Date With Romance
The Costumers

[*Continued from page* 47]

is of all time." Little did he realize that he was also striking the keynote of fashions, because a good and sound style which is of its own time, is as truly of all time as the person who comprehends his own world.

This, of course, applies to fundamentals and the methods of adopting and adapting these basic laws of dress must vary with each season and each successive generation. Usually, irregardless of masculine jibes, styles reflect fundamentals which are based on the laws of sanity.

The laws themselves are founded on a few simple principles—namely, that the current fashion should express the feeling and the need of the hour and activity; that it should never be conspicuous by its eccentricity, but always obvious by its discrimination; and that above all, it should be graceful, comfortable and practical. Hollywood, rapidly becoming the world's style center, is concentrating nowadays on fashions which emphasize romance.

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Hollywood Fought for Him

[*Continued from page* 25]

shouldered and deep-chested, but he exercises moderately. Chiefly tennis and golf.

FOREST speaks freely of his first impressions of Hollywood. He finds too much emphasis placed on the social side of life in the community. He finds that it is difficult to be individual, for he who attempts to live his own life in his own way either is tagged as eccentric, a poseur, or a recluse. This makes for people of a pattern; the women are all alike in thoughts, action, conversation and dress; the men, wittingly or not, seem to have been pressed by the same mold.

"But please don't think me a critic," he pleads. "It's merely that for many years I have been accustomed to a different routine. I went to Italy to study voice, not because the teachers there are any bit superior to the better teachers in the United States, but because I was quite serious in my desire to become a fairly good singer. I'm still serious about my work. It comes first.

"In the early part of 1925, after several years devoted as much to business as to music—I've always had to earn my living, of course—I suddenly found myself in the category of 'the successful young business man.' I was a bachelor, acquainted widely with younger members of the Wall street crowd, and I found my time not my own. I constantly was receiving invitations which I could not afford to refuse, and of course had to entertain frequently in turn. That is why I sold my business and went to Europe, and why I was content to remain there ten years."

Forest first went to Florence, where he had been given letters of introduction to the family of a retired Italian army officer, General A. Capello, and his family of a wife and two daughters of 18 and 20. Forest became a member of this family, which occupied a large villa on the outskirts of Florence, and for two years he devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of the Italian and French tongues, both of which were spoken in the household.

"Language is the basis of all singing," Forest explains, "so this two year period of preparatory study was essential to the furtherance of my plan. Naturally I studied voice during this same time."

After two years in Florence, Forest went to Milan, and a year later he made his debut in Faenza, one of the smaller Italian cities, in the opera *La Boheme*. Study under such masters as Mario Ancona, Guieppi Luca, Mario Sammerco, Ferdinando Carpi and Frederico del Cupulo had prepared Forest for this event.

To build his career gradually, which is considered the better plan for an operatic singer, the young American continued with the smaller companies in the less populous cities, increasing his repertory with each passing month.

IN 1931 one of his greatest ambitions, and the ambition of all singers, was realized. He was offered an engagement at La Scala, traditional world capitol of the opera, a cathedral of music whose great stage has brought fortune and fame to more signers than any other in the world.

But with this joy came tragic disappointment, which later proved a boon.

Forest's first work at La Scala was to be in the Humperdink opera, *The King's Son*. He and another tenor, longer established and with a wide following in Milan, were to alternate in the leading tenor role.

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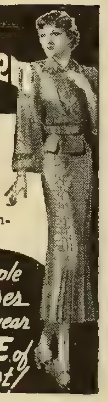

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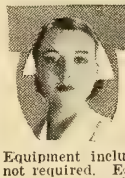

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From the outset Forest was conscious of a certain feeling of trepidation. He was not without personal confidence in his ability, but he felt that the opera itself would not be as popular as many others he would have preferred for a La Scala debut.

'My fears proved justified," he recalls. "The established tenor, one of great ability and high reputation, was to sing the first two presentations, I was to sing in the third and fourth. The opera was not re-undertaken after the first performance."

This did not disturb Forest as much as it might. In fact he, from a purely selfish standpoint, was glad that it had happened to another rather than himself, for audiences everywhere are inclined to blame the individuals on the stage rather than the author when a play is mediocre. His next experience, however, was a real blow.

He was handed the score of a new opera, one never before produced at La Scala, and was told that if the tenor role in it pleased him, it, instead of the Humperdink opus, was to be the vehicle for his debut.

"You can imagine how carefully I studied it," he said. "I pored over it for days, every word, every note. The more time I gave to this microscopic scrutiny, the stranger became the impression I had gained from a first quick reading. I had a premonition that this work, also, would be indifferently received. In fact I felt it would be a flop. And if it should happen to be my misfortune to make my LaScala bow in something that would not be well received, that would be the end of my career. For in Italy, where everyone in every walk of life knows opera and good musicianship and loves it, such things can happen all too easily to young singers.

"I told the managing director of La Scala how I felt. He readily and graciously saw my viewpoint, disagreed with me, of course, and permitted me to withdraw with assurances of a future chance.

"MY hunch, if you wish to call it such, was borne out. The opera, *Favorite of the King,* was presented with another young and untried tenor in the part I was to have sung. It was received with worse than apathy by the audience; the critics ripped it wide open. That poor fellow has not stepped on La Scala stage since that time. It will take him five more years to re-establish himself there, for the Italian public and critics are unforgiving of a bad performance, which in this case surely was not all the fault of the singer."

It is this fear that has Forest worried in Hollywood. The opera-goers of America are far more generous than their Italian brothers or sisters. A young singer can give an uninspired performance at the Metropolitan, the Cincinnati, or the Chicago Opera, and he or she quickly will be forgiven and offered another chance. But the American motion picture public is something else.

"Two or three thousand persons at the most see you give a bad performance in a theater. Maybe you have a headache that night, or some trouble at the bank. The next night you feel yourself, and win flattering applause. But you are permitted but one chance on the screen. There you are, good or bad, on permanent celluloid, and you have no chance to correct mistakes. When I think what I'm up against it's far worse than stage fright. It's absolute terror."

But as he says this you never lose the feeling that this virile, handsome chap, has other than absolute confidence in himself. Not a cocky, arrogant confidence. Just assurance in his own ability and a consciousness of his natural limitations.

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Adventures of An Extra Girl

[*Continued from page* 37]

He looked at me sternly and said, "Yeah, the 'Killer!'"

Now I know that's only a nickname and all in fun and all that sort of thing but when a man looks at you like that and says "Killer" what does a girl do? She does what I did—grins feebly and says, "You're right! It *is* a hot day!"

He's with Mack and George a lot and proceeded to tell me about them. They quarrel a great deal—principally because Mack (who lives with George) won't take any pride in his room! "For two years," says George, "I've tried to get Mack to fix up his room. His drapes are lousy! But does he care? What will people think of my house if they get a peek at Mack's room?" And finally, "Who's boss around here anyway?" And Mack grins and goes serenely on his way.

The boy said George was the most generous person he's ever known. He told me that when George was making a personal appearance in New York it didn't take long for people to discover just how kind he is. And after every performance there were people outside the theatre—and inside, if they could make it—with hard-luck stories. Often they had their gas and light bills (which they couldn't pay) to show George, and the boy said it was amazing how much money changed hands that way.

I think that's grand!

His clothes must be just right. "Is this all right?" "Does that hang straight?" Are his shoes too pointed? Does the sole come out too far? "Half the time," says the boy, "I don't know what he's talkin' about! But I should argue with George Raft? And whether he's fussy or he ain't, he's one swell guy!"

NOW coming from a hard-boiled extra that's really sump'n'! We hear so much palaver—and every so often our movie favorites turn out to be such stuffed shirts. I hate to admit it, but it's true. And if that disillusions you, you'll have to mark it down as one of Life's minor tragedies. The one consolation is that on the whole they are real people. And after all, you get an occasional So-and-So in *every* walk of life!

Margaret Sullavan is real—so real that for a long time Hollywood couldn't understand her. The first day I was on a set with her she ate her lunch perched at the counter with the crew! Now that remark may not leave you gasping but if you knew how some of the languid ladies of the screen spend their lunch hour you'd see what I'm driving at. Usually the star, followed by a solicitous maid, retires to her dressing-room. She rests; she nibbles at a perfectly-served lunch; then (when the spirit moves!) she returns to the set. But none of that for young Dynamo Sullavan! During her lunch hour I saw her first, on a bike, then on a horse and finally on a motorcycle, going around the studio lot like mad—and hanging on for dear life. She left herself just enough time for her usual salad and glass of milk. Then back on the set for more work!

And speaking of lunch (pardon me if I seem to dwell on lunch and food—you get that way from being an extra girl!), reminds me of an amusing incident that happened a short time ago "on location."

The spot was the desert—and really, starting out, we looked like a caravan; five hundred extras to be transported, sound truck, cameras, crew and of course the all-important lunch wagons. On location the studio must supply the lunch so the wagons are set up in a conspicuous place just outside the scene of action. The director of the picture was a Russian, Boleslawsky. Now Mr. Boleslawsky not only sports a very artistic temperament but a thick and heavy accent as well—so thick and heavy that at first we had some trouble in understanding him.

He must have everything "pair-fect!" So instead of trusting his assistants, he himself started "placing" the extra people; three people must stand here, so! Four more must sit there, so! With all that care and thought it took plenty of time to place 500 extras. Hours were spent doing this, in fact the whole morning! Finally, everybody was in position and everything just right to suit the artistic temperament of Mr. Boleslawsky!

Then into the center of it all were placed two of the principal actors who were supposed to be fighting a duel. When a certain word was called by Boleslawsky the actors were to follow directions at once and start fencing, the cameras were to grind and the extras to close in and show intense interest. Unfortunately the word chosen by Mr. Boleslawsky to start the duel was "Lunge"—for when it issued from his lips as *"Lonch"* every one of the 500 extras dashed from his place to—the lunch wagons!

I have a strange feeling that what he called us in Russian wasn't very nice!

OCCASIONALLY a director rides and harries a member of his cast in order to get what he wants out of a scene. If the player is important, sparks begin to fly. I was once on a set with Barbara Stanwyck when the director started in—"No, no, Barbara! That's not at all what I *want!*" On and on it went—and Barbara was tiring under the strain of so much rehearsing. Finally one of the scenes called for a hurried entrance, followed by a highly dramatic speech. At the first rehearsal the director said, "Oh please! Put some *umph* into it—this is *supposed* to be dramatic!" The second rehearsal was stopped by the director yelling, "Try it again! And put some *umph* into it!"

Again it was gone through (beautifully, this time) and the director cried, "That's it! That's got some *umph!* Now we'll 'take' it!"

Lights were set, everything was ready and the director yelled, "Action!" At that the red-headed star made her entrance to the middle of the set; she cast one baleful glance at the director and, with all the drama in the world, cried, *"Umph!"* And walked off the set!

It isn't always amusing, however. Tragedies happen—even to movie stars! There was one day on a set I shall never forget. One of the principal roles was being played by a newcomer from Broadway. She had one very important scene which the director was anxious to "shoot" that day and as six o'clock neared everybody was working like mad to finish. At last the camera was set and lights were adjusted. Just as they were ready to shoot, an assistant director handed the girl a telegram which had just been delivered. She read it, put it in her pocket and walked onto the set. Then she proceeded to give the grandest performance I've ever witnessed. She went through her scene without a hitch and when she reached the part where she was to burst into tears she did it so realistically that we were all close to weeping.

Never, we said, had we seen such acting.

When the scene was over and the director called, "Cut!" even the crew burst into applause. To our surprise the girl paid no attention, but continued to sit at the table, sobbing as though her heart would break. The director went over to her and said, "My dear, it's all over! You were magnificent!"

For reply the girl put her hand in her pocket and brought out the telegram which she passed over to the director.

It told her that in New York her small son had been killed that morning in an automobile accident.

ON top of that news she'd had the courage and the will power to go through her scene—but once the bars were down and the tears had started, it was simply more than she could control.

That, my friends, is known as "intestinal fortitude!"

Of course, the different stars have different ways of reacting to the situation and it's always interesting to watch. I gape and "tin-ear" like anything when a star is on the set—but when they repair to their dressing-rooms, I needs must take my gaping and tin-earring some place else. So I watch the camera being set up; I hear an electrician yell something about a "Lupe"—that's a very hot light named after Lupe Velez!

And then there are always the other extras! Pointed out to me, among the extra ranks, is a faded blonde whose only bid for fame is that she once had a date with Vantino!

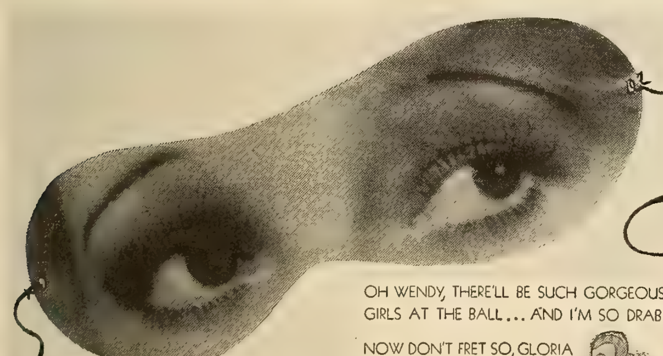
In back of me are two extras talking. One just returned from London. Upon inquiry all he can seem to remember about a seven months' sojourn is that the "pubs" closed at eleven and, gosh, the fog!

In front of me two girls are talking. One is going to change her name. She likes Dolores but she's going to take Joan—it's so "society!"

Really, you meet the most interesting people!

As for me, sometimes I get discouraged and wonder if it's worth it. At a time like that I feel like Baby Leroy, who, upon being asked by Shirley Temple how old he was replied, "Three years old! *And what have I got to show for it?"*

THE *Secret* OF HER *Alluring Eyes*



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Laughs On The Cobb

[*Continued from page* 33]

And when they call me for retakes, I won't be there!"

(The boast was not idle. As I write this, I am advised by a harassed studio that Irvin Cobb is missing. They want him for retakes of the tomato-in-the-eye scene. It seems the tomato they used wasn't ripe enough to photograph well, and they want to hit him with a tomato into which the studio makeup department has squirted black ink, so it will make a real gooey picture. But Cobb is gone, and has left no forwarding address. You'll see the anaemic tomato hit Mr. Cobb when you see *Pepper.)*

HOWEVER, despite his wails, the Hollywood life of Irvin Cobb isn't all vegetables-in-the-optic and falls-on-the-you-know-what. For Irvin Cobb, who ranks now as Hollywood's best-loved citizen, and who most nearly fills the place of Will Rogers, finds life as a movie-actor really delightful, interesting, thrilling, despite his professional yawps to the contrary.

He lives in Garbo's house. He sleeps in Garbo's bed. When you ask him how it feels to sleep in Garbo's bed, he looks around to see if ladies are within earshot. If they are, he won't tell you. If they aren't, he tells you. But since ladies will probably read this story, I can't tell you what Mr. Cobb tells you when ladies aren't around.

Of course—or did you know it?—Garbo doesn't live there any more, herself! What I mean is that Mr. Cobb has taken to himself the house where Garbo used to live, before she t'ank she go home, this last time. Mr. Cobb gets a giggle out of the story of the lady who lives next door. She has two children. When Garbo used to be their neighbor, the lady tells Mr. Cobb, her little son came running to her one sunny morning, shouting:

"Oooh, mama—that lady next door is out in her yard without any clothes on again!"

But this story isn't about Garbo, so let's skip that. This is about Irvin Cobb, and what he's in Hollywood for. As a matter of fact, he doesn't really understand that himself. He came to Hollywood first, he complains, under false pretenses—and he's still here under the same.

"The false pretenses the first time," he explains, "weren't mine; they were Hal Roach's. He got me out here, pretending he wanted me to *write* for movies. When he got me here, he revealed that he wanted me to *act* in 'em! Hell! I've been here ever since, but this time, the false pretense is mine. I pretend I'm an actor, but hell . . . ! ! "

It was nobody else but grand old Will Rogers himself who helped boost Cobb into feature pictures. Under the Hal Roach false pretense arrangement, Cobb managed to escape acting save in one of four two reelers he wrote for the producer. After the experiment, Roach and Cobb told each other good-bye by mutual consent.

Then one day, Will Rogers came to him and drawled: "Say, Irv; how about playing a steamboat cap'n in my next picture?"

"Don't," remonstrated Cobb, "try any of your funny cracks on me."

"But I mean it," insisted Will. "Lookahere—if you take the part, we can just have a swell time together on the picture, and we'll get paid for it besides."

That was the clincher. Cobb took the part. For Director John Ford, it was tough. Because neither Cobb nor Rogers bothered to read the script. Ford didn't discover it until they were on the deck of the steamboat on the Sacramento River location.

"We were all dressed up in our clown suits," Cobb tells it, "when Ford asked us like this: 'Gentlemen, I don't want to seem morbidly curious, but—have either of you gentlemen read the script of this picture we're supposed to make?"

"Naw," grinned Rogers.

"Nope," grunted Cobb.

"Have either of you the faintest idea of what it's all about?" pleaded Ford.

"No; we've decided to approach it with an open mind," explained Cobb. Then he turned to Will Rogers, and said: "See here, Bill; I'll make a deal with you. You think up a line for me to say, and I will do the same for you . . . "

"Gentlemen," interrupted Ford, "that's all very nice of you. It's just awfully nice of you. But would you do me a favor? I don't want to interfere, but would you every so often—just every half hour, say—just mention something about the plot?"

And that's the way they left it. That's the way they made *Steamboat Round the Bend.* Cobb and Rogers had one grand time—and both grinned when, as Bill had cannily told Cobb, they got paid for it!

COBB comes closest to real tears (not crocodile tears, like the luncheon sequence, but honest-to-god man's tears) when he talks of Will Rogers. These two, rivals for the title of America's Top Humorist, were close friends. They loved each other with that depth of respect and admiration and liking and warmth that marks man's deepest friendships. And they were always playing tricks on each other. Cobb told me about the time Rogers was to make a radio broadcast, and invited him to the broadcasting studio. Cobb, unsuspecting, went. And was horrified to hear Rogers announce, without preliminary warning, that Cobb was to share the day's broadcast with him!

Then, during that intermission when an orchestra plays, Rogers went to his portable typewriter and painfully, one-fingeredly as always, clicked out some questions he was going to ask Cobb before the mike. He handed the sheet to Cobb to work out some answers before they went on the air.

Just as they took their place at the mike, Rogers asked, aside, what his answers were going to be.

"Hell, you don't think I'm going to show you my answers, do you?" roared Cobb.

Rogers grinned devilishly.

"H'm, so that's it," he whispered. And when they got on the air, Rogers didn't ask him a single one of the pre-arranged questions, but crossed him up instead with the darndest set of queries he'd ever had to answer on the spot, Cobb grins.

Despite all his plaints, Cobb really loves movie acting. It's characteristic of him that he does. His whole life has been spent, seeking the thrill of new things to do. The story of his life has been told before; I needn't bore you with it here. But he admits that he regards life as a never-to-be-ended adventure . . .

"I love the lure of the always something different," he explains, when you catch him in a serious moment. I've tried being an artist, newspaperman, reporter, editor, cartoonist, writer of short stories, books, lecturer, after-dinner speaker, fisherman—and now movie acting. I've loved each new angle, each new phase of life's game."

In his private life, Cobb loves laziness. He says his greatest joy in life would be to just loaf—except that he isn't sure, because he's never tried it. Never had time. When he works at his typewriter, he wears the world's funniest smock. He had it specially made. It hasn't any buttons on it, because when he works, he plays with whatever buttons he can get his fingers on. He used to twist all the buttons off his suits before he took to wearing smocks. Then he twisted the buttons off the smocks. So finally, he invented a buttonless smock, and that's what he wears now.

THERE is, about him, something of the same aura of human love that distinguished Will Rogers. Just as Will, even in his most caustic moments, was never offensive because everything he said was so patently flavored with that human kindness and friendly-kidding touch, just so is Irvin Cobb never offensive, even in his own most satirical bursts—or his most rabelaisan sallies. He has the reputation of being not only the funniest and the kindest man in Hollywood, but also the bawdiest-spoken, when the company is right. Most of his funniest cracks can't ever be printed. But throughout Hollywood, they're laughed at, every hour of every day. And no matter what the joke, no matter what it's about, Cobb puts it over with that indefinable touch that makes it funny, never unpleasant.

He has definite aversions, regrets, likes.

His pet aversion, on a big scale, he says, is a religious bigot. "A religious bigot," he says, explosively, "is the lowest form of animal life." On a small scale, his chief hate is a person who hears what you say, looks right at you, but pretends not to hear what you're saying.

His biggest regret in life is what his family did to him what they named him Irvin! His dad's name was Joshua, and old Joshua Cobb wanted his son named after him. "But the wimmen-folk thought Joshua was old-fashioned; they were romantic, and they picked out the name of Irvin for me! Irvin, imagine that! Hell—if I'd been named Joshua, I'd have had the greatest 'natural' humorist's name in the world—Josh Cobb. I got cheated!"

Now, as a movie actor, he's ready for anything it may bring. Being a man of the world, he's prepared for anything and everything. He's even prepared for the inevitable question, put to any and all movie-players, be they seven or seventy—What About Your Love Life?

Irvin Cobb's love-life will never make the front pages of any newspapers. Divorce is just something, to him, that other movie actors go for. He married only once—, that was when he was a reporter nearly twoscore years ago. He took time off and married Laura Baker, of an old Savanah, Georgia, family. The only time since then that Laura Baker hasn't been by his side was when he turned her back to her parents for a while, borrowed $150 from them, and went to New York to get a job. As soon as he got the job, he sent for Laura and paid back the $150.

They have one daughter—Elizabeth. She's married, and has three children. One of them, the five-year-old boy, is named Irvin Cobb Brody. The grandchildren are Cobb's greatest delights.

Irvin calls every girl he meets "honey," but that's an old southern custom.

And that is as wide afield as Irvin Cobb's love life goes.

"Sex appeal? Well, I've heard a man has to have it to be a success on the screen," he grunts, "but hell! All *I've* got is dandruff . . . !"

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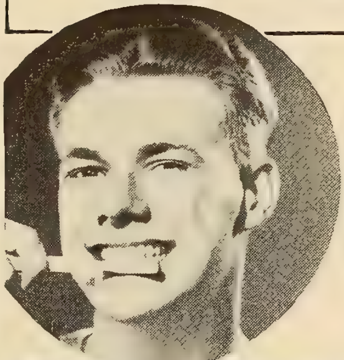

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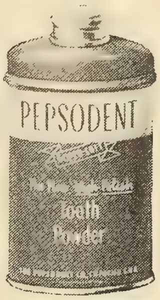

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Hollywood's "No" Girl

[*Continued from page 32*]

who didn't have to wear it. Her courage and her determination were rewarded with that priceless gift to any individual, child or grown—she stood out from the crowd.

In childhood, these matters were just Gloria's rebellion against specific things. With maturity came her realization that all of the things she *didn't want* could be lumped under one general classification. That was the classification which you may head Uniformity; Conformity; Mediocrity; Ordinariness . . . .

She *didn't want* to do things just because other people did them; she *didn't want* to adhere to accepted conventions and behavior. She *didn't want* to be just another ordinary, pretty girl, living another ordinary life.

AND, purely because of that, she made the turn that set her on the road to her present success. She turned to acting. In the stage, the theater, she found the escape from the mediocrity she didn't want.

It was in high school that she first began to act. She carried it with her into college, at Berkeley, California. She played prominent parts, often the lead, in all the school and university productions. But even here, in her active escape, she still wouldn't take what she didn't want. When they gave her a rôle she *didn't want,* or told her to act a certain part in a way she didn't want to act it, she rebelled. And, as always, she stuck to her guns. Part of the time, she got away with it—they either changed her rôle, or capitulated to her idea of how to play it. But just as often, she didn't get away with it—she was fired from the cast by an irate director.

"But I don't think that was defeat for me," she says now, in retrospect. "I think it was victory. If I had given in, and done as they wanted me to and as I did NOT want to, I'd have been the loser. I'd have lost my individuality; I'd have taken the easier way—and become just another puppet. I didn't. I fought against what I didn't want, and wouldn't take it."

Oh, she made mistakes. Naturally enough. She used to make the mistake of letting her temper get the best of her. Temper (spell it temperament, if you want to) so easily masters a person who runs life on the "don't want" plan. One day, in a temper, Gloria swished past a mirror. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of herself. She stopped, appalled at the contorted, ugly face that glared back at her from the looking glass.

"Good God," she said, *"I don't want* to look like that."

She relaxed the rage-distorted lines of her face. She smiled, to wipe out the horrible caricature she had seen. Suddenly, with the act, she realized her anger had vanished, along with the face it had made! She had learned something. From that day on, she has had her temper under control—for whenever she feels it getting the upper hand, she remembers that she *doesn't want* to look the way she does when she's mad.

Now, it's strangely fitting in this story of the girl who knew what she didn't want, that early in life, she learned she could not make good on the obverse plan of life. She learned she could not be THE GIRL WHO KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS AND GETS IT.

Lesson No. 1 came while she was still in high school. She suddenly decided she wanted a certain handsome young professor,

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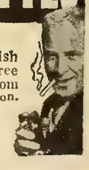

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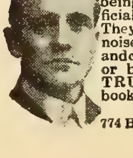

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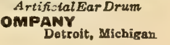

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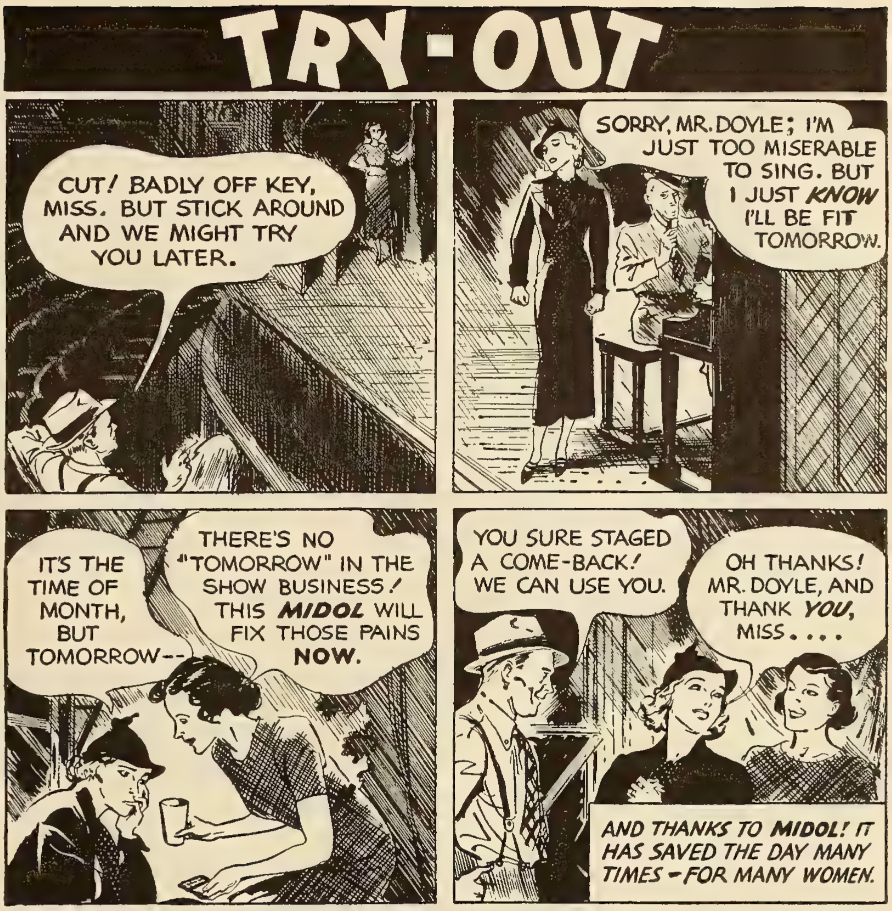
all for herself. It was a schoolgirl crush, but it was terribly big and serious to Gloria. She *wanted* him. And she set out to get him. She wrote him notes, she sent him gifts, she called him up, she made every opportunity to be in his company.

That was all right enough—but the professor was married. The professor's wife raised the devil. She threatened divorce and public scandal. Gloria, finally, was expelled—until she got over her crush. Or until she learned she couldn't have what she wanted. Or anyway, until she discovered she *didn't want* to be on the wrong end of any situation. Then she went back to school, forgot the prof, and behaved herself . . . . .

—— until she went to Berkeley to live, as a co-ed. She suddenly decided that she wanted to live life in her own way. She wanted to make whoopee. So she rented a cottage 'way out in the Berkeley Hills, where the neighbors couldn't bang on the walls if she threw a wild party. She wanted to throw wild parties. So she started by throwing one. It WAS wild. Not until the middle of it and its wildest moment did Gloria learn that even 'way out there in the hills, she had a neighbor—and that that neighbor happened to be, of all things, a Berkeley policewoman! That party landed Gloria and her guests in the jailhouse. And Gloria had learned Lesson No. 2 about not being able to have what she wanted, willy-nilly! And so, from then on, Gloria applied herself to the basis of not taking what she DID NOT want . . . . .

TODAY, she's still living on that basis. Her life is ordered and planned and lived on that basis. She's even planning her future on it. She doesn't want, you see, to come to the end of her career and find herself without any interest in life. She's seen other players hit that spot, and fade.

[*Continued on page* 84]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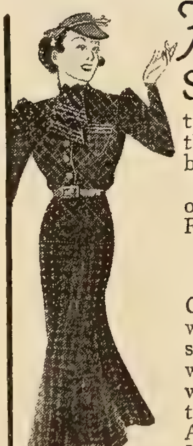

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Nino Martini, of operatic and screen fame, will soon be seen again—with beautiful Ida Lupino as his inspiration—in *The World Is Mine,* a Pickford-Lasky production with romantic old Mexico as its colorful background

Hollywood's "No" Girl

[*Continued from page* 83]

She doesn't want to be "it" herself. And so she is closing a deal now to buy a newspaper—a weekly, in central California. When she quits the screen, she's going to edit and run that newspaper. She doesn't want to sit back and do nothing; so she's already assuring herself that no matter what happens, she won't have to do what she doesn't want to.

IN little things and big things, she lives out the don't want plan. She doesn't like diamonds; so her husband had to give her an engagement ring with, instead of diamonds, a star ruby. She doesn't want to gain weight, nor does she want to diet. Here she was up against a dilemma—two things she did not want (and they conflicted. But she stuck to her guns—and believe it or not, she didn't do either of the things she didn't want—

She is neither gaining weight, nor is she dieting. She's getting around the latter in this manner—she gets up on a glass of orange juice, because she *doesn't like* a big breakfast anyway. She goes to sleep on a glass of grapefruit juice, because she *doesn't like* late snacks anyway. So neither of those are dieting. And for her one meal a day, as the result, she can and does eat anything she feels like—whether it's a great heap of salad, or a two-inch-thick steak with gravy. And when you ask her how she can eat all that, she tells you she doesn't like to diet, and grins.

Even in the greatest thing in life—love, marriage—Gloria has had the courage to know what she didn't want, and stick to it. And in the story of how she did, her greatest mistake in her program of "don't want" must be recorded. It's like this:

When she was young, she had, like other youngsters, some rather half-baked theories that sounded real to her. One of them was the popular young-life idea that "marriage is an antiquated, to-be-put-up-with custom, made tolerable only through the application of modern thought." Gloria didn't want her marriage to be a humdrum sort of affair; she didn't want to be hidebound and convention-ridden. So when she married Blair Gordon Newell, during her co-ed days, she didn't want to give up any of the things she thought marriage might cost her. So because she thought she *didn't want* old-fashioned marriage, they undertook a new-fashioned one. They remained individuals —even lived apart much of the time. It was one of those bohemian, arty marriages. And it didn't take.

Gloria found out that it didn't work. She didn't want to continue the farce. Here her courage came to the fore. She could have shrugged her shoulders and made the best of it, and avoided offending her relatives and his. But she didn't want to do that; she didn't want to compromise with the truth. She learned that she had made a mistake; she didn't want to perpetuate it by making another. So she took her courage boldly in her hands, and announced that she didn't want to be Mrs. Newell any longer.

She got what she wanted, her divorce.

Love came again. Gloria, having learned one lesson, didn't want to suffer again. She didn't want to fall in love again.

She had the courage to say so to the man in the case—Arthur Sheekman, newspaperman once, now a writer for Fox. Sheekman, intelligent, saw her point. He loved her enough to listen to her—and they made an agreement that they would NOT fall in love.

But things aren't done as easily as that. Little Danny Cupid doesn't listen to what people don't like—not even to Gloria's don't-want-to's. They fell in love! And they married.

"I don't want our marriage to flop—like my other one did," Gloria bravely told Sheekman. They talked it over, frankly, decently, as two modern intelligent people in love. They arrived at a basis of understanding. They found they had a community of interests—both in the same industry, at the same studio; each had deep respect for the other's individuality; each finds interest in the other's work; neither opposes the other's career nor is jealous; each understands the other—and instead of committing the error of living apart, though married, they live as closely together, in mind and thought as well as physical presence, as is possible.

THEY'VE quarrelled only once in the many months of their marriage. That was over a difference of opinion about, of ALL things, Russia's five-year-plan. In the midst of the quarrel, they laughed. "I never want to quarrel with you again," Gloria sobbed.

Gloria doesn't like apartments; they live in a house in Beverly Hills. She doesn't like whoopee and wild parties; they never have them. She doesn't like to 'be Hollywood'; and she's known as the most un-Hollywoody star in Hollywood.

The studio has learned, too, that when Gloria doesn't like something, she won't take it. They learned it most definitely a couple of years ago, or so, when Gloria realized that little by little her career was being side-tracked, and that she was becoming, instead of a star on the upgrade, just another leading woman. She saw other, newer actresses being put in choice spots, while she just was sitting out her contract. She didn't like it.

That week-end, she talked things over with Arthur. "We can take a shack in Laguna Beach," she reasoned. "I can cook, and you can write whenever you want to. It won't cost us a hundred a month. And I won't have to take what I don't want!"

Sheekman said all right. It was part of their code. Gloria, fortified with his loyalty, strengthened by knowing she didn't have to take what she didn't want to take, when they tried to force it on her, became a new woman.

At the studio, they recognized something had happened. Gloria never defied them; it never was as open as that. It was only that there was a new self-assuredness about her, a definite force. And all of a sudden, Gloria began getting the plum rôles. You've seen her in them—you've seen how Gloria, a couple of years ago just another actress, is suddenly zooming to the top again, in grand pictures, grand rôles. Gloria and Arthur never had to hie themselves off to Laguna; it never became necessary. Gloria, through the simple expedient of making ready to refuse what she didn't want to take, didn't have to take it anyway!

So there she is, at the top again, having what she wants because she won't have what she doesn't want. She has always known what she didn't want, and has consistently refused to take it. She's gotten as far as any girl who knew what she *did* want and made that her guiding star.

She epitomizes her philosophy of life now in a single summary—

"I don't want ever to get tired of living," she says. "I don't want ever to face the time or the situation when I will have to take that situation, whether I want to or not. If Fate will always let me try something new when the old wears out—whatever that be—I'll be happy . . . . ."

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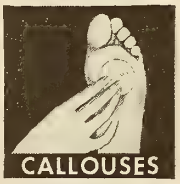

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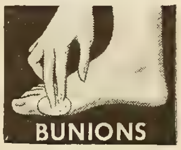

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Nautical Recipes For Landlubbers

[*Continued from page* 8]

this world? The crew, a jolly group, was making sail while we perched atop cartons and cases of food, waiting for the chef to come aboard to supervise the stowing of provisions. I wanted to talk with Lee's cook after hearing the marvels he performs when it seems as though he has only a can opener with which to work.

This Tracy chap is a hundred and fifty pounds of dynamic energy, brimming over with wisecracks and mile a minute conversation. He couldn't stand still long enough to fry an egg and admits he is one fellow who doesn't care a rap about being noted for some mysterious concoction of his own. Yet man-like, when Lee enters his teak and mahogany dining salon, he demands good food even though the meal is being served in the middle of the Pacific ocean. Hence my interest—which was well rewarded—in Bill, the chef. For instance, imagine how good the following dish would taste on land or sea!

BLANKETED LITTLE PORK SAUSAGES

Tasty breadcrumb dressing, well seasoned
Canned Little Pork Sausages
1 can Chicken Broth
Seasoning to taste
Flour

Fry sausages until about half done. Make dressing, adding a little of the pork fryings for richness. Moisten with chicken broth until mixture is firm enough to mold. Mold dressing into shape of croquettes, the length of sausages. Press sausages into dressing and cover completely, retaining shapely croquettes. Roll croquettes in bread or cracker crumbs and fry slowly a delicate brown, allowing time for sausages to finish cooking and dressing to become thoroughly done. Add a little of the remaining fat from pork fryings to balance of chicken broth. Heat and thicken for gravy which is to be served piping hot over croquettes. Serve with canned apple sauce.

"Guess I'm not the domestic type," Lee observed. "I've been living in hotels ever since I went on the stage and even sunny California hasn't converted me to vine covered bungalows. No servant problems for me or sleepless nights because gophers are ruining the front lawn. I'll bail out boats instead of water-swamped basements—*that's fun!*"

And there you have Lee Tracy in a nutshell. He is equally intense about work or play—no actor in Hollywood is more serious about or gives more time and thought to his characterizations—no person seeks diversion more diligently—and he sees to it that no humdrum daily cares interfere with either.

When I talked with Bill I found he could give us many pointers that work equally well in either kitchen or galley.

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Gene Raymond
(See page 18)

It isn't necessary to own a boat to appreciate the value of a cupboard stocked with prepared foods. How about the day Aunt Emma and all the cousins drove up unexpectedly in time for dinner? It's a comfortable feeling to bring the crowd home after an evening of merry making and know you can fill their empty tummies with little or no trouble. No bargain days down town will be missed if you make use of Bill's tasty recipes.

PREPARED HAM WITH ORANGE SAUCE

Half or whole Flavor Sealed Ham
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup orange juice
2 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup water
8 whole cloves
2 tbls. corn starch

Turn ham out of can and place in open dripping pan. Cover the fat side with brown sugar. Add balance of sugar to orange juice, water, rind, and whole cloves. Cook this mixture on top of range until slightly thickened. Pour over ham and bake at 300 degrees until ham is thoroughly heated through. Remove ham from pan, pour off excess fat and thicken juice with cornstarch. Dip each piece of ham in gravy when served.

GREEN PEA SOUFFLE

1 can Pea Soup
2½ cups white breadcrumbs
¼ tsp. celery salt
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
4 egg whites, beaten until stiff
Suggestion of minced garlic

Add breadcrumbs to soup and beat until smooth. Add celery salt and minced garlic. Add egg yolks and mix thoroughly. Fold in egg whites lightly, keeping mixture as light and fluffy as possible. Turn into well greased ring mold and bake in pan of water at 350 degrees until mixture is firm. Remove from pan of water, bake fifteen minutes longer. Turn souffle out on plate, and fill center of ring with creamed peas.

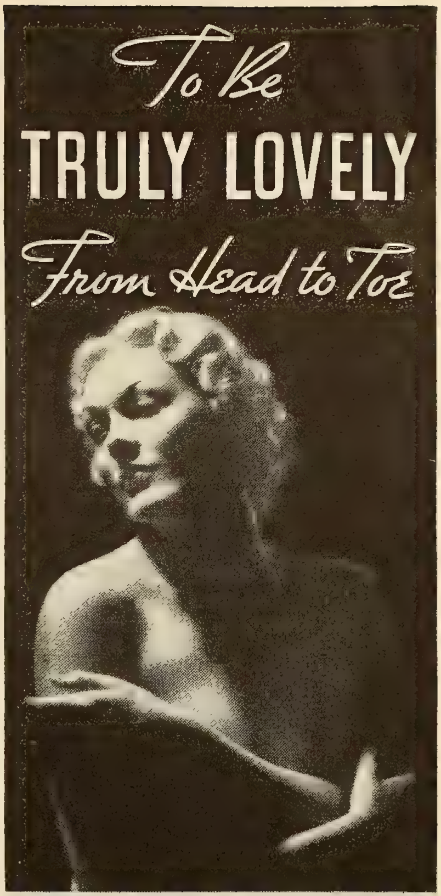
It's an easy matter to have a Spanish dinner even though fresh products aren't available. Canned Chili Con Carne and Tamales are served with Rice Madrid, while canned pears, cheese and crackers provide the dessert.

RICE MADRID

1½ cups uncooked rice
2 large onions sliced
4 canned green chili peppers, chopped fine
1 can Consomme Madrilene
Salt to taste
1 Tsp. chili powder
1 clove garlic, minced fine
1 can solid pack tomatoes
Grated cheese
Olive Oil

Place olive oil in large frying pan, add rice and stir constantly until light brown. Add onion, peppers and tomatoes. Add enough soup to cover mixture sufficiently as rice swells. When mixture comes to a boil, lower heat, cover, and cook for one hour, or until rice has taken up all of the moisture. Mix chili powder in a little cold water and add to mixture, being careful not to mash rice grains. Stir in finely minced garlic. Do not cook after garlic and chili powder have been added. Sprinkle rice with grated cheese before serving.

Send 15c for a complete copy of the Stars Cookbook, containing recipes from 15 noted Hollywood celebrities. Address orders to Dorothy Dwan, MOVIE CLASSIC, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.



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The Good Earth

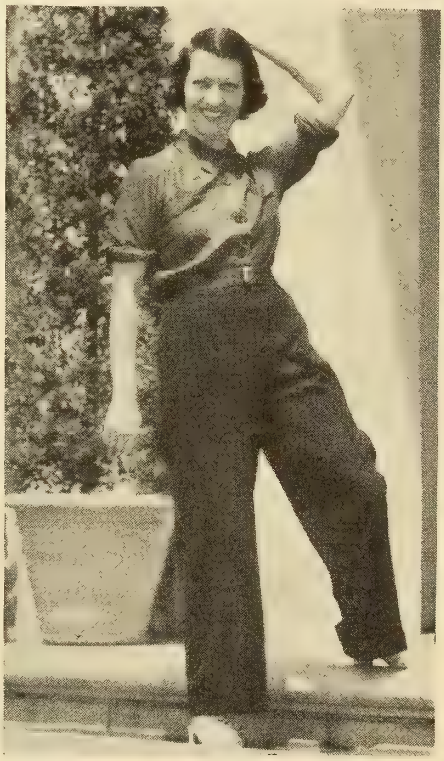
[*Continued from page* 35]

Miss Rainer's role; the home of the uncle, played by Walter Connolly, the home of Ching, the friend, and many others. Stone markers, inscribed in Chinese, mark off the different farm boundaries. Eight water buffalo draw plows, or turn the great water wheel that supplies irrigation from the stream. Ducks, chickens, pigeons, pigs, dogs, donkeys—a very menagerie of livestock—are released and give an additional reality to the location.

Chinese utensils, plows, implements, tools, even portions of the houses, came from China, bought there and brought back by the production unit that spent a year in the Far East in preparation for the production. Wooden plows and harrows, flumes and water wheels, furniture made of bamboo, Chinese ox carts, dishes, water jars, shovels, a wayside shrine to the Feng Shui, or household gods, all came from China. Even the costumes were purchased in the fields in China.

These items were all carefully checked, stored, and produced by the busy property man as called for in the script. The properties range from a huge inlaid wedding sedan chair to Chinese thread and needles. More than 380 cases of properties were brought back from the Orient when the picture was first planned, nearly four years ago.

In a corner of the location, a small shack houses a complete weather bureau, for weather reports guide the work of the company almost every hour of the day. The appearance of clouds is studied by the director. If the light fails in one spot, he



Lily Pons so endeared herself to screen audiences with her first picture that RKO-Radio prevailed on her to return for a second nearly six months before the date specified in her contract. She will start production immediately on a filmusical tentatively entitled *Love Song*

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We urge you to take the floor and present your candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers cash prizes for the best letters published.

(See page 6 for details

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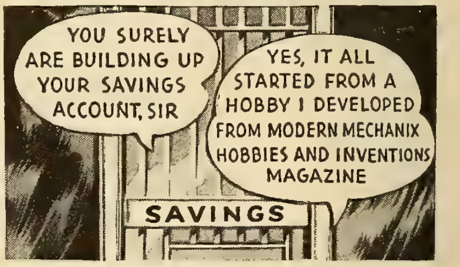
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Gail Patrick, Binnie Barnes, Rosalind Russell and Phylis Clare were decidedly among those present when Victor McLaglen gave an informal Sunday afternoon party at his swanky Flintridge estate recently

chooses another, and films some other detail of the story if possible. If not, he has the option of using the stage constructed on the location, for interiors, or, as sometimes happens, ordering the entire company back to the studio to work on a sound stage set.

THE town, center of the farming region, is literally a part of China. Crossing its stone bridge, which was brought back from Anwehi province, one enters through the gate in the reproduction of the Chinese Great Wall, over a moat, into a busy market street, filled with bustling humanity. The duck merchant sits beside his piles of roasted dried ducks. The meat merchant is flanked by sides of roast pork and other Chinese staples. The fruit merchants fill the wicker holders that substitute for paper bags.

Pottery merchants, grain merchants, sellers of rice and hot water, vendors of cloth, jewelry, and other Chinese goods, often haggling with the customer on the street, add to the Babel. But it is systematic Babel, starting at the command of the director over his loud-speaker system and translated into Chinese by busy interpreters who run to and fro in the crowd. In the hills, in the background, for half a mile, one can see the Chinese farmers, plowing the terraces and hoeing their crops.

Aside from a few principals, the entire cast is Chinese. Players recruited from Hollywood are augmented by Orientals from all over the Pacific Coast. Some speak perfect English. Some speak none. There are many unusual characters, such as Moy Ming, oldest Chinese actor in pictures, and a building contractor when away from the camera; William Law, San Francisco civic leader and controller of business interests totaling a million dollars, who is aiding the picture as a patriotic duty, he says.

General Theodore Tu, loaned by the Chinese government, acts as technical adviser. Tom Gubbins, unofficial "Mayor" of Los Angeles' Chinatown, and contractor for Chinese players, aids him.

Muni, Miss Rainer, Walter Connolly, and Charley Grapewin, (who plays the old father) literally live Chinese lives in the amazing location. But one finds American touches too. Behind the Great Wall one inevitably finds a group of small Chinese boys, who attend American school, play baseball, just like American youngsters, between scenes. In a shady corner one may see a group of Chinese elders, engrossed in a game of cards, and on close scrutiny discover that the game is American draw poker!

At five o'clock, as the sun sinks and the light becomes yellow, the director orders his final "cut". The big busses limber up. The caterers' trucks that bring food out for the lunch tent, start for town. The Chinese check past "Hezzy" Tate, assistant director, to have their paychecks approved and signed, then past the cashier who pays them off. Extras are paid daily. The principals receive checks by the week.

The cameramen pack their equipment in black cases. A film car hurries studioward, with the undeveloped film. Other trucks gather up lamps, cables, the portable sound equipment.

The cavalcade starts toward Hollywood. By six, only a crew of quiet watchmen remain on the erstwhile bustling section of China.

CHARLOTTE HENRY
Appearing in Republic Productions

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The Real Reason Why Jean Harlow Hated Her Hair

[*Continued from page* 28]

a startling barrier to the revelation of her real self. She was pigeon-holed, catalogued, not only as the platinum blonde, but the girl with the platinum soul.

From the very beginning of her career Jean realized the price she would have to pay for her fame. When *Hell's Angels* was released Jean Harlow became a sensational controversy over night. Much to her horror, she, as a woman, was invested with the qualities she portrayed on the screen. It was a ready-made reputation which she neither deserved nor understood.

IT was on her personal appearance tour, before she went to MGM, that Jean began to pay a large price for her strange fame. The night she first faced audiences is etched in her memory as a dreadful nightmare. She came out on the stage to look at eyes, glaring and leering, with a covetous stare in them. Dreadful eyes. She ran to her dressing-room and cried until it was time for her to go on again. She knew at that moment that her fame would carry a heavy penalty. And because she is a courageous person, she decided to pay it—knowing full well that she would be misunderstood, ungenerously treated and wrongly regarded.

And she found that misunderstanding in plenty. Jean recalls today the parties where women gathered in little groups and sometimes gathered their men near them the moment she came into a room. She was the menace, the embodiment of all women feared in another woman.

"Women didn't even bother to get to know me," she declares now. "They went into a shell—and no friendly overtures I made, were of the slightest use."

There were dozens of incidents at parties which hurt dreadfully—which sent her home with a lump in her throat. She recalls vividly one evening when she was a guest, with many others, at a producer's home. When she entered the drawing room, there was a sudden chill, a sudden stillness. And then a woman near the door suddenly turned away, went directly to her husband chatting near a window. She linked her arm in his, made hasty good-night, and departed with her man in tow.

It was a pointed, a horrid, little trick. And Jean at that moment promised herself complete seclusion. For months she didn't go anywhere. There was no use to pretend a gaiety she didn't feel, knowing that every woman present at social events considered her an enemy and acted accordingly.

There came a time when Jean Harlow's super-human forbearance was at an end. Then began a fight to discard her platinum hair—to abandon her trade-mark. She was called unwise—and other names not so flattering—when she first began her campaign to darken her hair, to permit it to be its present shade of brownette.

"I don't want to be a show piece," she told them. "I'm tired of being a show piece. If you only want my platinum hair, then get a wig and stick it on some other girl. I have a right to show what I can do with a personality which is my own. *You* don't know if I can act. *I* don't know if I can act. Isn't it about time to give me a chance to find out? I'm tired of being nothing more than a platinum blonde!"

Because she wanted dark hair so desperately, she was finally permitted to have it. Even to the first day of production her director pleaded with her. "You're giving up a valuable property. The world knows you by your platinum hair."

"That's just exactly what I'm fighting against," Jean replied.

"I HAVE always hated my platinum hair," Jean says today. "Not only because it limited me as an actress, but primarily because it limited me as a human being. It made me look 'hard,' spectacular. If I were quiet and self-possessed, people said, 'Harlow is out of character.' And so I had my job cut out for me—I had to live up to my platinum personality.

"At last, I have a chance to be myself. The change in me is reflected in the reaction of people towards me. Suddenly women have become friendly. If I go to a party I am no longer treated as a menace.

Margo, whose exotic personality will next be seen in one of the important roles in Columbia's *Lost Horizon,* displays one of Hollywood's newest fashion creations, a shirt-and-slack outfit designed for universal sport wear

"In the past, few people took the trouble to find out what was behind my supposed platinum personality. The most extraordinary stories were built around me. I was consecutively in love with a prize fighter, with a doctor, with a dance director, with a scion of wealth.

"As a matter of fact, I met the prize fighter twice, quite casually. The doctor was an old-time friend, with whose sister I had gone to school. And I had danced to the band-leader's music once. That millionaire, by the way, was pure fiction.

"I have had to fight against the reputation of sex as no other girl in pictures. As a matter of fact," and Jean's mouth curled in a wry smile, "I understand that my name was synonymous with it.

"But I couldn't defend myself. There was nothing that I could say that people would believe.

"The past year has been happy because I haven't had to depend upon a platinum personality to sell myself. I have always known all my good qualities and all my bad ones. I am a human being and a woman. At last I have nothing to live up to except my own definite standards. And as long as I never let down a friend or myself, as long as I have the approval of those who love me—that is enough.

"I have learned in this past year, which has marked the great change in me, to depend upon myself for my own happiness, and to find it in my own way. Finally I have self-confidence, self-assurance. Now I feel that I have a future ahead of me—a career not based on a trade-mark."

AS Jean has changed in her ideas and in her attitudes, so has she changed in outward details. Long ago if Jean were hurt, if Jean were frightened, she would instantly assume a rôle she might have played before the camera, and she was the hey-hey girl, voice high, manner care-free.

I remember once when she was scheduled for a general interview with several out-of-town writers. Jean was so frightened her knees shook. But she threw back her shoulders, strutted down the stairs to the drawing room, where they waited, and magically assumed the Jean Harlow personality seen on the screen. *Jean was selling her platinum personality.* She was selling it in self-defense.

Today no matter what the situation is, she is herself. Poised and quiet-spoken, with no undue emphasis given to what might be in the minds of people in regard to her.

Her friendship with Bill Powell has had a vital influence on her. It has insulated her against hurts. In his own man-of-the-world fashion he has taught her a woman-of-the-world attitude.

Jean today has moved from an enormous house high on a hill, with its all-white furnishings, its swimming pool, its tennis courts. These were the trappings of a "Platinum Blonde," not of the Jean Harlow of today.

She has taken a comparatively small house in Beverly Hills. The furnishings are modest, with not one note of flamboyance among them. They are a suitable background for the girl of the present.

Her social life is almost nun-like in its simplicity. As a matter of fact, in the past year she has attended less than half-a-dozen parties. She lives in slacks and sunsuits when she isn't working. And she wears gala attire only when she is before the camera. She entertains but seldom and then very simply. Usually when she has a guest or two in for dinner, they dine on a table before a fire most informally.

Jean Harlow did not begin life with a platinum personality—and neither was she born with "platinum hair." It was something wished on her when she was given a sensational sex rôle in *Hell's Angels.* Today that almost-white hair is a thing of the past. And with its discard, the Harlow platinum personality has departed too.

And for this Jean is prayerfully grateful!

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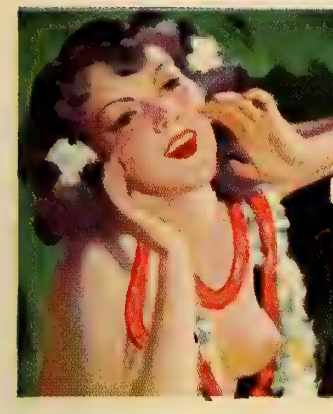

News from the romantic South Sea Isles

an ENTIRELY NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK

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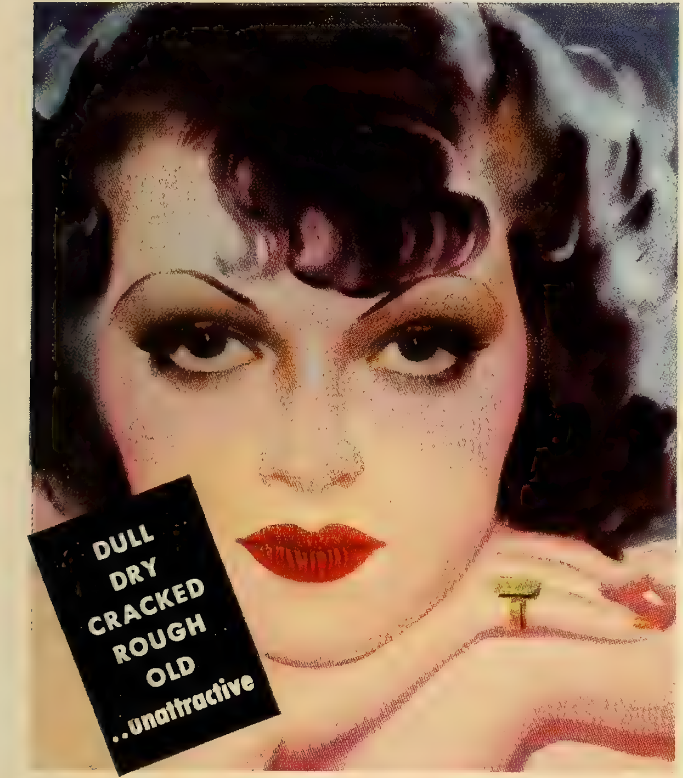
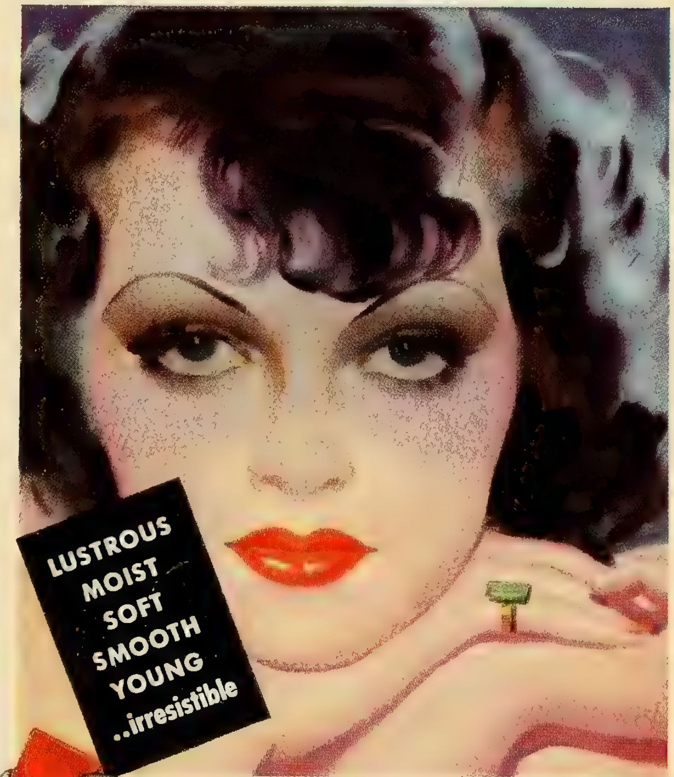


The New TATTOO



Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive

Of course, you want your lipstick to be permanent . . . your lips soft and smooth . . . their caress a never-to-be-forgotten thrill!

But you have probably learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth! Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moistness and softness.

This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, old looking . . . *unattractive!*

How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the *New* TATTOO you have all the permanence you could wish for. And one of its magical new ingredients gives *this* lipstick a creamy texture that keeps lips fresh and *moist* . . . stains them with soothing, lasting, transparent color . . . without letting them get dry . . . without permitting them to become rough . . . and there is *no desire to lick the lips!*

Your lips thus become softer and smoother than they have ever been before . . . thrillingly, irresistibly youthful . . . without a wrinkle . . . without a line! But more! The *other* magical ingredient in the *New* TATTOO gives your lips the kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied . . . *anything!*

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Send me trial size *New* TATTOO, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

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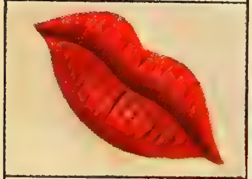
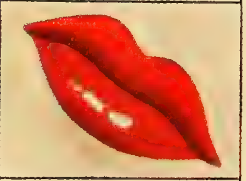


Often the cause of lips becoming dull, dry, rough, wrinkled, old-looking and decidedly *unattractive!*

THE NEW TATTOO



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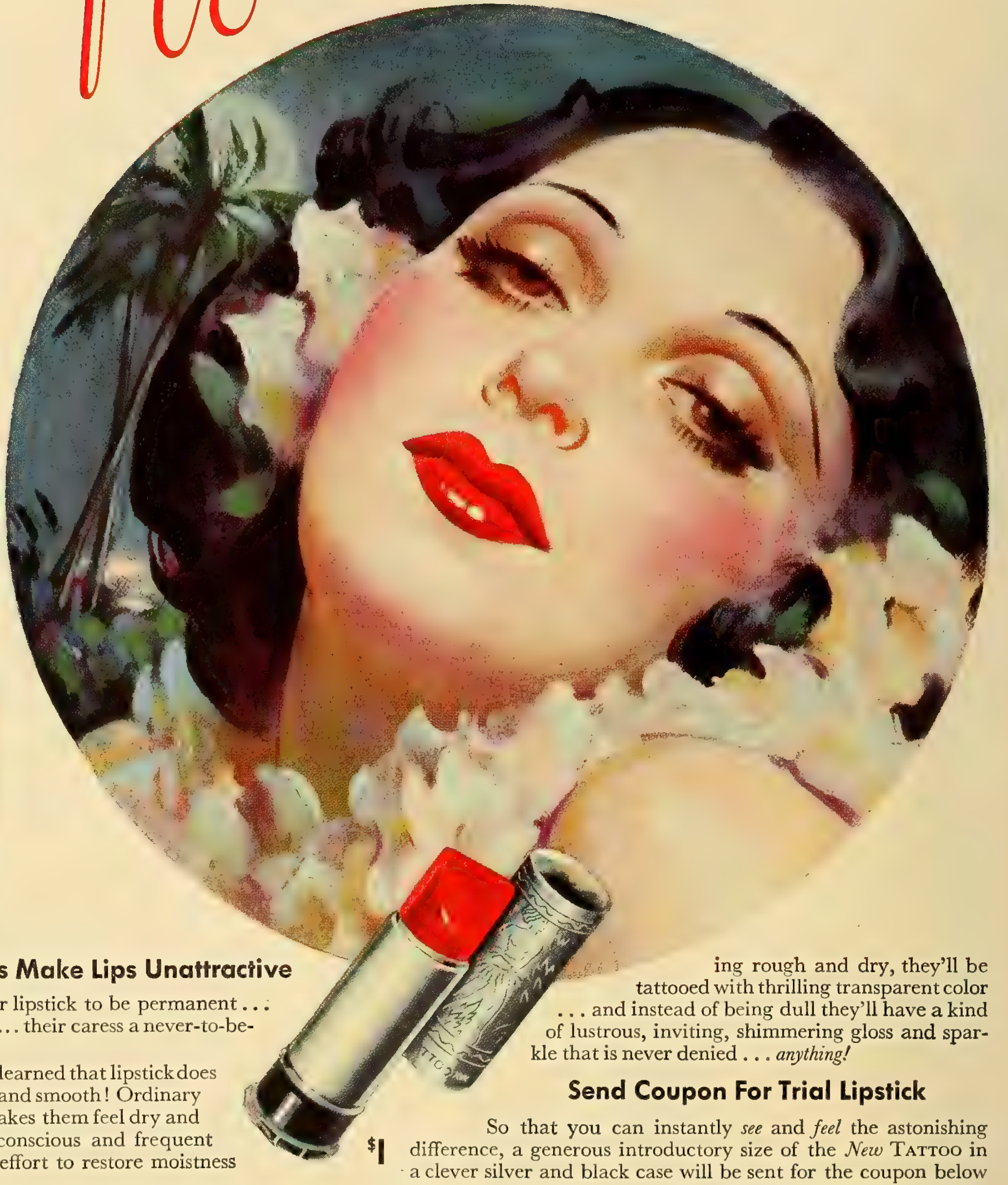

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How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the *New* TATTOO you have all the permanence you could wish for . . . and the marvelous moistening agent it contains ends all desire to lick the lips . . . thus keeping them moist . . . softer and smoother than ever before . . . thrillingly, youthfully irresistible . . . without a wrinkle . . . without a line! Instead of being rough and dry, they'll be tattooed with thrilling transparent color . . . and instead of being dull they'll have a kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied . . . *anything!*

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SAYS
MODERN
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"Intelligent"

SAYS
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(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

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Edwin Bower Hesser, Hollywood's master of natural color photography, contributes a new personality study of Fay Wray, the fourth in a series posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER, 1936

VOL. 11 No. 3

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT
Editor

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W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

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W. M. MESSENGER
General Manager

Published monthly by Motion Picture Publications, Inc., *(a Minnesota Corporation) at Mount Morris, Ill. C. W. Fuller, Eastern Advertising Director; J. C. Godfrey, Jr., Western Advertising Director; Jack Smalley, Managing Editor. General Business offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial Offices, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Mount Morris, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1936. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publishers. Trademark registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Address manuscripts to the Hollywood Editorial Offices. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos. Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; Foreign subscriptions $1.50. Single issues 10c. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to our office at Greenwich, Conn. Advertising forms close on 20th of the third month preceding date of issue. Printed in U.S.A.*

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

GEORGE
ARLISS

LORD OF THE ORIENT . . . Subtle . . . Sinister . . . All-powerful . . . but powerless to impose his will on two young people madly in love . . .

EAST MEETS WEST

with LUCIE MANNHEIM
GODFREY TEARLE • ROMNEY BRENT
Directed by HERBERT MASON
Story by E. GREENWOOD

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB Production

$500 for A Trademark

Mervyn LeRoy, famous director, wants a trademark for his new production company and offers MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers valuable prizes for their ideas

WITHIN ten days after this easy trademark contest closes on December 20, 1936, winners will be tucking away in their pocketbooks "Christmas Gift" money ranging from $50 to $250—and all because they were smart enough to take full advantage of this remarkable offer.

And it might as well be you! Imagine how simple it is! All you have to do is to submit trademark ideas symbolical of a Mervyn LeRoy Production. The only cost is the stamps needed to send them in.

Mervyn LeRoy, as you know, has an astounding record as a motion picture director. As a proof, scan this list of notable successes—*Golddiggers of 1933, Five Star Final, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Tugboat Annie, Oil for the Lamps of China, Little Caesar* and *Anthony Adverse*. He recently completed directing that great stage success, *Three Men on a Horse,* for Warner Bros., who are planning to release it as one of their big specials of the year.

Now, Mr. LeRoy is forming his own production company which will be known as "*Mervyn LeRoy Productions.*" His pictures will be released through Warner Bros. At present he is concerned about a trademark—one that will be in keeping with the sterling type of motion pictures he plans to produce. Regarding it, he says:

"I am looking for a trademark that will be entirely different from any now in use. It must be distinctive as well as impressive. It is my plan to produce only class pictures with mass appeal, therefore those participating in this contest should bear that fact in mind. I am not concerned with the artiness of the suggestions sent in as I am with the effectiveness of the ideas. It isn't necessary for anyone to be an artist—though a sketch of the idea will be as welcome as a description of the idea itself."

[*Continued on page 92*]

This is the Champagne Waltz

This is the Dance of Love,

Under the Soft Light's Gleam,

Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!

I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru

If I Could Dance With You.

FRED MacMURRAY
GLADYS SWARTHOUT
"Champagne Waltz"
with JACK OAKIE
VELOZ & YOLANDA
HERMAN BING
A Paramount Picture. Directed by
A. Edward Sutherland

JACK OAKIE

VELOZ & YOLANDA

• When Doctors swab SORE THROAT..

surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened

• When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...

you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS—TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you ⅔ of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or $1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

SAVES ⅔
OF YOUR DOLLAR
..Goes 3 times as far!
Pepsodent Antiseptic
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Hollywood Highlights

Our inquisitive sleuth goes a-snooping for inside facts and foibles about the famous ones of Filmdom

by The Boulevardier

HOLLYWOOD is chuckling.

When Samuel Goldwyn was preparing *Dodsworth* he instructed his casting director to find an actress to play the rôle of the woman who intrigues Walter Huston and shatters his happy marriage.

"Get me an actress," said Sam, "who appears sexless, just an ordinary woman, the sort that will make the audience wonder what Huston saw to make him fall for her."

The casting director went about his duty carefully and methodically.

He finally found just the type Goldwyn desired—Mary Astor.

Then came—The Diary!

A Humble Beginning

Over on the Paramount lot there is a young chap whose ambition is to see his name in lights some day.

He's started. At least his name appears on the call list of the Cecil B. De Mille production, *The Plainsman.*

His listing is "chair boy," which means that all day long he totes a chair around and when the great C.B. seems disposed to squat the boy shoves the chair under him with all the skill and aplomb of a waiter in the Trocadero when doing a similar service for Jean Harlow.

It's a start, anyway you figure it.

Inevitable

Kate Smith is headed for Hollywood and possibly an unique experience as a "stooge."

The explanation of which is that Kate "Coming Round the Mountain" Smith is slated to appear in a picture with Shirley Temple and that means nothing more nor less than being a "stooge," if you get the idea.

Aren't they all?

Neigh, Neigh

Most colossal Gesture-of-Independence of recent years among Hollywood stars, as performed by Bing Crosby: Ordered by his financial manager to stop buying race horses, Bing turned right around, stomped his foot, and paid $150 for a mule for his near-San Diego ranch. There!!! Dern it!

Verse of the Month

Dick Powell has a spaniel;
The spaniel was gonna have pups—
So Dick, to pals, promised eleven,
But only six were delivered by heaven;
Of *all* the numerical *flops!!!*

Much Married

I wonder—I just can't *help* wondering!—how Joan Blondell feels at the marriage of her recent ex-husband, Cameraman

Jessie Mathews, now starring in the English-made picture, *Paris Love Song,* took time off to "go on the air" in London with Ted Husing. Jessie will come to New York to appear on several radio programs this winter

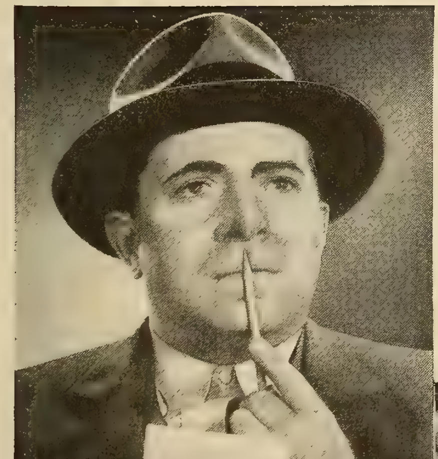
Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald announced their engagement recently. They are building a ranch house near Hollywood and plan to marry as soon as their current pictures are completed—probably by Christmas

"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin'—the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D. T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!



A candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

"I just love a bettin' man, Oiwin . . . especially if he keeps winning all the time."

Racing Form

Every time 'Oiwin' looked at a racing sheet the bookmakers took more aspirin.

"Oiwin, you made us millionaires . . . we want to do some little thing for you."

COMING SOON!

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"

Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE · CAROL HUGHES · ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE · TEDDY HART

Why Some Women are Natural Beauties

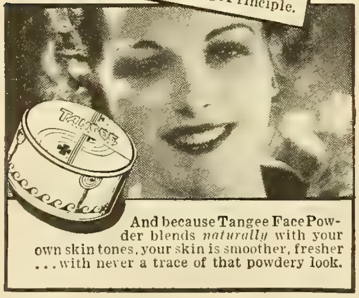
They intensify natural coloring . . . yet never look "made-up". Read how the Color Change Principle available in Tangee make-up brings natural loveliness.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Tangee Color Change Principle is available in powder, lipstick and rouge.

Your lips become the blush-rose that nature has hidden there. The cream base of Tangee keeps lips smooth, youthful and appealing.

TANGEE ROUGE

Your cheeks, when rouged with Tangee, are alive and sparkling with your own color. In Compact or Creme form. Both contain the Tangee Color Change Principle.



And because Tangee Face Powder blends *naturally* with your own skin tones, your skin is smoother, fresher . . . with never a trace of that powdery look.

Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 55c and $1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and $1.10.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F116
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel.
*Name*__________ Please Print
*Address*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________

Hollywood Highlights

George Barnes, to Film-Dancer Betty Wood. Not, I mean, that Joan can really have any morbid interest in her ex's heart-affairs. But the idea is that this latest is George's *SIXTH* marriage.

Imagine Joan, looking at herself in her mirror, and telling herself: "Oh, I'm just one of the former Mrs. Barneses . . . !"

Just Say "Mr. K"

The man must certainly have *some*thing! I mean Andre Kostelanetz, who's both musical director and fiance to Lily Pons. A man *must* be ooo-la-LA to get a gal to change her name from Pons to Kostelanetz, of *all* things! (Even Lily herself has to shorten it to "Kosty.")

A Great Actor

Let's be serious, really, for just a second—

Having clowned himself through headlines with the help of Miss Barrie, John Barrymore now finds himself in still more headlines—with various reports of his immolation in this hospital or that sanitarium. Lots of people think it's still funny.

Somehow or other, I don't. Regardless, utterly, of how or why John went to those hospitals, the fact remains that John is a mighty sick man. And, whatever else he's done, John has given us some splendid performances—(even though some of them were offscreen). And now, as I said, the man is sick—very!

And that's NOT funny!

Thanks for bearing with me.

Dorothy Lamour, hailed as one of Paramount's new white hopes, will make her screen debut in the title rôle of *Girl of the Jungle*. Prior to her arrival in Filmland, she starred as a singer on several radio programs

Garbo Is Garbo

You've been reading, most probably, amazing tales of how Garbo has stopped garboing. I mean about how she's gotten positively chummy and palsy with the extras and folk on the set, and how she twits merrily with the musicians on the set, and all that sort of thing.

Well, forget it. Garbo is still Garbo, and even heaven must remember not to approach her. In case anyone else forgets that, Garbo is seeing to it herself. For, around the house she's moved into, Garbo has built an *eight-foot-wall!!* All around.

Evidently, Miss Gustaffsen intends that never again shall it be said of her (as it was once said by a little five-year-old boy who lived next door to her): "OOOh, mama—there's that funny lady out in her yard next door again without any clothes on!"

It's frontier garb for Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur who are currently playing the leading rôles in Cecil B. DeMille's epic of the old West, *The Plainsman*. Gary and Jean were teamed in several pictures about five years ago

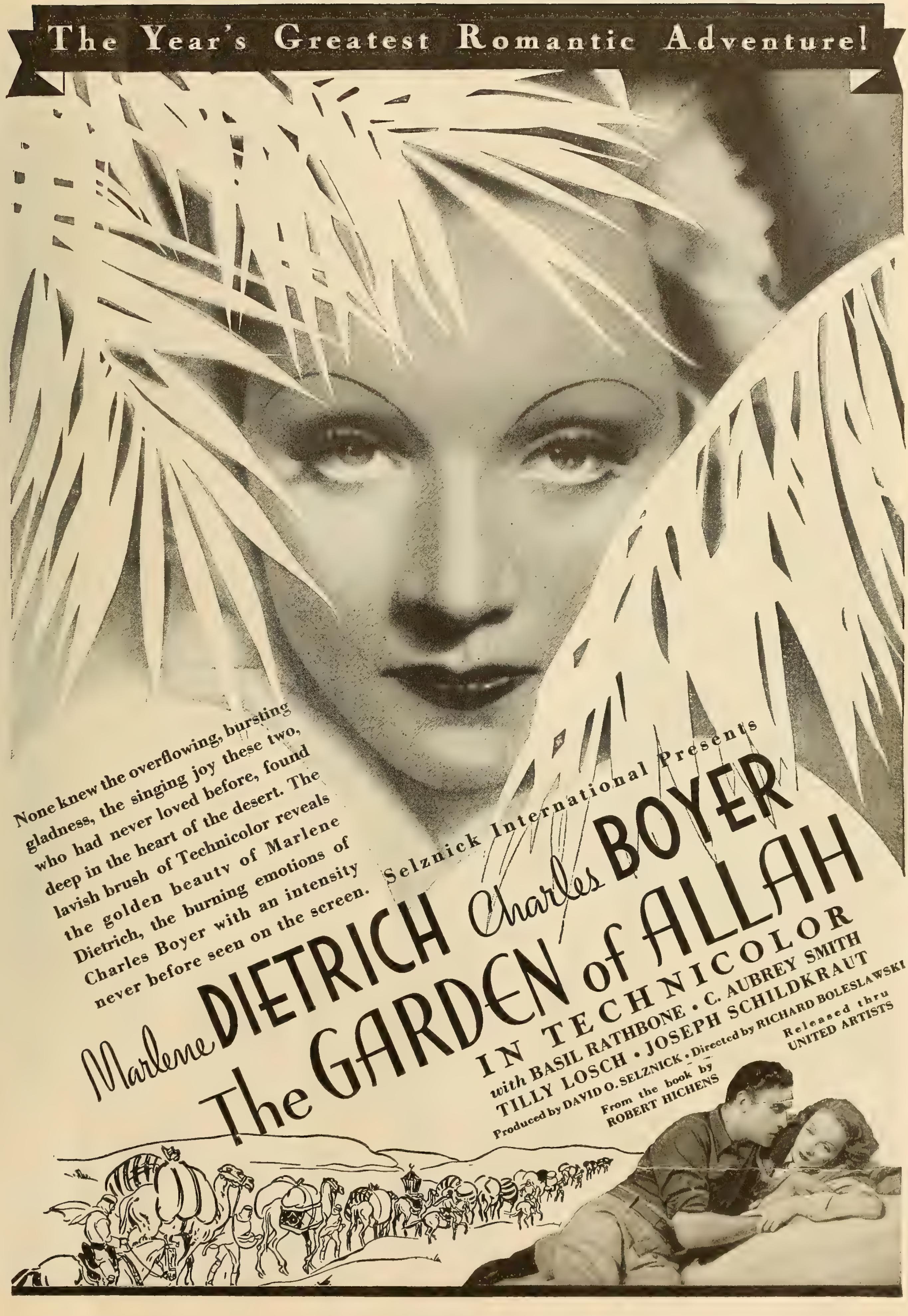
"What-Won't-They-Be-Doing-Next"

—having nothing else to do, Joyce Compton spent a whole day, giving oil shampoos and lemon rinses to her pet peke and two pet griffons . . .

—Betty Grable insists on playing at least twenty games of solitaire in bed each evening, to make her sleepy. (And that for *you*, you Hollywood sin-whisperers!)

—in the home of Pat O'Brien, one goes into stitches at what is laughingly, haha, called the "moaning room." It's where Pat, hahah, keeps all the little knick-knacks, whatnots, and so-ons that he got himself talked into buying at auctions, oh my heavens . . . !!!

—Wallace Beery, who used to train elephants before he became Mr. B. of MGM, is going in for smaller things in life, now. On his ranch, he is going to breed frogs. To eat their legs. (Anyway, that is more than he—yes, *even* he—could do to an elephant's!)


The Year's Greatest Romantic Adventure!

None knew the overflowing, bursting gladness, the singing joy these two, who had never loved before, found deep in the heart of the desert. The lavish brush of Technicolor reveals the golden beauty of Marlene Dietrich, the burning emotions of Charles Boyer with an intensity never before seen on the screen.

Selznick International Presents

Marlene **DIETRICH** Charles **BOYER**

The GARDEN of ALLAH

IN TECHNICOLOR

with BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
TILLY LOSCH • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT • Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK • From the book by ROBERT HICHENS

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN
THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF
Mary Brian
APPEARING IN
"THREE MARRIED MEN"
A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

1881
ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

Such charming silverware is perfectly at home on the gracious tables of Hollywood Stars. And you need not deny yourself the same luxury — for with Quantity Savings of **$2.50**, a Service for Six Persons, with stainless-blade Hollow-Handle Knives, in a beautiful tarnish-proof Chest, can be yours for as little as $13.50

FOR A LIMITED TIME
Sampler Set
6 TEASPOONS only $1.

THIS Sampler offer is made because we want you to admire one of the three sparkling designs on your own table. See your dealer at once.

Hollywood Highlights

—at RKO, young Mr. Gordon Jones was turned down by the casting department for the football picture *The Big Game.* They told him he wasn't the type. P.S.—Three years ago, Mr. Gordon Jones was on the varsity football team of the University of California at Los Angeles.

—in Australia (just to prove Hollywood isn't as whatever it is that it's cracked up to be) they've just finished shooting an epic. The hero of the epic is a kangaroo. The film is the story of the kangaroo's life, from mama's pouch to his final fame as a circus boxing-freak. Even Hollywood wouldn't do that. And never mind saying "it couldn't."

—Cecil B. DeMille, a director once described by Mr. Laughton as being sort of "cozy" with God, used to jingle gold coins in his pocket. At wits-end (or is that possible) since the government called in all gold money, Cecie has finally had to console himself with silver dollars.

—to Inez Courtney goes the achieving of Hollywood's strangest injury. She busted her own glasses on her own little nosey-wosey, with her own little racquet-wacquety while playing badminton. Kidding aside, it was lucky she didn't blind herself—the glass, fortunately, didn't hit her eyes. But her face is as full of plaster patches as a bargain bungalow after the first year.

—a year ago, fresh-skyrocketing to screen fame, Bob Taylor told me "I'll never go for this Beverly Hills mansion splurge, these chromium—plated autos, and all that sort of stuff." At the time, Bob lived in one of those little valley farm-houses, and had a dinky little car. Latest Taylor item: Bob, who now lives in a Beverly Hills house, took a just-received MGM bonus check and bought two new cars, one of which is simply "stupendous."

Luise Rainer has fallen victim to Hollywood's tennis Phobia, installed a tennis court on the grounds of her Brentwood home, and plays at every possible opportunity

Lillian Emerson gave a Bavarian party and Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter were among those present. Mrs. Baxter is the former Winifred Bryson, a famous star in silent pictures.

Cafe Observation

Mind you, I wouldn't go so far as to say that Paulette is going the way of all flesh—no, I mean the way of all those other once-famed Chaplin Leading Ladies, but I do know that the other night, in the Brown Derby, Charlie and Paulette were dining. It was a nice dinner, in three stages: First Stage: Charlie and Paulette chatted; Second Stage, Charlie and Paulette talked loud, fast and furious *at* each other; Third Stage, they finished the meal in silence.

Isn't it the first year that's the hardest?

A Rudy Romance

Girl friend of Alice Faye's on the coast insists that the romance between Rudy Vallee and Alice is as cold as an agent's heart.

A radio gal named Niela Goodele is Rudy's current heart and is wearing a ring —if that means anything.

Niela, by the bye, is the exotic type—a la Fay Webb, and exotic girls are usually Rudy's weakness.

Taboo

Repercussions, following the litigation over the custody of Freddie Bartholomew and Edith Fellows are reverberating over Hollywood and studio executives are secretly informing parents, guardians, et al, of other kids under contract that there must be no more court proceedings and the attendant unfavorable publicity.

Carriage, Please

Times have certainly changed in the picture world.

Today top ranking stars at their various studios have their swank motor cars stand by to carry them from dressing rooms to sets. Ten years ago Gloria Swanson introduced that system at Paramount studios but Gloria used a real Atlantic City wheel chair

[*Continued on page* 70]

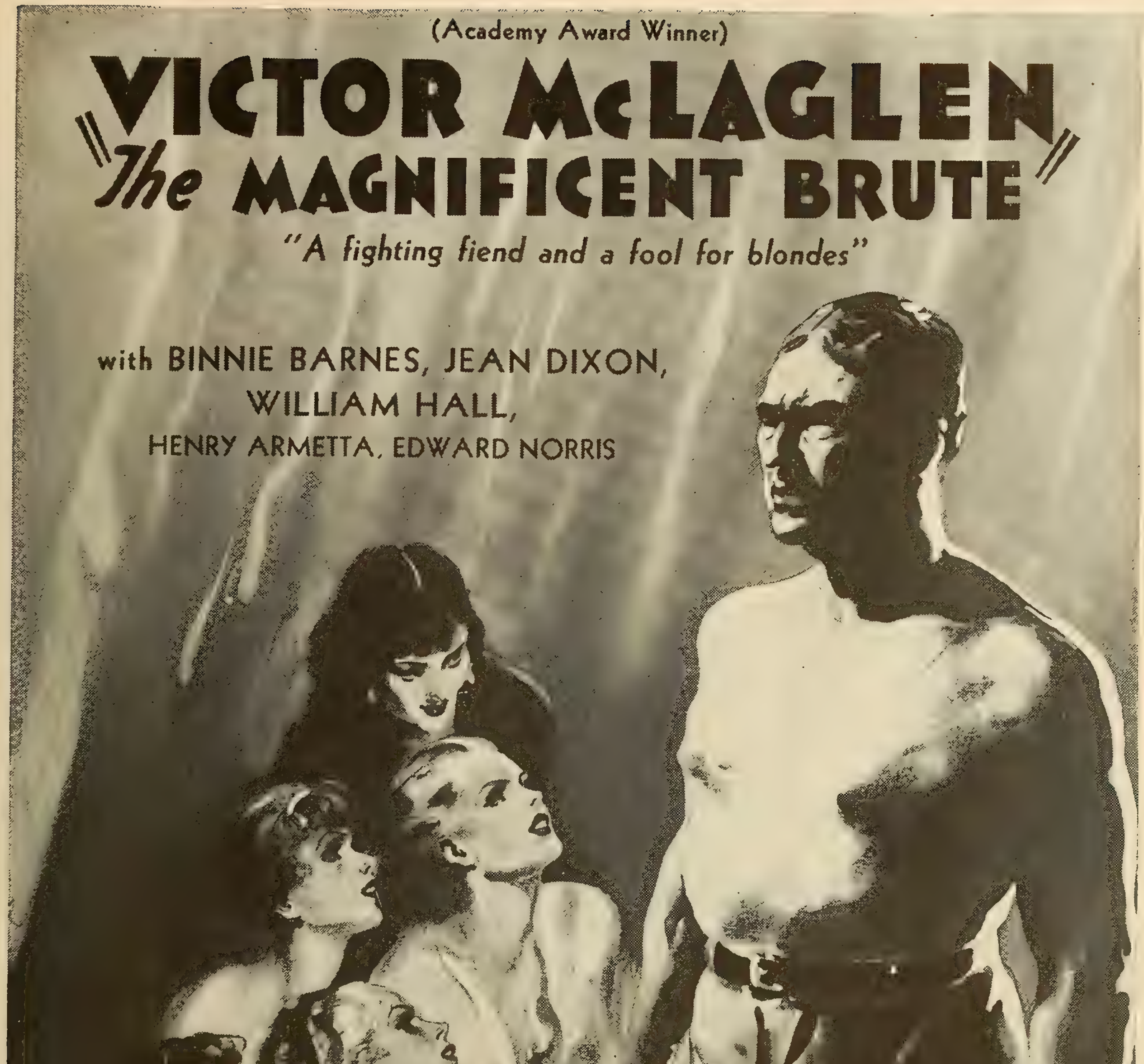
(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

"The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE"

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS

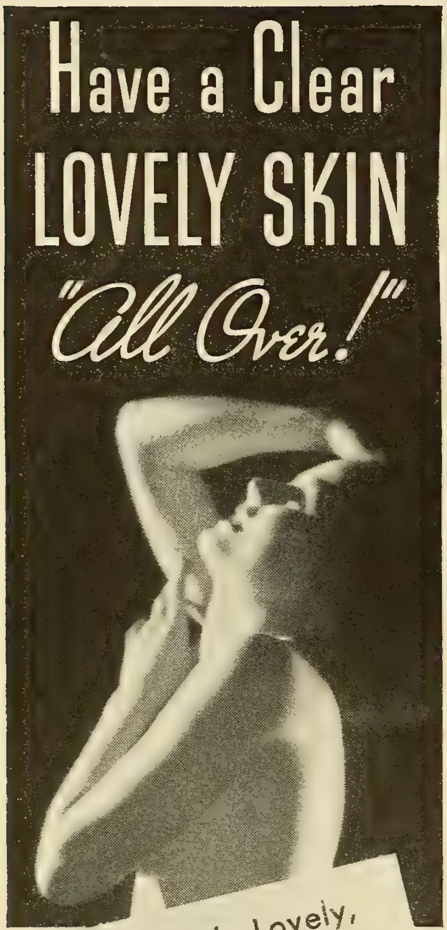


A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

•

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE



To be Truly Lovely,
Make Your Skin Lovely
... All of It!

GET rid of blemishes, spots and pimples. Give your arms, your throat, your shoulders—as well as your face—the radiant, youthful beauty that men admire so much.

Disfiguring eruptions vanish magically if you remove their real cause. And the cause in thousands of cases—perhaps in yours—is poisons that have accumulated within your body and tainted your blood.

To win the beauty you want—you must rid your system of these poisons at once. So do as thousands have done—and try pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets today.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure, wholesome yeast—one of the richest known natural sources of Vitamin B Complex. And this precious *natural* food substance works in nature's own way. It tends to strengthen and tone intestinal organs—helps rid the body easily and naturally of poisonous wastes. Then—your skin has the chance to become truly lovely.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets today. End the frequent cause of ugly blemishes—and strive to make *all* your skin enchantingly lovely.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! **Mail Coupon for Trial Sample**

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.) *FG 11-36*

*Name*______________________
*Address*______________________
*City*______________ *State*________

He *Wanted* to be Athletic

—And Erik Rhodes got his wish. He's really a formidable young man

ONCE upon a time—all of a year ago—a song writer cooked up a little ditty about a gal who was a "Latin from Manhattan." The ditty won fame and posies for the song writer—and the Latin—but for one he-guy out in Hollywood it was just a pain in the neck.

Because why? Because this he-guy knows what it means to be a Latin with a "made-in-America" stamp and he's just a little bored with it all.

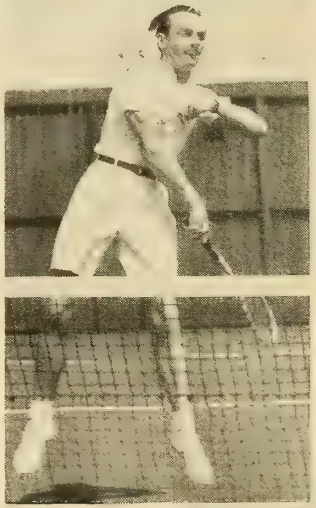
His name, as perhaps you've guessed, is Erik Rhodes. He is *not* a Latin. His father and his mother and his cousins and his aunts are Anglo-Saxon all the way back to there. His skin is fair, his hair light brown. He hails from Oklahoma. That last fact should settle the argument. Dyed-in-the-wool Latins do, on occasion, turn up in Manhattan, but out in Oklahoma you either speak English or you're an Indian.

Despite all this hundred per cent Americanism, Mr. Rhodes—to his enthusiastic public—is still the Latin menace. The world remembers with glee his portrayal of the Italian co-respondent in *The Gay Divorcee* ('Scusee, please); the world still chuckles when recalling the orchidaceous dress designer in *Top Hat*. Nobody, his audiences claim, could act that Latin—and that menacing—and not *be* Latin and a menace. Mr. Rhodes, it would seem, is too good an actor for his own good. At the moment he's dusting off his dialect for another "Italian menace" rôle in *Breakfast for Two* at RKO-Radio.

Not that Erik objects to being a menace. In fact he will point out to you the number of present public heroes (Clark Gable, Preston Foster and Bill Powell to name a few) who got their start as teeth-gnashers. What he does object to is being cast consistently as a flutter-budget, a mild Latin, a mild comic and—the last insult to injury—a mild menace!

For, as Mr. Rhodes argues with more

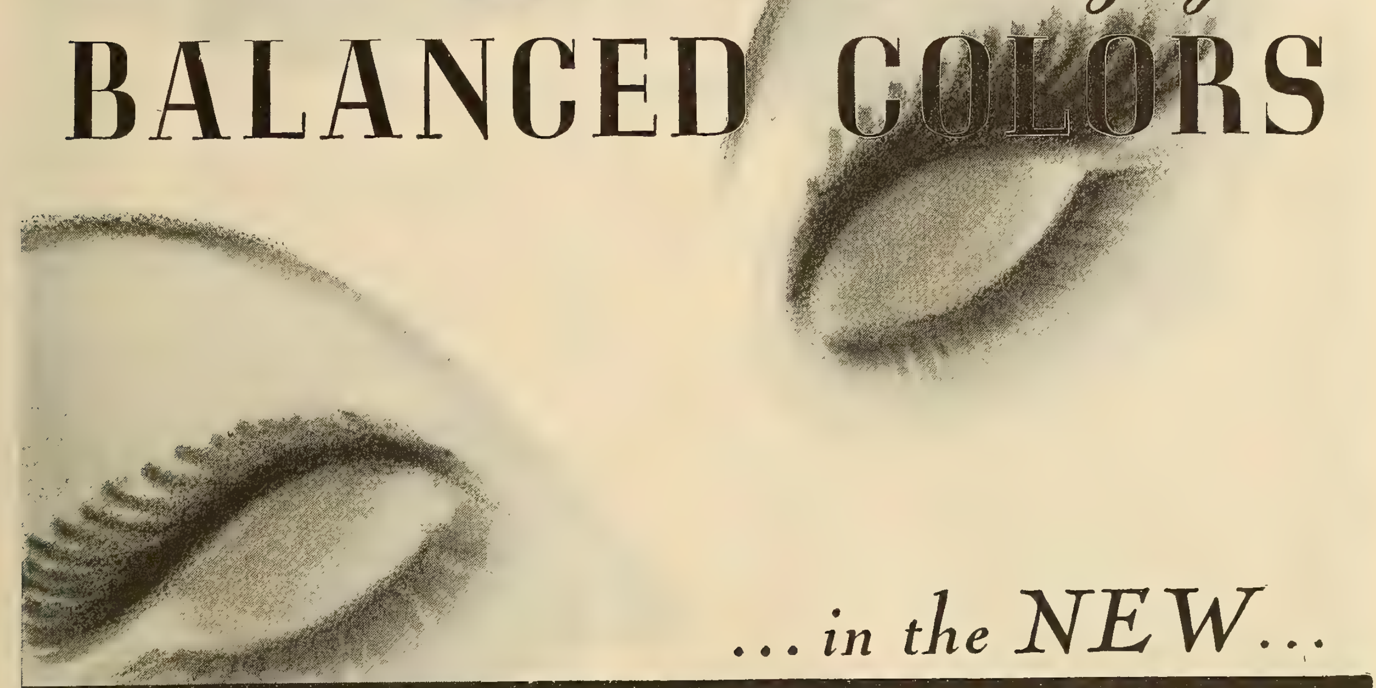
[*Continued on page* 80]



Erik plays tournament tennis—he rides spirited jumping horses—he plays polo, although he nearly broke his neck

by Ruth Penny

and now WINX *brings you*
BALANCED COLORS



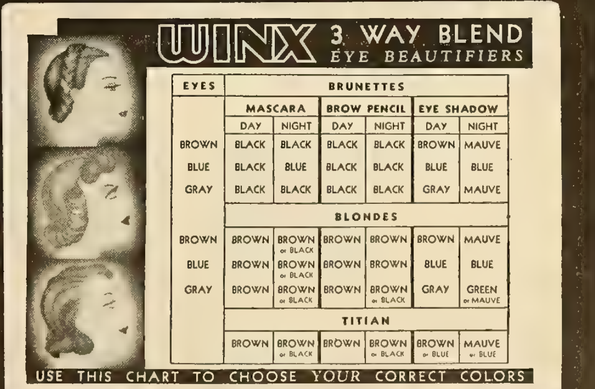
... in the NEW...
3-WAY BLEND

THAT HARMONIZES

1 *with Your Eyes!*
2 *with Your Complexion!*
3 *with Each Other!*

Yes, it's *real* news! And it's perfect news for the millions of women who've been waiting for the secret of "natural" eye makeup. For with this startling scientific development of true-tone blended colors, WINX has made it possible for every woman to individualize her eye make-up according to her own particular type. Whether you are blonde, brunette, or titian . . . whether your eyes are blue, gray, or brown . . . you will find *your true* color scheme in WINX Eye Beautifiers. For all WINX colors have equalized tone values. They not only blend with your eyes and complexion—they actually blend with other WINX colors. Thus a Brown WINX mascara blends not only with the Brown WINX Eye Shadow and Eyebrow Pencil, but also with any other WINX color—be it even the Blue, Green, or Mauve Eye Shadow. In this, you have the secret of "natural" make-up. The face, the eyes, the brows, the lashes, colors—are blended into one harmonious, alluring picture. So try these new Blended WINX products today. Only with colors which blend with each other can you obtain "natural" eye make-up. On sale at your local department, drug, or 5 and 10 cent store.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers



WINX 3 WAY BLEND EYE BEAUTIFIERS

EYES	MASCARA		BROW PENCIL		EYE SHADOW	
	DAY	NIGHT	DAY	NIGHT	DAY	NIGHT
	BRUNETTES					
BROWN	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BROWN	MAUVE
BLUE	BLACK	BLUE	BLACK	BLACK	BLUE	BLUE
GRAY	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	GRAY	MAUVE
	BLONDES					
BROWN	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN	BROWN	MAUVE
BLUE	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN	BLUE	BLUE
GRAY	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	GRAY	GREEN or MAUVE
	TITIAN					
	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN or BLUE	MAUVE or BLUE

USE THIS CHART TO CHOOSE YOUR CORRECT COLORS

Look for this WINX color harmony chart at your 5 and 10 cent store counter. It tells you what colors to use for your type and eliminates guess work in eye make-up.

Rhapsody
LASTEX CREATIONS
Styled by
HICKORY

YOU'LL WANT BOTH
Foundation and Girdle

"Rhapsody" offers newfound comfort with adequate support for the figure which needs more than mere "holding in". Styled of extra firmly-knitted two-way stretch Lastex—actually controls and moulds. Boning at front shapes comfortably and smoothly.

Enjoy the Girdle for About Town and every day wear—and the Foundation for Dress and Formal occasions. It's an economy to have the set of two at only $9 and up. May be had separately, of course.

"Rhapsody" Girdle $4 and up—Sizes: 28 to 34. "Rhapsody" Foundation $5 and up—Sizes: 34 to 40. You should find "Rhapsody" and other Creations by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE brochure. Address: 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago.

A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

Loretta Young *Answers*

The Star of *Ramona* answers your queries—and selects the winner of this month's "Win a Telephone Call" Contest

by
The Inquiring Reporter

Congratulations to Jeanne Malenchek of 905 Queen Street, Columbia, South Carolina.

Her question, "What is the most beautiful word you know?" has been selected by Loretta Young as the most interesting of all the thousands of questions submitted by MOVIE CLASSIC readers—and she therefore is the winner of the long distance telephone call from the charming star of *Ramona.*

Again, congratulations. By the time this appears in print the editor of this magazine will have arranged with the lucky winner the day and hour at which the telephone call will be placed.

Your questions had flooded MOVIE CLASSIC's office in staggering number long before the closing date of this contest. There were, of course, many duplications but almost without exception they reflected real thought and I believe they have brought out much that is new and interesting about one of Hollywood's most popular players.

And so without further ado let's summon Loretta Young to take her place on our witness stand. Your questions will be found in blackface type. Her answers, in italics.

Q. When you have acquired enough money from your work in pictures to enable you to retire in comfort, would you retire or would you continue your work for the love of acting and fame?

A. I would retire. Acting in motion pictures is a fascinating work but I hope I have the courage to leave it while I am still young enough and eager enough to build a happiness that is based on something more tangible than a screen career. Motion picture stars are supposed to be envied in many ways. Their earning power is great and there is a certain satisfaction in fame—but honestly I do not believe that this profession of mine itself builds towards lasting happiness.

Q. Why did you seek so avidly to play the rôle of *Ramona?*

Loretta Young, now working in *Ladies in Love,* will next be co-starred with Don Ameche in *Lloyd's of London,* if the present plans of 20th Century-Fox are carried out

A. Because Ramona *has always been one of my favorite stories. I have loved it ever since I first read it when I was about twelve years old—because* Ramona *is a romantic, sincere and honest character—and because I was anxious to face the challenge of technicolor.*

Q. Do you feel that being a child star robbed you of a normal childhood?

A. I don't think so—although probably I am a very poor judge, since if I have been robbed of a normal childhood, I would have no way of knowing it, the comparison being denied me.

Q. Do you plan to marry in the near future?

A. I have no matrimonial plans.

Q. What opinion did you form of Robert Taylor while you were playing opposite him in *Private Number?*

A. A very excellent opinion of a very charming gentleman.

Q. If you hadn't been blessed with beauty and talent for the theatre, what other vocation in life would you have selected?

A. I have no idea for I started acting before I was old enough to develop a definite interest in any other vocation.

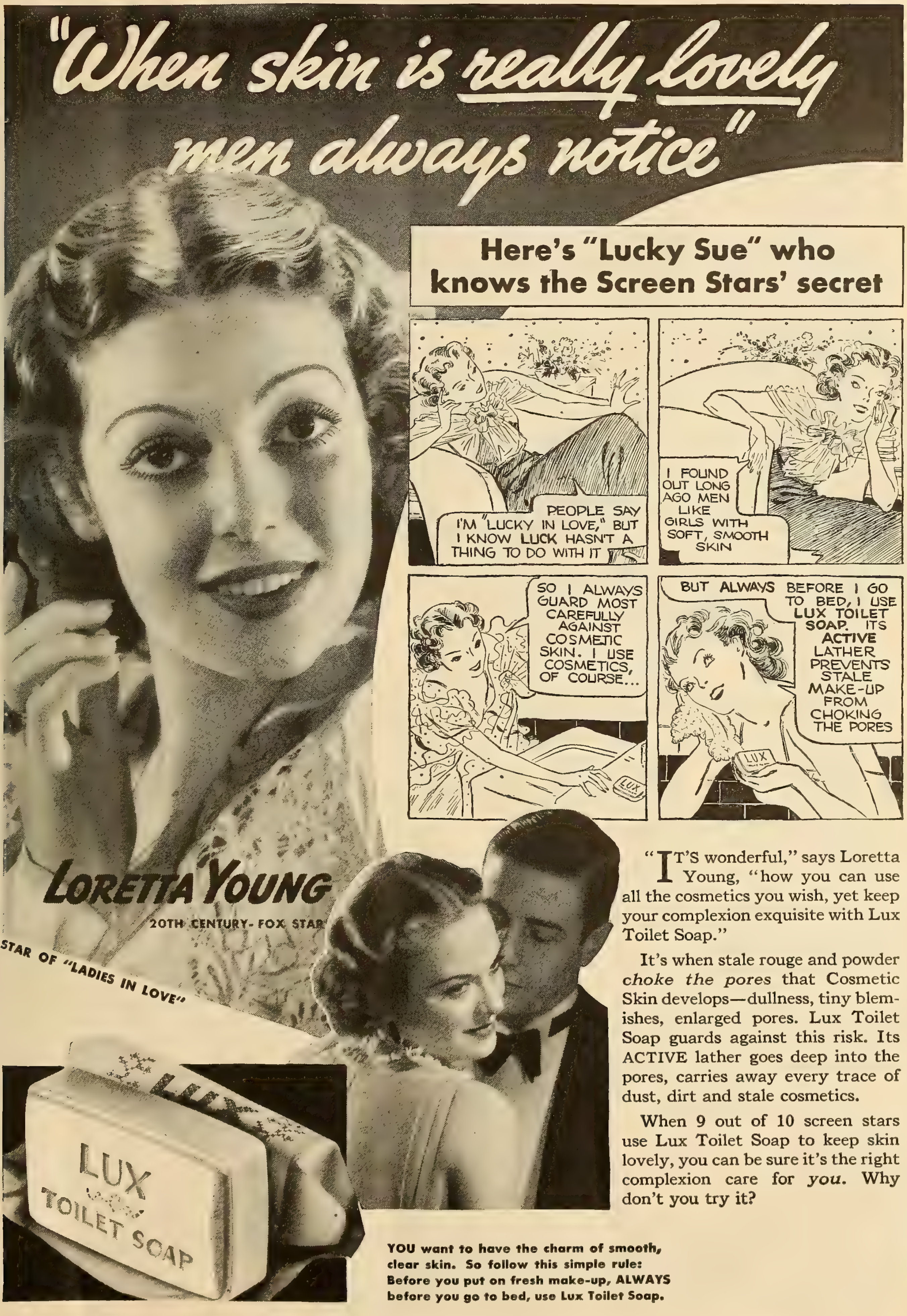
Q. Do you like to travel?

A. Yes.

Q. In selecting your friends, just what qualities must they have?

A. Honesty, tolerance and a sense of humor.

[*Continued on page* 52]


"When skin is really lovely men always notice"
Here's "Lucky Sue" who knows the Screen Stars' secret
PEOPLE SAY I'M "LUCKY IN LOVE," BUT I KNOW LUCK HASN'T A THING TO DO WITH IT
I FOUND OUT LONG AGO MEN LIKE GIRLS WITH SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN
SO I ALWAYS GUARD MOST CAREFULLY AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN. I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE...
BUT ALWAYS BEFORE I GO TO BED, I USE LUX TOILET SOAP. ITS ACTIVE LATHER PREVENTS STALE MAKE-UP FROM CHOKING THE PORES
LUX
LORETTA YOUNG
20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR
STAR OF "LADIES IN LOVE"
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

"IT'S wonderful," says Loretta Young, "how you can use all the cosmetics you wish, yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap."

It's when stale rouge and powder *choke the pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap guards against this risk. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, carries away every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics.

When 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep skin lovely, you can be sure it's the right complexion care for *you.* Why don't you try it?

YOU want to have the charm of smooth, clear skin. So follow this simple rule: Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap.

Hormel *Offers* A Thousand *Prizes* for Speed Cooking

by
Dorothy
Dwan

Joan Bennett invites you to be her luncheon guest in Hollywood!

SPEED and efficiency become more and more the keynote of today's culinary achievements. Women are no longer merely interested in the appetizing qualities of a recipe—the little time and effort required come in for a large share of applause.

How to cook quickly those nutritious dishes which at the same time appeal to the male palate is a constant problem. Now Hormel, makers of those delicious soups I so often recommend, has come forward with a plan to construct a splendid meal —rapidly—with soups as the foundation. Not one iota of goodness has been sacrificed. On the contrary, the added soup flavor enhances the richness of recipes.

To reward your interest, there are one thousand and eleven prizes offered—from an all-expense tour to Hollywood—to handsome, handmade luncheon sets—and all you need do is try out speed cooking with Hormel Soups and write in your opinion!

They have prepared, for the first month's contest, a complete menu, sponsored by Joan Bennett, for you to serve, and two recipes are presented for your first experience with speed cooking. Here they are!

VEGETABLE-BEEF PIE

1 can Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup
2 tbls. butter
2 tbls. flour
cup of leftovers
Bisquick pastry

Blend the butter with flour, and add soup. Pour in a cupful of leftovers such as diced meat, carrots, peas, or potatoes. Cook and stir until slightly thick. Pour into a pie plate and cover with Bisquick pastry, cut in rounds. Bake in a hot oven—450 degrees—until brown.

TOMATO CRÉME SALAD

2 tbls. granulated gelatin
3 tbls. cold water
1 can Hormel Cream of Tomato Soup
1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
2 pkgs. Cream Cheese
4 tbls. cream
1 tbls. mayonnaise
⅛ tsp. salt
1 additional tbls. gelatin
2 additional tbls. cold water

Soften gelatin in cold water. Dissolve it in hot Cream of Tomato Soup. Add Worcestershire Sauce. Blend Cream Cheese, cream, mayonnaise, and salt. Add additional gelatin softened in additional cold water and dissolved over steam.

Pour ½ tomato mixture into freezing tray and chill five minutes. Pour Cheese mixture on top and chill until set. Add rest of tomato mixture, and chill until firm. Cut in squares or fancy shapes and serve on beds of crisp lettuce.

Give one or both of these recipes a tryout in your kitchen today. You'll be eager to write the letter of not more than a hundred words explaining "Why I Like Speed Cooking With Hormel Soup." You will discover the many advantages of this new type of cookery that so aptly fits into the scheme of our present day world.

The prizes are well-worth striving for. First of all there is a free trip to Hollywood, to be entertained by MOVIE CLASSIC at the studios. The lovely Walter Wanger star, Joan Bennett, will be your hostess at luncheon. That, in itself, will be an unforgettable thrill, for a date with the star of such pictures as *Big Brown Eyes*, *Two Is A Crowd*, and *Wedding Present*, is an event that comes once in a lifetime. In addition, of course, you'll see Hollywood in all its glory.

JOAN BENNETT'S MENU

Hormel Chicken Broth
Melba Toast
Vegetable Beef Pie*
Buttered Corn
Tomato Créme Salad*
Toasted Saltines
Peaches and Cream
Assorted Cookies
Tea or Coffee

*See recipes for these dishes

The other prizes will delight feminine hearts the world over. Five beautiful Benrus wrist watches for men or women are waiting for five fortunate winners; five de luxe Hospitality Tray Sets to serve you; and a thousand handmade luncheon sets in gay, merry hues to lend color to the next parties of a thousand different women.

Now for the rules. Simple—easy—and *fun!*

1. Try either one or both of the recipes shown here. You need not serve the whole menu unless you wish.

2. Write a letter of 100 words or less telling "Why I Like Speed-Cooking With Hormel Soup."

3. Send your letter with the label from one can of any Hormel soup (or a facsimile), and the name and address of your grocer to Contest Department, George A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

4. The contest closes midnight of November 10, 1936, and entries cannot be accepted after that date.

5. The 1,011 best letters, in the opinion of judges appointed by Hormel, will win the prizes. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after contest closes.

6. All entries become the property of Hormel, and will not be returned. Contest not open to Hormel employees or members of their families.

Go to the grocer who handles Hormel Soups and ask for the free menu and recipes for the Joan Bennett Contest Luncheon, and other assistance which may help you win a prize. Tell him if you win, he wins the same prize you do!

At Your Service

Serve the Dishes That Grace the Tables of Our Leading Film Stars!

Imagine owning a complete cook book of film stars' recipes! Now you may have this splendid collection of favorite dishes—for only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½ x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf cook-book cover, this assemblage of approximately one hundred kitchen tested dishes, selected by noted celebrities, is just the thing to increase your popularity as a hostess.

Movie Classic has made this offer possible through the efforts of its Home Economics editor, Dorothy Dwan, herself a noted film player whose hobby is cooking. Scan this list of stars and their recipes!

Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
Heather Angel's Salads
E. G. Robinson's Honey Recipes
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic's Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.

SPECIAL OFFER!
60¢ VALUE FOR ONLY 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, 50¢
Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 10¢
Both for 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion
Colgate

TO INTRODUCE OUR MARVELOUS NEW

Cashmere Bouquet

LOTION

Never have you used a lotion that keeps your hands and face so satin-smooth, alluring!

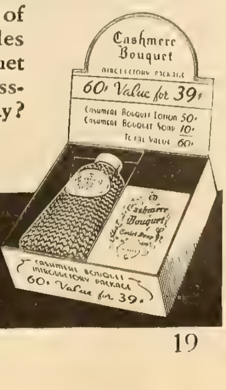
You will prefer Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, first because it is so much more *soothing!* Its healing ingredients smooth your skin at once. Chapped, red-looking hands grow soft and whiter, as if by magic . . . even with one application of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

Then, you'll prefer it too, because it vanishes quickly and completely . . . never leaves the slightest feeling of stickiness! You can pull on your gloves without any difficulty, immediately after using Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

And last . . . but certainly not least . . . you'll adore the fragrance of this lovely creamy lotion. It is lightly scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet perfume . . . the same costly, lingering perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So use Cashmere Bouquet Lotion regularly. Every time you wash your hands, and always before exposure to cold, wintry winds. Use it on your face, too . . . at night before you go to bed, and as a powder base during the day.

Why not put one of these attractive bottles of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion on your dressing table right away?

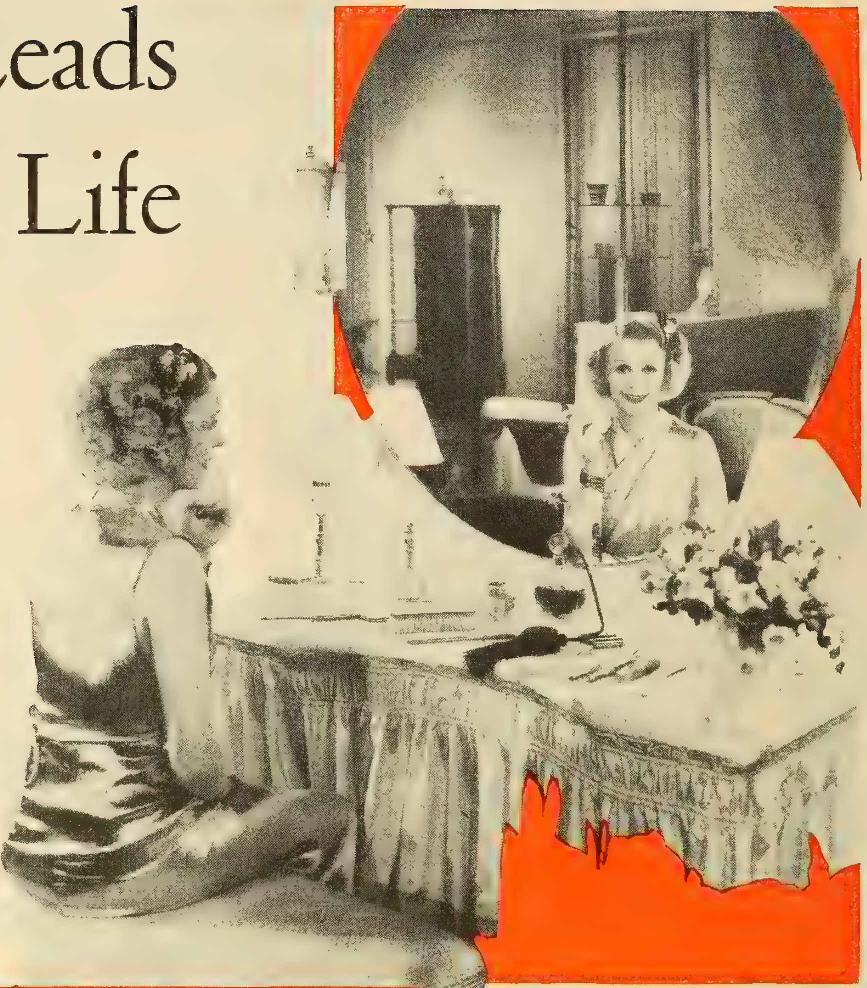

Cashmere Bouquet
60¢ Value for 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion 50¢
Cashmere Bouquet Soap 10¢
Total Value 60¢
Cashmere Bouquet Introductory Package
60¢ Value for 39¢

GET THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER AT YOUR DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE!
Remember, for limited time only!

My *Face* Leads A Double Life *says* Gloria Stuart

In which a lovely picture star makes a personal appearance

by
Alison Alden



Reflected in the mirror of her dressing table is Gloria's smiling off-screen face, as she adds a final touch to her evening make-up

NONE of her acquaintances would accuse lovely Gloria Stuart of being "two-faced"—yet Gloria herself maintains she is just that. "My camera face is studio property, to make up or even mar up with cosmetics as they see fit," she explained. "My other face, the face I present to my husband and friends, is my own responsibility. Perhaps that is why I take more personal interest in the care of my skin and hair than I do in camera make-up."

Gloria was in her dressing room at Universal Studios where she is starring in *Rich and Reckless* when I arrived to interview her. While she ate her lunch and studied her script, a hairdresser was deftly arranging an intricate coiffure. Actresses of the screen always seem to accomplish an amazing number of things at once, and one of the things is pretty sure to be with an eye to beauty.

When I asked Gloria for the secret of her flawless skin, there was no reproachful I-came-this-way look from *her!* On the contrary she was as candidly enthusiastic about her discoveries in beauty aids as any young woman who is determined to make the most of her good features.

Distinctly an experimenter, she loves to try new cosmetics, creams, oils and lotions, and by the process of elimination has evolved a routine of care best suited to her type skin which is of an extremely delicate texture and coloring.

If your skin is of the inclined-to-be-dry type, then the procedure followed by this beautiful star will be doubly interesting, because it is to combat dryness that her routine has been evolved.

Gloria makes some hasty repairs to her lip rouge between scenes of *Rich and Reckless*

"The removal of old-type picture make-up required Herculean effort, and subjected the skin to harsh cleansing processes," Gloria told me. "However, the new panchromatic make-up now in use by the studios is easily washed off with soap and water, which solves, for an actress, an important problem in the care of her skin.

"In removing street make-up I use a very light cleansing cream to prepare my face for its oil and soap bath, a little invention of my own. This facial bath is started with the application of two oils mixed in equal parts, to lubricate and soften my skin, which I allow to remain on about ten minutes. Then *over the oils* I apply a rich lather of soap, either a bland white or a medicated soap, and rub my face briskly with a soft-bristled complexion brush. With the oils and soap still on, I step into my shower and rinse my face under the needle spray, gradually lowering the temperature to a final dash of cold water that closes the pores. I have found the combination of oils and soap just the right treatment for my skin."

Although Gloria uses a white, unscented soap for her face, with a feminine fondness for perfume she prefers a fragrantly

[*Continued on page* 64]

Personality of the Month

MARGO

WHEN Margo, exotic brunette beauty, danced at Los Angeles' famed Cocoanut Grove three years ago, her spirited Mexican dances won enthusiastic applause from smart, sophisticated audiences.

But not one of the motion picture executives offered her a contract.

A year later Margo danced at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. There she was seen by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who saw in her, despite her lack of acting experience, the ideal heroine for their first joint screen effort, *Crime Without Passion.* Making her debut opposite Claude Rains, Margo's dark-eyed beauty and surprisingly mature talent won for her a widespread public.

Hollywood wanted her services.

Such, in brief, is the story of Margo—another version of the prophet who was without honor in his own country.

Although Margo first won public acclaim as a dancer, it is as an actress that she hopes to achieve the heights. And she has a way of making her dreams come true. A year ago, when she read James Hilton's novel, *Lost Horizon,* she hoped, when and if the story were filmed, to play the part of the Chinese girl on the screen. And while she was making her second and third pictures, *Rhumba* and *Robin Hood of Eldorado,* she looked forward to the time when she might work with Hollywood's foremost director, Frank Capra.

Today she is at Columbia studios playing the part she wanted in *Lost Horizon* opposite Ronald Colman under Capra's direction! It was through the personal instigation of Author Hilton, who saw her in her recent stage success, *Winterset,* that she was chosen for the rôle.

Born in Mexico City a scant twenty years ago, Margo is the daughter of Dr. Amedio Bolado, celebrated surgeon. She inherited the rhythmic talents of her Latin ancestors and made her debut as a dancer at the age of six. Soon afterwards she went to Spain with her parents, where she studied dancing for several years. Upon her return to Mexico City, she perfected the Mexican dances which have since won for her international fame. She performed, while still in her 'teens, at Agua Caliente and at the Cocoanut Grove.

Unmarried, Margo is five feet four inches in height, weighs 110 pounds, has hazel eyes and dark brown hair which she wears in a soft, curling coiffure. She is vivacious and gives the effect, both in person and on the screen, of being excited—and exciting!

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!

See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (27) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

The GREAT GINGER ROGERS HOAX!

Ginger has fooled us long enough. We're going to tell on her—and that telling is going to amaze you! If you want to be "in the know" about today's most famous star you'll read the exciting scoop story in November

SCREEN BOOK

HOW JEANETTE MacDONALD
and
GENE RAYMOND
Fell In Love!

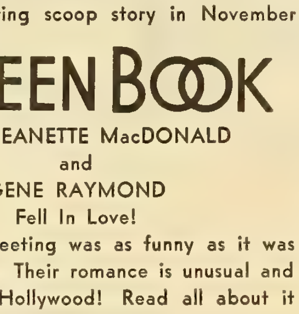
Their first meeting was as funny as it was unconventional. Their romance is unusual and thoroughly un-Hollywood! Read all about it in Screen Book's exclusive story.

Don't miss *Worm's-Eye View of Nelson Eddy,* in which his private secretary gives us another view of the romantic singer.

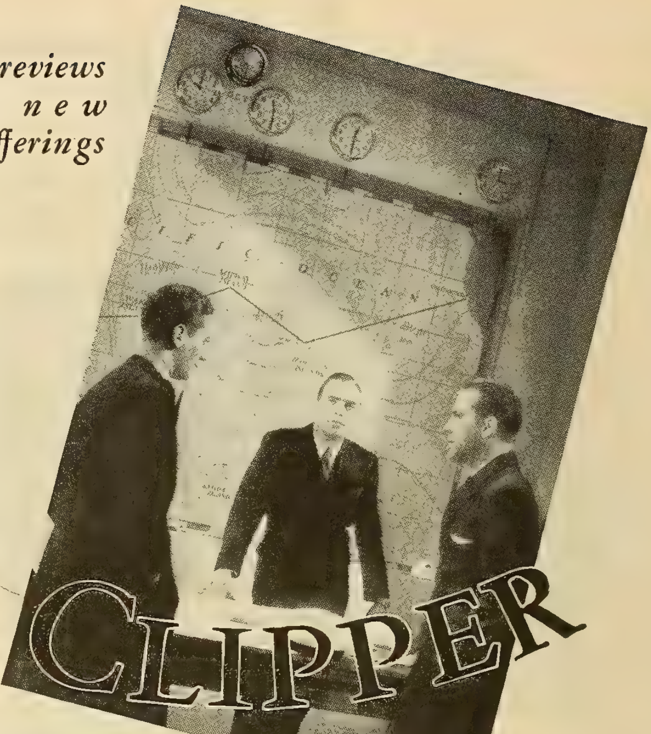
Do you know how John Boles proposed to Mrs. Boles? How Robert Young and Gary Cooper popped the question? *How Movie Stars Propose* is a vivid and entertaining account of the unique ways our most famous stars acquired their better halves. These are only a few of the stories which cram to the gills the November issue of

10c

NOW
ON
SALE



Unbiased reviews of the new screen offerings



Ross Alexander, Pat O'Brien and Humphrey Bogart in a scene from *China Clipper*, a stirring story of the airways

The Show Window

by Eric Ergenbright

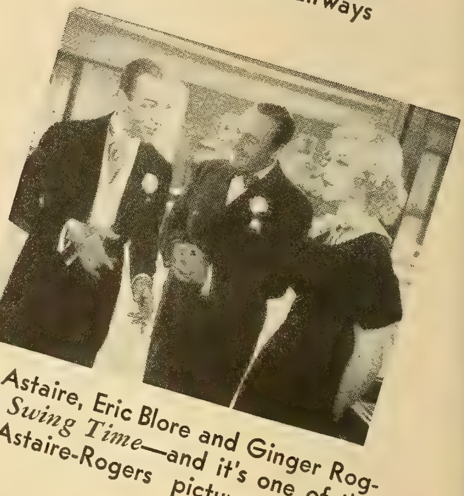
EXCELLENT

CHINA CLIPPER—A roaring drama of the airways, conceived and played on an heroic scale which will fire the imagination of any audience. The story depicts the rise of commercial aviation, the fight of its pioneers to make flying safe and to expand their service. It traces the birth of a great dream and follows its dramatic development from the humblest of beginnings to the—China Clipper. Crammed to the gunwales with exciting action, played brilliantly by an unusually capable cast headed by Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Henry B. Walthall, Ross Alexander and Beverly Roberts, it is entertainment with a capital "E." Moreover, it is a picture that every boy should see for it has the inspirational quality of Lindbergh's flight. *Warner Brothers.*

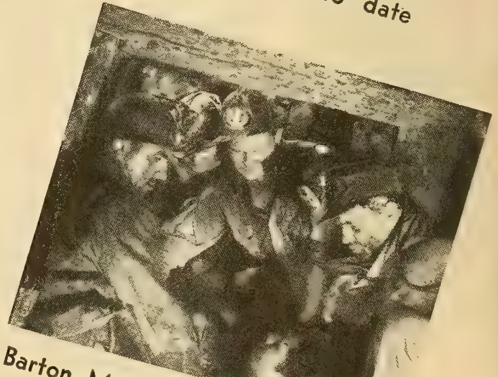
SWING TIME—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, already the most popular team in screen history, will gain an army of new admirers by virtue of this ultra-entertaining extravaganza. *Swing Time* has everything—delightful dance numbers, engaging music, a satisfactory if not a strong plot, and uproarious comedy.

Comparisons are usually odious, but what better or more understandable manner of reviewing an Astaire-Rogers picture is there than to compare it with their previous productions? This is, with the possible exception of *Top Hat,* their best to date.

Astaire dances a routine in black-face that is particularly outstanding. In it, he takes advantage of Hollywood's camera magic to dance with his own shadow. The



Fred Astaire, Eric Blore and Ginger Rogers in *Swing Time*—and it's one of the best Astaire-Rogers pictures to date



Barton MacLane stars in *Draegerman Courage*, a tense drama based on the Nova Scotia mine disaster result is spectacular. His dances with Ginger Rogers, three in number, have more rhythmic charm than ever before. Ginger Rogers has become a very great dancer and carries a greater share of every routine than she did in their earlier pictures.

Victor Moore, Helen Broderick and the inimitable Eric Blore reap a rich harvest of laughs in the supporting cast. Betty Furness and Georges Metaxa are excellent in more serious rôles. *R-K-O-Radio.*

PICADILLY JIM—And here is one of the smoothest, most entertaining comedy-dramas of the month, a tempestuous laughfest which hinges on the adventures of a ne'er-do-well American artist in stately London. The plot is too complicated to permit retailing so suffice it to say that it was authored by the inimitable P. G. Wodehouse and followed faithfully by its scenarists. And it offers one of the most rapid-fire barrages of laughs that this reviewer has seen in many a moon.

Robert Montgomery gives his best performance to date in the title rôle, but is forced to share laurels with Eric Blore, Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and Robert Benchley. Put this one on your "must see" list. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

LAST OF THE MOHICANS—Faithfully adhering to James Fenimore Cooper's classic tale of Indian warfare in pre-Revolutionary days, this melodramatic offering qualifies for a preferred position on this month's bill of fare. The director, George B. Seitz, has wisely chosen to keep the action moving at a mile-a-minute pace and not once, from opening shot to final fade-out, does the excitement lag. Hand-to-hand fighting between painted braves and white scouts, a mass attack on Fort William Henry, wilderness adventures, and a satisfactory love story highlight the plot. Adults will enjoy it; the kids will love it.

Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxin, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel and Bruce Cabot share the acting laurels. *United Artists.*

LADY BE CAREFUL—And here, fellow laugh-addicts, is another of the sprightliest comedies of the season, a fast-moving, chuckle-laden tale of a dashing sailor's assault on the heart of a gal who is reputed to be love-proof. Lew Ayres scores triumphantly as the romantic pride of the navy whose amorous prowess is backed by all the coin his pals can muster. Mary Carlisle is excellent as the hard-hearted Hannah of Panama whose ice-bound heart melts under the fire of his attentions. Benny Baker is a riot as the side-kick of the hero and Larry Crabbe gives his best performance to date as the arrogant marine who wooed . . . and lost . . . and bet.

This one is grand entertainment. *Paramount.*

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—For many reasons this is one of the month's more important offerings. It marks Marion Talley's debut as a screen star; it establishes Michael Bartlett as a personality of real importance; it is the most magnificent production ever attempted by an independent studio—and last but far from least it is a great picture, entertaining and artistic.

Music, of course, is the predominant factor—and never has a more canny selection of numbers been made. Miss Talley, in magnificent voice, sings several operatic arias. With Michael Bartlett, whose voice seems better than ever, she sings the duet from *Les Huguenots.* The Hall Johnson negro choir is superb in two folk songs and Clarence Muse, the great negro bari-

[*Continued on page* 66]

RICHARD HUDNUT
MARVELOUS
55¢ each

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

"Really remarkable!" says BINNIE BARNES

★ Featured in "The Last of the Mohicans," a Reliance picture released through United Artists.

INDEED it *is* remarkable . . . this new Eye-Matched Makeup, the face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara that are *scientifically* color-harmonized, and keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

Stage and screen stars, artists and fashion authorities, beauties and beauty editors agree that it's better. Nine out of ten of the million women who have bought Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup say it makes them look younger, lovelier, immediately more attractive.

Write your favorite beauty editor. Ask your own drug or department store . . . they'll recommend Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup, tell you to buy the *Dresden* type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara if your eyes are blue; *Patrician* type, if they're gray; *Parisian* type, brown; *Continental* type, hazel. Full size packages, 55¢ each. (Canada, 65¢.)

Buy this new makeup by the color of your eyes . . . and be lovelier, for *his* eyes . . . tonight!

MARVELOUS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
The Eye-Matched
MAKEUP
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

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Now *You're Talking*

The readers' page, whereon they are urged to express their frank opinions of pictures and players—and MOVIE CLASSIC

$15 Letter

We Told You So—During my vacation I experienced a thrill that rarely comes to we movie fans. I entered the holy of holies, the sanctuary of the gods. I walked in awe with timid steps upon Hollywood's most sacred ground, LOCATION.

A friend was my magic genii. It was he who from a discreet distance showed me two prematurely old, tired immobile Oriental faces. Faces, noted for their plasticity and expressiveness. Faces that have brought both tears and thrills to movie audiences now hidden beneath masks of Oriental grimness and the deft touches of the make-up man.

You guessed it. They were Paul Muni and Luise Rainer prepared for their rôles in *Good Earth.* It was in those brief moments of my visit that I realized how much care and work goes into one movie. I saw Luise Rainer as she patiently practiced her technique of scything the stalks in the wheat field. I saw Paul Muni rehearse one simple scene seven times before both he and the director felt it satisfactory.

It was a wonderful experience that gave me a deeper appreciation of the money, time, endurance, patience and precision that must go into the making of a single movie.—*Helen Veit, Columbus, Ohio.*

$10 Letter

A WOOER, A CHEAT AND A BORE

I like movies bloody and gory;
Also musical shows I attend;
I go for a mushy love story
Where the boy gets the girl in the end.
But spare me those movies purporting
To tell about marriage and more
Because in such movies the cast will be sporting
A wooer, a wife and a bore.

I like sequences shot in the tropics,
Where an Englishman can't stand the gaff,
Or a newsreel with current news topics,
Or a comedy film for a laugh.
But spare me a movie pertaining
To maritial rifts. Its a feat
To get me to sit through a picture containing
A husband, a lover, a cheat.

Oh, give me a movie with action
With cowboys or gunmen or both,
Where the hero gets full satisfaction
By besting the villianous oaf.
But spare me from cinema pleasure
Triangular—mirroring life
That deals with these three in big measure—
A husband, a lover, a wife.

—Orville E. Reed, 16224 Baylis, Detroit, Mich.

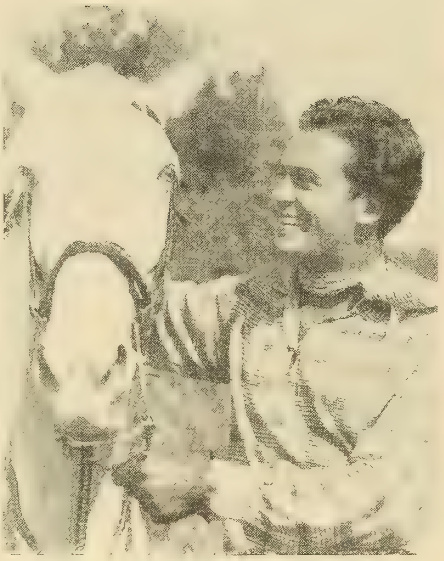
$5 Letter

A Family Balance Wheel—I am one of those mothers who has to count the pennies these times and to study carefully where and how they must be spent to do the most good. Our budget sometimes has to be stretched to the breaking point to get everything in.

But, with all our rigid economy, we have not carried it to the extent that we have deprived ourselves or our two children of the movies. We try to squeeze out at least one picture a week for all of us and sometimes we make it two.

We feel that the movies are a sort of balance wheel for the whole family and that they contribute greatly towards keeping us sane and hopeful. We tried getting along without them for several months thinking that we could not afford them, but we found ourselves becoming unusually irritated, depressed, and more likely to get on one another's nerves, so we included them in our budget again.

And it paid real dividends, too, in better tempers and calmer nerves. We found we were all better able to face our troubles with confidence in our ability to overcome them. So our advice to the thousands of other families laboring under financial difficulties similar to ours, is not to exclude the movies from your budgets. Our experience has conclusively proved to us that it is very poor economy to do so.—*Mrs. C. W. Raymond, Parkersburg, W. Va.*



Meet Craig Reynolds. Hollywood is acclaiming him as one of the most promising candidates for stardom in many a moon and he's such an obliging young fellow that he aims to make the prophecies come true

$1 Letter

'Taint Fair—I wonder, as many other picture fans do, why the photographs shown in theatre lobbies and newspaper ads are, so many times, not seen in the actual showing of the picture.

We feel, thousands of us, that this is a kind of fraud that can and should be stopped. Where, as in this state, a rigid film censorship is established, there is a constant fear that a vitally important part of the picture has been deleted.—*Anna E. Johnson, 1540 Shehy Street, Youngstown, Ohio.*

Double Features Again—After reading and hearing many and varied kicks about the pseudo-popular "Double-Feature" I am moved to offer an extra and to my mind, most important argument *against* it.

Looking back over months of attending double-feature shows, I find that, almost invariably, one of the features spoiled the enjoyment of the other. Often the second "feature" was not a feature at all but a padded "quickie." Often, the secondary play on the billing turned out to be more interesting than the leading attraction causing me to leave the theatre feeling that I had been fooled. And in the few cases where both plays satisfied, one still had the after-effect of being mentally and emotionally "over-stuffed."

Finally, with the double-feature arrangement, it is almost impossible to time one's arrival to coincide with the beginning of a play,—so that in a double-feature house, one joins a mob of jumping-jacks that never come to rest.

Let's hope that the *quantity* soon yields to *quality* in movie entertainment; hysteria to common sense and good taste.—*Mayme Pelletier, 3218 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.*

Virility Demanded—It is no secret that the majority of movie fans and theatergoers are women, and the women as a group seem pretty well satisfied with movies as they are. But I think it is time that someone should speak up and let the rest of the public know how we male fans suffer when watching a performance with some mollycoddle as leading man.

If the ladies must have plenty of romance in the plays, let's have more of Clark Gable, who can be romantic without getting mushy. If they like exciting movies, as most men do, what's wrong with Jimmy Cagney as a leading man? Clark Gable is distinctively a man's man; so is Cagney. In their acting, both are the good, hard-headed, "mushproof" type of leading men that every red-blooded person—and certainly, every man—admires.

So, here's a plea to the movie producers. Let's have more movies that will prove enjoyable for men as well as for women. In my opinion, the one way to go about this is to have more films with two-fisted stars like Gable and Cagney in the leading rôles.—*J. E. Camp, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

Clues For the Newcomers—I don't know whether to say "Hats off to the new stars", or "Hats off to a new mode of directing." Anyway it is such a pleasant relief to watch some of our new stars, with their calm, natural, easy and seemingly unaffected talent.

Bob Taylor and Fred MacMurray are getting most of the headlines right now, but there are others too, quite a few in fact, who are giving us this kind of acting. Is it a new era, new style, or what?

I think some of the more experienced stars should try some of this—what-ever-it-is! and quit giving us so much OVER acting! I can't think of anything on the screen more disgusting, and we do see, oh! so much of that. Am I being sarcastic? Well! call it that if you must, but what I really want to say is—"Come on you new actors and actresses, more power to you. We like what you are giving us."—*Mrs. D. L. Bolian, Bogue Chitto, Mississippi.*

To Our Readers

For a number of years Movie Classic has been giving its readers *the final word* through the medium of prize letters. It was a grand game, enjoyed by readers and editorial staff alike and it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that we hand out the final prizes and start a new game.

You will still have the final word and your opinions will be printed in this department but NOT in the form of prize winning letters.

Fan Clubs have been asking us to give them recognition in Movie Classic. A checkup reveals that more than fifty thousand of our readers belong to movie fan clubs and *Fifty Thousand Readers Can't Be Wrong!*

Beginning with the December issue of Movie Classic, this department will be dedicated to fans in general and fan clubs in particular. Official clubs, meaning those recognized and sponsored by the stars in whose honor they are conducted, will be listed alphabetically until we reach the final Z, even if it takes many months. After that, new clubs forming will be listed each month.

News from the various clubs will be printed. We want to know all about your activities, your aims, your hopes, your ambitions and even your troubles. We hope to act as arbitrator between you and the studios, the stars and exhibitors.

In addition to this department, Movie Classic will carry one interview every month, covering any star selected by the fan clubs for that month. Since there are two large fan club organizations, *The Federation of Fan Clubs and The Fan Club Guild,* we will permit them to take turns selecting the star to be so interviewed.

The department will be conducted by Harmony Haynes and the star selected each month will be interviewed by her.

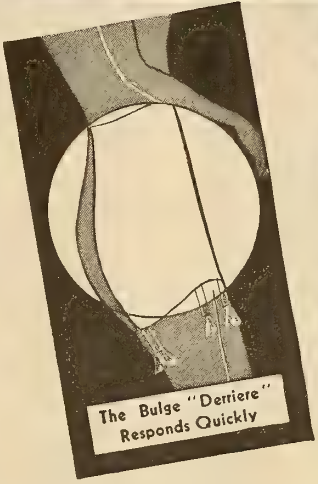
Miss Haynes asks your cooperation in making this department one of the best, and urges you to write her giving your ideas of what you would like in such a department.

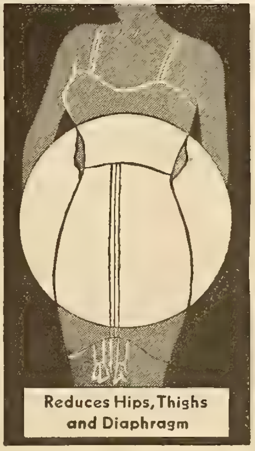
All this fan club chatter does not mean that fans not belonging to clubs will be ignored or neglected. This department also belongs to them and they are urged to take part in it at all times.

The first shot has been fired! The game is already under way. Come on! Get in it!

"*Quickly* CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY *CONFINES...* IT *REMOVES* UGLY BULGES!


The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly

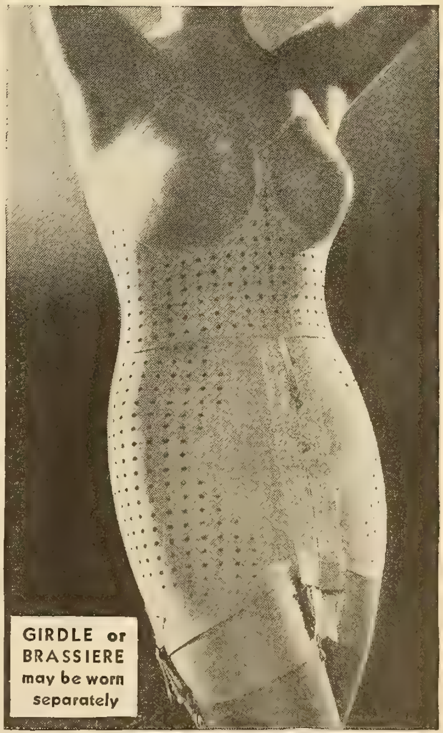

Reduces Hips, Thighs and Diaphragm

Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If You Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

with the Perfolastic Girdle

. . . it will cost you nothing!



THOUSANDS of women owe their slim, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness!

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at just those spots where surplus fat first accumulates.

Past results prove that we are justified in making you this remarkable offer. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES," Writes Miss Richardson! "Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr. "Used to wear size 42—now take size 18," writes Mrs. Faust. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfolastic wearers.

TEST . . . The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at *our expense!*

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY!

■ With every move you make the massage-like action takes off unwanted inches. You do nothing except watch the fat disappear. All the while you are so comfortable you can hardly believe you are actually reducing. Because of the perforations and soft, silky lining, Perfolastic is delightful to wear.

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women told in this FREE BOOKLET. You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test at OUR expense. Mail the coupon NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 711, 41 East 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ....
Address ....
City ....State ....
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.

FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE · KENT TAYLOR
PAULINE FREDERICK · JANE DARWELL
KATHERINE DE MILLE · JOHN CARRADINE
and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King
Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel
Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

DIMPLES

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY · ROBERT KENT · ASTRID ALLWYN
DELMA BYRON · THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson

Janet GAYNOR
Loretta YOUNG
Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE · PAUL LUKAS
TYRONE POWER, JR. · ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith
Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva
Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

PIGSKIN PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN · JOHNNIE DOWNS
ARLINE JUDGE · BETTY GRABLE
PATSY KELLY · JACK HALEY
YACHT CLUB BOYS · DIXIE DUNBAR
TONY MARTIN · JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler
Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers

20th CENTURY FOX
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Jeanette MacDonald

Soaring to greater heights with each new screen appearance, Jeanette MacDonald, from a humble beginning as a dancer in a New York stage production, has made herself one of the cinema's really outstanding personalities. On-screen, she will follow her sensational triumph in San Francisco by co-starring with Nelson Eddy in the operetta, *Maytime*. Off-screen, she has at last forsworn her belief that marriage and career are incompatible and has announced her engagement to Gene Raymond. They will be married in the near future

Photo by Clarence Bull

Hollywood is the

From every continent on
islands of the seven seas
greatest melting pot, lures
kind and every condi-
problems, they achieve

by Paul Muni

as told to Gladys Hall

HOLLYWOOD is, literally, the melting pot of the world. When men of all nations rub elbows with us here—when an Einstein and a Marconi, a Wells and a Walpole, a Lindbergh and the princes of England and Sweden fraternize with us, work with us, play with us—well—

It's a fact—if you stay here long enough, if you sit, for instance, day after day in the famous commissary on the M-G-M lot, in the Green Room on the Warner Brothers' lot; if you are, especially, working in pictures in any capacity, the whole world passes you by—no, no, that's not what I mean to say—It doesn't pass you by—*it stops and talks to you.*

People have a habit of thinking of Hollywood in terms of an isolated group of movie actors with, at most, a sprinkling of directors, producers, script writers, cameramen and autographophiles thrown in for diversity. Nothing could be further from the truth. For here in Hollywood we rub, not only elbows but brains, with the most eminent men in the world. With men of every calling, of every race, and from every walk of life. The Einsteins, the Marconis, the Wells and Shaws and Walpoles, Presidents and Princes . . . great aviators, engineers, bacteriologists, chemists, inventors, explorers, economists, sociologists, lapidarians, artists, authors . . . there is almost no one who does not come to Hollywood at one time or another, for one purpose or another. And those who come here come because they are passionately interested in the life and in the people here. They come to give and they come to take. They come willingly and eagerly and it is their ambition to be melted into the Hollywood stewing pot when they arrive.

The nations of the world meet and mingle here . . . Russians and Lithuanians, Poles, Czechs, Greeks—every nationality and members of every stratum of society and activity of every nation.

You do not have to take a boat and go places when you live in Hollywood. The ships of every port in the world dock here.

We are neighbors with the whole world . . . *Rhodes* brings us Africa . . . *The Good Earth* mixes us with the peoples of China . . . *Thunder Over Mexico* makes Mexico our next door neighbor in a deeper sense than the geographical . . . *Tale Of Two Cities* and *Pasteur* brought us France. We are cosmopolites. We wear coats of many colors. We speak with many tongues. We become brothers under the skin. We are the product of the Melting Pot. And in no other city in all the world

World's Melting Pot

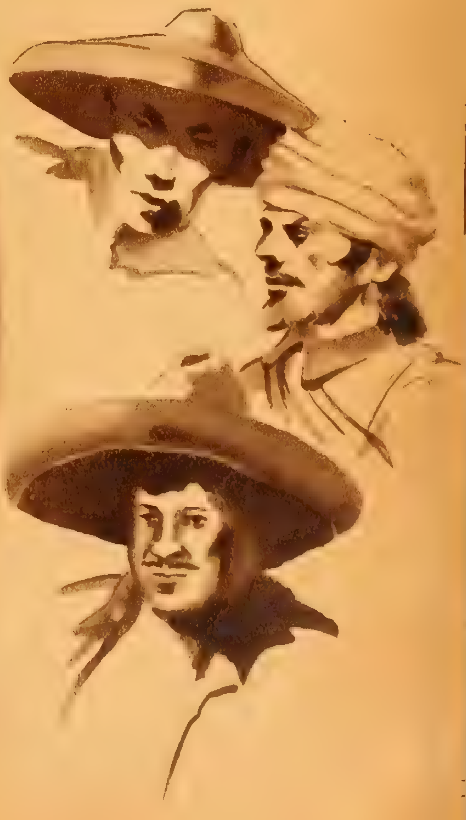
earth and from all the
Hollywood, the world's
men of every race, every
tion. Facing common
mutual understanding

is it possible to meet and really to know the peoples of the world as one comes to know them here. For here they are not "On Parade." Think of it . . . if you should go, say, to England . . . how much chance would you have of passing the time of day, almost any day, with H. G. Wells or Bernard Shaw? At most and best you might, if you were a journalist, be accorded a cut-and-dried half hour for an interview. How much chance would you have of meeting, of dancing with Prince George of England, with the King of Siam? You might stand on the curb and wave a hand at the Prince, *en passant.* But in Hollywood these very men have met and mingled with dozens, with hundreds of us. Formal introductions are not necessary. We meet them on the sets. We meet them while strolling around the lots, in the commissaries, at parties. Prince George of England was entertained at Pickfair and danced with people who would never have got near enough to kiss the royal hand anywhere else on earth.

They come to Hollywood, these men and women of all nations and all callings, because they seek to be initiated into the problems and mysteries of the Fourth Largest Industry. Or they come because they are curious to see and to meet the most publicized group of people in the world. They come to work with us. Or they come to play with us. And in either case they are eager to meet us. They *want* to talk to us. They are willing to share with us. They are eager to unburden the treasures of their brains, their accumulated experiences—their invaluable findings and conclusions. And they do.

I am, at the moment, on location with *The Good Earth* company. We are seated in bamboo chairs (brought from China) in the courtyard of "The Big House." Directly in back of us a Chinese gentleman is expounding the philosophy of Con- [*Continued on page* 84]

Paul Muni, the greatest character actor the screen has ever known, has played men of almost every nationality. No other education could have given him as much



Can *You* Pass CRAWFORD'S *Love Test?*

"I *THINK* I'm in love—"
"I'm crazy about him, but—"
"Is this love or *isn't* it?"

So many girls—boys, too—make these statements, ask these questions and, with the statements unconfirmed, the questions unanswered, proceed on their puzzled way, step into matrimony and, so often—tragedy.

Joan and I, having tea in her dressing room, were discussing love. We were speaking of the many needless tragedies and heartbreaks which are perpetrated in the false name of love. We discussed the thousands of young girls and boys who are the victims of infatuation, physical attraction, whatever you choose to call it, and, thinking the biological urge is love, marry in haste and repent at leisure—often in great agony of spirit.

It would be, I said, of enormous help to girls if there were some signposts set along the way, if someone who had "passed that way before" could help them to determine whether they are really in love or merely dazzled by love's substitute; if they could be given a clinical thermometer to use on Cupid—some sort of tests to apply to their own bemused hearts.

I have an enormous admiration for Joan Crawford. Both as an actress and as a woman. More, perhaps, as a woman. I believe that whatever she has to say is worth your listening to. I have known her for years. I have watched her take the clay which is herself and with resolute, competent hands, mould it nearer to her heart's desire. She has made mistakes and hasn't whimpered over them. She has used them as building blocks, not stumbling stones. She has known pain and has turned it to profit. She has stood face to face with herself and with the hands of a skilled self-sculptress has made of a pretty girl, born with more liabilities than assets, a woman to be reckoned with. She never says, "I can't" but always, "I will." She is tolerant without being sentimental. She knows fear of nothing, neither death nor life—nor love. Her vision is not distorted. She looks love itself in the eye, strips off the gaudy trappings, makes sure she is offered bread and not a stone.

I'd listen to her if I were you.

She answered gravely when I asked her if she could suggest any ways of determining to her complete satisfaction whether love is love or a cheaper substitute. She said:

"Yes, I think I can. Girls should ask themselves one question first of all. It's this: *Do I feel lonely any more?*

"That is the most vitally important question of all. That is a question only the individual herself can answer—but she can answer it. She knows. Because we have all experienced loneliness. We are all solitary little spirits—*until we find real love*, which is the only thing that can completely banish loneliness.

"We spend our lives, you know, trying to make people like us. Because their liking is warmth which penetrates a little our own natural isolation.

"Why do you suppose I shake and tremble when I face a crowd? Why do you suppose I inwardly quake before the

Are you really in love? Or are you blinded by a mere infatuation? Here are Joan Crawford's own rules for determining the true answer . . .

by
Gladys Hall

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone have based their love on understanding and companionship—and their marriage is proving one of the most successful in Hollywood

camera? *Because I am afraid people won't like me.* We are *all* afraid that people won't like us and the fear, analyzed, is really a dread of loneliness. I know of no fear that is harder to live with than this.

"It is the same, but intensified, with love. We want first to be liked, to be 'popular,' and then, as we mature, liking is not enough and we seek love. For that is the only condition in which we are lonely no longer. And for love to be real, it must, first of all, be mutual. It must be two halves, two shares of a perfect and complete experience.

"I say that love, to be real, must be mutual. I believe that. Which means that I do not believe in 'unrequited love.' If you think that you are in a tragic state of unrequited love—*snap out of it. There's no such thing.* It is a silly, passionless passion conceived and perpetrated by the poets. You are not in love at all. You are a neurotic person who would be neurotic about something anyway. Unrequited love is enjoyed by masochists, not by lovers. Any normal person can overcome such an abnormality.

"I know that I am attacking a tenderly cherished, traditional theory—but I dare to smash it because it doesn't exist, save as a bugaboo in morbid minds.

"For love, real love, is healthy. Love is exuberant and full-bodied and lusty of spirit. It does not mope about in corners, repine through fretful hours, sigh and moan and make melancholy. *That* is not love at all—it's *self-love.* It is a state of feeling mawkishly sorry for yourself and—blaming it on someone else.

"There are so many fallacies about love. There is the kind of love which leads a man to try to make a girl over. *Distrust that.* The man who tries to make you over isn't worth a nickel. He falls in love with what you are, doesn't he? And if he tries to make you over he kills the thing he fell in love with.

"This works in the reverse, too.

[*Continued on page* 68]

From radio comes an Italo-American to take his place as one of the most promising young stars in Hollywood

Ameche Makes His Bow

WITH Jean Hersholt in *Sins of Man* appeared a newcomer to the screen, with whose agreeable radio personality many of you were familiar. None of you knew his face. When it flashed on the screen, you found it as agreeable as his voice—dark, strong, yet with a marked quality of gentleness in its strength. Still you reserved judgment. He hadn't much to do in the early part of the picture, and you may have felt about his Swiss shorts as one lady did, who was heard murmuring: "Pull up your socks, Don. You're a big boy now."

But from the moment he appeared as the younger son grown up, the tide turned. A magnetic something shot from screen to audience. From the little scene with the valet, played with a light but authoritative touch and an accent refreshingly unphony—through the restrained emotion of the recognition scene, so much more affecting than any heroics—to the final glimpse of the young musician, baton in hand, head turned to smile reassuringly at his father—your liking for Don Ameche mounted and swelled till, when he was formally presented at the end of the film, it found expression in a burst of applause.

That applause has swept him on, with sensational suddenness, to screen success. Already he has completed two more important rôles. Within another week or two, he will have started his first starring assignment, in *Lloyds' of London*.

The simplicity you noted in his performance marks the man. Despite his five years of success on the radio, he is not of the theatrical world. A deep rooted attachment to home and family comes first with him, and probably always will. Not that he blathers about it. But he doesn't try to hide it in a hole either. There it is, for anyone with eyes to see. Nothing else seems to "bother him much." Pleased with his achievements "so far," he refuses to get excited over them. From his Italian father he must have inherited more than his flashing smile—a strain of Southern philosophy, perhaps, which is satisfied to let things take their course. For like a refrain through all his story run the words: "It didn't seem to bother me—" spoken with a slow smile, which is partly amusement and partly good-humored mockery.

He was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin—one of a family of eight. His father, a miner during his bachelor days, had fallen in love with and married the Scotch-Irish daughter of the house where he boarded. With his savings he started a small liquor business. Don—christened Dominic—rollicked with his brothers and sisters and lived the normal life of a small boy in a small town.

At eleven he was sent to a Catholic boarding school, where he worked a little but played more. His teachers found their severity hard to maintain, when young Dominic's brown eyes would widen penitently in fervent agreement that the world wasn't made for fun alone—after which he would promptly depart in search of more fun.

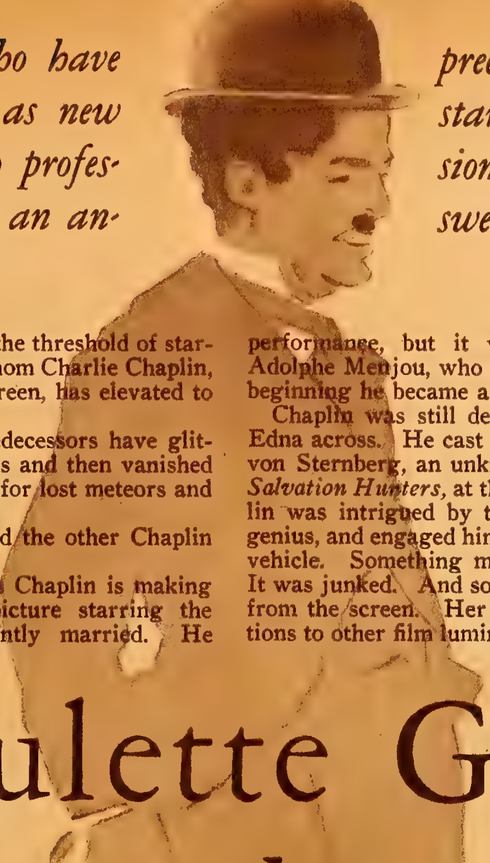
When he was in his second year at high school, one [*Continued on page* 89]

Loretta Young and Don Ameche, as Ramona and Alessandro in the new screen version of Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal love story. Don's performance carried him to stardom

by Ida Zeitlin

Can Paulette Goddard Beat *The Chaplin Jinx?*

The six beautiful girls who have preceded her as Chaplin's leading ladies were all hailed as new stars—but one by one they have waned and fallen into professional oblivion. And Hollywood seeks an answer to the riddle



by Lew Garvey

PAULETTE GODDARD stands on the threshold of stardom. She is the seventh lovely lady whom Charlie Chaplin, the baggy-trousered genius of the screen, has elevated to such heights in the past thirteen years.

Like so many skyrockets, Paulette's predecessors have glittered momentarily in the cinematic heavens and then vanished forever into that limbo seemingly reserved for lost meteors and ex-Chaplin leading women.

Will the strange jinx which has doomed the other Chaplin discoveries relegate Paulette to oblivion?

The answer will soon be forthcoming as Chaplin is making preparations to produce and direct a picture starring the vivacious young beauty whom he recently married. He will not appear in it. Hollywood anxiously awaits the outcome. Keen observers predict that Paulette stands a better chance to banish the jinx than the other ill-fated ladies who basked in Chaplin's favor. They insist that she has superior talent and greater charm. They point to her performance in the recent Chaplin picture, *Modern Times,* and recall the critics' praises. They predict flattering success when she blooms as a star in her own right.

However, the same brave prophecies were uttered in behalf of Virginia Cherrill, Myrna Kennedy, Georgia Hale, Edna Purviance, Mildred Harris and Lita Grey. They too had their fleeting interval on the Hollywood heights. Today they dwell in obscurity.

The chronological history of the doomed beauties in Chaplin's life begins back in 1923 when he decided to launch Edna Purviance as a star. Three years previously Edna had played the feminine lead with Chaplin in that classic of the silent screen, *The Kid.* And even before that she had supported Chaplin in a number of short comedies. Chaplin and Jackie Coogan won immortal fame in *The Kid,* and Edna's performance, although excellent, was overshadowed. Being a fair-minded individual and honestly believing the time opportune for Edna to win a following of her own, Chaplin produced *A Woman of Paris.* It was a magnificent screen achievement for 1923. Edna contributed a splendid performance, but it was a comparatively unknown actor, Adolphe Menjou, who stole the picture. From this unexpected beginning he became a screen sensation.

Chaplin was still determined to put the voluptuous, blonde Edna across. He cast her for the lead in *The Sea Gull.* Josef von Sternberg, an unknown director, had just made a picture, *Salvation Hunters,* at the astounding low cost of $5,000. Chaplin was intrigued by the picture, acclaimed von Sternberg a genius, and engaged him to direct the second Purviance starring vehicle. Something misfired. The picture was not released. It was junked. And so was Edna's starring career. She faded from the screen. Her fickle followers transferred their affections to other film luminaries. Today [*Continued on page* 96]

Watch Fred And--*Swing It!*

ON A HUGE, modernistic night-club set of *Swing Time,* handsome Georges Metaxa, playing an orchestra leader, lifts his baton. The orchestra responds with the first strains of a new Jerome Kern waltz. Fred Astaire takes Ginger Rogers in his arms and they glide across the gleaming floor.

The melodious music pulses with rhythm that no waltz ever had before. And, dancing to that music, Fred and Ginger create a new rhythm that waltzing never has had before.

It is their supreme dancing duet. It is—"Waltz in Swing Time". . . .

"I think this waltz will sweep them off their feet," says Fred, in an amazingly un-Astaire-like burst of confidence. Then he retreats: "I mean, I hope it will. I've had the idea a long time. I've wanted to do a hot waltz for years . . . No, 'hot' isn't the word. You can't really get hot, doing a waltz. It doesn't ring true. But you *can* get super-rhythm into it. . . . What delayed it this long was that I couldn't get the tune I wanted, until Jerry Kern wrote this.

"A Viennese waltz is beautifully languid"—he illustrates, with a slow left-and-right motion of his hand. "One-two-three, one-two-three. But this has a background of a swing. We are dancing at a four-four beat to music in three-four time. A fox trot in waltz time. While the music is going one-two-three, we are going one-two-three-four.

"In certain parts of the routine, we do some tapping. But just some. And part of the dance is ordinary waltzing. But it has a little more stuff, a little

Director George Stevens (with the script) calls for an on-the-set conference between the three principal players in *Swing Time,* Georges Metaxa, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire

Astaire

An exciting new dance—a waltz in swing time—Fred and Ginger dancing with a four-four beat to music in three-four time—and the world wanting to dance with them

more rhythm, a little more *'swing.'* There's that word again. It *is* expressive."

As Fred and Ginger do the dance, it looks dazzlingly easy—for them, at least.

"It's easy for anyone to dance when music has swing to it," is Fred's answer. "That's why people are taking to swing music. But why are they so puzzled by the word 'swing'? It's just a new name for super-rhythm, for tempo with a high pulse-beat. I've had that type of music in all of my shows for years. I've needed it for the dances I've done. It isn't anything new. The word is new—that's all.

"And the word isn't so new, either. Two years ago, in *Roberta,* I had to say something to my band to pep them up for a hot number. 'What'll I say?' I asked the boys. 'Why, say, "Swing it",' they told me. So my line read, 'Come on, boys, let's swing it.' The expression was about a year old then."

But, in this year of grace, isn't the rhythm of swing music more accentuated than rhythm used to be?

"The style is more expert—that's certain. Hot tunes become stomp tunes. A good rhythm band, like Johnny Green's or Benny Goodman's, hits a marvelous peak of tempo. A good swing band makes the old-type jazz band sound a little ridiculous and passe. Like the word 'hot-cha.' A swing band glorifies rhythm."

Watching Fred, himself, glorify rhythm is one of the easiest things in the world. And imitating him is one of the hardest. Yet, seeing him, *you* want to try.

That is the amazing thing about him. He gives you illusions about *yourself.*

He makes you wonder about your feet. Aren't they good for anything except taking you on errands?

If they aren't, you never will admit it. [*Continued on page* 62]

by

James Reid

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, king and queen of rhythm, show you how to do one of the dances which will highlight their new picture, *Swing Time*

Meet Frances Farmer

Hollywood has already met her—but can't make up its collective mind just what to think about a newcomer so self-confident and aggressive

by
Harry Lang

Currently playing a dual rôle in Samuel Goldwyn's epic, *Come and Get It,* Frances Farmer has won high praise from her director, Howard Hawks, who, (left) is discussing a scene with her

THE press-agent thought it'd be a grand idea to get some leg-pictures of Frances Farmer.

You know who she is, don't you? Or don't you? Well, she's that newcomer from Seattle, who won a newspaper contest there, and was signed by Paramount. As yet, you haven't seen much of her on the screen. She isn't, as yet, very well-known. That's one reason why the press-agent thought it'd be a good idea to get some leg-pictures of her—bathing-suit stuff, you know.

Because leg-pictures are the press-agent's open-sesame to publicity. Editors fight for leg-pictures. And Frances Farmer needs publicity at this stage of her career. So the press-agent smiled at her on the set, the other day, and said:

"Miss Farmer, how about posing for some—er—ah—some bathing-suit art?"

Frances looked at him coolly. In fact, she looked at him frigidly. This unknown newcomer to films, who (theoretically, at least) should have fallen all over herself to get *any* kind of publicity break, simply froze the press-agent.

"Why," she finally demanded, "should *I* pose for leg pictures? *Ann Harding doesn't!"*

The press-agent felt like Joe Louis must have, in that second round. He took a nine-count. Then he came back for more.

"But—but," he stammered, "other big stars do. Gladys Swarthout, and Jean Harlow, and . . ."

Frances waved an airy tut-tut.

"Oh, yes, I know," she said, "but *they* can, if they want to. *I* don't think it'd be a good idea, though."

And that was that. You'll see *no* leg-pictures of Frances Farmer.

Now, the reason I tell you this little tale is because it shows, so graphically, what kind of girl this Frances Farmer is. She is a rank outsider, a brand-newcomer to films. Out of 1,000 girls in a similar spot, at least 999 would eagerly co-operate in anything and everything suggested for their career by some experienced person in Hollywood. But Frances is the thousandth. Frances knows very definitely what she wants—and what she doesn't want—and she's having her own way about it.

It makes a lot of people (like the press-agent, for instance) very, very mad at her. It leaves a lot of other people very much amazed at her gall. It leaves still others in a dither of admiration. The result is that Hollywood is divided into two camps about Frances Farmer—one side holding that she's a great star-to-be; the other group insisting that she's just a dizzy kid fresh out of school, who'll be just another flash in the pan.

Frances Farmer herself holds with the first group.

Let me give you another picture of this girl, before I tell you who she is, what she is, and what she thinks . . .

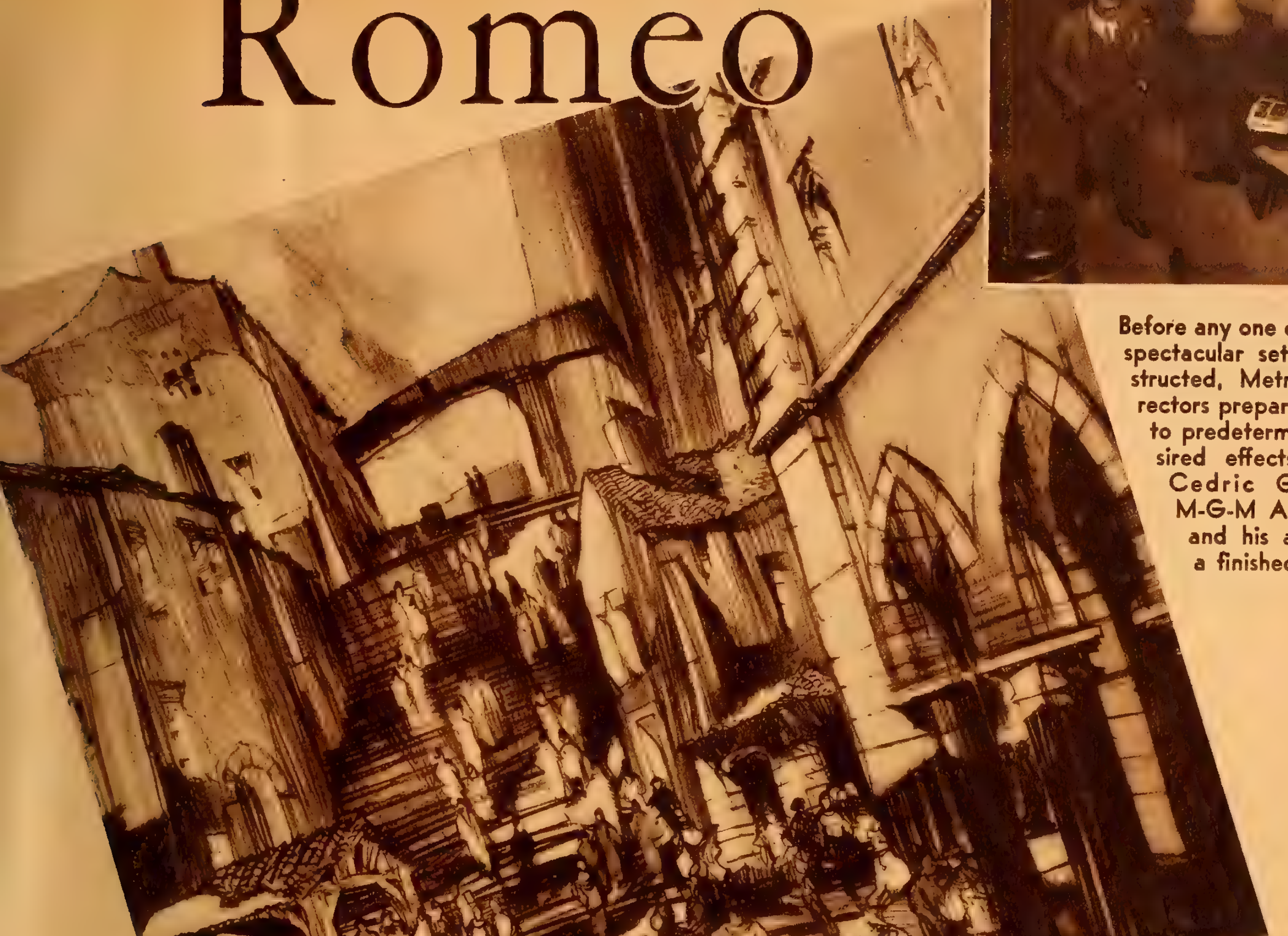
I'll give you the picture of her as I first saw her. Imagine, first, a tense moment on the stage where *Come And Get It* is being shot. The film is one of Sam Goldwyn's biggest ventures. Edward Arnold stars in it. The director is Howard Hawks, veteran of countless great film successes, a man to whom anybody in Hollywood will defer when it comes to film judgment. Picture Hawks, sitting in his directorial

[*Continued on page* 86]

Romeo and Juliet

the life story of a great picture

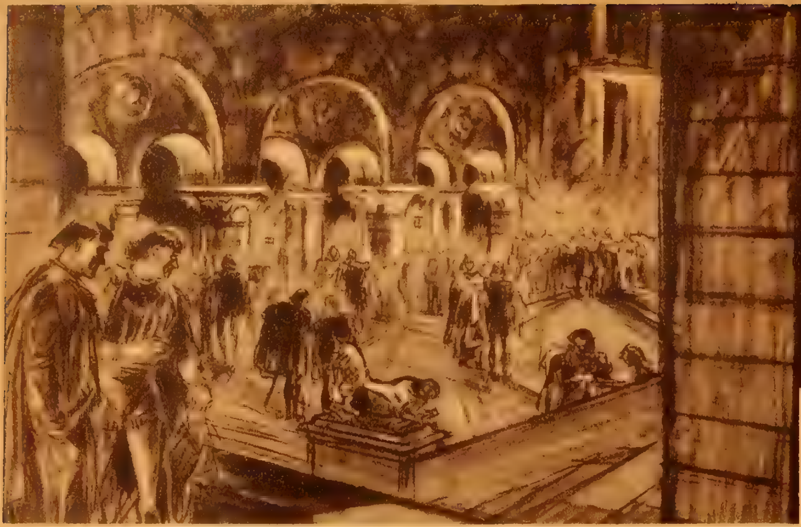
Before any one of the many spectacular sets was constructed, Metro's art directors prepared sketches to predetermine the desired effects. Above: Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M Art Director, and his aides check a finished set



Above: Director George Cukor and Producer Irving G. Thalberg have an informal, on-set conference. They worked together for more than a year on production plans. Upper right: Prof. William Strunk, of Cornell University, who collaborated on the script

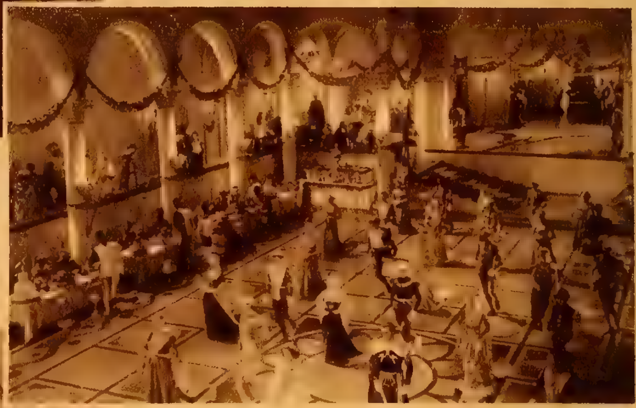
IN THESE pages MOVIE CLASSIC takes you behind the scenes in the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to glimpse the activities of the "Men Behind the Scenes"—the technical and art workers whose skill made possible that great production, *Romeo and Juliet.* On the screen you saw the stars, Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer, re-enact the immortal romance of Verona—but few people realize the research and effort which made their rôles possible.

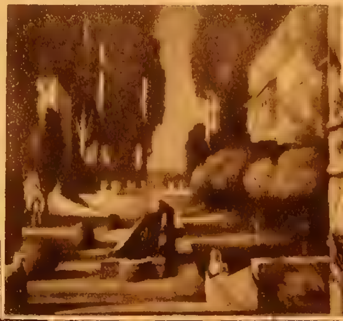
When Sets Come to Life » » »

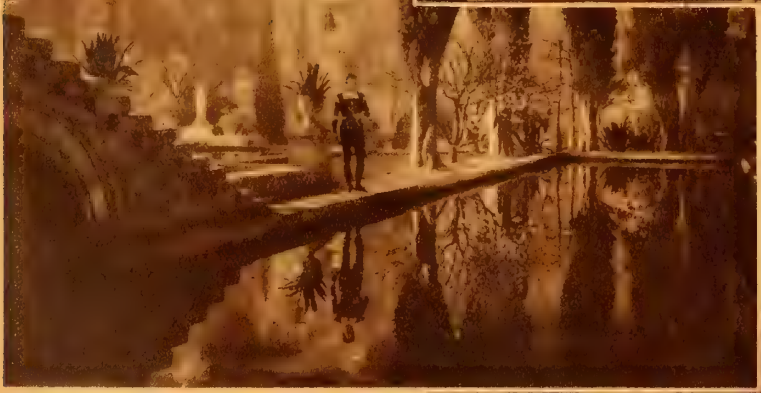


The Ballroom

Most massive and spectacular of all the sets constructed was the great ball room of the Capulets. The sketch, above, shows the designer's conception; the "still" on the right the finished product with the ball in progress

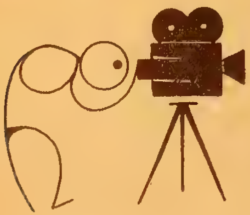


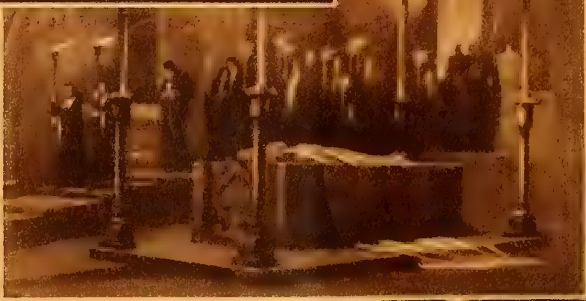




Capulet's Garden

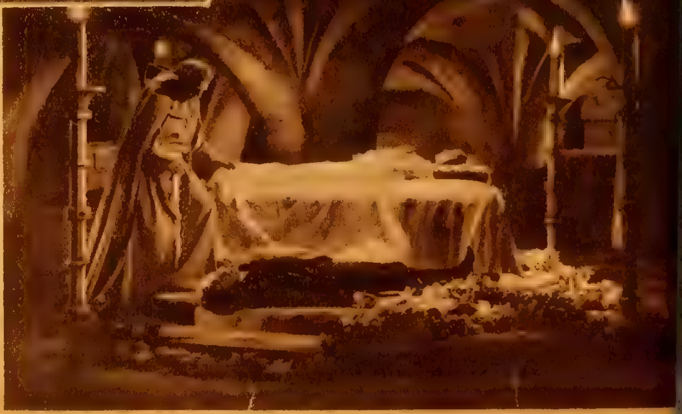
No one seeing the picture will forget the beauty of the garden scenes. In designing the garden, Cedric Gibbons had to consider the action called for in the script as well as photographic quality and authenticity. His sketch (upper left) was the germ from which the finished garden (left) was finally evolved and constructed



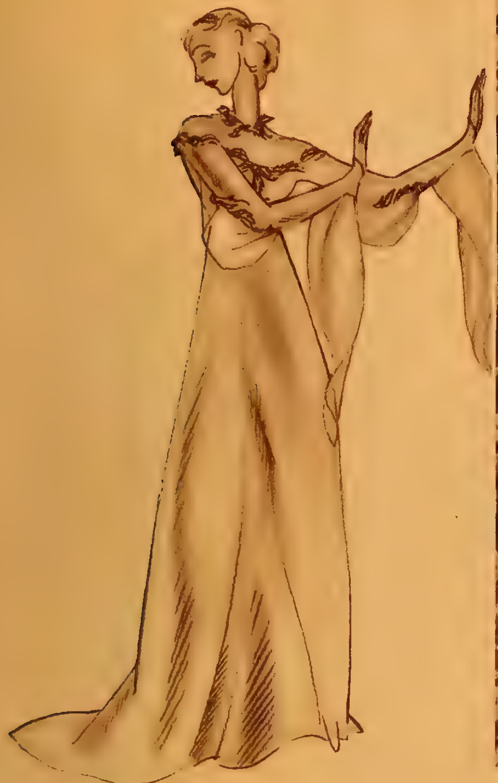


The Tomb

Mood was the goal of goals in creating the interior of the Capulet tomb where the picture's most moving scenes were filmed. The sketch (above) was made after a study of actual mausoleums owned by historic Italian families. The finished set (right) varied but little from the architect's first vision



Costuming » » »



The creation of costumes involved months of research for every detail had to be absolutely authentic. On the left is glimpsed Adrian's sketch for a gown worn by Norma Shearer in the great ball room sequence

Filming the Picture » » »

After more than 18 months of preparatory work, the sets were completed, the costumes were in readiness and the cast finally assembled. Months were spent on the picture. Two hundred thousand feet of film was shot — and the world hailed a new screen triumph. On the left Leslie Howard and Basil Rathbone are seen in the famous duelling scene. Below: the balcony scene

Simone Simon *Fooled Hollywood*

How a clever little minx from Paris used a French accent to advantage

by
Ted Magee

ANY innocent looking young lady who can fool Hollywood is nobody's fool. In fact, she would be just about the smartest girl of the season. From personal experience I stand ready to nominate Simone Simon for such an honor.

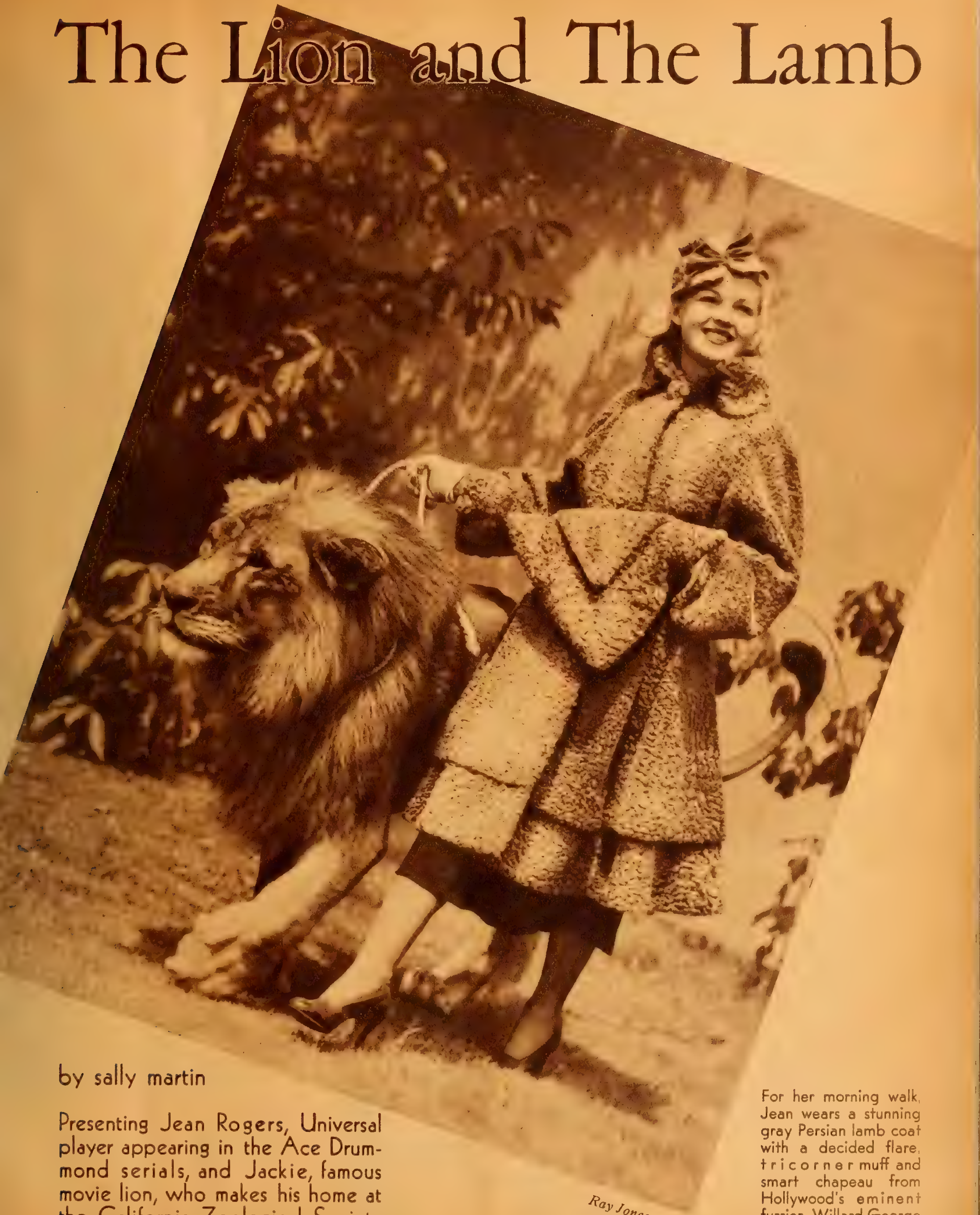
The mere mention of her name makes my ears begin to tingle. I am positive I have never blushed in my life, but my cheeks turn a mental red every time I think about the neat way she fooled me, and a large part of Movietown while she was at it.

Simone arrived in town not very long ago from Paris. People were inclined to call her a "find"—the finder in this case being Winfield Sheehan, one-time head of Fox Films. But as a matter of fact, Simone Simon was a Parisian star of films, the joy of many a continental heart. She is not a novice in the movies, and neither is she the naive little girl you saw in *Girls' Dormitory*, the 20th Century-Fox picture which launched her American career.

Latest estimates of Simone's age place her at about twenty-two. We feel positive she is no younger than that, although she looks scarcely nineteen. Simone, whatever her age—and she won't tell—is alternately a sophisticated woman [*Continued on page* 81]

On your left, ladi-e-e-z and gents, is none other than our reporter, Ted Magee, who lost a bout to Simone Simon, the smiling young lady on your right. And was his face red! Chorus: It was!

The Lion and The Lamb



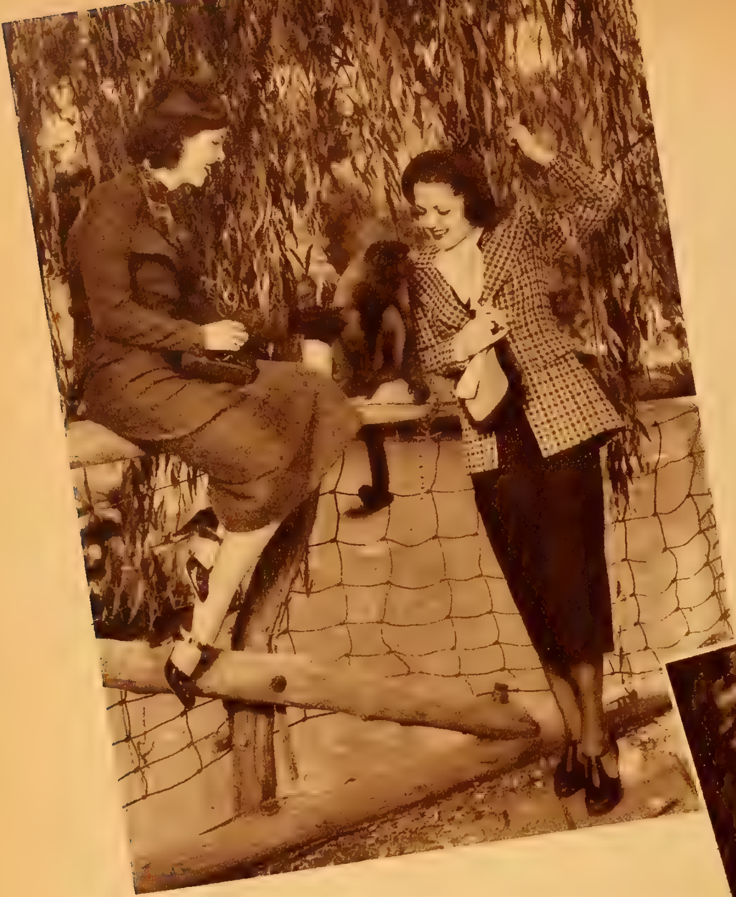
Ray Jones

by sally martin

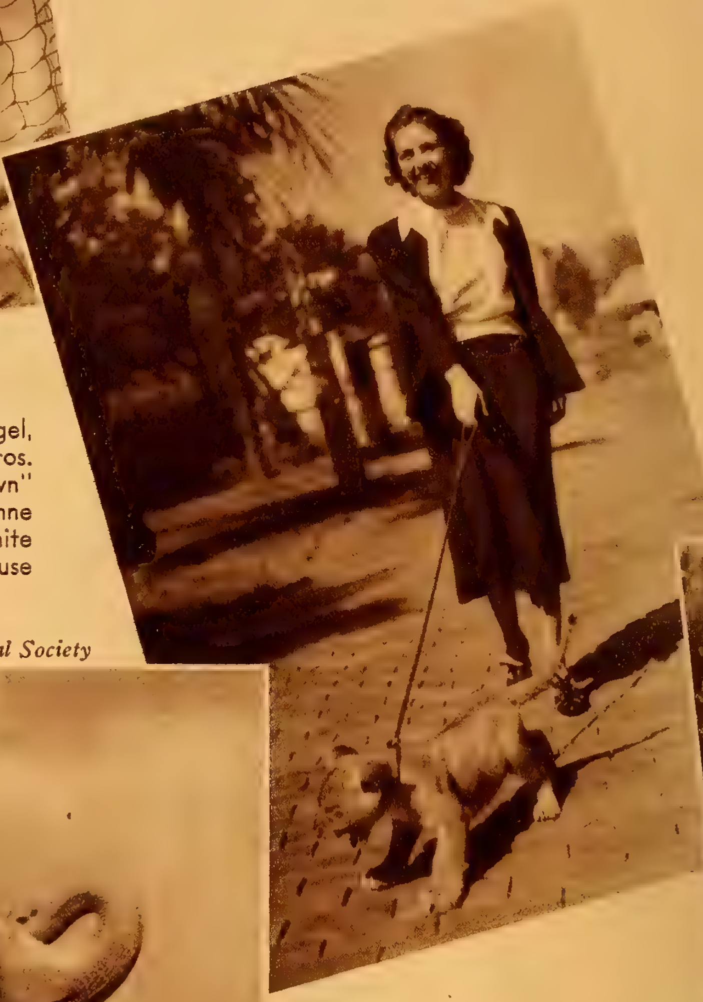
Presenting Jean Rogers, Universal player appearing in the Ace Drummond serials, and Jackie, famous movie lion, who makes his home at the California Zoological Society

For her morning walk, Jean wears a stunning gray Persian lamb coat with a decided flare, tricorner muff and smart chapeau from Hollywood's eminent furrier, Willard George

"AND IN THE

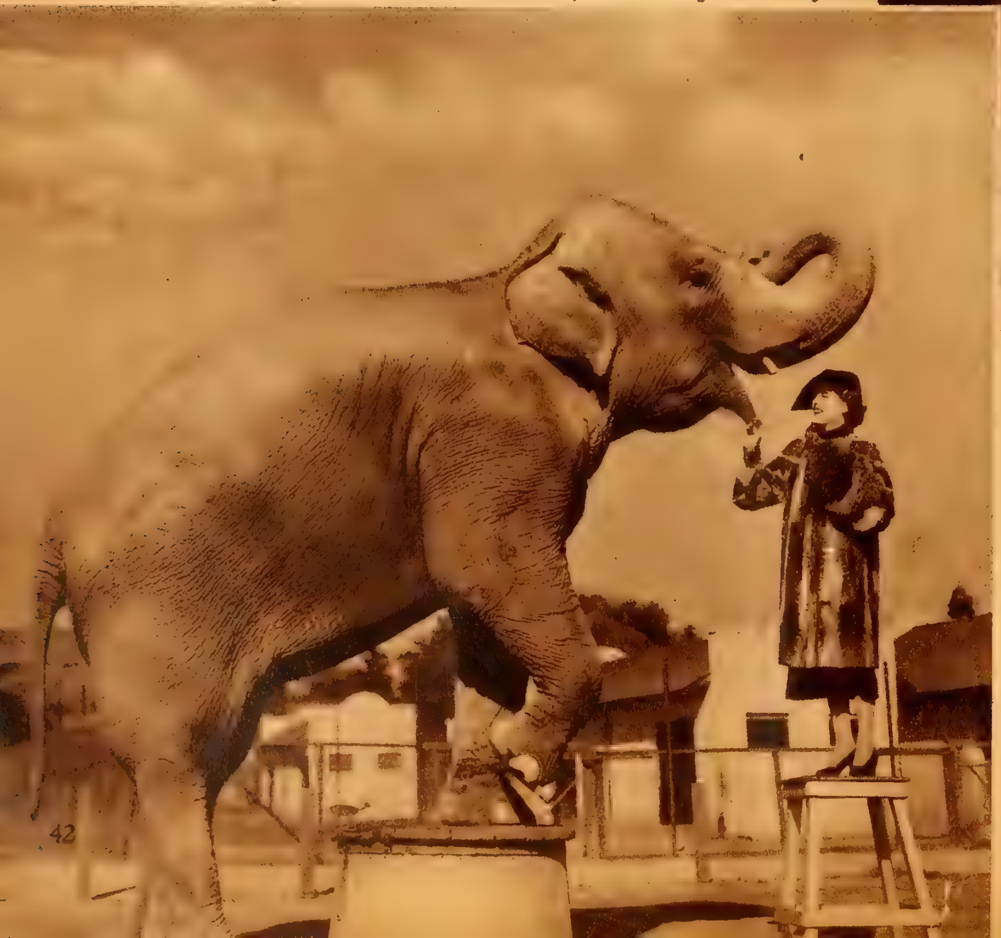


LEFT: Anne Nagel (left) and Carol Hughes stop for a chat with the monkey. Anne is smartly attired in a brown angora suit with a plaid blouse while Carol chooses navy blue with a tailored sports coat



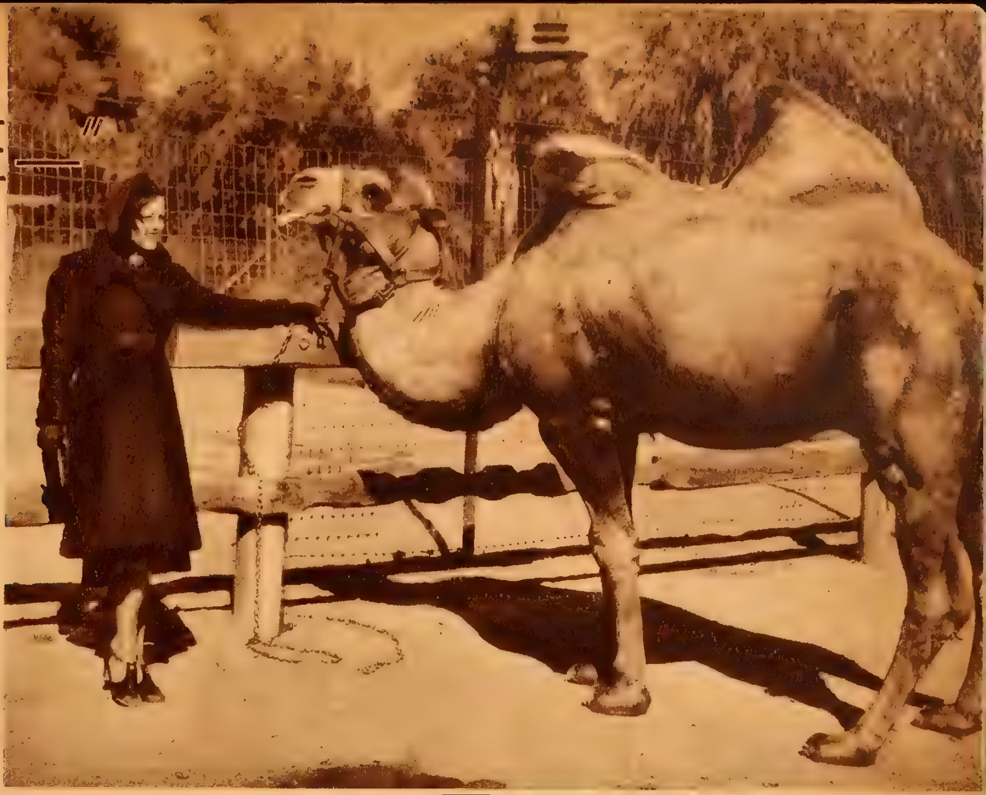
RIGHT: Charming Anne Nagel, appearing in the Warner Bros. production "Loudspeaker Lowdown" has this lion cub for a pet. Anne wears a navy blue suit with a white embroidered batiste overblouse

Photos by Scotty Welbourne taken at the California Zoological Society



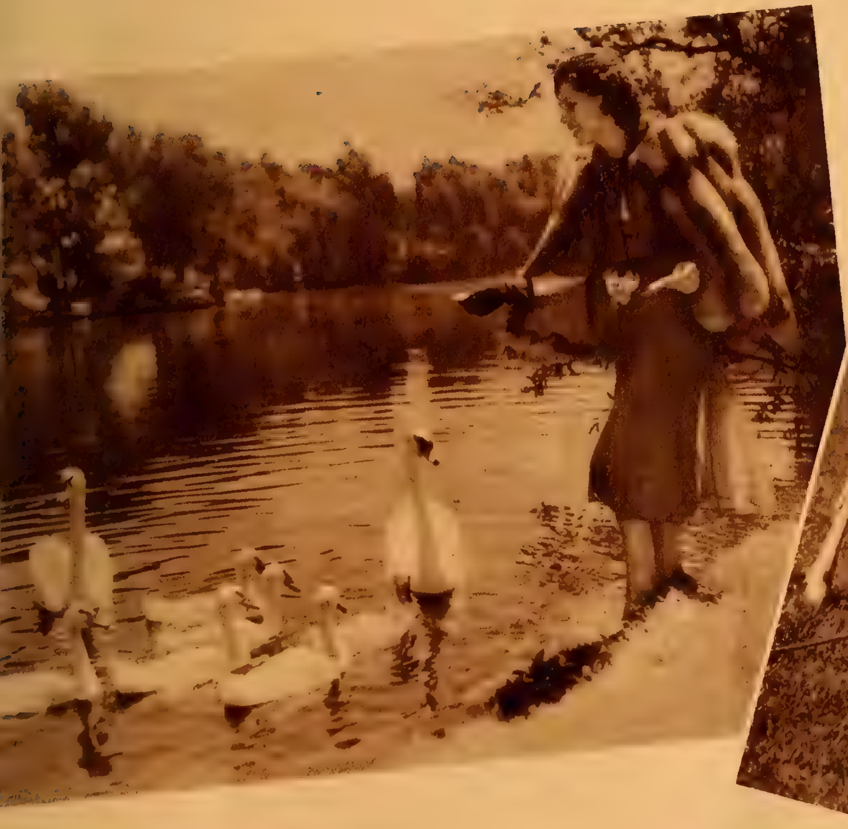
LEFT: Feeding the animals is half the fun of a zoo is Anne's opinion as she tosses a peanut into the open mouth of her well trained friend. Anne wears a gray caracul coat and carries a smart silver fox muff from Willard George

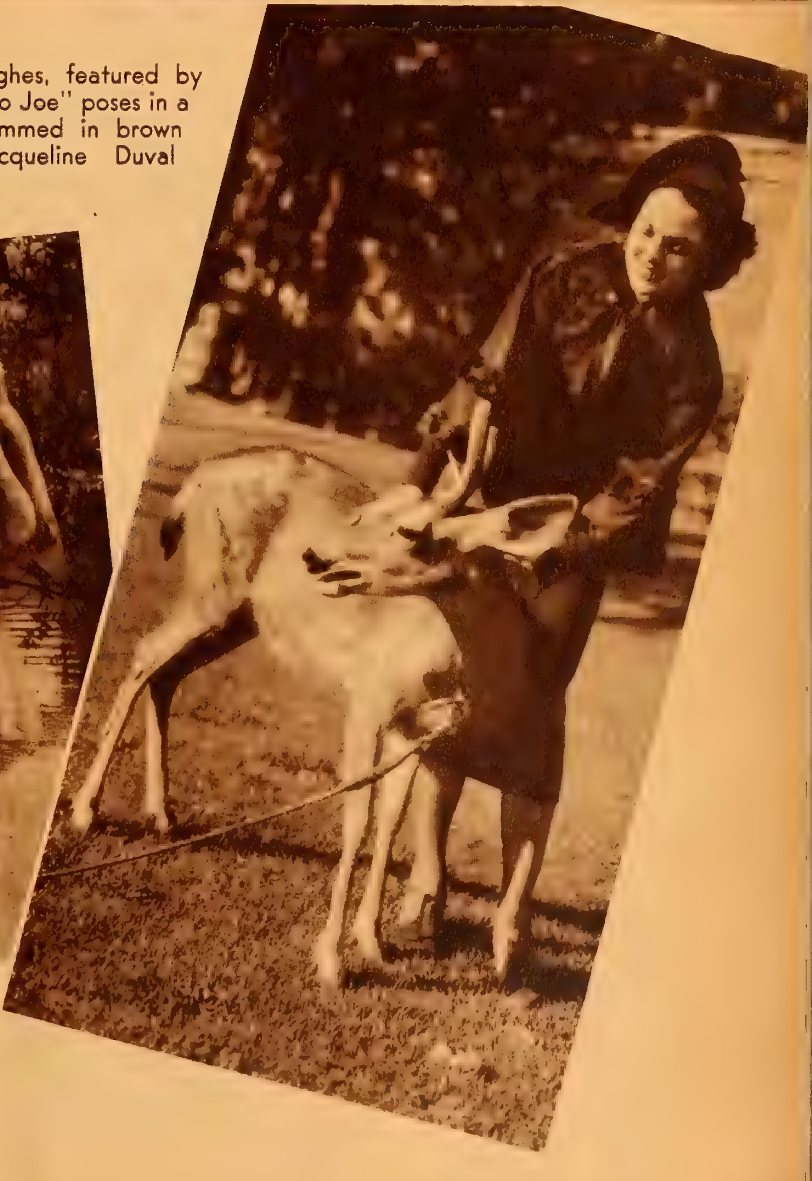
NEXT CAGE—



RIGHT: Black Persian lamb with stitching on collar, epaulets and pockets place this Willard George coat worn by Carol Hughes as definitely 1936. A black beret designed by Jacqueline Duval is smart

RIGHT: Carol Hughes, featured by Warner Bros. in "Polo Joe" poses in a brown ensemble trimmed in brown caracul. Hat, Jacqueline Duval





ABOVE: Anne Nagel is charming in a brown chiffon frock with puff sleeves and full skirt, a gorgeous red fox cape and smart feather turban. Cape from Willard George, Hat, Helen Stepner, Molle-O of Hollywood

Above: The Crosby ranch house near Del Mar, where Bing raises race horses, avacados and sunburn. Left: Bing at a youthful—but not tender age—in Spokane. In those days, Mrs. Crosby's youngster was determined to be a second Ty Cobb

The Scourge of

WHEN Mrs. Crosby's little boy, Harry, still wore short pants, he was the Scourge of Spokane. At least, he tried to be. No girls' games for him!

He was usually out routing robbers or harrying the dreaded redskin, with a trusty shooting iron (or two) in hand. Day in, day out, day long, his mother was able to keep track of him by his battle-cry of "Bing! Bing!" And Mrs. Crosby had a sense of humor. When she wanted him, she would simply release on the outer air a soprano imitation of "Bing! Bing!" The rest of the family, also having a sense of humor, also took it up. In time, the call contracted to just one "Bing!" It became more than a call or a battle-cry; it became a name. And it stayed by him.

If he had been less of a boy's boy, that never would have happened.

In her wildest dreams (if Mrs. Crosby ever *had* wild dreams), his mother never pictured him as an idol of the feminine of the species. He had all of the hair-ribbon-wearers in the neighborhood trained to run when they saw him—trained to run in the opposite direction. He didn't like 'em, and they knew it. They had a word for him. "Horrid." And he revelled in it. He had an unshakable belief that anyone who liked girls, and was liked by girls, was a sissy.

His mother always seemed to be after him to comb his hair and scrub his neck and try not to get mussed up. He developed another unshakable belief—that women didn't like a man if he wasn't dressed up. Which explained many things. It explained why, five minutes after a forceful scrubbing, he could manage to resemble a redskin who had bitten the dust. Why, five minutes after a combing, his hair could look like a mass of shredded straw. Why he hated neckties. Why he had a strange knack for getting rips in his best clothes, although nothing ever happened to his overalls or his cowboy suit, except dirt. And he wasn't fussy about dirt.

But time marched on. The boy grew older. He outgrew the cowboy suit and the tin gun, even if he didn't outgrow the

That's the title Bing Crosby coveted—and earned—when he was a girl-hating kid in short pants. Today millions of girls write him adulatory letters—and he lives in fear that "the fellows" might consider him a "sheik." Meet the very informal Mr. Crosby

by

James Reid

Right: Bing and his eldest son, Gary Evan Crosby, take time off on the studio set for a lesson in horsemanship. It's a rare day that Bing's three youngsters don't visit their famous dad while he is at work

Spokane

nickname. His voice changed and went downstairs. He graduated into long trousers and self-consciousness. Simultaneously, he became conscious that there were two or three girls in the world who might be worth knowing.

He didn't suddenly go girl-crazy; just girl-curious. Besides, it would be smart to have "dates" like his older brother, Larry. It would sort of emphasize his long trousers.

So he got himself a "date." He scrubbed himself, combed his hair, dressed up in his best. Shaking in his well-shined shoes, he pressed the girl's doorbell. They were going to the movies—on foot. On the way, he didn't know how to act with her, or what to talk about. She did most of the talking, and *all* of the acting.

The sight of the Scourge of Spokane all dressed up, and with [*Continued on page* 73]

Above: Bing rehearses a radio program with Bob Burns. **Left:** the champ of Lakeside Country Club accepts his spoils. His nondescript attire would shock the sensibilities of a million fans

Built on a thirty foot lot in the congested ocean front district, the Cooper house presents an unpretentious exterior but amazes by the canniness with which every square foot of ground space has been utilized

How You A Hollywood

Jackie Cooper's two-bedroom dwelling is analyzed here by an architect as a model for the small family home

As an architect who has designed many homes, I freely admit that Hollywood can teach us all how to make a modest home extremely attractive. Nowhere else can you find such graceful living.

And the reason for this? Just this—these stars work in studios where the finest designers in the world are employed to make sets. Every secret of spending—and saving—money is known to these set builders. They can create gorgeous effects in decorating a bedroom, a lounge, a living room. The stars have taken advantage of what they see every day on the set.

The Editor of MOVIE CLASSIC pointed out an obvious opportunity here. Why not let its readers in on these secrets? Every homebuilder would like to learn how to make his home more enjoyable, provided it could be done economically. While many stars can afford to turn the decorator loose, *carte blanche,* most of the colony find pleasure and profit in working out their ideas in the simple, direct methods employed by studio artisans.

Our first example of good taste and economy is presented here in Jackie Cooper's home. His parents, conserving his earnings, live simply but delightfully in a home you would like to own. It is small, yet commodious. It was not new when acquired, hence the changes made by Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow to transform the house into a lovely home makes this place doubly interesting. What they have done, you can do!

Living And Dining Rooms

The living room is thoroughly modern. The broad expanse of carpeting in a Burmah rose shade extends from the living room through the arch and into the dining room, making of these two rooms an harmonious unit.

Again, the walls of both rooms are done in lemon yellow, with touches of cobalt blue, adding to the harmony. The furniture, white painted, is our first lesson in economy plus beauty. Some of the furniture is upholstered in white leatherette, some in soft blue crash materials. The leatherette covering is washable—a big advantage. White painted furniture can slash furnishing costs to a remarkable figure, since the cost of furniture is in the wood and finishing.

In all small homes, it's a problem to find seating capacity without cluttering up the room. Jackie Cooper's home solves this nicely by built-in davenports. (See drawing).

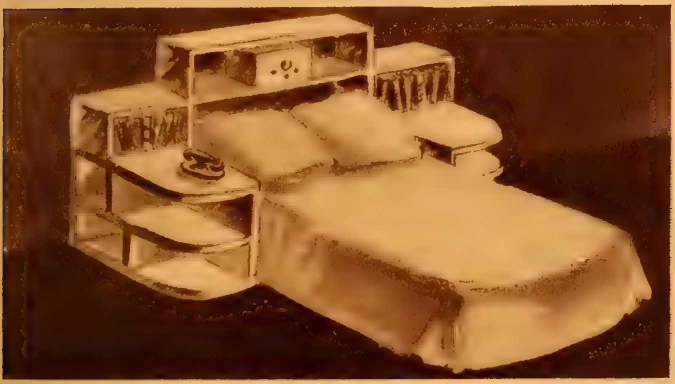
These are easy to build. Wooden frames were constructed, springs installed, and upholstering [*Continued on page 76*]

by

Ralph E. Smalley

Can Enjoy Small Home

Sketch for Master Bed



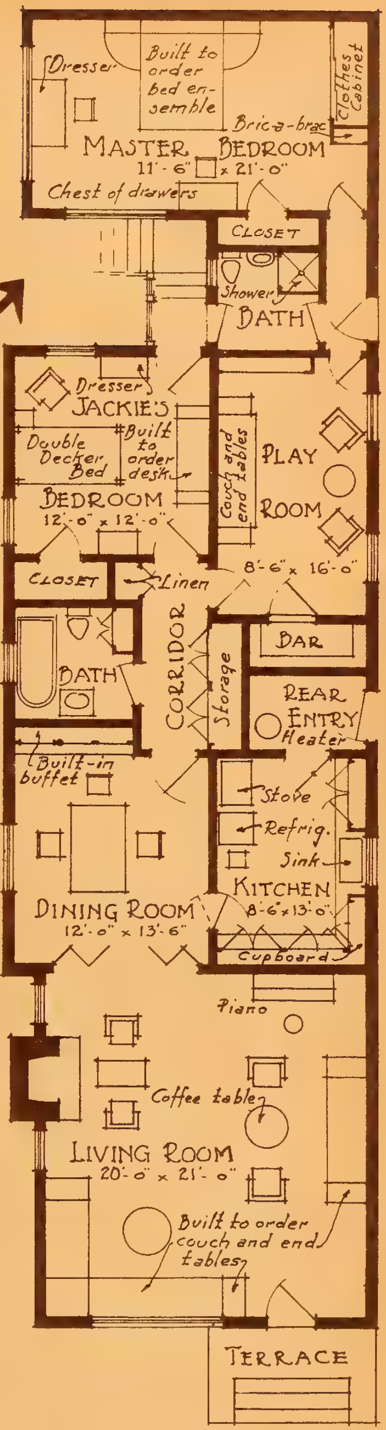
Ultra-modern in design, the bed in Jackie's room, achieves the maximum in up-to-date comfort and beauty

Built-in Buffet

The built-in china closet conserves space and at the same time adds distinction to the blue and white dining room

Living Room and Entrance

The living room, unusually spacious, gains beauty and distinction by the use of Venetian blinds and slip covers


Dresser
Built to order bed ensemble
Clothes Cabinet
Bric-a-brac
MASTER BEDROOM
11'-6" x 21'-0"
Chest of drawers
CLOSET
Shower
BATH
Dresser
JACKIE'S
Double Decker Bed
Built to order desk
BEDROOM
12'-0" x 12'-0"
Couch and end tables
PLAY
ROOM
8'-6" x 16'-0"
CLOSET
Linen
BATH
CORRIDOR
Storage
BAR
REAR ENTRY
Heater
Built-in buffet
Stove
Refrig.
Sink
KITCHEN
8'-6" x 13'-0"
DINING ROOM
12'-0" x 13'-6"
Cupboard
Piano
Coffee table
LIVING ROOM
20'-0" x 21'-0"
Built to order couch and end tables
TERRACE

Floor Plan
Jackie Cooper's Home
Ocean Park, California

MOVIE CLASSIC begins here a series of unusual articles for the homemaker—showing how you can make use of the many money saving building and interior decoration plans which the stars have learned from the set builders of Hollywood.

The Editor.

Fate–Fame–and

A Quirk of Fate brought him to Hollywood—his own ability and the careful training that he had undergone since childhood carried him to stardom

by his mother Mrs. Ruth Brugh

As told to James Reid

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor are co-starred in *His Brother's Wife,* and, according to Dame Rumor, they are also co-starring in an off-screen romance which many predict will take them to the altar. At the left: Mrs. Ruth Brugh. The picture beside her is a photograph of Bob's father

DURING his first few days at Pomona College, Robert Taylor went through a torment of loneliness. He had had a close pal at Doane College, back in Nebraska; here, no one cared whether he came or went. And he was only human; after the fuss that had been made over him at Doane, it was a rude shock to him to go totally unnoticed. But he never thought of quitting. Bob is not a quitter. There is too much Scotch tenacity in him for that.

He was instantly dubbed *The Sheik* and, apparently, dismissed as that. Because he was good-looking and dressed well, the other boys did not give him credit for having any brains. And because he was timid about making advances to people until he knew them, they had him down as aloof, conceited. He was always a little too backward; he still is. He never assumes that people will like him at first sight.

Then, gradually, they commenced to find out that he had a wonderful mind. Professor Robert Ross of the psychology department was the first to pick him up. He saw something in the boy. Then others discovered that he was good in oratory, in dramatics, in music, in sports, in his studies. It took a little time, but it finally happened.

Dr. Brugh and I, fifteen hundred miles away, did not know about his early tortures at Pomona. All we knew was that he had been there two weeks when he was chosen to play the lead in a campus play.

"Guess it doesn't make much difference *where* we put that boy!" his father commented, dryly.

Robert never talked much about his acting in high school or college but he says now that he used to imagine sometimes that he would be an actor. He did not think of Hollywood, however, any more than we did. By the time he arrived at Pomona, he had decided pretty definitely on a business career. He had made up his mind then that he would not be a doctor like his father, but would go into the financial world.

He was so interested in his work that he stayed at Pomona six weeks after the end of his first year there to take special studies with Professor Ross. Then he came back to Nebraska for the rest of the summer. While he was there, Doane College tried to get him back. They urged him so strongly, and made him such attractive offers, that he intended to drive out to Pomona, pick up his belongings and credits, and go back to Doane for his last year. It did look to me as if he was a little too easily influenced; his father and I hoped that he would stay at Pomona. And when he got out here, he did decide to stay.

If he had not stayed—if he had gone back to Nebraska to college that Fall—the movies never would have discovered him. He might not even be an actor today. . . .

For it was in his Senior year at Pomona that he was given the rôle of *Captain Stanhope* in a campus production of *Journey's End.* And, unknown to him, a movie talent scout saw him.

The biggest surprise of his life came when he received a letter a few days later, asking him to call at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City. They wanted to put him under contract as a student actor.

Robert Taylor

He wrote and asked our advice—and I had the biggest surprise of *my* life when I heard the news. I did not know whether to be glad or not. I told him: "Be careful—take your time—finish your education before you decide."

Robert took my advice. He stayed in college and drove over to M-G-M every week-end for instruction in dramatics from Oliver Hinsdale, head of the studio's school for young players. But it was quite a drive from Pomona to Culver City and back, and he finally had to give it up—at least until after graduation.

I came out to visit him a month before graduation and had been here only a few days when I fell seriously ill. They sent for Doctor Brugh and he stayed then until Robert graduated. That was on the nineteenth of June, 1933, and we left for Beatrice on the twenty-first. I have always been so glad that I had that sick spell, that Doctor saw Bob in California—even if he could not live to see him famous here.

Robert told us that he would try acting for a year—and then, if it did not pan out, he would make use of his business degree. He came to Hollywood, took a room, and started a course in dramatics under a Miss Dixon, who operated a dramatic school. Every week or two, he would go over to the studio for a test or a tryout. The studio had an option on his services and was watching whatever progress he was making—without building up his hopes very much.

Then, on August fifteenth, his father had an emergency operation and we thought that he could live only a few days. We sent for Bob. He started to drive home. On the way, he stopped in Pomona to tell Professor Ross the tragic news—and Professor Ross would not let the stunned, distraught boy make such a trip alone. He came with him, alternating with him at the wheel.

When Bob had been home a month, his father showed so much improvement that we thought he was going to get well—and we sent Bob back to continue his work in dramatics. A month later, on October fifteenth, I had to send for him again. His father had died. . . .

THIS time he flew back to Beatrice, reached home in time for the funeral, and stayed to help me all that he could. He helped me to settle the estate and try to adjust myself to a life without Doctor, who had done everything but breathe for me. And this time Bob said that he would not go back to Hollywood unless I went with him.

Some did not want me to go back to Hollywood with Robert; they thought I would be a hindrance to him, with my grief.

"All right then," Bob said, "I'll stay here. I'll go to work in an oil station until something better turns up. I'll just forget about the movies."

That put me in a hard place. I almost had to come. I wanted to stay in Beatrice. But I could not let a boy of his education, and abilities, go to waste there—when he had an opportunity to develop himself somewhere else.

I had a darling little home—a little white house on a gentle rise of ground. "Let me stay just a year, until you see how you make out," I begged him.

"No, not even a year," he said. "Either you go with me, or I stay here."

I rather believe that he had talked it all over with his father years before—and had promised that he never would leave me alone, that he would always try to make me happy. He had been brought up with that idea. His father had inspired him with it when he was just a young boy. It was the secret reason, I think, behind Robert's trustworthiness through the years.

Somewhere, somehow, an impression has arisen that Robert's father left practically no estate—and that Bob had no choice but to continue with his acting. That was not true. His father did not die wealthy; no country doctor ever does. But he did provide adequately for us. Bob did not have to accept the movie offer that he received. In fact, he *did not* sign a full-fledged movie contract until months later.

On the twenty-fifth of November, 1933, we left Beatrice. We took rooms on Franklin Circle in Hollywood, and he resumed his dramatic studies, going over to the studio every so often for tests. He had not been back very long before he was appearing in plays at the Hollywood Playhouse, then the Pasadena Playhouse. The studio kept urging him to sign a contract, and the theatre people tried just as hard to keep him from signing. I had been a terrible expense, with sickness after Doctor's death; and he was impatient to find out whether or not he *did* have any future on the screen. So, between those two considerations, he finally signed a long-

[*Continued on page 98*]

James Stewart's slightly doleful smile is no clue to the brilliance of his screen future. Anyone in Hollywood will tell you he's going to be a star of the first magnitude

by Ida Zeitlin

Melancholy *James*

HE'S a shy bird, but an amiable one. Which was the first thing I discovered about Mr. James Stewart, late of Princeton, now of the movies. Instead of cosseting his shyness, like others I might name, till it swells with a sense of its own importance, he deals sternly with it, puts it in its place.

I faced him across a luncheon table. Or rather, I faced the menu behind which he was hiding. Unluckily, he couldn't hide forever. The waitress was hovering. He lowered the card to reveal a pair of hunted gray eyes and a head of brown hair, whose slightly disheveled state added somehow to his look of worry.

"Bananas and cream," he told the waitress.

I couldn't suppress a startled: "To begin with?"

"To begin with," he echoed firmly. Then he plunged, and was off. "I generally have filet mignon or something like that, when I'm eating with a bunch of fellows who order it too, so I'm not ashamed. But I can't stuff myself with filet mignon while you toy with a radish or something, can I?" He rushed on, forestalling my protest. "Anyway, I'm not specially hungry today. I ate a whole steak last night, intended for four of us. We'd invited a couple of guests, and then at the last minute they couldn't come, and then the fellow I live with didn't show up, and there was the steak, no use wasting it, so I ate it myself." He ran down and stopped.

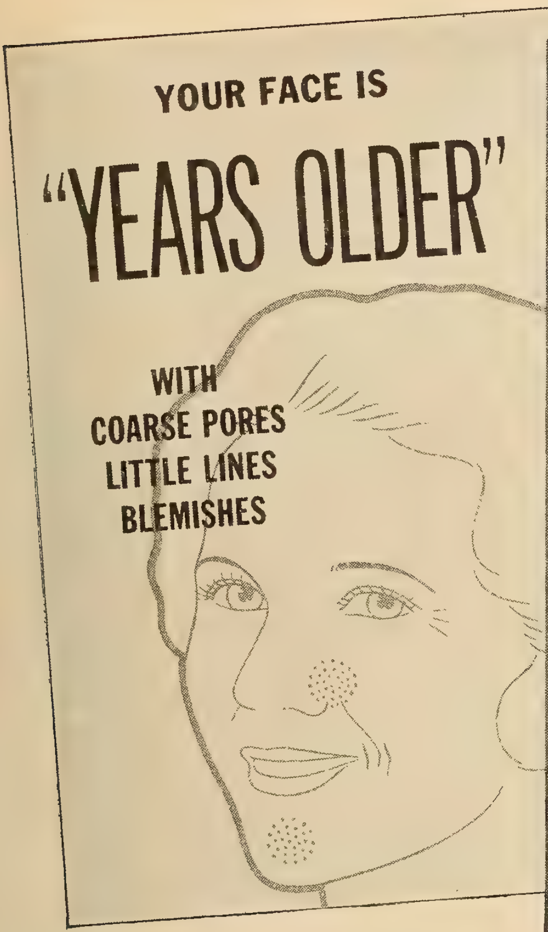
This was my first experience with a movie actor, to whom interviews are obviously an ordeal, yet who takes on his own shoulders the burden of starting one—who doesn't fix you with a chill eye, daring you to prod facts out of him, but pushes a spring-board at you, saying in effect: "I don't know whether the darn thing's any use, but maybe you'd better have a look at it, anyway."

It was such an agreeable experience that I was tempted to prolong it. But as he searched his mind for another tack to go off on, a girl appeared at his elbow, asking for an autograph.

"How do you feel about that kind of thing?" I inquired, when she'd gone away happy.

He eyed me as if he suspected a

[*Continued on page* 60]



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin . . . make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface, but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

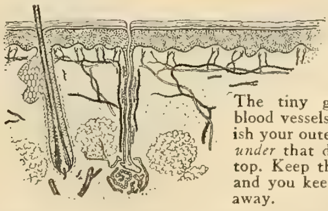
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin soft and clear — smooths out little lines."

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment —more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging faults start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly — to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L144, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City________________State__________

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Loretta Young Answers

[*Continued from page* 16]

Q. Do you have something you wear on or about your person in every picture—for good luck?

A. No.

Q. Did your contact with the beloved Lon Chaney in *Laugh Clown Laugh* have any influence on your life or career?

A. Yes, for I admired Lon Chaney profoundly and anyone knowing the story of his courageous struggle for success was bound to be inspired.

Q. Would you prefer to choose your leading men or have the studio select them for you?

A. Naturally I would prefer to choose my leading men.

Q. Does the part you are taking have any effect on your every day life or change your opinion of living at the time you are working on the story?

A. No. I have never believed in acting when not in front of the camera.

Q. If you had your life to live over, would you want it the same?

A. Every minute of it!

Q. When you see your pictures, are you interested in the story or are you only aware of the mechanics that went to make up the production?

A. That is an interesting question and one that has never happened to occur to me before. I suppose that I am aware of the mechanics of production and especially of the mechanics of acting rather than of the story. By the time a picture reaches the screen its principal actors have been toiling with the story until it has lost meaning, as a story.

Q. If it were necessary for you to make a decision as to playing in either costume or modern films for the remainder of your career—which would you choose, and why?

A. From the standpoint of the actor, it makes no difference whether a rôle calls for modern dress or period costume. The story is all important and the excellence of the plot does not depend upon its period or locale.

Q. What is your opinion of the future for color films? Would you like to appear in one?

A. I have just finished working in Ramona, *an all color picture. I believe that unquestionably color will soon be in universal use.*

Q. Why do stars change their names and how are they chosen?

A. Stars change their names for many reasons. Usually because their own names are difficult to pronounce, too long to be suitable for "lights" or lacking in euphony. Sometimes they choose their own screen names, sometimes the names are chosen for them by the studio.

Q. Being an actress evidently is like living in a glass house—how do you feel when you hear strangers discussing your every action and thought?

A. Just as you would feel if you were living in that same glass house. It is sometimes flattering and even satisfying to know that people think enough of one to be interested but my reaction to the unfounded gossip which circulates so frequently about screen stars, is the same reaction that every woman has to that kind of gossip.

Q. Do you find that the majority of actors and actresses have as much personality and are as attractive in person as they are on the screen?

A. Usually I find them just as charming off screen as on—sometimes I find them more so.

Q. Have you ever written a fan letter?

A. Many of them. Marguerite Clark and Gloria Swanson were great favorites of mine before I went into pictures.

Q. What part of the film *Private Number* did you find the most interesting?

A. One part is just as interesting as another. An actor, you see, approaches a plot as a whole, for the character to be played

NOW I ASK YOU—WHY
READ HOW A BAD CASE OF PIMPLES QUEERED ADA'S CHANCES
IT JUST BURNS ME UP — WHY, MOTHER, I KNOW I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS LOTS OF THESE GIRLS THAT GET JOBS RIGHT OFF. OH, THERE'S THE PHONE —
WANT ADS
RIN-N-N-G
RIN-N-G
WELL – THEY DO SHOW UP PRETTY BADLY. ADA, I KNOW WHAT TO DO – THEY SAY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL FOR GETTING RID OF PIMPLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
OH, GRACE – DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME
LATER
HERE'S YOUR DESK, ADA—OH I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE
SO AM I —AND AM I GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIP ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT WAS THOSE PIMPLES THAT DECIDED MISS MARTIN AGAINST ME BEFORE. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT

is reflected in not one but in every story sequence.

Q. Do you like or dislike autograph hunters?

A. Usually I like them. Sometimes, however, when I am tired and nervous I am slightly annoyed by the insistence of the crowd at previews who persist in forcing autograph books into my hands—but to be honest about it, I would be a great deal more annoyed if they overlooked me.

Q. What is the name of your stand-in?

A. Dorothy Tunney.

Q. Did you ever win a contest? If so—what kind?

A. No, never. I don't think I ever won anything in my life.

Q. When you were a child did you ever dream of being a movie star?

A. Constantly. It was my one ambition.

Q. Would you like to play opposite Bob Taylor again?

A. Yes, I would.

Q. I remember that you played a Chinese girl a few years ago, and now you are playing *Ramona*—both definitely brunette characters. How did you happen to be chosen for them?

A. I balked at first when it was suggested that I play a Chinese girl but after "trying on" the make-up I was delighted with the rôle. I wanted to play Ramona*—and the color of her hair made no difference to me. I think that my own insistent arguments that I should play the part were responsible for my being given the rôle. Producers of course realize what magic can be accomplished by make-up and do not, therefore, bar a blond from playing brunette rôles until they see how her appearance can be changed by the studio make-up artists.*

Q. What, in your mind, are the requisites one must possess to be a success on the stage or screen?

A. Ability, poise, personal attractiveness, emotional understanding—and, most important of all, emotional responsiveness or the ability to take direction.

Q. Do you prefer Hollywood to New York.

A. Of course I do, for I have lived in Hollywood since I was a little girl.

Q. Would you like to appear in a Shakespearian drama on the N.Y. stage?

A. No. I have never wanted to play Shakespeare.

Q. Would you forego your career for marriage?

A. I don't know. I'd like to be able to.

Q. Have you a brother named Jack who is taking law?

A. Yes. My brother Jack has just finished four years of study at Loyola University.

Q. Do you wear false eyelashes while appearing on the screen?

A. I do—but I won't admit it.

Q. Have you ever assisted anyone to get into the movies?

A. No.

Q. Are movie fans justified in being envious of the screen stars?

A. Yes, I suppose they are.

Q. What is your definition of a real "fan" and how do such "fans" help you to succeed?

A. A real fan to my way of thinking, is a person who is not only interested but intelligently *interested in motion pictures. Such fans are entirely responsible for the success of every screen player.*

Q. How many takes have you had on one scene?

A. I believe my record is about seventeen.

Q. Are you planning on attending the Texas Centennial?

A. No. Unfortunately I will not be able to do so.

Q. If you had one wish granted you, for something money could not buy, what would that wish be?

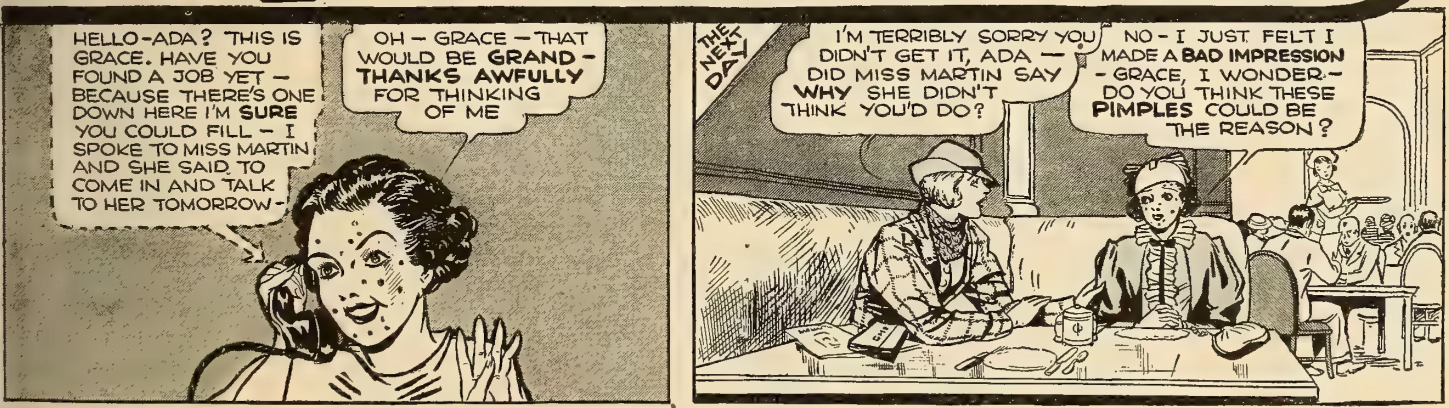
A. That is a question that demands real thought. I believe that if I could be granted one request I would wish to be happily married, for a happy marriage implies so much. It would mean children. It would mean permanent *happiness. Isn't a happy marriage the goal of every woman?*

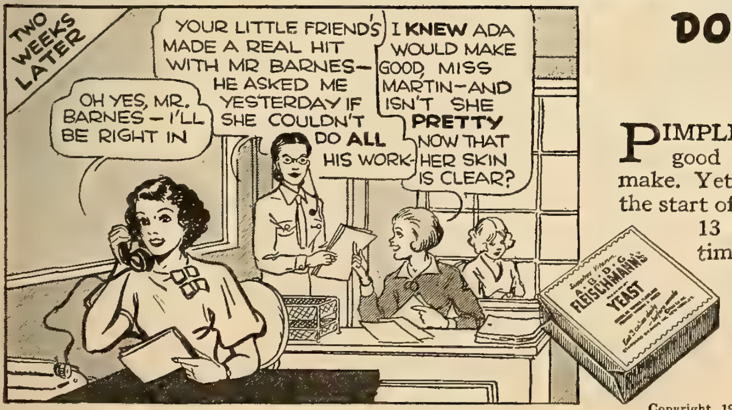
Q. If and when you marry would you feel that being a famous actress would hinder you from being happily married to a person who is not prominent?

A. Yes, I think it would. It would make no difference in my love and respect for my

[*Continued on page* 54]

CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!


HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET — BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL — I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW-
OH — GRACE — THAT WOULD BE GRAND — THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME
THE NEXT DAY
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA — DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?
NO - I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION - GRACE, I WONDER - DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?


TWO WEEKS LATER
YOUR LITTLE FRIEND'S MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR BARNES— HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF SHE COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK-
I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD MISS MARTIN-AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?
OH YES, MR. BARNES - I'LL BE RIGHT IN
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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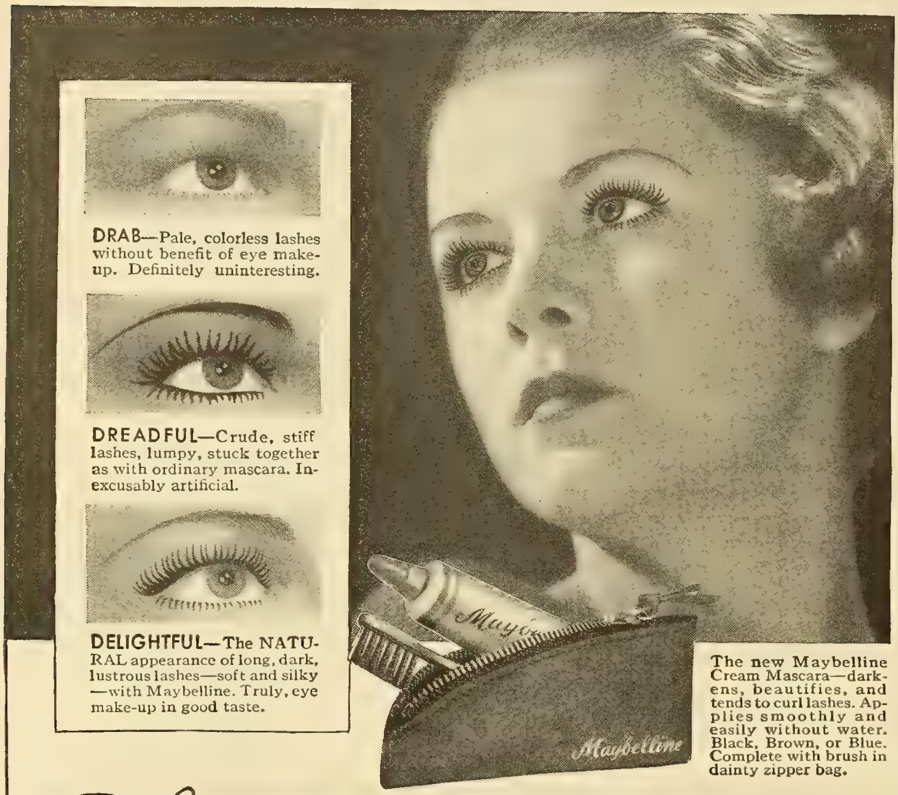


What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.

DREADFUL—Crude, stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.

DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless — bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects — a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.

Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Loretta Young Answers

[*Continued from page* 53]

husband, perhaps, but it would probably make him dissatisfied and self-conscious, and his unhappiness would doom such a marriage.

Q. What do you do for relaxation after working hours in the studio?

A. I go to bed.

Q. Are you happy in your screen success, or is there something other than your screen career that would make you happier?

A. I think I have already answered that.

Q. Did you enjoy working in *Caravan* with Charles Boyer?

A. I enjoyed working with Mr. Boyer but I did not enjoy the picture.

Q. Do you ever expect to play opposite Nelson Eddy?

A. No.

Q. Which do you prefer for a leading man—an American or foreign actor?

A. An American, for being American, I understand American men better than I do Europeans.

Q. During your career, what has been your most thrilling experience? What, your most amusing experience?

A. The privilege of playing Ramona *is my most thrilling experience. My most amusing experience is Patsy Kelly's comedy during the production of* Private Number.

Q. On what date will your latest picture be released?

A. I am not positive, but I think Ladies in Love *will be released about the first of October.*

Q. What characteristics do you admire most in a man?

A. Honesty, moral courage, understanding, kindliness and a sense of humor.

Q. Have you ever made a personal appearance on the stage?

A. Yes. I made a personal appearance tour lasting for three weeks and appeared in Washington, D.C., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

Q. Is your hair naturally wavy, or do you have a permanent wave?

A. It is naturally wavy.

Q. What is your average count on fan mail for a week?

A. Between fifteen and eighteen hundred letters.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the cause of so many Hollywood marriages failing?

A. Now there is a good question and one that occurs very frequently to the actors and actresses of Hollywood. I think most Hollywood marriages fail for one, or all, of three reasons. First—Most actors and actresses are too emotional. Second—Most Hollywood wives have enough money that they do not fear the financial hazards of divorce, and—Third—Too few Hollywood couples have children.

Q. What do you consider your biggest "break" in pictures?

A. My biggest "break" in pictures was, of course, my first part in the picture, Laugh Clown Laugh.

Q. What group of stars do you associate with most?

A. I am not a member of any one of the social cliques of Hollywood. Perhaps my best friends in the profession are Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow—Bing and Dixie Crosby, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall.

Q. Would you rather play in historical pictures or modern dramas?

A. Again—"The play's the thing."

Q. What characteristic do you observe first when meeting a person?

A. Although I am not particularly conscious of observing any one characteristic, I suppose that I notice the eyes first.

Q. Do you feel that you have accomplished more and have had a happier life than if you had never seen Hollywood?

A. Yes I do. Certainly I have accomplished much more than I could have in any other business.

Q. Do either of your parents possess the talent displayed by yourself and your sisters?

A. Neither of my parents have ever been connected with the theatre.

Q. Did you dye your hair for the part you played in *Ramona?*

A. No. I wore a wig.

Q. From a star's point of view—what do you consider an interesting fan letter?

A. From the star's point of view, the most interesting fan letter is one which offers constructive criticism.

Q. Do you play the piano or the organ?

A. Neither one, I am sorry to say.

Q. Were you deprived of a college education by becoming an actress at such an early age?

A. Yes. I suppose I would have attended college had it not been for my work in the studio.

Q. If, for some reason, you could be entirely free from pictures for one year—how would you choose to spend that year?

A. Traveling in Europe.

Q. Why did you choose the name "Loretta Young" for your screen title?

A. I didn't choose it—the studio chose it for me.

Q. Do you get many letters from children?

A. Yes. A surprising percentage of my fan mail is from children.

Q. Do you prefer to play the part of a very young girl, or that of an older woman?

A. I prefer to play the part of a young girl because I am a young girl and, furthermore, I don't believe the romantic affairs of older people are as interesting as the romances of younger people.

Q. Have you ever had a favorite fan—one to whom you have written personally for a continued period of time?

A. No.

Q. Would you like to appear on the stage?

[*Continued on page 72*]

BORN TO BE A *Belle*, BUT—

I REMEMBER WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN. WHAT A LITTLE HEARTBREAKER YOU WERE!
WELL I'M NOT NOW!
SUE, I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU—WON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
3 MONTHS LATER— NO BAD BREATH BEHIND SUE'S SPARKLING SMILE!
SUSAN STUART PLANS BRIDAL
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

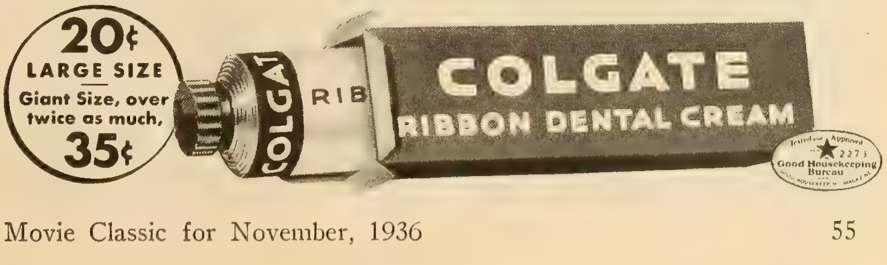
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!


20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Milk
FOR YOUR SKIN

DELLA LIND,
European star newly signed
by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

in a new Beauty Cream
that CLEANSES, SOFTENS,
SMOOTHS, CLEARS and
NOURISHES

DRY SKIN turns soft and smooth before your eyes . . . clogged stretched pores reduce . . . the youthful radiance of a clear, velvety skin soon returns . . . all because science has at last discovered how to make a real all-purpose creme from fresh, wholesome dairy milk. Milk contains certain glandular oils whose wonderful effect on the skin has never been duplicated by any man made product. The moment Creme of Milk touches your skin you will know it is different . . . you can fairly feel your skin drinking in the fine delicate milk-oils, yet such a little goes so far. Already more than 100,000 women are saying, "Here at last is the *one* creme we have always searched for." Creme of Milk brings results that you can actually see and feel in less than three days time.

Try the Amazing new
CREME OF MILK
FOR ONLY 10c

DUART'S creme of milk

AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS AND BEAUTY SHOPS IN 20c 50c $1 & $2 SIZES

DUART
984 FOLSOM STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Enclosed find 10 cents—please mail at once my trial jar of your new Creme of Milk.

Name..

Address.......................................

City.......................... State.....................

20 Years A

Jack Holt and his son, Charles John Holt, Jr., who at fifteen is already a champion swimmer and an expert polo player

by
Allan Carson

TWENTY years ago the best investment anyone could have made in Hollywood is still a lucrative investment. The name of the stock is JACK HOLT.

Twenty-one years Jack Holt has been a star. He has returned hundreds of thousands of dollars in profit to his investors, the motion picture companies. Ten years with Paramount, nine years with Columbia, one with Universal, and now he has an independent starring contract with Columbia.

Occasionally other leading companies buy into the same stock, the profit being as sure as government bonds. For example: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer invested in Jack Holt to be featured with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy in *San Francisco*.

Again intrigued by the continuous Holt box-office lure, Columbia persuaded the star to return to the fold. His first under the new deal is *Man Without Fear*, a gripping drama of the Spanish-American War.

Only one other star stock in Hollywood has survived all the crashes and depressions during the past twenty years, and remained a sound investment, i.e. Wallace Beery. Like Tennyson's immortal brook, Jack and Wally go on forever.

I am writing this story because some nit-wit recently complained that Jack Holt was a colorless fellow.

The disgruntled interviewer meant that Jack is colorless because he firmly refuses to talk about himself. That anyone might be interested in his life, past and present, his career and private affairs, would never occur to him. Jack is that *rara avis*, any actor who confines his acting to where it belongs.

In twenty years of interviewing celebrities, I have known some to dwell happily on their favorite subject, ME, by the hour. To properly describe the effect on the defenseless party of the second part, one must begin with the monotonous drone of a

Star

Other screen personalities come and go, but Jack Holt, one of the most colorful of them all, keeps a firm grip on stardom

bumblebee and end with the roar of an airplane motor.

As a matter of fact, Jack Holt is one of the most colorful men in pictures.

For example: he probably has the finest family tree ever planted in Hollywood.

He was on the stage once, but he was driving it.

He was an engineer in the New York tubes, and with an exploration company in Alaska; he was a gold miner, hunter, trapper and guide.

He was a cowpuncher in Oregon and went "busted" as a cattle rancher. He tried his hand at apple orcharding in the same state, and contributed a "discovery" to horticulture.

He made his debut in the movies twenty-three years ago as a double for a hero, making a thirty-foot dive into a river on horseback.

He is one of the finest athletes in pictures, chiefly noted as a polo player and an all around horseman.

He is one of the few stars of the old silent movies who has made an even greater success as a talking picture star.

IN real life he is very much the character he is in his more heroic rôles, a sun-bronzed, stalwart athlete; plain-spoken, independent and straightforward. He has no illusions about his "art". If you mentioned it, he would think you were kidding. He is in pictures because he is highly paid, because his weekly remuneration is in four figures, but he gives his best to every rôle he plays. He is grateful and loyal to the industry and to the public that pay their money to see him "be himself." Maybe this is why Jack Holt has survived all sorts of "trends" which tended to minimize the importance of stars to producers. After twenty years, he is still pegging along—as he puts it—and he is in greater demand than ever.

Picture stars who last long in the affection of the theater-going public must possess either distinctive or lovable characteristics. Jack Holt has the commanding presence and bearing of a leader of men, yet he is always natural and unaffected. To those who know him best, he has most of the faults of the average man, along with a few virtues.

When the talkies came along, Jack was one of the very few silent stars who didn't go hurrying and scurrying to vocal and dramatic teachers, frightened to death that the end was near at hand. Such a contingency never occurred to him. When a certain feminine critic was interviewing him on the possibility of his approaching artistic demise, Jack was genuinely astonished. What would he do now that the talkies were coming into favor, and him with no stage experience? The Holt retort was typical of the man.

"Talk, my dear Lady—I've been talking all my life!"

[*Continued on page* 94]

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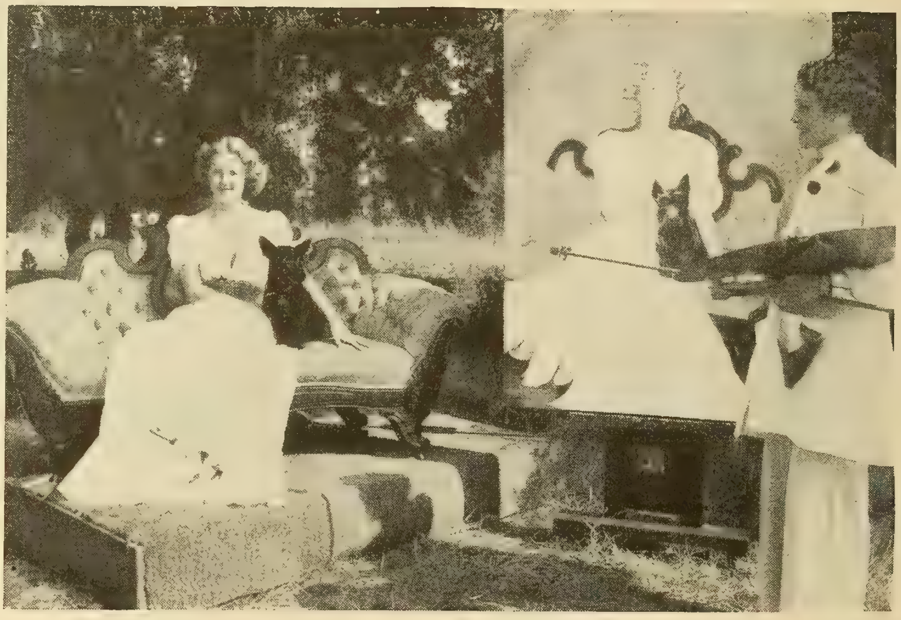
Portrait of A Charming Lady



Bette Davis, winner of the 1936 Academy Award, and Lenore Gardner, noted portrait painter, at work on the painting which will hang in Bette's Hollywood home

THERE is an old saying that no one else knows a person so well as his portrait artist, and I've found it to be true. When painting Bette Davis, I was with her over an hour every day for a month, so I saw her in all sorts of moods. We discussed every topic under the sun, and I learned things about her amazingly complex personality which I had never read nor suspected!

I believe I was commissioned to paint Bette because she wanted her portrait done by someone who understood her background and who had really lived and studied in New England. To her, that was more important, perhaps, than the fact that I had been the protegée and friend of John Singer Sargent, beloved as he is by everyone in her own dear Boston.

As for me, I wanted to paint Bette because I've admired her for years. I became interested in her 'way back when she played Colleen Moore's daughter in *So Big.* She is the typical American girl—wholesome withal but facing life with an amazing freedom.

When, along with the rest of the world, I saw her portrayal of the trollop in *Human Bondage*—a character as startlingly different from her earlier rôles as black is from white—I realized that now she is both a full-flowered personality and an actress with a gift that borders on genius.

I felt there was something in Bette Davis the camera had never caught—something that I'd try to transcribe in oils. Painters often feel that way! Believe it or not, I'd sought for a similar hidden quality in the Mexican General Mendez, whom I painted during a revolution—crossing a courtyard littered with dead soldiers to keep my first appointment with him!

In Bette's case, the something I sought was an old-fashioned and yet pleasingly modern quality. I felt that she was brave, self-reliant, forthright. It may seem strange that I chose the vibrant Bette Davis, recently identified on the screen with brittle, conscienceless rôles, as the "Typical American Woman." But think of Bette—with her New England background, her scorn of pretense, and her belief that what she thinks right is worth fighting for—the Bette with fire and spirit in her eyes!

This is the Bette whom I saw before me, seated on the lovely Colonial sofa I had found after searching all available antique shops. I felt a definite satisfaction as I lifted my brush for the initial stroke.

During the preliminary arrangements, which had not gone too smoothly, I had experienced some of what Hollywood wrongly calls Bette's "wilfulness."

I had asked her to shop for a new frock. I always request this to avoid painting dresses that may have been photographed. Bette seemed to think that a bit unreasonable!

Next, it was her turn to startle me with

A noted portrait painter gives her impressions of one of her most famous subjects, Bette Davis

by
Lenore Gardner

a request. She informed me that she would sit only in the company of "Tibbie," her pet Scotty. It was my turn to hesitate—I've never been known as a painter of animals!

But, one bright morning, with that charm and impulsiveness of which only Bette Davis is capable, she walked into my studio with a brand-new dress that was just what I would have chosen and said—"I'm ready."

The gown was chic and sophisticated—white, ribbed in a blue so pale as to be visible only in certain lights, and tied with a powder-blue belt. It was an ageless thing, yet it could have been worn by the ladies who had used that couch one hundred and fifty years ago.

Only "Tibbie" accompanied Bette. The little Scotty's mistress changed from tan culottes with a bright bandana top to the frock—*my* gown, I call it. Just as she sat down to pose, "Tibbie" came over and was immediately grabbed up into her mistress' arms. And, very softly, Bette said—"Now, you see, 'Tibbie,' I'll have you with me always."

From then on there was no question about "Tibbie's" being in the portrait!

"WHAT kind of makeup shall I wear?" Bette asked. I told her not to wear any. I wanted to catch the gentleness and the exquisite natural coloring of her face—its healthy out-of-doors quality. I didn't want any of that hidden.

In all the hours that Bette sat there, she never complained of being tired and never lost her poise or expression. A Hollywood star has few leisure moments but, provided she could possibly do so, Bette never refused to sit overtime when I requested it. In fact, she did everything she could to be of assistance.

If Bette is intrigued by a subject she never seems to tire. She always finds some new phase to attract her. She was more than interested in the mechanics of painting. Her questions were constant. And it would be next to impossible for anyone to be bored in Bette's company, for her comments and her witticisms keep one on the alert.

During the long sittings, "Tibbie," to whom I had become very attached, would grow a wee bit nervous. Bette would talk to her as if she were human. One day when "Tibbie" was a little more "jittery" than usual, Bette told her—

"Now 'Tibbie,' be still and look beautiful, so that I can point you out and say to your grandchildren and to my grandchildren—'See Tibbie. Isn't she lovely?'"

But about her own beauty, Bette was more modest. "I have a bad nose," she said one day. I could not convince her to the contrary! Bette is conscious of what she calls "defects" in herself.

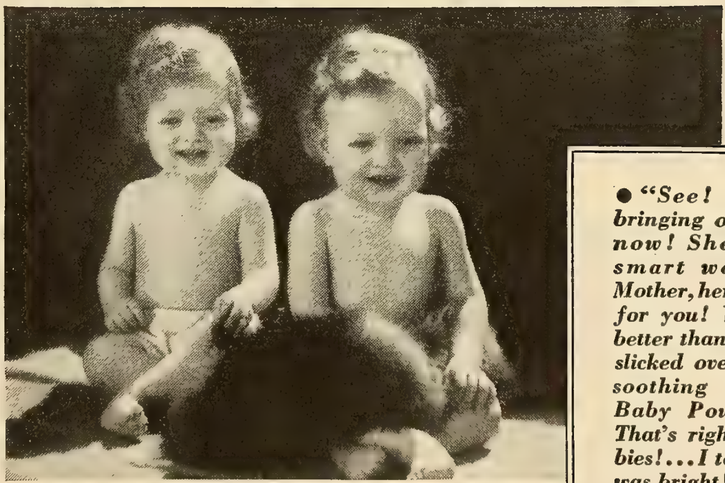
"I am just working on your nose now," I told her. She had not asked to see the canvas, even though I knew that she wanted to. I seldom let a subject see her portrait until it is finished.

"Might I see it?" she asked a little hesitantly. I broke all rules and consented. At

[*Continued on page 79*]

● ***"Looka here—this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head—heck, we've each got six!...Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all—only cross. I know why—he's hot. No wonder—all that hair. Phooey! . . . he makes me hot, too!"***

● ***"Now stop and think—what was it we decided was the best thing for that hot, sticky feeling?...Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bath? Now you're on the right track... I've got it—a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"***



● ***"See! Mother's bringing our powder now! She's a very smart woman . . . Mother, here's a riddle for you! What feels better than a baby all slicked over with soft soothing Johnson's Baby Powder? . . . That's right. Two babies!...I told you she was bright!"***

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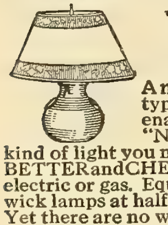

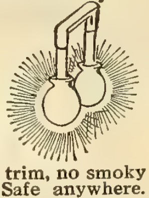

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Melancholy James

[*Continued from page* 50]

catch. But he answered straight. "I can't figure out what good it does them, but I get an awful wallop out of their wanting it."

I'd never talked to Jimmie Stewart before. But I'd seen him often, wandering about the Metro lot, always a little lost-looking, so that you wanted to pat his arm and tell him there wasn't any bogeyman. He is not, however, as helpless as he looks. Beneath his diffidence lies a fund of common sense. His voice may drawl, but his words are to the point. And with a perfectly dead pan he will come out with some grave absurdity, which makes you realize what a fool you were to waste any sympathy on him—that, when he looks his most troubled, he's probably having the time of his life communing with a clown named Jimmie Stewart.

As when he gave me the lowdown on ophoscopholis.

"I never intended to be an actor," he said. "Nobody ever asked me, but if they had, I'd have said actors were sissies. I remember taking a course in psychology at Princeton—I forget the name of it—sounded like double talk—metabolism or ophoscopholis or something—all about how to raise children. They said, if a child shows a tendency to make mudpies, you shouldn't discourage him but get down in the mud yourself and help him to make 'em bigger and dirtier. Because that's the ophoscopholis coming out in him, and he's going to be an engineer when he grows up.

"I tried to figure out whether I had any ophoscopholis in me when I was a kid, but I didn't get very far. We put on shows in the cellar, but all kids do that. I was the boss, but that was because my dad was in France, and he'd send me gas masks and guns and helmets, so I had it all over the other fellows, and there wasn't any argument. Anyway, it was my cellar.

"MY only other connection with the theatre was the first job I had—helped run a projection machine in a movie house. I was nuts about the Houdini serials they showed every Tuesday—you know, where Houdini'd be tangled up in a rope at the end and hanging over a barrel of acid, just about to be dunked—then they'd say: come back next week. The family wouldn't let me go at night, so I'd race home from school, and they must have got used to me gawping around, because one day they asked me if I wanted a job. But I wasn't stage-struck, any more than the kids who gawp at Tarzan today. So copholis didn't work for me. Maybe it's heredity. My father started to be a chemist, and ended up as a hardware merchant."

I asked him what he'd started to be. His brow furrowed, and that plaintive look entered his eye, which I had begun to recognize as the prelude to fun. "We-ell," he said, "I started to be a civil engineer and a diplomat and an architect. You see, I was never very bright. Well, of course I'm sure—" his tone was aggrieved. "If you get good marks, you're bright. If you don't, you're not. I didn't. I think I took ten years of Latin and got as far as Cicero. That bird almost had me kicked out of prep school.

"Anyway, I sort of wanted to be a civil engineer. It had a nice sound. And my freshman year at college, I did that. Then I suddenly found I wasn't very good at math. A civil engineer has to know how to add and subtract. So I figured I'd better step quietly out myself, before they booted me out of college. My dad was a Princeton graduate and I didn't want to bring the blush of shame to his cheek.

"The second year I studied political science. That was terrible. It meant a lot of reading. Well, I like to read, but I read slowly. I was always fifteen books behind everyone else, and I almost flunked out of college on *that.* But I'd passed one course called descriptive geometry that made me eligible for architecture—a screwy thing where you put blocks of wood together, and then you had a bridge. It made me feel pretty good to pass anything as goofy as that, so I went in for architecture—like Eliza hopping from one cake of ice to the next till she struck one that didn't sink right out from under."

THE boy who was "never very bright" won a scholarship for graduate work in architecture. Meantime, through his participation in the Princeton Triangle shows, he had fallen in with a bunch of kindred spirits—Josh Logan, John Swope, Myron McCormick—all out to make the theatre their profession. They'd organized a stock company at Falmouth and invited Stewart up for the summer. "We need somebody," they told him, "to fool around. If you make good at that, we might let you play the accordion in the tea-room."

He thought that was a wonderful idea. He met some more kindred spirits—Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan among them. He fooled around so well that they let him play the accordion. He played the accordion so well that they gave him a small part in *Goodbye Again,* which they were trying out for a New York producer. He was flabbergasted when the producer came to him, James Stewart, architect, with an offer to play the same part on Broadway.

What to do? It was exciting, this show business, but hardly the thing for a man to make his life's work. Actors were sissies. Well, he knew better than that now. Still, it was just a game. You couldn't be really serious about acting. So he tried to persuade himself, while his heart yearned for the gayety and good fellowship of the world he had just discovered.

He went down to see his people in Indiana, Pennsylvania.

"There really is such a town. I'd prove it to you by the map, if I had a map. When I told them I was thinking of giving up architecture for some crazy play, they sort of grabbed for chairs and sank into them. After the first shock, they said if I wanted to try it, go ahead. Princeton would always be there."

The show ran for a year. Stewart made just enough to get by on. At the end of the year he was flat broke. But somehow the lure of architecture had faded.

"I kept feeling, here I am. I'd never been anywhere, never been out on my own before, and I loved it. The same crowd was living together. We were all making about five cents, but Fonda was a wonderful cook—little specialized, maybe—milk toast for breakfast and meat balls for dinner. Then, other days when he wanted to give us a treat, we'd have meat balls for breakfast and milk toast for dinner."

HE paused, and regarded me with what seemed to be anxiety. "Yes," he admitted, "I'm waiting for you to ask me what I owe my success to."

"What *do* you owe your success to?"

"Accents," he replied with satisfaction.

He wandered into an agent's office one morning. "Anything doing today?" he inquired.

The agent glanced up. "Say that again. We're looking for a Southern accent."

"Anythin' doin' today, suh?" repeated the shameless Jimmie. "Ah suhtinly hope so. becose Ah'm tahd of hangin' around here, waitin' fo' these No'thenuhs to recognahze mah talents."

That kept him going for half a year in *All Good Americans.* Then Guthrie McClintic wanted an Irish accent for a play of Sidney Howard's called *Yellow Jack.* With a brogue so thick that you couldn't tell one word from another, Stewart read the part for Howard and McClintic.

When he was through, they looked at each other. "Sounds to me," said Howard, "like a cross between mental collapse and American Choctaw."

"Afraid you won't do," said McClintic.

On his way out he passed a man at the switchboard. "Faith," he was saying in a rich, authentic brogue, "an' I've come to see Mr. McClintic about the part."

"Well—" said Jimmie, and went home.

Still—perhaps because he wanted the part so badly—he refused to give up hope. He pestered every Irishman he knew to help him with his accent. He recalled an elevator boy in an office building, whose lilt he'd admired, and rode up and down with him for hours, coaching frantically when the car was empty, relapsing into moody silence when a passenger appeared. His hopes came true. "Faith, an' I've come to see Mr. McClintic" didn't work out. They sent for Jimmie again, they tried him out, they gave him the part. One up for the elevator boy—or rather, one up for Jimmie Stewart's determination. Beneath his bantering air, you cannot help but sense the spirit of stick-to-it-iveness that his whole story of success reveals. He, like all of these other youngsters from the stage, scorns the self-praise which the old-timers made traditional, but they have won their way in the face of even greater obstacles.

A TALENT scout, impressed with his performance in *Yellow Jack,* accent included, had him make a screen test. Nothing happened. He was looking forward to a lean summer, bare even of milk toast and meat balls, since Fonda the cook had been summoned to Hollywood in his capacity as an actor. Just as he was wondering what he was going to eat on, came the glad news. Metro wanted him.

They put him to work in *Murder Man* the day after his arrival. He recalls that day with pain. "All I had to do was walk down a street, step into a restaurant, go up to the counter, and say a line to the counterman. What really got me were all those extras walking along, driving cars, sitting in the restaurant. I kept thinking: 'Suppose I trip and fall on my face. They'll all have to do the whole thing over again.' Well, I didn't fall on my face, but the responsibility weighed on me so that by the time I got to the counter, I'd forgotten my one line. That's when I started thinking: 'This is going to be Cicero all over again'."

It turned out not to be Cicero. It turned out to be a rapid, easy progression from bits to character leads. It turned out to be a broad smile round the lot, as the pleasant tidings began coming through: "Metro's got another big bet in Jimmie Stewart."

"If I look mournful," he explained, "it's because I happened to be born with a long jaw. Actually I'm happy, though bewildered." He drained his glass of milk, and prepared to escape. "The best thing about it," he threw back as a parting shot, "is that I didn't go into one of these sissy professions. I'm doing a man's work!"

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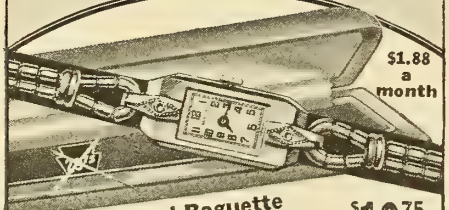

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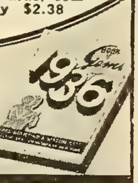

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PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 1588
64 E. Lake St., Chicago

Watch Fred Astaire

[*Continued from page* 35]

He makes you wonder about that old, half-forgotten sixth sense of yours—that sense of rhythm. Isn't it in working order?

It's not so ailing, you decide. In fact, it's pretty healthy. And you're going to prove it.

You're going to dance. And you're going to have fun doing it. Particularly if the orchestra helps you by playing something swingy.

Three years ago, you weren't so excited about dancing. Three years ago, you weren't demanding music with a swing.

Because, three years ago, you had not yet seen Fred Astaire on the screen.

WHEN you did see him, one thing, above everything, stood out in his dancing—rhythm. Step by step, he became the Rajah of Rhythm. No matter how fast he moved, or how slowly, his feet tapped out a pulsating tempo. A seductive, spine-tingling tempo. Tempo with a swing.

The more you heard it, the more of it you wanted to hear. Demand begot supply. A vogue started, and grew, until now the whole world is swing-conscious. So swing-conscious that a picture named *Swing Time* has world-wide appeal, particularly with Fred Astaire as one of its stars. For Fred has become the King of Swing.

The rise of Astaire and the rise of swing music weren't just coincidental. One was cause, and the other was effect.

Maybe you hadn't thought about that before, or realized it. Fred certainly hasn't called attention to it. But, then, Fred wouldn't.

He would rather give his attention to new dances. He does four in *Swing Time*—all of his own creation and all unusual. All of them have "swing," which reaches a grand climax in the waltz. A dance that *you* will want to do.

He wishes he could tell you, step by step, how he "swings" through a dance. It would help him to answer those thousands upon thousands of letters.

"But I couldn't do it. I never put a dance down on paper, never make notes about steps. I remember as much as I can, and tell Hermes Pan, my assistant, to keep running through it. He'll remember what I don't."

They usually start work on their dances a month or six weeks before the start of a picture. Fred works with Hermes until about two weeks before the first shooting. A pianist supplies the music. Hermes does every step in reverse of Fred's, formulating Miss Rogers' routine. Then Miss Rogers comes in and works with them. They rehearse, and rehearse, and lose pounds in the process. All three of them, Hermes included. Then, if people don't like the number, they contemplate shooting themselves.

Since he cannot tell others, in mere words, how to do a dance, they learn—like Ginger Rogers—by watching him. He receives countless letters from amateur dancers, telling him that they can do one of his dances after seeing *him* twenty-five or thirty times.

"I hope they'll be able to do the 'Waltz in Swing Time' after about twenty times," he says, with a smile. "It's a little complicated, but it has possibilities for a good adaptation, certainly."

MOST of the ideas for his dances are plucked out of the bright blue California sky. He just starts "hoofing" across a practice floor experimentally—as he would run his fingers along a piano keyboard, searching out a new melody. His feet find a rhythmic new combination of steps, suggested by the music. He repeats the combination until he has it firmly in mind, like the first few chords of a new song composition. He goes on from there, getting inspiration from the music, the scene that is to precede the dance and the scene that is to follow it. (If you'll notice, every Astaire dance fits into the screen story naturally, amplifying a mood.)

"I never can do anything in a day. Or a week, for that matter. And I mulled over the swing-waltz idea for years. I put in and take out enough things, in the preparation of one number, to do another complete show. I like a dance, then I don't like it. It's an awful ordeal, especially when I don't like a thing—which usually happens. For then I have to start all over again before I'll like it. When we get pretty well satisfied, I usually show it to somebody—like Producer Pandro Berman or Director George Stevens. If they think it has what we're trying to express, we don't touch it again until two or three days before we're going to shoot it. Then we rehearse all over again."

One short comedy scene may be broken up into small segments in the filming, for different angle-shots. But once Fred starts a dance scene, he goes through it to the end before stopping. That is necessary to insure continuous rhythm, to swing into and keep the desired mood. Each dance is photographed several times, from a variety of angles. And Fred is given absolute "say" about which dancing shots will appear in the finished picture. Which is only fair.

"However, I don't see rushes of any of my other scenes. No actor likes to see himself constantly. At least, I happen to be one who doesn't like to look at himself at all. It makes me jittery, self-conscious."

But—about waltzing.

"It isn't something new for me. I did a little waltz in my first starring picture, *The Gay Divorcee*. That was more tricky than this 'Waltz in Swing Time'; it was spectacular in the stage version, when Claire Luce and I, dancing over divans and tables, had to show flawless footwork at every performance of a long run. Also, my sister, Adele, and I used to dance waltzes a bit on the stage."

FRED and Adele Astaire! For years that combination of names on a theatre marquee spelled success for any attraction inside. On two continents, they were stage sensations. And now there are constant rumors that they both will be screen sensations—that Lady Cavendish is listening to film offers—that she and Fred may dance together again, this time before cameras.

"Adele lives in Ireland—has a beautiful place there. I don't know whether she can be tempted to leave it or not. When she was here recently, visiting me, she made a screen test for David O. Selznick, and she had offers. But she went away without taking any. I read in the paper the other day that she had signed to do three pictures, one a year. But she hasn't said anything about it in her letters to me, so I guess it isn't true.

"Adele has great personality, sparkling vitality. She ought to be very good in films. On the stage, she was almost incomparable in her artistry . . . her individuality . . . her naturalness as a comedienne . . . little things that she did. But she says she won't dance if she does come to Hollywood."

And how about Fred himself? Would he like to make a picture without dancing?

"Yes, I would like to sandwich one in—between dancing pictures. But I think people would object strongly, right now. They expect me, want me, to dance." He pauses, thinking over the idea. "You know, making a picture like that would seem like nothing at all—without all this terrific preparation. I started preparing for *Swing Time* eight weeks ahead. And the actual shooting is taking three months."

What does he do for relaxation, if any?

"Play a little tennis, a little golf. Follow racing. Do a little shooting, a little hunting—with a rifle. But songwriting, I guess, is my favorite hobby." (Even when he relaxes, he likes rhythm!) "I've been doing it for years. I never had a real hit until 'Building Up to an Awful Letdown.' But the other night I heard 'Just One More Dance, Madame,' which I wrote with Davy Dryer. It will come out in the Fall. And I'm hopeful, hearing them play it this early. Now I have another one, called 'I'll Never Let You Go.' Yes—swing music."

He has just built a new home in Beverly Hills. "That ends all retirement rumors—I hope—for at least a few years."

THOSE retirement rumors annoy him. They insinuate that he is tired of dancing. He expects never to tire of dancing . . . And those rumors that he and Ginger Rogers "don't get along any too well" baffle him, make him speechless. He can't understand where and how they start. The mere fact that this is their fifth picture together should make any such rumors look counterfeit. Anyone visiting their sets can see them constantly kidding. Their comedy dances on the screen are direct outgrowths of clowning behind the scenes. For example: "I Won't Dance" in *Roberta*, "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket" in *Follow the Fleet*, and "Pick Yourself Up" in *Swing Time*.

They will continue to make pictures together. But they will intersperse them with pictures made separately—to avoid any danger of running their present team popularity into the ground by being together *too* often. They aren't being temperamental; just sane.

But whether he appears with Ginger, or stars alone, the King of Swing will still be giving the world dancing ideas. For as Hermes Pan, RKO dance director and Fred's closest co-worker, says: "There are certain standard steps that all dancers do—all dancers that is, except Fred Astaire. He avoids them. Constantly, he creates new ones of his own. And that's one of the greatest secrets of his supremacy. There are other dancers with poise, personality, fine technique, a willingness to work hard. But Fred Astaire also has uncanny rhythm *and*—imagination. 'Waltz in Swing Time' is just one example. It is a masterpiece of rhythm—and originality. Something that no one did before him."

But something that you will want to do after him, when you see him dancing with Ginger "at a four-four beat to music in three-four time . . ."

DID YOU KNOW THAT: Paul Muni, after completing his current rôle in *The Good Earth*, is scheduled to star in a superproduction based on the life of Dr. William Crawford Gorgas, the famous yellow fever expert whose daring research into the cause of that dread tropic disease made possible the construction of the Panama Canal?

Pretty young student . . . Wins JUNE "Search for Talent"

. . . winsome Betty Middleton of Brooklyn, N. Y. will have an opportunity to appear in a Walter Wanger Production.

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FRANCES NALLE, Search for Talent winner, chats with ROBERT TAYLOR in Hollywood

HENRY FONDA and MARY BRIAN as they appear in "Spendthrift," the current Walter Wanger hit production

Betty Middleton . . . pretty, young and vivacious . . . read about the "Search for Talent," sponsored by HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines. She did more than just think about the opportunity it offered. She entered . . . . . and she was the winner of the June competition.

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GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 272 Des Moines, Iowa

My Face Leads a Double Life

[*Continued from page* 20]

scented soap for her bath.

"If I am staying in," she continued, "I then apply a rich nourishing oil to my face and throat, patting it smartly into my skin. To allow the complete absorption of the oil, a little lipstick is my only make-up for an evening at home.

"Occasionally, too, I apply oil to my whole body to keep my skin soft and smooth. The arms and elbows, particularly, need special care. For my hands, I use a reliable lotion after each washing."

Appearing refreshed and lovely for an important social function is no problem to Gloria even after a day at the studio, if she has fifteen minutes in which to relax. "My chaise lounge can be adjusted so that my feet are higher than my head and, lying flat on my back, I rest in this position for about ten minutes," she said. "Then for five minutes I take a knee-on-chest position recommended by my doctor, which really does wonders in relieving back strain and relaxing taut muscles.

"To make up for the evening I apply a foundation cream, powder, then dry rouge and lipstick, and mascara for my lashes. On formal occasions I also use an eyeshadow. If my gown is vivid in color, I take care that it doesn't put my face in the background. The face should never be overshadowed by one's gown. Rich tones, such as red, blue or gold, require warm coloring in the cheeks. White and black require more coloring in the lips, less on the cheeks. Choosing the proper shade of rouge and lipstick to harmonize with one's gown is of course important."

Camay a mild creamy soap
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY

The use of brushes in applying cosmetics is one of Hollywood's open secrets. The stars become adept in wielding make-up brushes at the studios and apply this knowledge to their personal use. Gloria uses a soft-haired brush for powder, another for rouge, and a pointed Chinese brush for lipstick.

On festive occasions the dimple in her chin comes in for its share of important attention with a faint shadow to accentuate the cleft. "Brown eye shadow does nicely for this," Gloria said, "if applied very lightly."

The finish of a picture means a brief respite from work and special treatments for her skin and hair. After each picture, averaging every six weeks, she has professional facial and scalp treatments. To aid in the reconditioning of her skin, she also uses an occasional mild facial mask that does not irritate her delicate skin.

"I do all sorts of things to my hair," she offered with an amused smile. "Besides brushing it every day, the night before a shampoo I put a preparation on my scalp to combat oiliness at the roots, another preparation on the ends, which are dry. Over this I apply a pomade and brush it thoroughly. My hair is washed every four days while I am working, once a week otherwise."

If you are the thin-skinned type who feels an inner shrinking when the glories and benefits of the sun's rays are being lauded, be consoled, because Gloria Stuart also belongs to the order of Anti-Sun Sisters. "The sun gives me a headache, and besides I don't think tan is becoming to me," she said frankly, "so I just don't sun bathe."

"You don't have to bother about a diet . . ." I ventured.

Gloria smiled ruefully. "This goes on day after day," she said indicating her bowl of vegetable salad. "A salad, milk and a cookie for lunch, fruit and coffee for breakfast, lean meat and two vegetables for dinner. But I don't mind, a simple diet keeps me feeling fit and is good for my complexion."

Maybelline Mascara in cream form
Maybelline
Maybelline

Displaying a thorough knowledge and vivacious interest in the newest products of cosmetic manufacturers and perfumers, Gloria Stuart sets a good example for girls who are inclined to travel in a rut in the matter of beauty routine. However, beauty should always be approached as an individual problem. If your skin is of the oily type, then her routine is not for you. Instead, write me a letter in care of this magazine telling me your own problems and I shall be glad to outline special treatments for your needs.

Now that the new fall clothes are proving so dramatic and luxurious, you are no doubt feeling an admirable urge to do something special in the way of a beauty treatment just to keep your face from being embarrassed in such smart company. As a starter, I recommend giving your skin a real pick-up with a facial pack or beauty mask. It will stimulate circulation and do much toward refining the pores.

The makers of *Elmo* cosmetics offer beauty masks for either the dry or oily type skin. Their *Margo Masque,* priced at one dollar, comes in two types—"Dark" for oily skin and "Light" for dry or normal. Both masks are beneficial in discouraging blackheads, blemishes and coarse pores which often afflict any type of skin. They should be used about twice a week for their refining and stimulating effect.

For anyone who prefers simple fare in the matter of a face cream, something that can be depended upon to do triple duty as a cleanser, night cream and powder base, I have found *Junis,* put out by the Pepsodent Company, a friend in need. Light in texture, it is a penetrating cleanser, and because of special softening and lubricating ingredients it proves an effective night cream. Fifty cents and one dollar.

Improved formula for Tattoo Lipstick

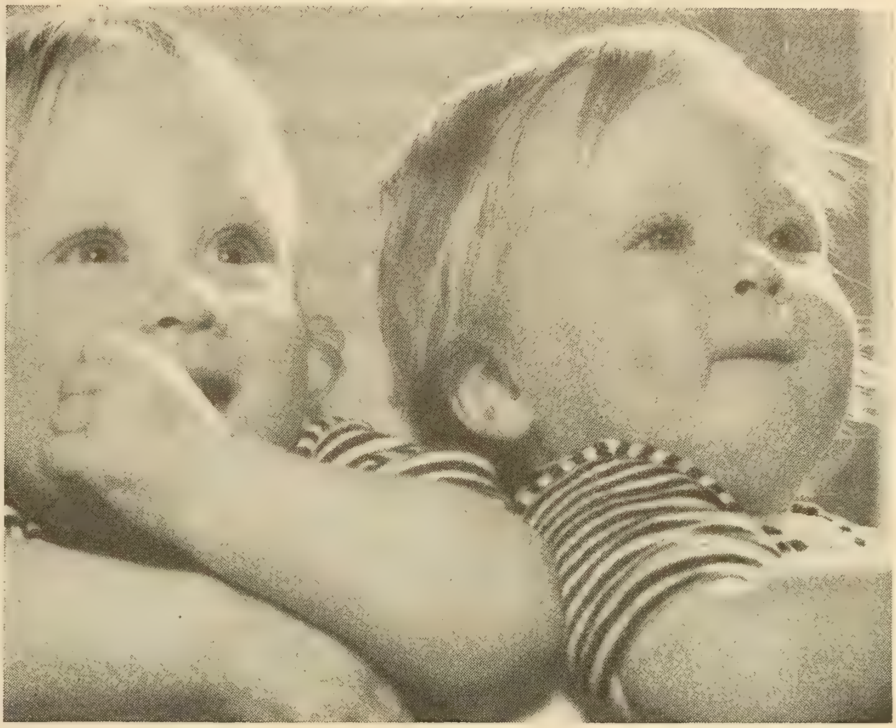
Of prime importance in the daily care of every type skin is a non-irritating, thorough cleansing soap. The creamy white lather and delicate, clean fragrance of *Camay* have long kept it high on my list of preferred beauty aids. Economical for the bath, too, which just might be one of the many reasons why I like *Camay.*

The Maybelline Company is justly proud of its *Maybelline Cream Mascara,* a recent addition to its family of eye beautifiers. This cream mascara is easily applied without water and gives that coveted silky appearance to the lashes. A generous tube of the mascara, housed with its brush in a zipper purse case, is priced at seventy-five cents. The long-tipped tube applicator makes application from tube to brush even and thorough. The ingredients are the same as in *Maybelline Cake Mascara*—you'll be glad to know—safe and reliable.

There's something about a new lipstick! And if it's a new stick with a familiar name, then plaudits are in order. Not content with the popularity of Tattoo, the manufacturers of this famous lipstick have continued their quest for the perfect combination of smoothness, rich color and permanency. In their *New Tattoo* they are offering an entirely new formula which captures warm transparency and lasting color in the lips. Drug and department stores display a *Tattoo Color Selector* from which you can choose the most becoming of five enticing shades. The price remains one dollar.

A Beauty Expert for You

Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC'S beauty editor, is offering a special service to readers of this department. She will help you in solving your problems of make-up, by answering any perplexing questions you wish to ask, on the care of hair and skin. Write Miss Alden in care of MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. You can rely thoroughly on the advice given by Miss Alden, as her recommendations are based on years of experience as a beautician, during which time she has been called upon to meet many varied problems. Your letters to her will be treated with the strictest confidence and each reply will be personally mailed to you.



Trouble ahead?

TROUBLE AHEAD for these bright young eyes? If parents only realized how poor lighting causes eyestrain, wasted nervous energy, and other physical disturbances, they would always give their children plenty of good light for seeing tasks.

One school child in five already has defective vision. Is it worth while to take chances with inferior lamps that get dimmer and dimmer as days go by? Why not keep your home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps... the lamps that *Stay Brighter Longer* ...and use electricity so much more economically than inferior lamps. Always keep spares on hand...especially the sight-saving sizes...75 and 100 watts... that are so necessary in helping busy young eyes develop normally. Ask for Edison MAZDA lamps by name!

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Waterproof . . . far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length . . . their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of *naturalness!*

Quite obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied,* is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

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The Show Window

[*Continued from page 23*]

tone, scores a triumph with two solos. Marion Talley seems destined for as great a success on the screen as she once enjoyed on the operatic stage. *Republic.*

DRAEGERMAN COURAGE—Originally intended as a "Class B" production, this ultra-dramatic fictionization of the famous Nova Scotia mine disaster which claimed so many headlines a year ago emerges as one of the real dramatic highlights of the current month. Credit the superlative direction of Louis King with a surprising triumph. Wisely choosing to use a semi-newsreel treatment, King has given the picture an emotional realism that is breathtaking. Barton MacLane, Jean Muir, Helen MacKellar and Henry O'Neill are excellent in leading rôles. *Warner Brothers.*

GOOD

WALKING ON AIR—Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern are co-starred in this hilarious, though unpretentious, comedy romance, which by virtue of clever performances, deft direction and uproarious dialogue gains a preferred rating on this month's film menu. The story hinges on a desperate father's ruse to cure his lovesick daughter of an insane infatuation for an alimony-ridden scapegrace. Pa hires a phony count to divert daughter's attention. Enter Gene Raymond—giving the best performance of his career—and the fun is launched. Don't miss it if you enjoy a good laugh. *RKO-Radio.*

TUNDRA—Filmed entirely in the Arctic, this unusual picture carries a satisfactory thread of human drama but depends for most of its striking entertainment value on its scenes of wild life. Its cast features all of the animals, large and small, of the Far North and the patience and skill of its producers can be credited for an amazing, thrilling and consistently entertaining nature study. Del Cambre, playing the leading human rôle, is excellent, but the real laurels must be awarded to Director Norman Dawn and Cameramen Jacob and Edward Kull. *Burroughs-Tarzan.*

BACK TO NATURE—Once more the amusing and down-to-earth adventures of the Jones Family come to the screen—and this is by all odds the best picture of the series. In it, the Joneses travel to a convention via auto trailer and their path is beset by a multitude of hilarious mishaps. Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, George Ernest, Shirley Deane and Kenneth Howell have the most important rôles. *20th Century-Fox.*

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Young David Holt, Paramount's answer to the current hue and cry for child stars, proves his mettle in this appealing and dramatic tale of a lad who becomes involved with a gang of murderous thugs, and outwits them in a game that threatens his father's life. His scenes run a wide range of emotion and he handles them all with understanding and ability. Ralph Bellamy and Katherine Locke are excellent in leading rôles, and Andy Clyde has an outstanding bit as the boy's grandfather. *Paramount.*

STAGE STRUCK—A refreshing little back-stage musical comedy which should be a welcome change of fare for the army of fans who are a bit wearied by lavish ensembles, ten-acre sets and geometric dance

Walking on Air, co-starring Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern, rates as one of the month's sprightliest comedies

Randolph Scott and Binnie Barnes in *Last of the Mohicans,* an exciting drama of Indian fighting in pre-Revolutionary days

Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans have leading roles in *Picadilly Jim,* an uproarious comedy success

Mary Carlisle, Lew Ayres and Benny Baker highlight the cast of *Lady Be Careful,* which is guaranteed laugh-fare routines filmed from the studio's rafters. Played for comedy rather than for spectacle, it boasts a logical plot and some very hilarious situations.

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are co-starred and do excellent work. The Yacht Club Boys and Frank McHugh furnish some grand laughs and Jeanne Madden, a newcomer, establishes herself as a screen bet.

Far from being as million-dollarish as most of Warner Brothers filmusicals, this is, nevertheless, one of the most entertaining of the lot. Put it well up on your "must see" list. *Warner Brothers.*

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—A vigorous, punchy drama assailing the current practice of paroling dangerous criminals. The story, playing upon a father's blind love for a homicidal son, rings true and has been so well handled by director and cast that its preachment is always secondary to its dramatic entertainment values. Lewis Stone, Bruce Cabot, James Gleason and Betty Grable do remarkably fine work in exacting roles. *RKO-Radio.*

FAIR

THE GENTLEMAN FROM LOUISIANA—A fast-moving drama of the race tracks of a generation ago. The story, remotely based upon the real-life career of Tod Sloan, the most famous of American jockeys, holds interest from start to finish and offers many genuine thrills. Eddie Quillan, Chic Sale, Marjorie Gateson, Charlotte Henry and John Miljan head the cast. Particularly interesting to any racing addict are the unusually well-staged shots of the English Derby. *Republic.*

SHAKEDOWN—Lew Ayres and Joan Perry in a rather flimsy true-to-formula "whodunit" which involves a mysterious murder, an attempted kidnapping and the inevitable amateur sleuth. *Columbia.*

THE UNKNOWN RANGER—If you are a western fan, don't miss this one for it is one of the most entertaining "horse-operas" of the season, and it offers, in the person of Robert Allan, a new cowboy star who seems destined to be a favorite. The plot is true to type, with a villainous cattle rustler, a handsome cow-waddie and a vivacious rancher's daughter, but it also offers several novel twists and a number of unusual scenes—for instance, a particularly interesting sequence in which Allan breaks an outlaw horse. Harry Woods and Martha Tibbetts have leading rôles. *Columbia.*

CAIN AND MABEL—It seems a shame to waste the ability and personality of Clark Gable on such a flimsy bit of film fare as this ill-advised extravaganza, in which he is co-starred with Marion Davies. Lavish settings and gargantuan dance ensembles of the type which have become traditional with Warner Brothers filmusicals fail completely to surmount the picture's glaring faults. The dialogue is strained, the story is illogical and entirely too much footage is devoted to the glorification of Marion Davies. The film can be recommended only for the consumption of dyed-in-the-wool filmusical fans. *Warner Brothers.*

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED—A rather novel, but somewhat ineffectual, "whodunit" featuring Reginald Denny, Inez Courtney and Evelyn Brent. The story deals with a theatrical troupe, a double murder, and the solution of the crime by an enterprising mystery-drama writer. It's passable fare. *Invincible.*

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FREE TEST ~ We send complete test package Free. Snip off a lock of hair . . . Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

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Street. . . . .
City. . . . . State. . . . .
Color of your hair?. . . . .

Can You Pass Joan Crawford's Love Test?

[*Continued from page* 31]

I've heard girls say, 'I'm just cuh-razy about So-and-So—because he looks and talks exactly like Nelson Eddy or Lindbergh or Mussolini'—or someone. *That* isn't love. That's substitution. Love is a setting apart of the Beloved. When you really love you don't want the man you love to be like anyone else. You want him to be always himself. If you are trying to imagine that the man you 'love' is a Nelson Eddy, you are deceiving yourself into believing that you love someone you really don't love at all. You're simply using him as a sacrifice to your imagination. You are infatuated with the image of Nelson Eddy and you are trying to make believe that the man is Nelson Eddy. There is no such pretense in real love.

"Nor do I think," said Joan thoughtfully, "that it is apt to be love when a girl—or a boy—steps too far out of his or her own class. It's much more apt to be infatuation. Seldom indeed do the tabloid paper 'Millionairess-Marries-Chauffeur' stories result in anything but speedy and spectacular divorces.

"NOT," said Joan firmly, "that I don't believe in divorce. *I do.* When divorce is honestly necessary it *is* honest. If, as I am told, statistics show that the divorce rate is increasing it only indicates to me that people are becoming more honest, less neurotic, less addicted to the old 'martyr complex'. There is nothing healthy about the martyr complex. Martyrs are not lovers. For I repeat—*real love is healthy.* If a girl is unhappy in love, mistrustful, nervous, melancholy, she can be pretty sure that something is badly wrong—with her, not with love. Love is not a malady nor is it a madness and it shouldn't be considered as such.

"Which is another positive test for you to apply to your own hearts: *If you are unhappy in your love—look out!*

"I don't believe in the love which is sacrifice. If a woman sacrifices herself, her interests, her identity to a man, it doesn't follow that she is more capable than others of great love. It's more apt to be that she has no imagination. The woman who spends her life going without the necessities, the comforts, and the considerations of life is without courage, without stamina. It doesn't take courage to be a pallid martyr, to suffer and be uncomplaining. It does take courage to right wrongs, to strike off chains, to *get out of suffering.* One is a passive state of being. The other is an active state. And *love is never passive.* It is active. It is living. It demands and is fed on exhilaration and happiness.

"So, if you step out of your class, believing that you are in love with someone who doesn't speak your language, is alien to your customs and manners and mode of living—*take time to analyze your emotions.* There's a very fair chance that you are being prompted by infatuation brought on by the very drama of the situation.

"Nor do I believe that any of us has to fall in love when we know that we shouldn't. *You can keep from falling in love with someone you have no right to fall in love with.*

"There again it's a matter of using the imagination. There is the reason why you shouldn't have fallen in love in the first place. Dwell on that reason. Build it up in your mind. Go out with other men. You'll be told that doesn't work. It does. Build up the tabu to such proportions that the tabu overshadows the temptation. If we can't resist temptation," said Joan, "if we must fold our hands and sigh weakly, 'I can help it,' we are admitting to a protoplasmic state once more. We are admitting that we have not evolved into the state of Free Will.

"AND there is another test which is quite infallible—most of us have said, at one time or another, that we can't *bear* a man who does this or that—can't bear a man who talks politics or doesn't—can't bear a man who whistles when he drives—can't bear a man who smokes cigars—any one of a number of small things. If you have had any such small pet 'hates' and then if you fall in love with a man and don't even know that he does the very things you detest—*well*—" laughed Joan.

"There is also the test of going with a boy who can't take you places other girls in your crowd go—a boy who can't send you corsages, pay you the small, expensive attentions other boys pay other girls. *How do you feel about that?* Resentful? Martyred? Noble? Or just so glad to be with him that it doesn't matter how or where? You should be very sure of yourself. For while such deprivations may work and even seem roseate and rather beautiful during the 'courting' period, those same deprivations, seldom work out successfully after marriage. You should try to be very sure of yourself, sure of what your real demands are, sure that the 'real' values of your marriage will compensate you sufficiently for not being able to do what your friends do and have what your friends have.

"Then there is the acid test of—Do I *like* this man as well as *love* him? I mean, if no emotional content entered into the relationship at all, if 'kisses in the moonlight' had no part in it at all—would you still like him, be interested in talking with him, want to be with him?

"So often we do not like those we love. We are deluded by emotion into thinking that we like them. And if the emotion were to be removed we would find ourselves face to face with a totally uncongenial stranger.

"I think it was Jeremy Taylor who wrote, 'True Love is friendship set on fire.' It is. If a man and a girl are friends first, with a mutual basis of books and friends and interests which could exist independently of love and if, then, emotion enters into that friendship, colors it, sets it all afire—*that is love.*

"So, ask yourself, do be sure to ask yourself: *Do I like him as well as love him?"*

(And I thought how truly, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps not, Joan was describing to us her love for Franchot and his for her, I thought of the long months, even years during which they worked in the same studio, in the same profession. I thought of the books they read and discuss together, the friends they share together, the music they both love and are developing. Their mutual plans for going on the stage, their present plan for going East and summering in a stock company in New England, the concerts they attend, the long good talks they have, their quiet home evenings, each reading a respective book, happy—yes, with Joan and Franchot, I could swear, it is "Friendship set on fire.")

A CALL came from the set. Joan was to be ready in half an hour. She was making some last retakes for *The Gorgeous Hussy* in which she is, as it were, surrounded by Franchot, Robert Taylor, James Stewart and Melvyn Douglas. She was wearing the full billowing skirts of blue velvet, the full sleeves, the plumed and picture hat of the period. She said, "I'll slap on a little make-up; we can keep on talking—" and over the sun-bronzed skin, the golden spangles of freckles Joan began "slapping a little make-up . . ."

She said, "One of the pitfalls of falling in love is that the signs and portents of love are so dreadfully similar to the signs and portents of infatuation. It is almost impossible to make the differentiation, I know . . . *I know* . . .

"Love, real love, seldom comes until after all of the infatuations. *I would mistrust first love.* I'd give it a great deal of time. You have no standard of comparison, you see, the first time. It's usually terribly sweet, first love, but seldom stable.

"TIME, of course, is the one sure test. For with the passing of time, *enough time,* infatuation passes, too. It is a rootless thing, infatuation. And with the passing of a few suns and moons it wilts and dies. Love is not so short-lived.

"And so, never hurry into anything permanent until you have applied the test of time.

"And then, if you think you are falling in love, *ask yourself questions.* Be your own cross-examiner. Play Truth with yourself. Ask yourself:

1. What have we in common? What do we like to do together?
2. Ask yourself what happens when one feels like talking and the other doesn't. Irritation? Boredom? If so, watch out . . .
3. Check with yourself on what happens when you make a date to go out and your young man has some difficulty at the office or at home and can't go. Are you annoyed with him? Do you feel that he could have helped it if he had wanted to? Or do you feel regret for him, understanding of his problem and confidence that he would have kept the date if he could have? Do you feel how relatively unimportant one little date is in the whole scheme of things—or do you fret and pout over one lost good time? The way you answer these questions should help you to determine how great or how little your love is, if at all.
4. Can you have good times by yourselves? Or do you have to be with a crowd? Can you sit quietly together in your respective corners, respective books in your hands—and love it? Because if you cannot, if you must be going places and doing things, you may be sure that there is not sufficiency between you. You have not got enough within yourselves to make a life together.

"I think," said Joan, "That if girls will ask themselves these questions, apply these tests to their own hearts they will come—a little closer, at least—to knowing whether they are in love, which is real, or in a state of infatuation, which is unreal.

"I tried them once,"—and her eyes went to the large framed portrait of Franchot—the only portrait in the suite of dressing rooms.

"—and," said Joan, *"they worked."*

Read—

"Accidentally Funny," the real-life story of Edward Everett Horton

in

DECEMBER MOVIE CLASSIC

IT STARTED WITH A "COMMON COLD"!

(It Usually Does)

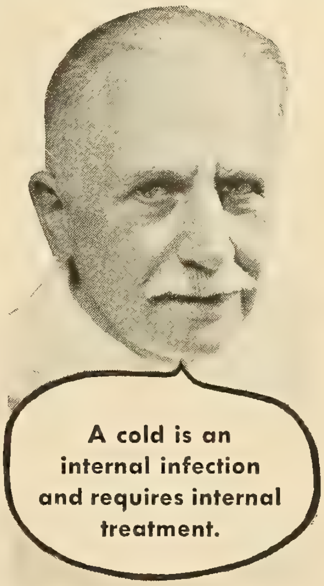
The Necessity of Definite Treatment

He wasn't feeling so bad yesterday—just headachy and loggy. Today they telephoned the office that he's pretty bad and they had to have the doctor in.

Everyone is shocked, for it was only a "slight cold" yesterday. Yet, isn't it true that nearly every case of bronchitis and pneumonia you heard of started with "just a common cold"?

If there's anything you want to be concerned about, it's the so-called "common cold."

Federal, state and city health departments are constantly calling attention to the danger of the "common cold." They know the insidious nature of the "common cold." They know, from experience, what it can develop into, almost before you know it!


A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

To Be Safe

What you want to do, if you want to be safe, is to regard a cold—*any* cold—seriously. Keep two things in mind:

(1) *A cold is an internal infection and, as such, calls for internal treatment.*

(2) *A cold calls for a cold treatment and not a "cure-all" or a preparation that is only incidentally good for colds.*

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

First of all, it is distinctly a cold treatment, a tablet designed expressly for the treatment of colds and nothing else. Secondly, it works internally and it does four things of vital importance in the treatment of a cold—as follows:

First, it opens the bowels, an acknowledgedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

Second, it checks the infection in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and fever.

Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against recurrence.

This is the fourfold effect that distinguishes Grove's Bromo Quinine and it is what you want for the prompt treatment of a cold.

Decisive Treatment

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, go get yourself a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets. Don't compromise with less efficient methods. Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will usually stop a cold the first day and that's the speed of action you want.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and no reliable druggist will try to switch you to anything else. Ask firmly for these famous tablets by name. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of trouble.

RADIO NOTE: *Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.*

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ONE TRIAL of ACCENT will convince you; and regular use will speedily restore your hair's glossy radiance!

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SEND NO MONEY Just your name and address and we will mail you a set of FORMETTES C.O.D. for only $1.87, plus a few cents postage. Try them for one full week, then if not satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send today to *Dorothy Page,*
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Chest is 6 in. x 3 in. made from the Giant Redwoods of California. Send only $1.00 check, stamps or currency for chest with 4-50c bottles.

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Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 12*]

to go about the lot. Said chair was propelled by Oscar Smith, now the colored bootblack on the Paramount lot.

He Joined the Navy

Dick Powell must have had only a leave of absence from the United States Navy.

After appearing in several pictures with a naval background, Dick is going right back in another.

The title is *The Singing Marine,* which gives you an idea.

At Random

The Terrific woes, horrors, dangers, tribulations and general unbearablenesses of life in Hollywood, as exemplified by recent events:

—Dorothy Lamour, risking all for Art, plunged into the thickest of making Paramount's *Girl of the Jungle.* And what happened? —she got a case of poison ivy in the most embarrassing heres and theres.

—Gary Cooper, demonstrating superb man-on-the-box-ship during *The Plainsman,* courageously grasped the reins and said "cluck, cluck!" to a six-horse team. They took him wrong, circled the whole location set, were adroitly steered by Gary into a fence, whereupon Gary and Passenger Jean Arthur described neat parabolas to cuts and bruises.

—Arline Judge, throwing all fear to the winds, attended a Hollywood party the other night. Before she could work again in *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie,* they had to tape up two broken ribs.

—Reckless of the lesson of the great earthquake in MGM's *San Francisco,* Director Bob Leonard, who weighs 225, essayed to show Madge Evans how to take one of those oddly-named so-and-so-falls on another stage on the very same lot. Result: a localized earthquake, collapse of scenery, blow-out of a light fuse, sudden descent of a heavy prop chandelier, a nick out of Bob Montgomery's ear as it went by, and applications of arnica on Director Bob's anatomy.

—showing the hazards film stars undergo while acting their rôles: So delighted was Producer Emanuel Cohen as he watched Bing Crosby do a splendid sequence that at its conclusion, he leaped up and kissed Bing!!!! Bing threatened to report the matter to Mr. Hays, but didn't.

Watch Your Step

Ah, these dahlink li'l Hollywood kiddies—

—it seems that over at Selznick's, Casting Boss Charlie Richards was interviewing a bunch of five, six and seven-year-old boys, looking for one to play the rôle of *Tom Sawyer.* He came to a typical Hollywood kid actor.

"What," asked Richards, "is your name, sonny?"

The kid fixed Charlie with an eye, and replied:

"The name's A. E. Sweat, mister—*an' no cracks, see!!!*"

Husband Trouble

Up to Michael Whalen at a recent preview popped an attractive young woman, holding out an autograph book. Mike smiled, took the pencil, prepared to sign his name for her.

"But please, Mr. Whalen, sign Wally Beery's name instead of your own, won't you?"

Amazed, Whalen wanted to know why. "On account my husband's awful jealous—and he'd sock me on the kisser if he read my autograph album and seen I'd been talking to a handsome man like you," she replied!

In the Swim

Neatest house-building trick of the month in Hollywood—

Mona Barrie, motoring in the Hollywood Hills, saw a huge, nearly-completed, but obviously abandoned swimming pool. She investigated, learned it had been built for what was to have been a big private sanitarium project which blew up.

So Mona bought the huge pool and the land. And she'll build a tiny bungalow beside the pool—and do most of her living in the swim.

A Mother's Gratitude

John Boles, receiving his war bonus check, endorsed it over to his mother, sent it to her as a gift.

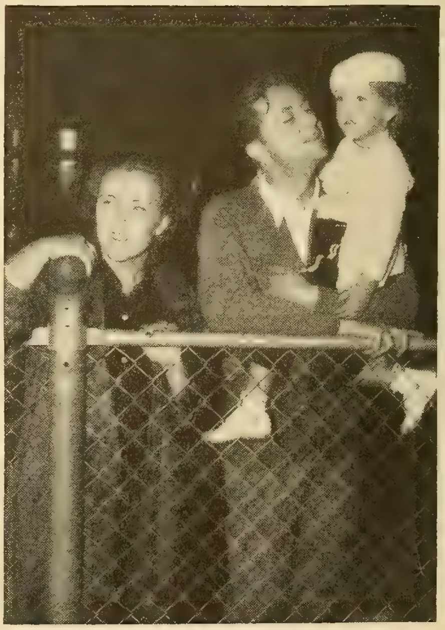
Came back, the other day, his mother's note of thanks for the check. Last line in her letter: "—but I hope that I may never receive another such gift, for I trust it will never be necessary for you to go to war again."

Somehow, John had a walloping big lump in his throat when he'd read that . . .

What Would You Do?

For nearly seven years, now, Doris Kenyon, widow of the great Milton Sills, has been saving in a storage vault the prints of the two last pictures in which Sills appeared. Her plan: to show them to her son, who was a tiny baby when Milton passed on.

But the other day, Doris disposed of the films.



Mrs. Young, Robert Young and the youngest Young failed to dodge Movie Classic's ever-present candid cameraman when they went to the Grand Central Airport recently to bid a friend good-bye

You see, the son—Kenyon Sills—is old enough now to see the pictures, and to "meet" his father. BUT—Doris has changed her mind. He'll *never* see the reels . . .

"I'm not sure it would be a good thing for the boy," she says. Then she adds: *"—and I can't face it myself . . ."*

Home, Sweet Home

For *Tarzan Escapes,* they needed a flock of trained pigeons, to do some trick flying. So they went to the pigeonman, rented a cage full of birds, transported them carefully and perilously over mountain roads to the *Tarzan* location, 'way back in the hills.

Then they were all ready to shoot the scene at last. And with everything set, they let out the birds.

And the darned things, being homing pigeons, made a bee-line back to Hollywood . . . !!!!

Smile If You Say It

Hollywood's chorus-girls are going Hollywood. They just don't wanna be called "chorus girls" any more!! They don't think it's a nice word . . .

Organized into a group of several hundred, they've appointed beauteous Martha Manning their president. Says Martha:

"The designation of a dancer as a 'chorus girl' is—ah—both inaccurate and uncomplimentary."

They haven't decided, yet, which of three suggested alternative titles they should bear—"dancing actresses," "tapsters" or "rhythmites."

Ho, hummmm. . . .

Cupid's Batting Average

Hits

Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent. Craig Reynolds and Patricia Ellis. Eleanor Whitney and Henry Willson. Betty Furness (hats included) and Alan Lane. Billy Bakewell and Claire Trevor. Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson. Nino Martini and Elissa Landi.

Strikeouts

Elaine Barrie says she's thru with John Barrymore. It's frigidaired between Jack Dunn and Ketti Gallian. Ex-Kid-Star Leon Janney gets divorce from New York showgirl. Hubby sues Virginia Lee Corbin for decree. Judith Allen says good-bye-forever to Jack Doyle. Lona Andre's sister, Betty Ann Logan, gets divorce. Merna Kennedy sues to divorce Busby Berkeley.

Home Runs

Wedding bells for Gene and Jeanette. Ditto for Randy Scott, who admits he's been married to one of the DuPont millions daughters for a half year. Jean Chatburn, married Agent Frank Orsatti. Allan Jones and Irene Hervey honeymooning. Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow finally make it official.

Triple Plays

Nursery-readying for Polly Ann Young. Ditto the Director Woody Van Dykes and the Director Bill Wellmans.

Second Time at Bat

Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan trying it again—or on the verge. Margaret Sullavan and ex-hubby Director Willie Wyler still twosoming furiously. Hoot Gibson and June Gale happy again.

Fifth-Inning Tie

Stu Erwin and June Collyer celebrating their fifth anniversary.

Substitution

Ginger Rogers on verge of marrying Jimmy Stewart.

"Me? Afraid of Offending?
NOT ANY MORE"

NEW DEODORANT BY KOTEX

100% EFFECTIVE ON SANITARY NAPKINS

● Now there's no excuse to be guilty of the "Unforgivable Offense!" The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

No matter, now, if other methods haven't satisfied, especially on hottest days. Quest is 100% effective! It assures all-day-long freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin, clog the pores or interfere with normal body functions.

Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this soothing cool powder on sanitary napkins, after the bath, to prevent perspiration offense. It is unscented, which means it can't interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume. Quest costs no more than other kinds . . . only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today.

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Loretta Young Answers

[*Continued from page* 55]

A. Yes, I would, but I have no plans for a stage appearance, at present.

Q. Do you take any special setting-up exercises to keep in condition?

A. No.

Q. What is your formula for happiness?

A. I think the real key to happiness is to like everyone.

Q. What is the most beautiful word you know?

A. (And Loretta, profoundly intrigued by this question, thought for many minutes before attempting to answer.) What a shrewd question and what a hard one to answer! I believe the most beautiful word I know is the word—happiness.

Q. Do you feel you have reached the highest point in your career?

A. I certainly hope that I haven't reached the highest point in my career as yet.

Q. Do you ever wish you were someone else—if so—who?

A. Of course I do. I'm a day dreamer just like anyone else and my idols change from day to day.

Q. What is your favorite song and radio program?

A. I think my favorite song is Moonlight Madonna. *My favorite radio program is* March of Time.

Q. Do you keep any of the clothes worn in your pictures, for private use?

A. Yes, some of them.

Q. Have you a private secretary? If so, does she handle all of your fan mail besides your personal correspondence?

A. I employ a fan-mail secretary who answers most of my fan mail.

Q. What is your nickname—or names?

A. The family call me "Duchess."

Q. What picture, outside of those you have appeared in, have you enjoyed most during the past six months?

A. Green Pastures, *I believe. I think it's one of the most entertaining pictures I have ever seen.*

Q. What type of man do you prefer?

A. The type of man who is generally referred to as the outdoor type.

Q. Are you superstitious—if so—in what way?

A. I don't believe I have a single superstition.

Q. What are the names of your first three, and last three pictures?

A. The first three pictures I appeared in are: Naughty But Nice, Laugh Clown Laugh *and* The Squall. *My last three, including the one I am working in at present, are:* Private Number, Ramona *and* Ladies in Love.

Q. Please give a complete description of yourself.

A. I am five feet three inches in height, weigh 109 lbs. and have light brown hair and blue eyes.

Q. When and where were you born?

A. In Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913.

Q. What nationality are you?

A. My family has been in the United States so long that the only nationality that I can claim is American.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. Ping Pong and swimming.

Q. Do you like dancing? Do you expect to sing or dance in a forthcoming picture?

A. I like to dance very much. I don't think that I will ever be a second Ginger Rogers on the screen, however.

Q. Do you live with your family in Hollywood?

A. Yes.

Q. How can I obtain an autographed photo of you?

A. By writing to me in care of Fox-20th Century Studio, Westwood Hills, California, and enclosing 25c to cover mailing costs.

Q. What hobby, or hobbies, do you prefer?

A. Collecting antique furniture has become one of my principal avocations.

Q. Have you any outside occupation from which you derive an income?

A. No.

Q. What make car do you drive?

A. I have a Packard.

Q. How old were you when you made your first appearance on the screen?

A. I was thirteen years old when I first appeared in pictures.

Q. Were you ever married—if so, to whom and for how long?

A. I was married to Grant Withers for a year and a half.

Q. Is there any other position in a studio that you would prefer to acting?

A. No.

Q. To whom do you give the most credit for starting you on your movie career?

A. I'm afraid I will have to give the credit to Loretta Young for it was more a case of determination and insistence than of anything else.

Q. Did you ever visit any relatives when a child, on a large ranch near Fosterville, Tennessee?

A. The plantation that you speak of near Fosterville was my mother's early home. I've heard her speak of it many times but I have never been there.

I think you will agree that Loretta Young has given unusually interesting answers to a group of unusually interesting questions and of all the players this Inquiring Reporter has ever placed on the witness stand, she seemed to enjoy the ordeal the most.

Next month, remember, Gene Raymond is our victim.

The Scourge of Spokane

[*Continued from page* 45]

a *girl*, was too much for his contemporaries. From behind trees, and from the shadows of doorways, came catcalls of "Sis-sy! Sis-sy!"

That seared his sensitive soul. He burned under his spotless collar (*and* necktie). But he couldn't do anything about it at the moment.

He did plenty about it later. No one could insinuate that he was a woman's man, and get away with it. Not if he could lay hands on him.

If he had been less of a boy's boy, that wouldn't have happened, either.

AND *that's* the boy—the Scourge of Spokane—who grew up with a husky voice, only to have *women* hail it as "the voice with the love-call" . . . to send *women* into swoons of ecstasy with "b-b-b-boo" . . . while he b-b-b-became, and remained, an object of frenzied *feminine* adoration, the recipient of more romantic letters from romantic *girls* than any man since Valentino!

The amazing thing is—he hasn't changed a bit, inside. He's still that fourteen-year-old who didn't have any ambitions to become a woman's man. Still has the same psychology. Still flinches at the suggestion that he may be one. Doesn't thrive on that frenzied adoration. What must *men* think of a guy who has women that crazy about him? Mentally, he still can hear catcalls from behind hedges of "Sis-sy! Sis-sy!"

On Melrose Boulevard, Hollywood, near the Paramount Studios, there is a small cafe with a lunch counter. Bing occupies a stool there many a noon, when he wants a quick lunch. So does his brother Larry, who is one of the officers in Bing Crosby, Ltd., Inc., along with a third brother. But the boys aren't clannish. They seldom eat together. Bing drops in with a pal of his, and Larry eats with one of his own particular crowd.

The other day, one of the waitresses, carrying a loaded tray, stopped in front of the well-tailored Larry to ask, half-breathlessly, "Are you Bing Crosby's brother?"

Larry answered, "Yes—but why make anything of that? You just waited on Bing, over there."

The girl looked where he indicated—and dropped her tray. Yes, dropped it. She probably will never be the same again. For there, sure enough, was Bing. She hadn't recognized him.

What girl *would* think of looking for her movie idol on a lunch-counter stool, wearing an old faded sweater and an old checkered cap?

That isn't according to Hollywood Hoyle; that's what it isn't. According to all of the rules, he should be a boyish, but polished Lothario off-screen. And, instead, he's an easygoing hombre in old clothes, just being himself.

Don't call him "Mr. Crosby." Step right up and call him "Bing." He'll be calling *you* by your first name, after the introduction.

IT isn't a gag. He isn't going out of his way to be democratic. That lunchroom is about the most convenient eating place he could find. Besides, he happens to like counter lunchrooms.

Funny guy, Bing. He can't seem to remember that he ought to be trying everlastingly to impress people. He has the quaint, unorthodox notion that there are

[*Continued on page* 74]

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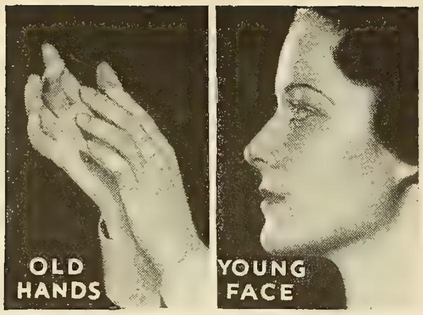

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The Scourge of Spokane

[*Continued from page 73*]

more important things in life. Relaxation, for instance.

When he recently built a new house, he built it in Toluca Lake—for the simple reason that Toluca Lake is alongside the Lakeside Country Club. That's how crazy he is about golf. And he's no dub at the game; in fact he's club champion shooting to a two handicap. Also, he's the worst-dressed player on the course. *He's* that fellow in the dirty gray slacks and faded sweater—with a handkerchief, knotted at the four corners, for a headpiece.

A few weeks ago, he was scheduled to play a twosome in a club tournament with Peggy Graham, young and pretty and the best girl golfer west of the Mississippi. Betting at the club was hot and heavy, as to whether or not Bing would dress up this once. He appeared, as usual, in the soiled slacks, old sweater *and* knotted handkerchief. No one forewarned the girl about the handkerchief headpiece or the likelihood of his calling her "Peggy" at first meeting. She nearly went off her game, the first couple of holes.

AS a youngster, he never did have enough swimming—so his new house has a pool. He never had enough tennis to satisfy him, either—so he has a tennis court, too. Dixie (Mrs. Crosby) plays him and gives him a good game.

Between pictures, Bing and Dixie and the three little Crosbys usually pack up and go down to their ranch near Del Mar—and "rough it." As a youngster, he used to wonder what ranch life was like. Well, he knows now. The place is complete even to an old Spanish hacienda and a coral, which is stocked with brood mares. As a sideline, he's going into the horse-raising business. Not to mention the horse-racing business.

He owns a quarter-interest in the new track being built near Del Mar, to compete with Santa Anita, where he first contracted racing fever a couple of years ago. In his pre-Hollywood days, he never had any interest in horses; this is strictly a new development. And it's a potent one. Before Larry and Everett knew what was happening, brother Bing had a string of sixteen horses, headed by a nag y-clept *Zombie*—which, Larry claims, means "resurrected corpse." In two years, the Crosby colors have won just two races. But is he "selling out"? Not Bing. He gets too much of a bang out of the sport of thundering hoofs.

He also owns a quarter-interest in a promising middleweight fighter—which, offhand, sounds like a strange investment. It all traces back to his days as the Scourge of Spokane. He didn't keep that title without impromptu fist-duels. He knows the thrill of a good scrap.

As a boy, Bing had urges to go to sea. He's getting some of the sea fever out of his system right now with a trip to Hawaii with Dixie. Up to now he has released the fever principally in deep-sea fishing off La Jolla. Standing on the tossing, lurching deck of a small boat in a stiff off-shore breeze, having a two-hour battle with a sword fish—now, there's a man's sport! And, what's more, Bing is good at it.

Am I getting across my point? Bing—the boy's boy—has become, and remained, a *man's man.*

How does he feel when females in a horde swoop down upon him? He side-steps that query. "I've never seen a horde of females in my life. That never happened to me. A few little kids with autograph books, that's all."

Of course, it's three years since he made a personal-appearance tour—and maybe he has forgotten what happened then, though it does seem impossible that any man could forget being literally mobbed by emotion-maddened swarms of women. There is a reason why it hasn't happened—very much —since. When a crowd collects out in front now, he escapes (if possible) via the back door. Not because he is trying to dodge his Public. But because he is trying to dodge painful embarrassment. He doesn't *enjoy* being the cynosure of all eyes. A phenomenon, this Bing.

LET fans approach him singly or in small groups, and he never tries to duck. He'll even do the unexpected for them. Like asking a girl what her first name is and then writing in her autograph book, "To ——— from Bing." There isn't another star in Hollywood who puts fan friendships on a first-name basis. His own office (not the studio) handles all of his staggering amount of fan mail, and never asks money for photographs. They're free to all askers, though they cost Bing about fifteen hundred dollars a month.

Four out of ten letters are from men. Just seeing him on the screen, or hearing him on the radio, they feel that here is "a regular fellow"—and they write to tell him so. His mail comes from all over the world. And every letter is answered under the direction of Larry. The difficult ones to answer are the too frequent, poignant letters from girls convinced that they love him, although they admit such love is

Hollywood's youngest bathing beauty —Baby Patsy May of the famous "Our Gang" comedies—and Jamie, her pet Scottie, take a day off to enjoy the pleasures of famous Malibu Beach hopeless.

An executive of the company that has handled his phonograph recordings since 1931 told me recently, "He is the only singer in the world who is understood universally. He does something that seems to make a common denomination of all races. But there are two Bing Crosbys—one Bing who appeals to the masses, and the other a Crosby who has the right to sing standard songs in his own individual way. He thinks I'm giving him a terrific build-up; I've never yet heard him say that anything he did was good; at the most, he'll say, 'Well, I hope they like it.' But I mean what I say. He should be putting out things of a semi-classical nature. His voice has no right to die."

Bing, apparently, is the one person in the world who has no illusions about his voice. He dodges invitations to sing on the same concert programs with operatic stars; he calls himself "Old Gravel-Throat"; and he has been known to smoke a cigar immediately before a recording without any thought of "saving" his voice. (P. S. And the recording was perfect.)

HE DOESN'T worry about anything. Everything is a game to Bing. Even movie-making. If he "goes up" in his lines, he may say something like "I'll be diddly-dadburned," but there are no symptoms of disgust. Usually, he goes right on talking, ad lib, to the devastation of other members of the cast. As, for instance, during a scene with Madge Evans in the Haunted House Cafe on the set of *Pennies from Heaven.* (Which, by the way, Bing himself is producing, by arrangement with Columbia.) On a mantel stood a spectral-looking bird. Madge was to ask, "What is it?" Bing forgot what he was to answer. But he said something. He said, "That is Harry Cohn—looking for the final print of *Lost Horizon.* Harry Cohn being the president of Columbia, which had just spent $2,000,000 and five months' time on *Lost Horizon.*

Bing isn't conscious of camera angles, as handsome heroes usually are. Like Fred Stone, he doesn't care which side they photograph, so long as it's the outside. Bing doesn't wear make-up. He is so tanned from golfing that he doesn't need any. (Maybe that handkerchief, instead of a cap, is all right, after all!)

His friends today are mostly the friends-who-knew-him-when.

He makes no secret of the fact that he is married—and happily. He is a one-woman man. He is crazy about youngsters. He has Gary Evan, 3, and the two-year-old twins, Philip and Dennis, brought to the studio on days when he knows he will have free time, so that he can be with them.

The youngsters occupy a wing completely their own in the new house. A white Colonial house, with twenty-two rooms. Proudly, Bing was showing a visitor over the place soon after they moved in, when he came to a closed door. "Here's a neat little number," he said, opening the door. The visitor was greeted with a view of a large "guest" living room—the last word in dignified luxury—and was properly awed. That same evening, after dinner, Bing suggested to Dixie that they go into the "guest" living room to read. They hadn't tried it yet. They sat there about fifteen minutes. Then Bing said, "Let's go back home—we don't belong in here."

And that's Bing Crosby for you.

Perhaps now you can appreciate the pensive remark of thirteen-year-old Edith Fellowes, who plays with Bing in *Pennies from Heaven:* "Isn't Dixie lucky to have a man like Bing? . . . When I grow up, I only hope there'll be a Bing for me!"

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Enjoy a Hollywood Small Home

[*Continued from page* 47]

added in soft blue crash. Convenient end tables made of one-inch lumber put together with simple butt joints are placed by these wall seats.

In front of the fireplace, and again in front of a small upright piano finished in white, are "conversation groups" of chairs and low tables. A round, bevelled mirror over the simple tile and brick fireplace lends a Colonial touch. The two arm chairs used with the coffee table in the living room, by the way, serve as end chairs at the dining table when more than the usual number are at dinner.

An interesting treatment was used in remodelling the large arch between the living and dining rooms. This had formerly been of dark wood, with the usual clumsy columns. These were removed and triple-valve screen-like doors were substituted, whose white, slatted surfaces give a unique, Southern feeling. Screens similar to these are easily purchased at the department stores for very much less than the cost of the original columns.

Another clever feature was the hanging of a venetian blind over the large "landscape" window in the dining room, which had given an undesirable close-up of the side of the house next door.

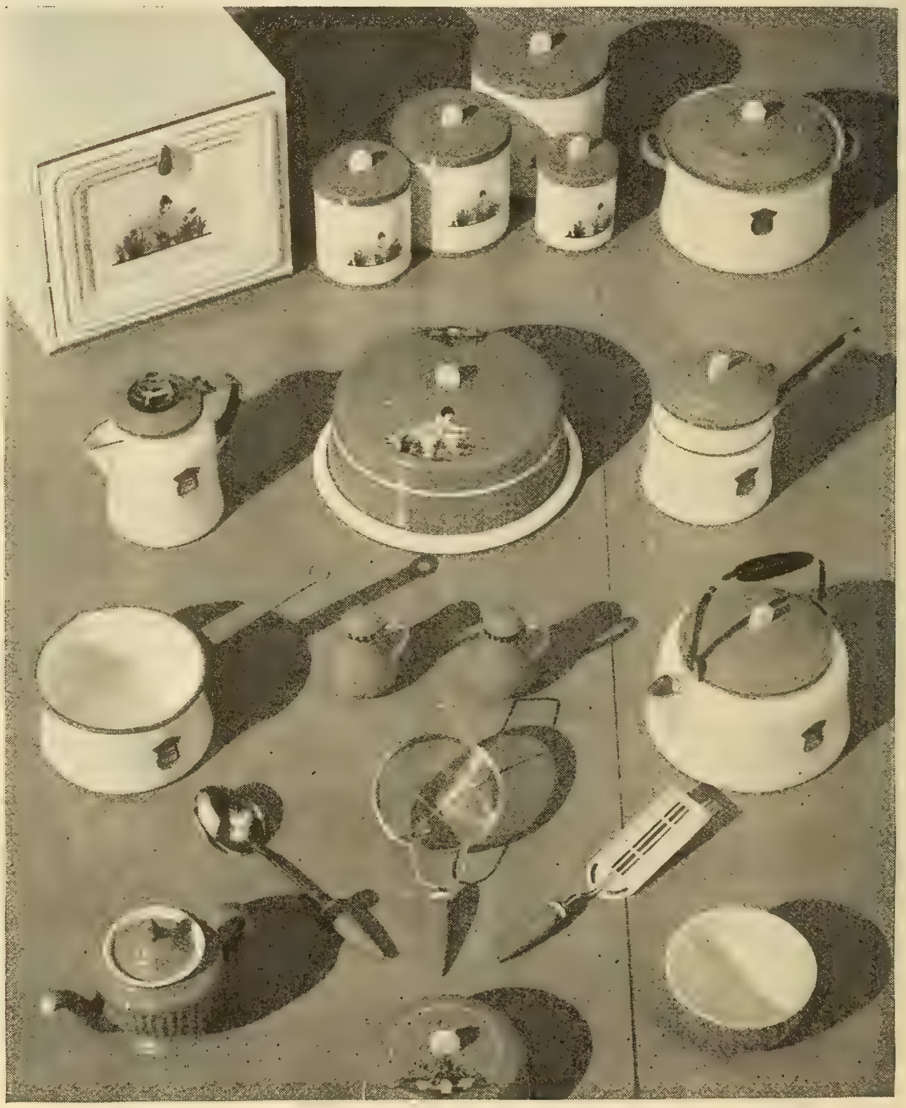
The doors were removed from an old-fashioned built-in sideboard, which was then painted white to match the woodwork and furniture. On the table three chromium sailboats merrily glide over a deep blue mirror sea.

PLAYROOM

Beyond the kitchen is a room eight or nine feet wide and about twice as long, also treated in red and white. Here again, the capacious lounge and white end-tables are built to order.

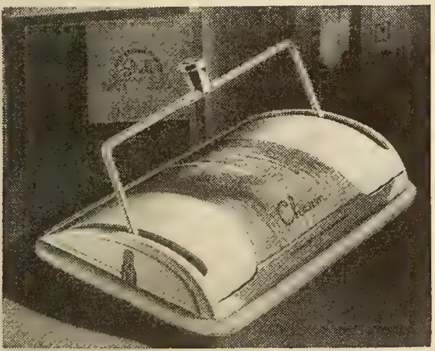
A clever bar was made by simply cutting in half the door to a large closet and covering the lower portion with a shelf. The upper half, swung back, discloses the large closet shelf-lined and equipped with an array of interesting looking bottles.

Against the end wall is a modernistic case containing a display of the more unique types of containers. This had been merely an old bookcase which, with a dollar or two and a little artistic judgment,



Nesco Ware, as up-to-date in kitchen service as the China Clipper is in aviation, is a feature in the Cooper home. Reasonable in price, its beauty and servicability recommends it to every home owner

Jackie's room reflects his interest in aviation. He is the organizer of a group of youngsters whose model planes and boats have won many prizes



Bissell Carpet sweepers, selling at traditionally low prices despite their many new improvements, are recommended for use on ultra-fine rugs

had been made into a charming exhibition cabinet.

Another economical but effective stunt was used in the five or six pictures on the wall. These were all standard size colored prints from a well known magazine. When change of subject is desired they are quickly slipped out and new ones substituted.

JACKIE'S QUARTERS

Efficient but inexpensive plywood panelled cabinets line the corridor to Jackie's bedroom, with its adjacent bath in cool green and white. It is a typical boy's room and nautical even to the blue and white color scheme, colors of the white-capped sea.

The bed is a double-decker, a pilot's wheel both fore and aft, perhaps to keep the dream ship on an even keel. The table lamp has a pilot wheel base, and additional illumination is by means of brass binnacle lamps.

A big easy chair, a chest of drawers, a dresser and a desk complete the furnishings. The desk is specially made, of simple lines and painted wood. Framed autographed photographs of famous movie friends line the walls and near the ceiling is a frieze of model airplanes, most of them Jackie's own work. A marine blue rope rug tones in admirably and inexpensively.

MASTER BED ROOM

Here again, good taste and ingenuity are in evidence. The doorway faces a simple

[*Continued on page* 78]

SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

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(1) Rich red blood, necessary to properly build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by the easily absorbed iron in this new discovery.

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Enjoy a Hollywood Small Home

[*Continued from page 77*]

bric-a-brac cabinet which proves to be a decorative way of finishing the end of the dressing cabinets which occupy most of that wall of the room. This section being an addition to the old house, was planned with large, modern windows open to the sea air. A dresser, chest of drawers, chairs and desk of simple design, constitute the ordinary pieces of bedroom furniture.

The unusual feature is the made-to-order bed. A frame was built to take the usual spring and mattress, and integral with it, are a shelved head board and curve-ended night tables. The headboard, of course, is plain, sufficiently high for pillow backing, but above that is a shelf for favorite books and a small radio. The bedside tables extend about thirty inches from the wall and also contain shelving. The window drapes are of sumptuous appearing white corduroy, which retails slightly under a dollar a yard.

TIPS TO HOME MAKERS

The house that Jackie Cooper built is filled with important lessons for home-builders. This home falls into the five thousand dollar class when built new, figuring California price of $3 per square foot. On top of that, bear in mind that the furnishings, carpenter-built in many cases, offer not only a tremendous saving but also increased comfort.

The built-in bed, for instance, in the master bedroom, can be constructed of cheap lumber since it is finished in white paint. A Simmons spring and Beautyrest mattress could be purchased and turned over to a carpenter with a sketch or photo, and this bed would be easy to duplicate.

I particularly liked the use of carpeting. A sense of luxury is imparted by covering the floor completely either with broadloom, strip rug, or rugs to fit.

The Olson Rug Company of Chicago, for example, spins, dyes and weaves rugs exactly to measure, and from your own salvaged material.

The clever use of corduroy drapes struck my fancy—doubtless a hunch that was derived from some studio set builder with an eye to the unusual. In future articles I shall discuss other drapery ideas.

The kitchen is an important adjunct never to be minimized—it must be well supplied with modern equipment, be light, and save steps.

More and more, kitchens are becoming colorful. To add to this effect, I suggest the use of the new Nesco ware, made in such a wide variety of colors as to fit most any scheme. Cream and red is one of their combinations in the complete kitchen ensemble and electric Roastmaster. You'll find this beautiful ware in use in the movie sets calling for modernist kitchen equipment. I am told Nesco has the following color schemes for added color harmony in your kitchen: delphinium blue and white, green and cream, red and cream, pure white, plus others, a list of which can be obtained by writing this magazine. The Nesco company extends the use of color to such items as spatulas, sieves, spoons, oven china, oil cloth and so on in their stainless enameled ware and garden girl Japanned ware lines.

Indeed, most forward-looking manufacturers are supplying color in products essential in your home. The new Bissell carpet sweepers, in the Charm and Vanity styles, are novel and smart. Your entire kitchen, from floor to closet, can be bright and colorful.

Olivia de Havilland, who in one brief year has climbed to stardom under the Warner Brothers banner, has become a devotee of the increasingly popular sport of sailing. She will next be seen in *Charge of the Light Brigade*

Among homes of the stars I have visited I have often noticed clever uses of Armstrong linoleum for kitchen, playroom, nursery or solarium.

In the Cooper house, the playroom can easily become a third bedroom. As a suggestion, use linoleum on your playroom floor. It will be here that drinks are spilled, cigarettes dropped and the wear and tear of living becomes most evident.

Anything easily washable has great advantage in a home. The leatherette covering to several of the furnishings in Jackie Cooper's home is a case in point. The new washable wall papers are gaining great favor with architects. Imperial washable wall papers are now available in such a wide assortment as to meet with all your requirements, and these are highly important in kitchens, playrooms, nurseries and so on. I like them for living rooms also, where radiators or hot air outlets cause stains on the walls, and on hall stairways where baby hands leave a smudgy trail.

OTHER articles on star's homes will appear in future issues of Movie Classic. *Watch for them, and for the valuable tips to homemakers contained in this new series.*

Portrait of a Charming Lady

[*Continued from page* 59]

Bette's command, "Tibbie" jumped down and followed her mistress across the room. Bette studied the portrait for a moment, then commented—"You have it exactly." After that, I noticed, she was much more at ease.

I believe Bette Davis could not stand being around anyone who didn't know his business. I can imagine that she would be capable of kicking over the easel if she thought that I didn't know how to paint! She, herself, is businesslike in the truly modern manner.

Fairness is one of the strongest of Bette's qualities. She has very decided ideas on right and wrong, and will stand up and fight to the last against anything she believes unfair.

Unless you fully understand that attribute, I can see that she might not be easy to get along with. Of her contract difficulties, she remarked—"I got one of the handsomest 'pushing arounds' Hollywood has ever handed out." Modern lingo, this—aptly suited to filmdom of today. And there was a determination in Bette's voice that convinced me that she wasn't to be "pushed around" any more.

During the weeks that I was painting Bette, her mother was very ill; but although, on this account, Bette had to be excused from several appointments (incidentally, she never broke an engagement for any other reason), she saw to it that my work was delayed as little as humanly possible. When she was posing, you would never have known that she had a worry in the world. Only during her rest periods could you have told how disturbed she was.

Devotion to her mother and consideration of me proved that Bette possesses to a high degree respect and thoughtfulness for her elders—old-fashioned qualities that, unfortunately, are lacking in so many of the present generation. Stripped of modern veneer, Bette Davis could just have stepped from old New England or the old South.

Bette is a true intellectual. She can talk on 'most any subject—science, art, literature—with an air of authority. Even though she gives her discussions the fire and enthusiasm of the modern, behind her comments I saw a deep and an almost astounding understanding.

On the last day that Bette was to pose, she came in with an airy—"Is it finished?"

I told her that there was still a little "touching up" to be done.

"May I see it now?" she promptly asked.

When I told her "yes," she came over and looked at the portrait for a long while. "You got it: you got it exactly. I knew that if you did *that* you could paint—and there it is!" exclaimed Bette, pointing delightedly to the unusual way her hair grows back just above each ear. "I didn't say a word about it, either!"

I started to pick up my brush for the finishing strokes.

"Don't touch it. Don't do another thing to it!" Bette fairly screamed—"It's perfect as it is."

And there was nothing I could do but leave it alone!

When Harmon Nelson (Bette's husband) came over to see the canvas, Bette watched him like a hawk. If he had not liked the portrait, I'm sure she would have been genuinely disappointed. But "Ham" looked at the work for a long time, then turned to Bette saying—

"Bette, that is you. In years to come, this portrait will still be Bette Davis at the height of her career."

There were a few people in to tea. At Mr. Nelson's remark, a hush—almost as if of reverence—settled on the group. That was one of the best compliments that has ever been paid me.

No one knows how much I value my hours of close association with a truly great American woman; but well do I realize that I have caught only one phase of Bette Davis. It would take many artists, painting many portraits, to record her whole complex personality!

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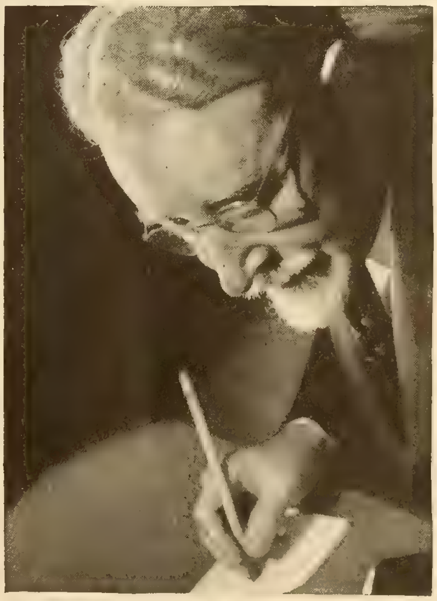

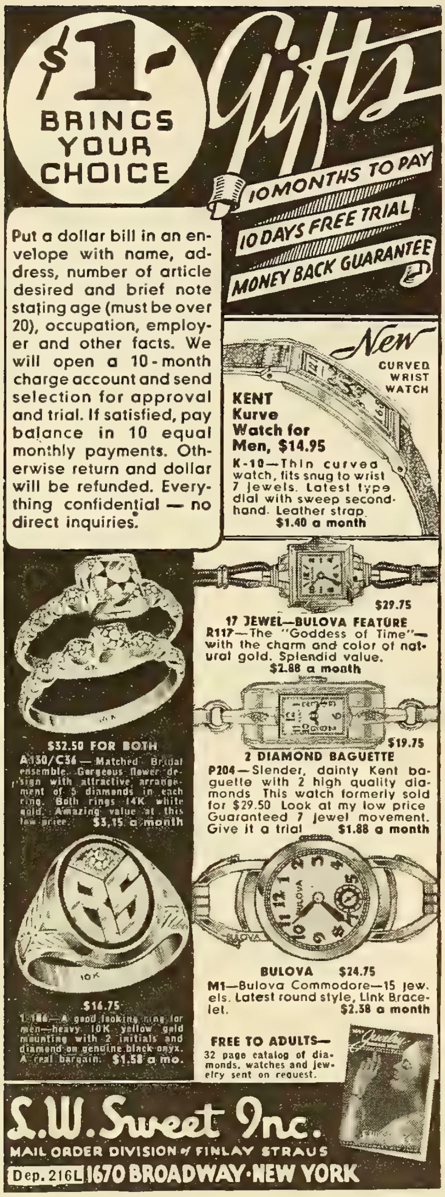

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He Wanted to be Athletic

[*Continued from page* 14]

justice than formality, it is the push-'em-in-the-face menaces rather than the prunes-prisms-and-perfume variety who win the public, the producers and the parts.

"The long, sad story of my life," remarks Mr. Rhodes with a grin, "reads like a testimonial. You know—'I was a puny, child, but after taking your Super De-Luxe Course in physical culture I won the heavyweight championship of Podunk County.'

"But that is exactly the way my life started out. I *was* a puny child. Quite logically, the idol of my boyhood was Douglas Fairbanks. He had everything I lacked. He was athletic; he was vital, colorful, alive. All I seemed able to achieve were scholastic honors. In addition," here Mr. Rhodes winced, "I was one of the boy sopranos in the church choir.

"My first Big Opportunity—in tall capitals—arrived with the casting of the senior play," Erik continued reminiscently. "We presented *If I Were King* and I won the leading rôle, that of Francois Villon. Here, at last, I could act athletic. I could swashbuckle. I could be Douglas Fairbanks."

WITH this super-athletic achievement to his credit, young Erik went to college—the University of Oklahoma. Very early in his scholastic career he became a major in modern languages and a Phi Delta Theta. He concluded his career four years later by earning a Phi Beta Kappa key, the university's highest scholastic honor, the Marian Talley music scholarship (up pops that voice again), and—something much more thrilling—his first athletic award. The latter was for horsemanship.

It seems that his physical limitations, though he was outgrowing his childhood handicap, prevented him from earning a college "letter." Football, baseball, track were forbidden—at least in the strenuous doses inter-collegiate competition demands. But he had enrolled in the R.O.T.C., the military training course offered students in state universities.

"And as part of that course I learned to ride—equitation, they called it. Nice word, equitation," he added politely.

Upon graduation, young Mr. Rhodes, armed with the above-mentioned scholarship, went to New York. The award provided musical training for a year; but the ambitious youngster also continued his German and Italian lessons (he'd already thrown French and Spanish for a loss), and for the first time began the formal study in dramatics.

At the end of the year he had beginner's luck. He was cast in *A Most Immoral Lady* starring Alice Brady. At the end of a long run he obtained a part in the successful review, *First Little Show*. But that ended that. The next two years (early depression) were very lean indeed.

"But I was lucky," Erik explained cheerfully. "I could play the piano. I played and sang wherever I could find a job—cheap joints, speakeasies, on boats. It was good training. Either the song was put over or I was put out. I soon learned that singing didn't always mean the rendition of a heavy dramatic number. It could also mean 'talking' the lyrics for comedy and punch."

Then his luck changed. Up on Broadway the feminine half of a world-famed dance team decided to marry and retire. The masculine half (you may have heard of him; the name is Astaire) took the dare of the theatrical world and arranged to star alone. The production selected was *The Gay Divorcee* and in it was a part for a young man who understood both comedy and Italian.

Erik got the rôle.

Thus Tonetti ("'Scusee, please," to you) was born. He lived for almost a year on Broadway and six months in London. Then RKO-Radio brought both Mr. Astaire and *The Gay Divorcee* to Hollywood. And Erik came along to play Tonetti on the screen.

Which was a grand opportunity until Hollywood began to regard Rhodes and the Latin as a form of theatrical Siamese twins. This discouraged the aspiring young actor from Oklahoma but failed to deter him from his chosen career of all-around actor and all-around athlete.

"I hadn't been long in New York when I discovered that athletic ability was an important part of theatrical success," Erik explained. "At the most unexpected moments you're called upon to do a little fencing, box a round or fall down stairs! Further, I found physical training important in the development of the strength needed for one of the most gruelling professions in the world.

"So, through all those lean years I trained. My father had taught me to swim but I learned all over again—from the bottom up," he added grinning. In New York there was little opportunity for outdoor games so I spent long hours in gymnastic routines.

"But it was after I came to California that the real fun began. I knew that I had finally overcome the frailness of my childhood for nothing in the world seemed too big to try."

Just to prove what can be done from a standing start, Erik has in the past two years developed a brilliant tennis game from no game at all. A year ago, just for fun, he swam up the Pacific Coast from Santa Monica to Malibu, a distance of ten miles. Recently he navigated a six-mile jaunt across Boulder Dam Lake.

ORDINARY equitation—there's that word again—has long since given way to polo and steeple-chasing. Early in his career as a polo player a broken cinch almost broke the Rhodes neck but he still plays polo.

The frail boy, the studious youth, has gone incurably athletic. If you don't believe it, listen to his idea of fun. Every morning, rain or shine, working or not, he rises at six, boxes with a trainer and winds up with a nice rousing sprint.

"Wakes you up," he explains succinctly. Spartan treatment, but encouraging for those who, like young Erik, started life "puny."

Perhaps, however, there is another method to his madness. Way down under the Rhodes exterior there is more than a remnant of the boyhood worship of Douglas Fairbanks. And, though he won't say much about it, one may also conclude that he'd like to play the Fairbanks type of rôle.

"Those pictures weren't all have-at-thee-villain dramas," he says a bit wistfully. "They were also grand comedies—gay, devil-may-care stories that never took themselves seriously. This—not just the gymnastic stunts—was the secret of their charm. Perhaps—someday . . ." but he lets it go at that.

Simone Simon Fooled Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 40]

irrepressible girl. Her sophistication helped carry out the clever deception conceived by her naïve self. And I'm coming to that now.

TWENTIETH Century invited me out to luncheon one day to meet the next big star of the films. When they said that her name was Simone Simon, I found that a hasty research failed to bring any image to mind. So I climbed in the buggy and motored out to Fox Hills for the occasion.

During the twenty minutes drive I built up a mental picture. Simone must be a dark, long-lashed lady of complete austerity. That was mistake number one. They put me down beside a wide-eyed girl, full of pep and personality. I presumed she was a recent high school graduate out to see Hollywood. Mistake number two! For this was Simone, the great French actress.

Our introduction was accomplished over the soup. But it was not until we lingered over the salad that I found myself really facing a problem. By way of conversation I said:

"How do you like America, Miss Simon?"

"Again?" she asked with a smile.

"America," I repeated, suddenly realizing she did not understand English very well. "The United States, I mean. How do you like our country?"

"Oh, *oui*, but eet ees ver'—how you say eet—veree nice!" Her accent was terrific, so pronounced that it is impossible to reproduce in print.

"Was your trip across the ocean pleasant?" I asked.

Simone eyed me demurely. "Eet ees zat I do not un'er-stood you," she pursued.

Christopher! Was this going to be an interview or an ordeal?

"You were on a boat—a ship," I explained patiently. "You crossed the Atlantic. Was it nice?"

"Parlez-vous Francais, pleeze?"

I looked around wildly for help as a wave of panic surged over me. No one was paying the slightest attention to us.

"No, I don't, unfortunately," I replied.

Came the lamb chops and ice tea at this moment—praise Allah! We lapsed into silence and ate. And ate. Slowly, too, because this conversation problem was bound to arise again. I began to harangue myself inwardly. Why hadn't I studied French instead of Spanish? No matter, though—I had forgotten my smattering of Spanish long, long ago.

Sadly, painfully I gazed at my last bite of chops and realized it must be English (O sad language!) or silence. I tossed a mental coin and got heads. Tossed again: heads again. We talked.

"America," I said profoundly, "is a grand place."

A gleam of recognition was the answer. And then: "Ah, *oui*. Tell me about thees Hollywood."

I WIPED my brow and started talking. Perhaps by repeating every sentence twice I could get my meaning across. She was an attentive listener. But I had to say everything three and four times over. Then she would giggle appreciatively and that was something accomplished.

Ten minutes of this and I paused to recapitulate. Umm—I had said what normally would take but a minute. I was perspiring like a baker, breathing like a sprinter, floundering like a Pekinese in water. And still Simone listened. I plunged into talking again, back-tracked every sentence and repeated. Talked until I was hoarse. And finally, from sheer exhaustion, gave up by asking something simple, like this: "How does it feel to be a film star?"

And Simone, off guard for a moment, answered me in precise, excellent English!

"Please do not refer to me as a star. It is a term of standardization. (This from Simone, the Frenchwoman!) I have no desire to be put on a pedestal."

The woman was speaking perfect English—and without the slightest hesitation. Could it be that—?

I gulped.

"What fine English you speak, Miss Simon!" I exclaimed finally. "You learn rapidly."

Simone apparently confused, studied this sally over lengthily before answering. "Some words I speak well," she replied gravely. "And some I do not. I speak better than I understand your language. My accent bothers much, however."

[*Continued on page* 82]

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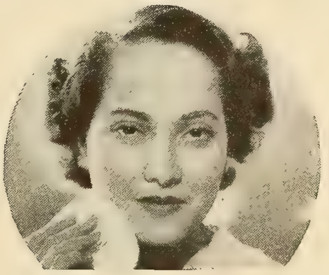

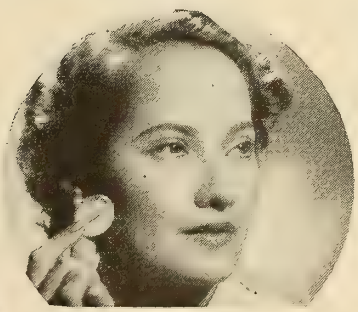

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Simone Simon Fooled Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 81]

Out on the lot a few minutes later, finally emancipated from this ordeal, I found plenty of comfort in the wardrobe where she understood nothing, in the director who turned to stuttering for relief, in the producer who threw his hands in the air and shouted.

"I can't understand it," he moaned. "When Mr. Sheehan signed her up, he sent us a note saying, 'Here's one girl who won't have to learn English. She speaks it excellently'!"

Plunk! It was the dawn breaking. Or rather, just a suspicion of a dawn. I washed my hands of the matter, thanking the powers above that Simone as a daily proposition was somebody else's headache. At least 20th Century could afford to buy large doses of aspirin.

I KNOW now that it was many days before someone officially got wise. Finally one of the smarter moguls overheard Simone explode during an unguarded moment—a moment in which her English bloomed like a wild rose. She forgot her caution in her anger—and the only accent she retained was an exclamation mark!

They say an official conference was held with her. At any rate, for all practical purposes Simone's English improved quite suddenly after that.

She is quite understandable in *Girl's Dormitory*. Her accent, rather thick in spots, lends a touch of mystery to her performance. Hollywood now knows that she can speak perfect English, but I personally prefer the accent if it is held to the minimum used in her screen rôle. Off-screen—but I've already mentioned that.

There is no question Simone fooled Hollywood completely. She had everyone half-hysterical. The studio even hired an interpreter to help things out, and an English teacher to work with her.

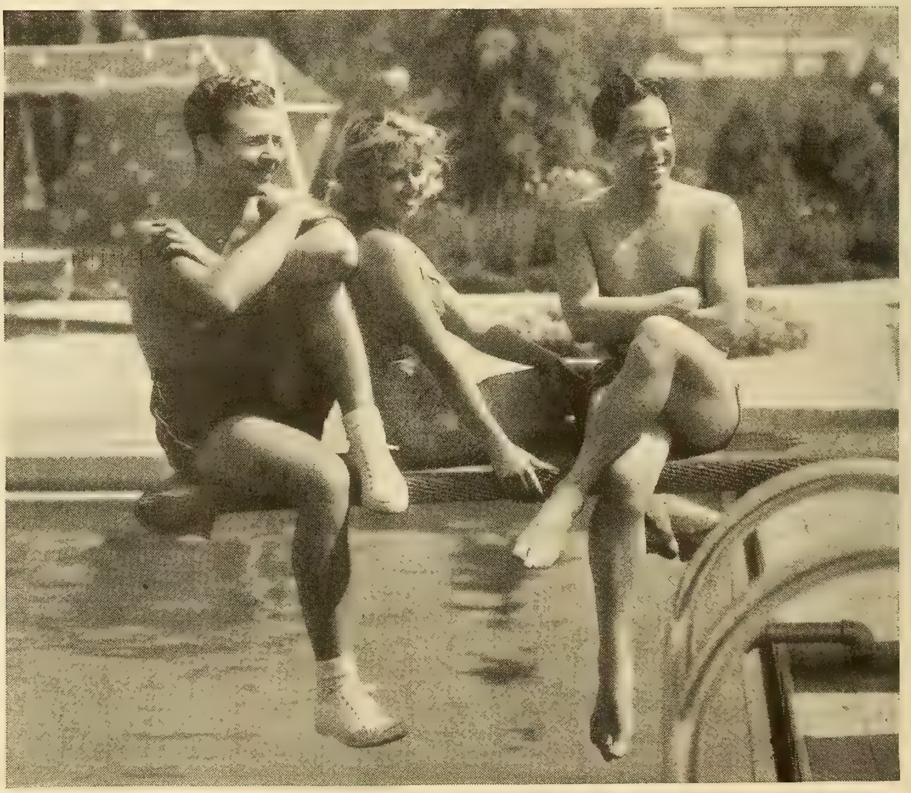
A clever girl, Simone. Her ruse was designed to draw attention and comment. It succeeded perfectly.

One story is that Simone was born in Marseilles and later moved to Madagascar (an English colony.) Another is that she spent the first ten years of her life in London. In any event it is certain that she spent several years among English speaking people. It is equally certain that she speaks far better English than nine out of ten Americans—including the interviewer who labored so to make her understand.

The impish quality in Simone is one of her most valuable attributes. Unquestionably, she is a personality quite different from anything that has been seen before on the screen. Even the most conservative Hollywood critic will tell you Simone Simon has a great American career ahead of her.

A good many people in Hollywood are downright jealous of her. They suspect that here may be an actress as different and compelling as Garbo. They have revealed this fear by playing on her name, calling her "Simple Simon" and "San Simeon." The latter crack has no significance whatever. It happens to be the name of Mr. Hearst's huge ranch, and it happens to sound a bit like her own name.

Incidentally, Simone Simon is her real name, she tells us. Her father's name is Simon; she was named after the French actress Simone.



Three famous screen stars, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell (they do say she'll be Mrs. Powell this fall) and Den Abinata, enjoy an afternoon dip in the Powell swimming pool. Den Abinata is the most famous star of the Japanese screen

They didn't raise her to be an actress. It seemed at first that she would be a sculptress or a painter. Educated in the best school, she continued adding polish and sophistication in her travels, which took her to Berlin, Budapest, Turin.

Finally she settled in Paris to study sculpture under an eminent teacher. He soon saw that her natural talent was toward drawing. She shifted over to charcoal work, and found it to her liking. In the back of her mind was a plan to become a fashion designer.

FATE came along in June, 1931, and changed her mind. She was sipping a cool drink on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix when her sparkling eyes caught the attention of Tourjansky, one of Europe's leading screen directors.

He stood before Simone, gazing at her through half closed eyes, then dumbfounded her by abruptly pulling up a chair and sitting down beside her.

"Madamoiselle must forgive me," he said. "I am an artist. To me you are beautiful."

"That," said Simone, "is very interesting. Goodbye!" She felt half indignant, half amused by the eccentric display of frank admiration.

"Ah, but you do not understand me. My name is Tourjansky. I am a film director. You are the perfect one for my next film. I have been looking for you."

Soon after Simone found herself cast in *Chanteur Inconnu*. It was followed by many other successes. Then came Mr. Sheehan and the Fox contract.

On her arrival here she bought two things almost immediately. A book of fairy stories and a Packard. Again that strange combination of naïvete and sophistication! It is part and parcel of her personality.

On her voyage from France she was unaccompanied—except for twenty trunks crammed with clothes. She is a smartly dressed woman. Just now her choice runs to sport clothes—and what clothes they are!

Simone's French tastes are reflected in odd little things. She has a mania for wearing gloves. Everywhere she goes she wears a pair—always costly and attractive.

In Hollywood, she has been slow to make friends. Her few intimates are members of the French colony, most of whom she knew in Paris. Despite her understanding of English, etc., she doesn't understand Americans their psychology yet. So she shies away from them.

She is frank to say that American women, in her opinion are the most beautiful she has ever seen. She is surprised to find American women so friendly to one another. In France competition splits the ranks of the more charming sex.

Simone is unmarried.

To date there have been no rumors of romance—except her high praises for Herbert Marshall, the man she fell in love with, cinematically speaking, in *Girl's Dormitory*. Marshall, she declares, was a wonderful inspiration, she credits his help for her obviously fine performance. Simone's naïve ravings are quite enough to raise Gloria Swanson's eyebrows. Of course it may be the Artist talking, not the Woman.

Follow her home and you will find her spending an evening beneath a reading lamp with Noel Coward's plays, reading them aloud with a friend. Of looking over the latest Literary Guild selection.

It is inevitable that when Simone plays, she seeks the relaxation suitable to one of her age. But during her more serious moments, she displays that curious grown-up side of her personality and the culture she has acquired through study and travel.

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Hollywood is the World's Melting Pot

[*Continued from page 29*]

fucious and the theory of the Young China movement to a stripling reporter, who is learning more about Confucious and about China in these few moments than he could have learned through years of academic training. The sibilance of many Chinese voices comes from a little way off, where some four hundred Chinese extras are resting between scenes. There is the odor of burning joss sticks in the air, the mournful call of doves, the gutteral grunt of Chinese water buffalos (also brought from China). Buddha seems to brood . . . It is all very old and very Oriental and very far away. And—*we are ten miles from the main artery of Hollywood Boulevard.*

That is precisely what I mean. We are in Hollywood. We are, also, in China. We are surrounded by Chinese people. We are living in Chinese surroundings. The very chairs we sit in, the tools we work with, the clothes I wear were all brought from China. We are melded together, China and Hollywood.

I have learned more about China through working in this picture than I could possibly have learned by living for six months in China itself. On the other hand, the Chinese have learned more about us. Had I gone to China I would have been accorded the courtesy granted a tourist. I would have met, if lucky, some four to six people with whom I might have become friendly. But here—here I work with the Chinese. I live with them, day after day, month after month. I work with them and eat with them and we work out our problems together. We learn to understand one another's mental processes.

I have become friends with General Tu who is here, at the expense of the Chinese Government, to instruct us in the ways of the Chinese. I have become interested enough to take an "extension course" in Chinese history and literature.

WE HAVE collaborated in the making of this picture as we collaborated in the making of *Black Fury* and *A Prisoner From A Chain Gang* and *Pasteur* where, though racially the same, perhaps, men of many callings and widely diverse interests got together. And it is only through collaboration that men and races really melt together and become fused. It is only through working with people, only by sharing mutual experiences with them that one comes to know them.

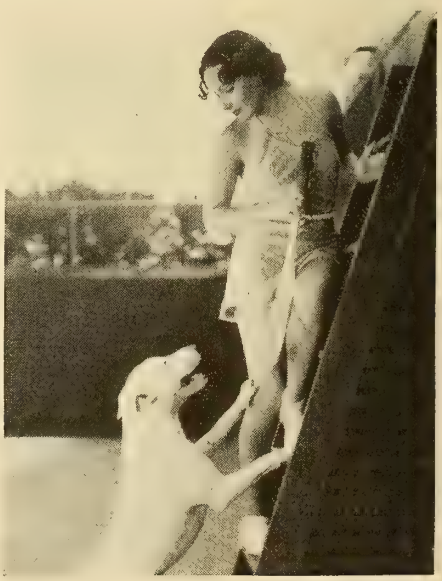
It is all very fantastic and almost completely incredible. It is more than a melting pot, really. It is rubbing Aladdin's Lamp and summoning the genii of the world and of all the ages to do your bidding. It is rubbing Aladdin's Lamp and bidding the slave to open up for you the stored treasure of the knowledge of the ages. It is rubbing Aladdin's Lamp and by so doing summoning to you the princes and powers and pontiffs of every age, every realm, every field of art and science and experiment and thought.

I should feel at home in this setting, in this atmosphere for it is old and I think I must have been born old. I have never been really young, not in the way modern youth expresses itself, at any rate. I was born shy, too. I do not mix well, at first. It goes against the grain with me to make advances toward my fellow men. Especially if they are men of great erudition. What, I think, can I have to say that could possibly interest an Einstein, a Milliken? And so, when I have travelled, when I have visited the different cities of the world where I might have contacted and talked to distinguished men in various fields—I have not done so.

And that is why I know, from personal experience, that Hollywood is a melting pot. For there is a different feeling out here. It is easier to meet people, to talk to people, than it is anywhere else on earth. I have said to my wife that here it is always Sunday! One has the feeling that it *is* always Sunday, the same feeling one has when people just "drop in" to have tea or cocktails, to exchange ideas, to talk. There is an atmosphere of holiday, of relaxation. There is no "dress up" about it. The formalities seem to be non-existent and non-important. There is a great levelling process at work. For here the men of all nations and all callings do just "drop in," so to speak. They are more eager, if possible, to meet us than we are to meet them. And not because we are actors, either, but because we are representatives of the industry they have come to investigate or to contribute to. And by so doing they melt with us in the seething, perpetually steaming pot.

MOTION pictures are, actually *the World University.* They give, in due course of time, every course, every subject. They take us on tours which would put Cooks Tours to shame. They do for us what no localized university could do—for they make it possible, they make it *imperative,* for us to rub elbows with men of every stamp.

I feel that I, personally, am kin to miners and mining engineers, ex-convicts, gangsters, guards, bacteriologists, surgeons and scientists, all kinds, all conditions of men. And so are you . . . and you . . .



Dolores Del Rio, too long absent from the screen, has signed a long term contract with Columbia and will soon be seen in a picture, as yet untitled. Her pit bull, Michael, is a blue ribbon winner, the veteran of many a Hollywood dog show and you . . . for when we made *Black Fury,* when you saw the sets where the miners lived, when you entered into the lives of the men who toil underground in the coal country of Pennsylvania, you were absorbed into that life and those conditions. For these pictures are as true, as authenticated as the cross-section of life from which they are drawn. There were miners from the Pennsylvania coal fields in that picture. I came to know them well. I absorbed their methods of working, the conditions under which they work. I became intimate with their problems.

When we made *A Prisoner From A Chain Gang,* ex-convicts worked hand in chain with us. Not Hollywood actors simulating convicts but men who had been chained to gangs themselves. The men who played the parts of some of the guards had been guards in real life. I *became* a prisoner working, suffering, sweating.

When I played *Scarface* there were gangsters working right along with us. We became a part of the gangster mind, not from second hand information, not from books or highly colored newspaper accounts, but from the men who had come up from the underworld to meet and mingle with the world of Hollywood.

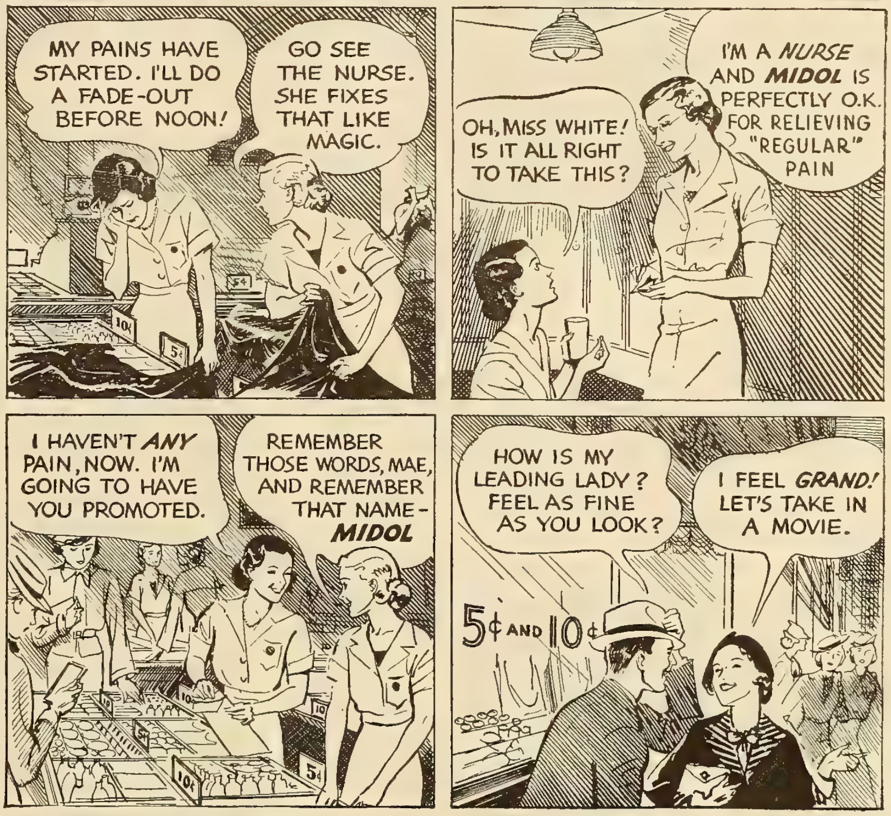
IN *Pasteur* there were bacteriologists from other countries conferring with us, working with us. There were men who were carrying on the work Pasteur had begun. Men who spoke his language, who were familiar with his methods, who worked with his precision, were infused with his passion. I knew these men. I talked with them. I worked with them. I read the books Pasteur had read. I was able to follow, a little way, at least, the road Pasteur had pioneered. I handled the same kind of implements Pasteur had handled. I was enabled, thus, to enter into the body, the life and spirit and hopes and dreams of Pasteur. And I know that more, many more, than I were made kin to the great bacteriologist, too. For among my fan mail after the showing of the picture were letters from young men who told me they were buying microscopes such as Pasteur had used, or the later improvements on them; letters from young men who had been fired to enter the field of bacteriology . . . young men who had been melted into the magnificent mettle that was Pasteur.

We come to know these men when we enter into their characters for the screen. I hope the world comes to know them, through me and through other actors who portray great men of all calibres, of all nations, of all callings.

Think of how Africa came to Hollywood with *Rhodes*—and will come again, in a different vein, with *The Garden Of Allah* . . . think how we have become familiar with the Foreign Legion through such productions as *Under Two Flags* and many others . . . think how close Ireland has come to us, her people and her problems, with *The Informer* . . . Imperial Russia and the doomed White Russians were made part of our lives through *Rasputin* . . . we can be absorbed into Soviet Russia through the films made in the U.S.S.R. . . . those of us who did not know *The Great Ziegfeld* know him now . . . we rub elbows with tuna fishermen in *Hell Ship Morgan* . . . with the traditions and personnel of the English Navy in *Mutiny On The Bounty* . . . we share the skies with the airmen in *Ceiling Zero.*

I could go on indefinitely. I could prove to you, conclusively, that we are no longer cut off from the continents of the earth, dark or otherwise. I could prove that we, in Hollywood, are kin to all men, strangers to none . . . We *are* the Melting Pot.

"FIVE-AND-TEN"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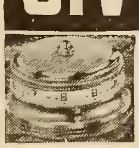

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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO AND RINSE-

Meet Frances Farmer

[*Continued from page* 36]

throne, but behind him, cameras are silent, and a big stage crew waits minutes and minutes, costing thousands of dollars for idle time. Before Hawks sit three persons—Walter Brennan, veteran of many years on stage and screen, a born actor; Jules Furthman, for seventeen years one of Hollywood's ace film scenarists; and a slip of a girl, barely twenty-one years old.

They're discussing a scene. Furthman wrote it. Hawks is supposed to direct it that way. Brennan is giving it the best he knows from all his experience. But the girl—fresh out of school, and young enough to be the daughter of any of them—is *telling them off. . . ! ! !*

"That way isn't right," she tells them. "I don't *feel* it. The line should be changed—it's wrong as it is."

And, instead of telling her to go soak her baby head in a pail of ice-water, the three experts, Hawks, Furthman and Brennan, merely sit there, listen to her, take it—and like it.

And the strangest part of it is that Frances Farmer is right. They do the scene over, changing the mood and the tempo and even Veteran Furthman's dialogue, as she has suggested—and it clicks. Twenty-one-year-old beginner has shown Hollywood veterans how to do their own stuff!

"The girl is amazing," Hawks enthuses, afterward. "She's different—different from other actresses. Why *this* girl *thinks!* She thinks all the time. While I'm directing her, I can actually see her think and feel her think. And when she makes a suggestion, usually it's right."

Now, let's see who this baby prodigy is.

Her name, Frances Farmer, is her own name. She was born in Seattle, went to school there. Less than a year ago, she entered a trick newspaper contest in Seattle. She sent three pictures in, as an entrant, in a contest to see who was "the most marriageable girl in the State of Washington." The girl who got the most letters of proposal was to win—and get a free trip to Europe.

A month later, Frances Farmer was on her way to Europe!

THAT'S where she got into pictures. A man who knew some movie people saw her, while abroad, and suggested she take a test. He even fixed it up for her. In New York, after her tour, Paramount scouts, at that man's suggestion, gave her one of Katharine Hepburn's scenes to play. She did play it—and when the test reel was screened, Paramount fell all over itself to sign her up.

So Frances came to Hollywood—and at once became the Press-Agent's Pain-in-the-Neck! They hailed her arrival because, as a contest winner and a newcomer, she ought to go for great publicity gags. But she fooled them. Gags, she let them understand, were O-U-T! About her acting, she was sincere—terrifically, overwhelmingly and colossally sincere. They learned that her one ambition in life is to become the world's greatest *stage* actress. The screen, Hollywood, and all of movies' hokum, were and are just so much balloon-stuffing to her.

It's all right, and she'll take a certain measure of it, as her stepping-stone to the stage. She admits she can learn a bit

Four stars of the gridiron, featured in RKO's football epic, *The Big Game,* are guided on their first tour of the studio by June Travis, who plays a featured rôle in the film. From left to right the former pigskin greats are: Frank Alustriza, of Stanford; "King Kong" Klein, of New York University; "Bones" Hamilton, of Stanford and Gromer Jones, of Ohio State University. Hamilton was voted the most valuable player of 1935

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about acting from her picture work. But as to working to make movies her career—bah, and a thousand more bah's!

It's violating no confidence here to report that in the few months she's been on Paramount's contract list, she has garnered the accumulated dislike of that studio's staff of putters-over—that being the press department.

But to Frances' own everlasting credit, I want to say that her attitude is definitely honest, sincere and, from her own point of view, well-founded. She knows what she doesn't want, and she's not going to be bulldozed into it. She's going to be honest and to get by and make the grade honestly, on her own un-hooey merits.

She's getting only $150 a week, now. She's satisfied. That fact alone definitely stamps her as utterly un-Hollywood.

"It's enough to keep me," she explains. "All I want is that 'enough' to allow me to go on, working toward my goal, without having to call on my family for financial aid."

NOT long ago, she married—suddenly enough. So suddenly that here, the publicists thought, was a chance for great interviews from her on Love and Great Romances and all that.

The man she married is Lief Erickson, another young contractee at Paramount. It was only a few months after she landed in Hollywood. A hopeful press agent asked her:

"Howcum that you married Lief so very suddenly and quickly, despite your career and all that?"

Did she fall in line and give out a torrid interview about Lo-hove? She did NOT! She shrugged a pretty shoulder and remarked:

"I s'pose it was love."

Nothing more. After a while, the press-agent prompted: "But so suddenly—and despite the fact that marriage is so often supposed to interfere with career—"

She cut him short.

"Well, things happen that way, don't they?"

Desperate, the man asked:

"Well, what about—ah—"

"Children?" she asked, brusquely cutting through his diffidence.

"Yeah," he gulped.

"No children—not now, anyway" she said. And that ended Frances Farmer's first and only Love-Interview.

They live in a little house in Laurel Canyon, near the studio, but far from the Hollywood glamor-hangouts. There they have a sort of Little Theatre of their own, up above a garage. In it, Frances Farmer rehearses her rôles, over and over, before she goes to the studio to play before the cameras. Lief helps her. That's why, so often, she can make suggestions about playing and changing certain lines. She has tried them out, and diagnosed their faults, and substituted her own stuff.

As an actress, she's already experienced. In school, she was always in the forefront of dramatic activities. Not merely as a dabbler, either, but as a serious student of the theatre. She has read everything about acting that she can lay hands on. Even now, she is still a student—she spends hours in the cutting room and other studio departments, learning new facts and getting new pointers every day, about acting. It's not a game to her. It's not just a way to make a living. It's her life—her one big interest.

SHE'S one of these actresses who "lives her rôle" offscreen as well as on. Just at present, she is playing a dual rôle in *Come*

[*Continued on page* 88]

Constipation Relief

THE BEST CORRECTIVE IS ALL-VEGETABLE

by Elizabeth McKenna

DO YOU want to know what's the best and safest help for a system that has gone sluggish, and needs assistance in throwing off its food-wastes?

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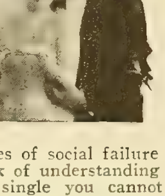

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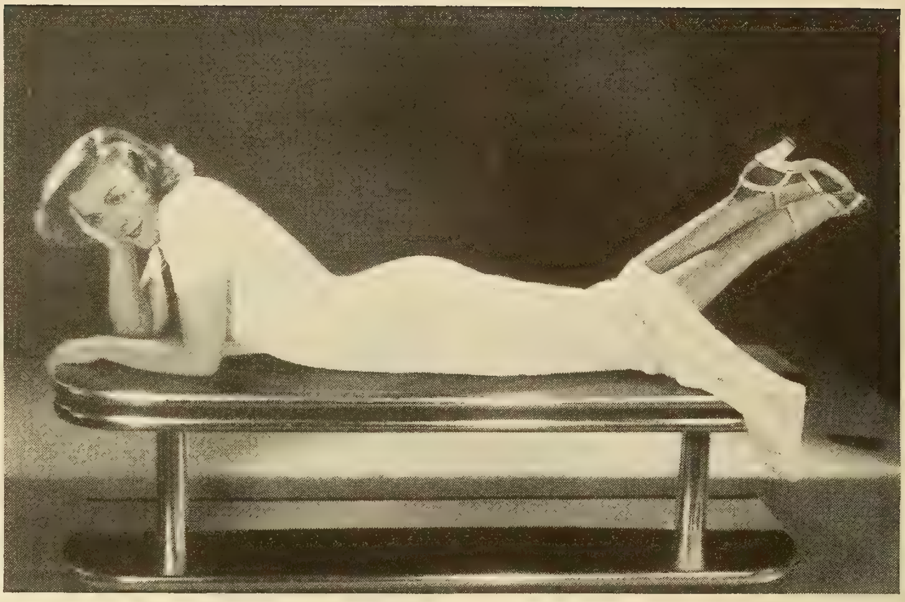


From the Broadway stage comes beautiful Doris Nolan. After scoring a sensational triumph in the play, *The Night of January Sixteenth,* she was placed under long term starring contract to Universal and will make her screen debut in *Way For a Lady*

Meet Frances Farmer

[*Continued from page* 87]

and Get it. One rôle requires her to be a sophisticated, very wordly and sort of hard-boiled northwoods dance-hall dame. Later in the picture, she plays that dame's daughter.

To differentiate between the two rôles, it was suggested that she drop her voice for the dance-hall-dame rôle, if she could manage it. She went home that night, still using her own natural clear soprano.

Next day, when she came back, she was speaking in a deep, rich, throaty, sexy voice, two octaves below her normal tone! She's been using that deep voice ever since—and even sings with it, in a torrid dance-hall scene. You see, that night, she'd practiced it hours—and adopted the new voice as her own. She's using it off the stage as well as on. She won't change it until they begin shooting the sequences where she appears as her own daughter. Then she'll go back to her girlish soprano.

Making predictions about a girl like Frances Farmer is one of Hollywood's chief avocations. And one of its most difficult. That's why, about Frances Farmer, there are already stormy opinions.

"She's the most capable and the most intelligent young actress I've ever directed," enthuses Howard Hawks. "If she'd only stay in pictures, she'd become one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known—great as Garbo, or greater."

An assistant director—no use naming him—says, though: "She's getting spoiled already. She knows too much—or thinks she does. Wait until she has to play a soft, feminine role, I'll bet she flops!"

He reflects the attitude of those who see in Frances Farmer only a hard-boiled young dame, motivated solely by an overpowering ambition to succeed. They think it has deprived her, already, of any natural, ethereal femininity.

Photographically and technically, she's almost perfect, however. And her champions, answering the crowd that yell that she's too hard-boiled, insist that this is merely her acting ability in a hard-boiled rôle, and that when she is called on to be soft and girlish, she'll be as soft and girlish as grandma used to be when it was fashionable to be a clinging vine.

AS FOR Frances Farmer's own ideas—well, I told you, up above, that she feels and believes she's destined to be one of the greatest stage stars of all time. That feeling radiates from her—a supreme self-confidence and self-assurance that can easily be mistaken for a brassy egotism. Personally, I don't believe it's egotism at all—in the unpleasant sense of that word. I believe, on the other hand, that it's an honest confidence in her own ability.

She herself doesn't give much more than a toot and a half as to what *Hollywood* thinks of her. In fact, it usually annoys her to have Hollywood discuss her—or even her work. Like the other day, when a well-meaning acquaintance overheard some movie big-shot discussing her splendid work before the cameras during a difficult sequence.

"Say, Miss Farmer," he told her later, when he found her alone, "I heard So-and-So and What's-His Name discussing your acting the other day. They'd been worried, you know, as to whether or not you, as a newcomer without experience, could play that difficult scene."

"So? What did they have to say about me?" she demanded.

"They thought you did it wonderfully," the fellow smiled. He expected a burst of appreciation and happiness and gratitude from the newcomer. But what he got was a stamp of the foot and this:

"Why, oh why, do they have to watch me and criticize me and discuss me and talk about me?" she demanded. "Why can't they let me do my work without peering at me and staring at me and talking about everything I do . . . ?"

Ameche Makes His Bow

[*Continued from page* 32]

of the priests took him to call on the Prendergasts, who had a fifteen-year-old daughter named Honore.

"I liked his teeth and his smile," Honore confessed later.

"I liked her yellow braids," grinned Dominic.

"He was my first 'fella,'" Honore smiled back.

"She was my first girl," growled Dominic.

They had fun together for two and a half years. One of their special ways of having it was to drive down Main Street, park where they could, stuff themselves with popcorn from the same bag, and watch the crowd go by, marveling at their expressions, wondering what went on behind their faces.

"That woman's having domestic trouble," Honore would decide.

DON would gravely consider the patient's face. "Yes—she sent her kitten out with a little pocket money to see the world—and he didn't come back all night."

The time came for Don to go away to college. He went to Georgetown University to study law. "No special reason," he says with his lazy smile. "Just picked out Georgetown and picked out the law. All this time the family finances were dwindling—prohibition, you know—and I thought I might get a job. Which I didn't. I didn't even take the semester exams. Because," he explained gently, "I didn't happen to attend enough classes."

He learned that Honore, in her sophomore year at college, was ill with mastoiditis. He wrote and told her he was sorry. She wrote and thanked him. And that, it would seem, finished that.

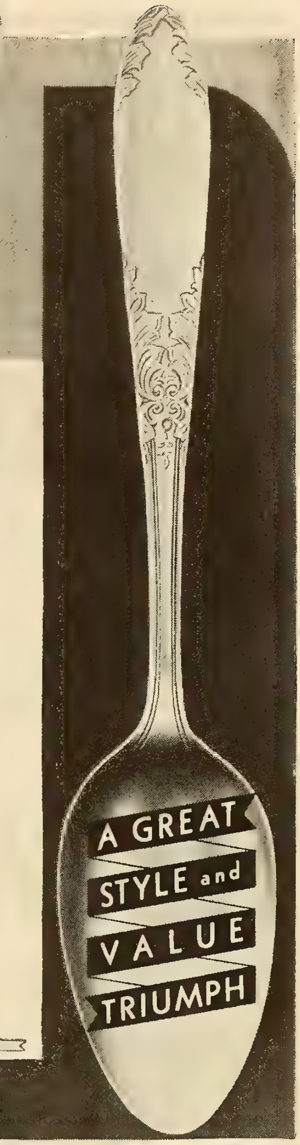
Meantime he'd gone back to the University of Wisconsin—with every good intention of studying law. But here there cropped up still another good reason *not* to study—college dramatics, in which he shone.

"I didn't feel like studying. I felt like playing, so I played," he says, as if he couldn't quite see what all the fuss was about. Even when he was asked by the manager of a passing stock company to substitute for an incapacitated actor, he didn't get excited over it. "I didn't really give a darn about it. I'd never thought of acting as a job. But this was a temporary way of making money, so I took it. When it was over I tried to get back into school, but they wouldn't let me. I'd missed too many classes," he explained cheerfully.

Fortunately for his peace of mind, his parents sympathized to a certain degree with the theory that boys should have fun. "They were disappointed, because they'd wanted me to go in for the law. But they didn't squawk. I never heard a word of reproach from either of them."

Convinced that his scholastic career was done for, and not much caring, he went to New York with William Troutman, dramatic coach at the university and a firm believer in his acting ability. Four days after his arrival, with the luck that clings to the nonchalant, he met "a fellow on the street" who told him they needed a butler in *Jerry-for-Short*. Ameche got the part. Another bit or two—and he found himself playing the lead in the Chicago company of *Illegal*. "The notices were all right—not raves, but all right. Yes, I guess I was pleased. But I wasn't making enough to

[*Continued on page* 90]



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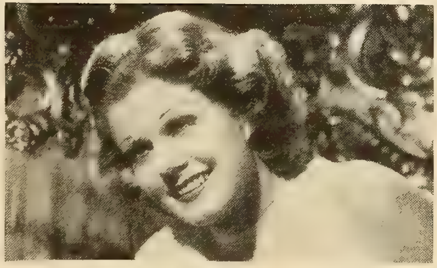

WHAT ARE JEAN HARLOW'S PLANS ABOUT MARRIAGE?

"And What Does Bill Powell Have to Say?" you wonder. So did we. So we got Bill to talk, too, and in the November issue of MOTION PICTURE Magazine, you will find Jean and Bill on opposite pages.

Also in this issue is another great love story, "The Tragic Story Behind Mary Astor's Diary", revealing the true story of Mary Astor's deep emotion. Scoop . . . "Exclusive! The Quints Talk" all in November MOTION PICTURE, now on sale.

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A party at the home of Donald Woods wrote finis to the Second Annual MOVIELAND TOUR, conducted by MOVIE CLASSIC and its companion magazines in the Fawcett Screen Group. And here you glimpse the genial host and his pal, Craig Reynolds, being subjected to a barrage of camera lenses by the members of the Tour

Ameche Makes His Bow

[*Continued from page* 89]

live on. I'd get money, when I needed it, from home and from my friend Troutman. So in 1930 I decided to give the family a break, and spend the summer with them."

One day the phone rang. "Don? This is Bernardine Flynn. Remember me?" They had played leads together at the university. "They want someone like you for an audition here at the broadcasting station. Come down and show them your stuff."

Two weeks later he was signed to go to Chicago for *The Empire Builders* program. "They seemed to like me," he says with moderation. Actually, he made such an instantaneous hit that, when the program went off the following year, he was promptly snapped up for *The First Nighter,* for *Grand Hotel,* for *Betty and Bob.*

One evening, just before his *First Nighter* program, a friend phoned him. "What are you doing after the broadcast?"

"Nothing."

"Like to go out and dance a little?"

"With whom?"

"Let you know later," said the friend, and rang off.

He didn't care for that much. He'd never been one for grab-bag prizes and blind dates. But he hadn't time to call back, so he went anyway—and was greeted demurely by Honore, now a practising dietitian in Chicago.

Her golden hair—his teeth and smile—renewed their spell. They found they could laugh as easily, have as much fun together as they'd had on Main Street, eating popcorn out of the same bag. And so they were married. And after a while Dominic, Jr., was born.

And the world was theirs.

LAST year Metro sent for him to make a test. Nothing came of it. But since radio was paying him an admirable living, that didn't bother him much either. It did, however, bother Tom Oakey, a friend of his. "Mind," he asked Don, "if I get an agent friend of mine in Hollywood to take a squint at that test, and tell me what he really thinks?" The agent's squint resulted in a second test for Twentieth Century-Fox. The second test brought Ameche an offer from Zanuck to play in *Sins of Men.* "That was just before Christmas," he said, and added with a touch of diffidence: "On December 30th another Christmas gift came—our second baby."

Man is inconsistent—in proof of which I submit the fact that now at last Ameche did get excited. "It was coming out here alone," he said, "wondering how they were going to take me, seeing the first rushes, thinking I was so terrible that I couldn't muster the nerve to look at another." Mr. Zanuck looked at them all and one morning, before the picture was finished, Ameche's agent phoned with the news that his option had been taken up. Two minutes later he was on the phone, calling Honore, telling her to come right out.

At which point she picks up the tale. "We were in Dubuque," she chimed in, "staying with my people. I'd just come home from the dentist—had a tooth pulled at 1:15. Then Don phoned, and at two I was on the train to Chicago, to get a final checkup from my doctor. You see, the baby was only a few weeks old. That was Tuesday. He said I was fine, so on Wednesday night I fixed baby's feedings and got his things lined up, and on Thursday morning mother and dad drove the children and luggage in from Dubuque and met me at the station. We left at 11:30. No, I didn't have any trouble with the babies. They're a couple of husky Swedes," she observed

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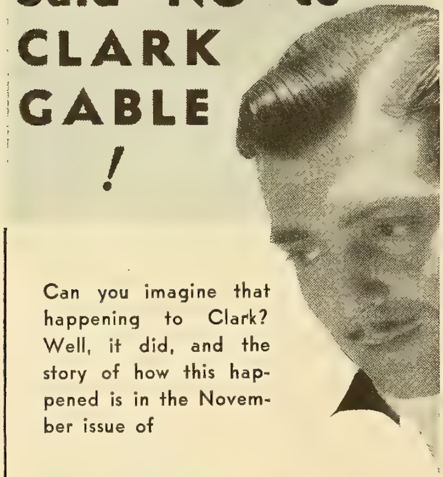

The GIRL Who Said "NO" to CLARK GABLE !

Can you imagine that happening to Clark? Well, it did, and the story of how this happened is in the November issue of

SCREEN PLAY
Magazine of Romance

together with many other fascinating stories of the stars, including Kay Francis, Ginger Rogers, Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, Gertrude Michael and the Quints!

pleasantly, "like me. I don't think they're pretty babies, do you, Don—?"

Don shook his head, bent on preserving a strict impartiality, and serenely unconscious of the lovelight plain in his eyes.

"But they're healthy babies—well built and well behaved. Which," concluded their father, weakening a little, "tends to make them sort of nice."

WHEN *Sins of Men* was previewed, they decided not to sit together. "I was afraid," says Mrs. Ameche, "that Don might turn and ask me something. I didn't want to add to the nervous strain. But neither did I want to tell him it was good if I thought it wasn't. So I sat alone.

The preview over, a gentleman came up to shake hands with and congratulate Don. Don's hand was being shaken right and left, but there was something arresting about this man's face.

"Who's that?" he inquired of his agent, when the man had gone.

"Haven't you met your boss yet?" asked the astonished agent. "That's merely Darryl Zanuck."

Which, in a way, is a measure of Ameche. He's not the kind to assert himself or make demands or feel blown up with his own importance. For what he receives he is duly thankful. But he won't push and jostle for his place in the sun. "If I can stick for a few years and put something by, so we don't have to worry," he says, "that'll be fine. If not, we'll try something else." His eyes smiled across at his wife—hers smiled back. Nuts about each other in a quiet way, as one observer put it.

He has bought a little place in the valley for his parents and sisters. He and his wife plan to build close by.

"We don't care much for Beverly," says Honore.

"The valley's better for kids," explains Dominic.

"Life's been lovely to us," cries Honore, the tranquil, in a little burst of thanksgiving.

"Simply elegant," murmurs Dominic, the imperturbable. But his eyes were shouting hosannas.

Louis Da Pron and Eleanore Whitney, who made a sensational debut as a dancing team in *Three Cheers For Love,* will again be seen as the featured dancers in Paramount's *The Big Broadcast of 1937*

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I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 286, Chicago.

Given

Send No Money!

LADIES' & GIRLS' SEND NAME AND ADDRESS! Latest Shape HIGH GRADE 7 Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with well known WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL—Choice of 25 other gifts for returning only $3. Our 40th year. Be First, Write today for 12 boxes of White Cloverine Salve. Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 50-H, Tyrone, Pa.

The RIGHT Lipstick Shade makes SUCH a Difference!

TRY THESE 3 LIPSTICKS FREE

Find your most flattering shade with the Triple Indelible FLAME-GLO Test Set, consisting of three exciting new shades—yours FREE for the asking! Send for it TODAY; uncover NEW BEAUTY with this genuine dollar quality lipstick. To make new friends for FLAME-GLO, we'll send you the three FULL trial sizes without charge . . . just send 10c to cover the mailing cost! Do it NOW!

Flame-Glo TRIPLE INDELIBLE

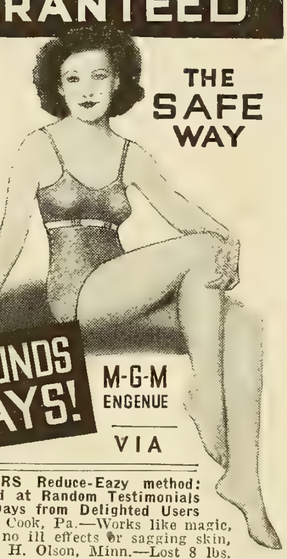
REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., DEPT. ES, 395 B'WAY, N. Y.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

10¢ and 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10c STORES

REDUCE WEIGHT GUARANTEED



Amazing NEW HOLLYWOOD METHOD

THE SAFE WAY

TRIAL SIZE AND PROOF OF QUICK RESULTS Only 25¢

24 POUNDS 31 DAYS!

M-G-M ENGENUE VIA

HOLLYWOOD STARS Reduce-Eazy method: Read a Few Selected at Random Testimonials Received in Three Days from Delighted Users Everywhere: Mrs. B. Cook, Pa.—Works like magic, I lost 65 lbs., with no ill effects or sagging skin, feel wonderful. Miss H. Olson, Minn.—Lost 8 lbs. on 25c size, amazed at results. Mrs. J. Best, Wash.—Reduce-Eazies improved my figure, cleared my complexion. Mrs. K. Smith, N. Y.—Lost 48 lbs., feel and look like a young girl, had not slept in years, now sleep like a baby. Reduce-Eazies did wonders by taking the fat away from my heart. Marion Swanson, 225 N. Kuakini, Honolulu, Hawaii—Reduce-Eazies are marvelous, I lost 11 lbs., ate anything I wished. They took out the dark circles from under my eyes.

SEND NO MONEY

You need not send one cent; just pay postman on delivery. REDUCE-EAZIES contain no dinitrophenol—no thyroid—no drugs. Eat what you like—no strenuous exercise; a safe Root herb leaf and other pure, harmless medicinal ingredients method; sold under a certified gold bond

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION

SEND MONEY ORDER, CASH OR CHECK—$1.00 for 30-day trial, 60-day treatment for $2.00, or save money by getting the proven to be most economical six one dollar box treatment—on free money-back trial for only $5.00 for full complete combination treatment.

WHY NOT SEND WHILE THE PRICE REMAINS LOW?

Please rush me____boxes of your famous REDUCE-EAZIES. Enclosed find $____to cover payment or send C.O.D.____I will pay postman on delivery. Include your priceless FREE Book on Reducing.

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ADDRESS________________

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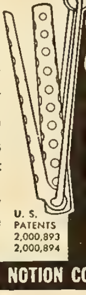
HOLLYWOOD RAPID DRY CURLER

BETTY BURGESS Imperial Pictures

For many curls or just a few!

There are many flattering ways to arrange your hair with Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. Will you have tight little curls that fit close to your head.. or soft loose ones to form a halo? Will you have many curls ...or just a few? Whatever style of curl you select can be yours easily, quickly, right at home. . with the "Curler used by the Stars."



U. S. PATENTS 2,000,893 2,000,894

3 for 10c AT 5c AND 10c STORES — NOTION COUNTERS

$500 for a Trademark

[*Continued from page 6*]

For his first picture as a producer, LeRoy has purchased *The Grand Passion* by Norman Krasna and Groucho Marx. This outstanding story will be used as the vehicle to present Fernand Graavy, sensational French actor whom Mr. LeRoy discovered while abroad and whom he immediately signed to a personal contract. Producer LeRoy is confident that Graavy, handsome, virile and a great natural actor, will prove the rage of Hollywood with his first picture.

Now keeping in mind the amazing record of outstanding motion pictures credited to LeRoy, remembering, too, that he intends to produce only the finest type of entertainment, what type of trademark, according to your judgment, would convey to the public the lofty ideals that this producer aspires to? Would people instantly sense that here is a thoroughly worthwhile picture the moment they saw his trademark?

Remember this: You don't have to be an artist or an advertising expert to stand a chance of winning your share of the cash prizes offered in this trademark contest. All you have to do is to submit your entry in writing—nothing more than a clear, brief description. The idea, however, MUST BE ORIGINAL. You have no chance of winning if you copy some trademark already in use. It must be, as Producer LeRoy cautions, distinctive and impressive. You may send in as many as you wish. In fact, the more the better. When you have your entries ready, mail them to Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC

Merle Oberon and David Niven play sweethearts in Samuel Goldwyn's new picture, *Love Under Fire*—and that's a bit of excellent casting for they are reputedly engaged to marry in real life

MEN & WOMEN

Hotel Positions

GOOD PAY
FASCINATING WORK
LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS
SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES

Train NOW for hotel, club and institutional field. Salaries up to $1,500 to $5,000 a year, living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Qualify at home, in leisure time. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Write name and address in margin and mail this ad today for FREE Book. Check positions in which you're interested.

( ) Manager
( ) Assistant Manager
( ) Chief or Room Clerk
( ) Auditor
( ) Steward
( ) Hostess
( ) Housekeeper
( ) Cashier

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New PICTURE-CRAFT! EASY TO DO AT HOME

NEW DENNISON-CRAFT IDEAS

Use magazine covers, photos, prints, pictures from ads. Get marvelous effects quickly with "V. B." Dennison Crepe. Look expensive, yet cost only a few pennies. Perfect for gifts. Handsome 24-page book, "New Dennison-craft Ideas," gives directions for this and 77 other novelties—baskets, bags, belts, lamp-shades, dolls. Send only 10c (coin or stamps) to DENNISON, Dept. Y-246, Framingham, Mass.

"V. B." Dennison Crepe

BACKACHES CAUSED BY MOTHERHOOD

Those months before baby comes put such a strain on mother's muscles, she frequently suffers for years. Allcock's Porous Plasters do wonders for such backaches. They draw the blood to the painful spot—whether it be on the back, sides, legs, arms or shoulder. This has a warm, stimulating effect, and the pain soon vanishes. It takes only 2 seconds to put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster, and it feels as good as a $2 massage.

Over 5 million people have used Allcock's, the original porous plaster. Don't take any plaster but Allcock's. It brings quickest relief. Lasts longer. Easy to apply and remove. 25¢ at druggists.

ITCHY PIMPLES

QUICK RELIEF Or Money Back!

With one application of time-tested PETERSON'S OINTMENT you can get quick relief from the awful irritation of ugly, itching pimples, rashes and blotches. It's amazingly effective. Itching stops; angry redness soothed; skin looks better, feels better. One 35c box proves to you what millions have found out in last 30 years. Try it now. Wonderful to soothe eczema, itching of feet or cracks between toes. All druggists. Money back if not delighted. SAMPLE FREE. Write to Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Dept. HK2

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c 3 for $1.00

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

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Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation—faster than any man can talk. Stenotypy is easy to learn — easy to write — easy to read. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time — at low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling how you may master it successfully.

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SOLID PERFUME

AT LAST—quality perfumes at a price anyone can afford! Exquisite new fragrances in **SOLID PERFUME,** delicately intoxicating. Blended by MUMTAZ (royal parfumeur to the princes of India). Ten odors—**NITE IN INDIA, DIVINE, JASMIN, GARDENIA, ORANGE BLOSSOM, SWEET PEA, CARNATION, VIOLET, LILAC, ATTAR OF ROSE.** Packed in dainty rouge size hand-painted containers, neatly designed, in colors. No leakage or evaporation. Just a touch of Mumtaz **SOLID PERFUME** on earlobe or eyebrows leaves a lingering scent for hours. **Price 50c ea. Gift box of any three odors $1.50.** Sold by all good drug and department stores and exclusive gift shops—or order direct from

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I IRON IN ½ THE TIME for Only 1¢

It's true! Women are amazed at easy, fast, cool ironing with new Diamond. Self-heating, use anywhere in house, yard or on porch. Instant heat control. Double-pointed, all-round button bevel, chromium plated base. No tiring hot stove work or dangerous cords. No wonder it cuts ironing time in half! Burns 96% AIR, only 4% kerosene (coal oil). Irons family wash for ONE CENT—pays for itself. 30-DAY TRIAL in your home — enjoy Diamond ironing for a month at our risk. Write today for full particulars, 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and proof of big money opportunity.

AGENTS: $8, $12, $16 a day — remarkable sales records.

The Akron Lamp & Mfg. Co., 661 Iron Bldg., Akron, Ohio

New! Pocket Radio

Operates without tubes or batteries

Amazing pocket radio fits in pocket or purse. Smaller than a cigarette package! Separates and receives stations with beautiful clear tone. NO CRYSTALS to adjust or bother with—only one moving part—no upkeep. Can be used by ANYONE, ANYWHERE. Directions given for use in hotels, offices, autos, at home, while cycling, boating or on trains. Thousands of satisfied owners—many report amazing reception and distance. Takes only a second to connect and tune in. THESE ARE FACTS. Choice of colors: Brown, Black, White, Green, Blue. ABSOLUTELY complete with midget phone, ready to listen. Send only $1.00—pay postman balance or send $2.99 (Cash, M.O., Check) and we will send postpaid. Ideal Gift. GUARANTEED. Order now! State color wanted. (All foreign orders 75c extra).

SEND ONLY $1.00

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... to ANY shade you desire
... SAFELY In 5 to 15 minutes

Careful fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. **Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener** requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it Cannot streak; Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.

$1

FREE *36 page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.*

LECHLER LABORATORIES, INC.
560 Broadway (Dept. B.) New York, N.Y.

Yolanda of the famous dance team, Veloz and Yolanda, and Fred MacMurray enjoy a chat while waiting for the director to summon them back to the set where they are working in *Champagne Waltz*

Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. The winner of the entries submitted to this magazine wins a cash prize of $50 and a chance to win the $250 Grand Prize.

This same offer appears in the November issues of Movie Classic's affiliated Fawcett film publications—HOLLYWOOD SCREEN BOOK, SCREEN PLAY, and MOTION PICTURE. Trademark ideas may be submitted to each of these magazines with a $50 cash prize going to the winner along with a chance for the $250 Grand Prize.

Read these rules over very carefully and then start picturing trademark ideas in your mind, being sure to transfer to paper those you think truly symbolic of the type of pictures Mr. LeRoy plans on producing.

Here are the rules:

1. Contest closes December 20, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20, 1936.

2. Any reader is entitled to enter employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or Mervyn LeRoy Productions.

3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.

4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.

5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Director of Publicity for Warner Bros.

6. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.

8. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.

9. Submit your entries to Contest Editor, Movie Classic Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Now put on your thinking caps! Your chance to win a $50 cash prize and the $250 Grand Prize is as good as anyone else's.

Alka-Seltzer
An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a clear, sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.
AT ALL DRUG STORES 30c and 60c PKGS.
Slightly Higher in Canada
Tune in The Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance on the Radio Every Saturday Night. N B C Network

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

THE STARS KNOW

"DANCING FEET"
—*Republic*

BEN LYON says, "*Make your dinners outstanding by serving College Inn Soups*"

COLLEGE INN
SOUPS

BEBE DANIELS says, "*College Inn Soups supply delicious nutrition without weight*"

"MUSIC IS MAGIC"
—*20th Century-Fox*

COLLEGE INN *Soups*

★ Cost doesn't count in Hollywood—here where fine living has reached new heights, a food must be superlative to win recognition. That's the reason for the overwhelming popularity of College Inn Soups on Hollywood's most famous tables. Amazing as it may seem, these wonderful soups actually cost you less than ordinary brands of ready-to-serve soups. Order a few cans from your grocer, today.

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
DIVISION OF HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

WOMEN SHOULD KNOW THIS
ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE

There Is a Simple, Easy Way

MARRIAGE HYGIENE can be difficult—or easy. Because Boro-Pheno-Form is compounded to accomplish the *same special function* of powerful solutions, but without their muss or bother, it is the method of marriage hygiene preferred by innumerable modern wives. No water, mixing or measuring are needed. Each dainty suppository is complete in itself. No danger of "over-dose" or "under-dose." Soothing and odorless. At all drug stores.

Dr. Pierre's
BORO·PHENO·FORM

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. 10-M
162 North Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a trial package of Boro-Pheno-Form and enlightening booklet. I enclose 10c which will be *refunded* when I purchase my first regular-size package.

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Address --
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NEURITIS Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO.** Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.
Artificial Ear Drum
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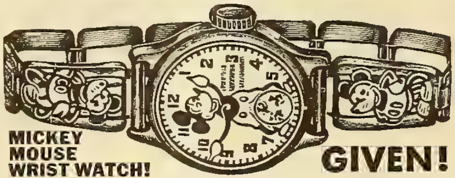
Chicago Daily News Bldg., Dept. 112, Chicago, Ill.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or **Choice of Cash Commission** — Send No Money — Send Name and Address! Boys! Girls! Mickeys on the dial and band in colors! Chrome finish case and bracelet — Unbreakable crystal. American make. **WHAT A WATCH!** SIMPLY GIVE AWAY **FREE** pictures with famous **White Cloverine Salve** which you sell at 25c a box (giving picture **FREE!**) and remit as per premium plan book. Other watches. 39th year. Be First. Write for trial order dozen salve and pictures NOW!
WILSON CHEMICAL CO. INC., Dept. 50-F. Tyrone, Pa.

Twenty Years A Star

[*Continued from page* 57]

A sense of humor has been one of this dignified actor's finest assets. He takes his work seriously, but not himself.

A brief sketch of Jack Holt's life reveals all sorts of color. He was born in Winchester, Virginia, and he still talks with a slight trace of Southern accent. His father was an Episcopalian minister of note. On his father's side he is a direct descendant of Lord Chief Justice John Holt, who was a distinguished jurist in England early in the eighteenth century. On his mother's side, he is a great-great-grandson of the first chief justice of the United States, John Marshall. This distinguished ancestor was a captain in the Revolutionary war, a close friend of George Washington and the greatest constitutional lawyer in American history. He also wrote the finest of Washington biographies.

JACK was educated, as many good Virginians are, at the Virginia Military Institute, which accounts for his military bearing and his splendid horsemanship. Although he has never been in the army, Jack has scores of close friends, in the service, chiefly due to the many army, navy and aviation pictures he has made.

Educated as an engineer, Jack first tried out his profession in the New York tubes. Next we find him attached to an exploration company in far-off Alaska as a civil engineer and surveyor. Of an adventurous spirit, it was only natural that Jack should take a fling at gold-mining, hunting, trapping and guiding pack trains into the wilds of Alaska. That's where he got his stage experience, driving an old fashioned high-wheeler which served the far-flung mining camps.

Continuing his adventurous career, the young Virginian next tried his hand at cowpunching. He worked as a "waddie" on an Oregon cattle ranch and liked the rough life so well that he raised the money back home to buy himself a ranch and several hundred head of stock. Like most tenderfoot ranchers he speedily went broke. Next he tried his hand at apple orcharding. He introduced the hexagonal method of planting apple trees, in Oregon, thus contributing something worthwhile to horticulture in the Pacific Northwest.

Along about that time, 1913, the movies were very much in their infancy. Jack Holt drifted into San Francisco, flat broke, but on his way to the new Eldorado in a place five hundred miles south, called Hollywood.

Fate decreed that Jack make his motion picture debut in a small town called San Rafael, across the Golden Gate from Frisco. He was hired by a director because of his horsemanship, and his first appearance before the camera was in a thirty-foot dive on horseback into a river. He was "doubling" for the hero. His first rôle in pictures was a "bit" for the same company in *Salomy Jane,* in which Beatrice Michelena was starred.

ENCOURAGED by good pay and easy work outdoors, Jack lost no time in hitting the trail to the big movie town, Hollywood, in the same year. Within two years he was a Famous Players-Lasky star, and one of the most popular figures that ever appeared upon the screen horizon. For ten successive years Jack Holt starred under the Paramount banner in every sort of story ranging from Zane Gray westerns to society dramas. Either rôle fit him like

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

RELIEF FROM PSORIASIS with DERMOIL

Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

©1935

Generous trial size 25c stamps or coin

DERMOIL is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease, often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Non-staining. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again. DERMOIL is backed by a positive guarantee to give chronic sufferers definite benefits in two weeks time or money is refunded. Your word is final. Send 25c for your trial TODAY or write for our large and beautifully illustrated FREE book Prove it yourself no matter how long troubled or what you have tried. Don't delay. Write NOW.

LAKE LABORATORIES
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Learn to have POWER OVER MEN

What is it successful women have and others lack? Dear reader, let me tell you the simple, infallible ways by which any woman can swiftly make herself many times more glamorous and interesting to men. Accept this opportunity to find out for yourself the *heart-appeal* methods of the world's most successful and adored women. Write today for my *Personality Test Chart* and booklet, *Woman Triumphant.* FREE in plain wrapper. Gloria Marston, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.

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Your Opportunity—Prepare for Amateur Hour!

Illustrated HOME STUDY COURSE in TAP DANCING, from the first simple steps up to and including two finished TAP DANCES, like you see on the stage..................$1.00 Postpaid, U.S.A.

Improve Your Social Advantages

Illustrated HOME STUDY COURSE in BALL-ROOM DANCING, teaches the Correct Way to Dance. Steps simply and clearly described, $1.00 Postpaid, U.S.A.

GUARANTEED so easy a child can understand

FREE A pair of Metal Taps and a fascinating Military Tap Dance with each $2.00 order.

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RINGS AND PINS FOR YOUR CLUB

Weld more firmly the bond of fellowship in your club with a dignified emblem—a symbol of its purpose—a reminder of responsibility, that all members will be proud to wear. 300 beautiful modern designs.

Write Today for Free 1937 Catalog!

$1.60 BASTIAN BROS., CO. 35c Each
80 BASTIAN BLDG ROCHESTER, N.Y.

a glove. Not only was he a military horseman and cowpuncher by experience, but he had been born, reared and educated a gentleman. Of him a picture critic wrote several years ago, "he is the only movie actor I know who wears a tuxedo as if it belonged to him."

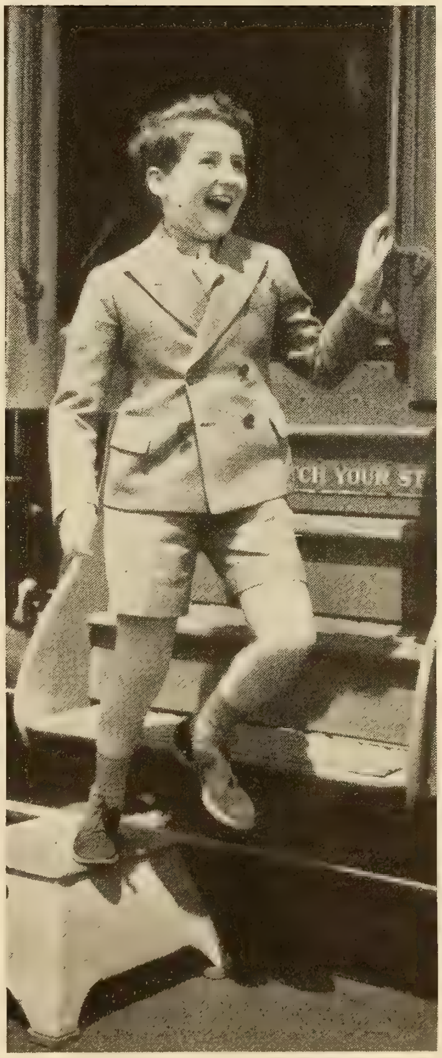
Possibly Jack Holt's greatest screen fame was achieved under the direction of Frank Capra in the United States Service epics, *Submarine, Flight,* and *Dirigible.*

Today, this man who has been a figure in pictures for twenty years is in greater demand than ever before. Although he is under contract to Universal, he is borrowed by other companies so often that he rarely enjoys a vacation.

Polo, a he-man's game, is Jack's favorite sport. He has been a three-goal handicap player, which is a splendid rating for a man who hasn't much time to play. Jack plays occasionally for fun at the Midwick and the Riviera Clubs, but mostly he referees the big game.

"Polo is an unselfish game," Jack once told this interviewer. "It takes four men to play it. No man can play it for himself."

He intended his remarks to apply only to polo. As a matter of fact, they represent his attitude on everything in life.



Bobby Breen, whose amazing voice has made him probably the most discussed child star of the year, arrives in California to make his second starring picture, as yet untitled, under the RKO-Radio Pictures banner

Only MIDWEST Gives You PUSH BUTTON TUNING plus ELECTRIK SAVER

16 TUBES 5 WAVE BANDS... 9 to 2200 METERS

ELECTRIK-SAVER PUSH BUTTON TUNING

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL!

$49.95 COMPLETE WITH GIANT THEATRE-SONIC SPEAKER (LESS TUBES)

TERMS AS LOW AS 10¢ A DAY

EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective 16-tube 5-band radio. Outperforms $200 sets on point-for-point comparison. Before you decide, write for FREE 40-page 1937 catalog. Learn how you can save 50% by buying direct from the factory. Why pay more?

74 ADVANCED FEATURES

Scores of marvelous features explain Midwest super performance and assure thrilling world-wide all-wave performance. You can switch instantly from American programs . . . to Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . to world's finest foreign programs. Powerful Triple-Twin tubes (two tubes in one!)—give 20-tube results. *Exclusive Electrik-Saver* cuts radio wattage consumption 50%... results in Midwest radios using no more current than ordinary 7-tube sets...enables them to operate on volume as low as 80 volts. *Push Button Finger Tip Tuning* is made possible with the Midwest automatic push button tuning system . . . doubling your radio enjoyment.

SAVE UP TO 50% DIRECT FROM FACTORY

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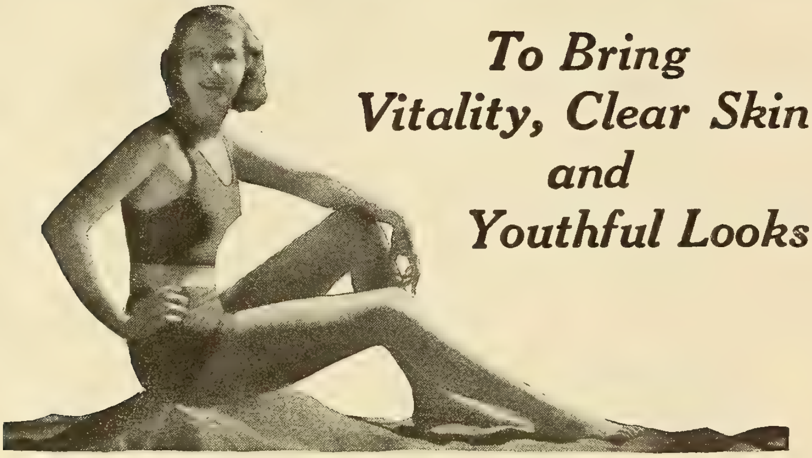

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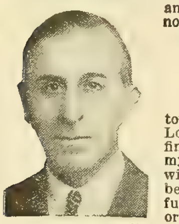

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Can Paulette Goddard Beat Chaplin Jinx?

[*Continued from page* 33]

Edna lives a quiet life in Hollywood. She is still beautiful and prosperous. She has found happiness in obscurity.

NEXT comes attractive Mildred Harris. Mildred began her screen career as a Mack Sennett bathing girl. Her loveliness caught Chaplin's eye and he used her in several short comedies. Then they were married. They were blessed with a baby boy but, tragically, it was born dead. Marital troubles developed, culminating in a divorce and a handsome financial settlement for Miss Harris. Shortly thereafter she attempted a screen comeback, but no important rôles came her way. Eventually she pocketed her pride and haunted the cheaper independent studios. Now she is out of pictures and appearing with a dance band on tour. The Chaplin jinx again!

Then beautiful Lita Grey Chaplin.

Lita was a Spanish dancer. Chaplin watched her dance at a private party. Her grace and flashing dark eyes captured his artistic heart. At the moment he was preparing the script of *The Gold Rush* and he was seeking a leading lady who could give zest and sparkle to the dance hall sequences. By the time Lita finished her last whirl, Chaplin had decided to offer her the feminine lead in the picture. The fact that Lita had no previous screen experience did not dampen his enthusiasm. She was the type he visualized in the rôle. He would make an actress of her.

Either Chaplin was wrong or the Chaplin jinx was especially severe on Lita. After five and one-half months work Chaplin junked the film. Many months later he made a fresh start on *The Gold Rush* with a new leading lady—Georgia Hale.

Between the period when work on *The Gold Rush* was suspended and resumed Chaplin married Lita Grey. It was undoubtedly a love match and the marriage healed the wound to Lita's pride caused by removing her from the picture. Their brief marriage produced two handsome boys. Then came the sensational divorce and a reputed million dollar settlement as further balm for Lita's ruffled feelings.

Lita made no effort to resume her ill-fated screen career, but she did attempt to launch the two little boys in a picture. Chaplin prevented it. Today Lita is completely removed from the Hollywood scene.

Georgia Hale—unlucky lady No. Four.

Like the other Chaplin women, she was skyrocketed from nowhere to stardom.

BEFORE Chaplin selected her to supplant Lita Grey in *The Gold Rush*, Georgia had appeared in several "quickies," independent pictures with such lurid titles as *Hills of Peril, Wheels of Chance* and *The Rawhide Kid.* She remained pretty much of an unknown during the year spent in making, or rather remaking, the picture.

When *The Gold Rush* was released, Georgia received polite notices from the reviewers. All of the glowing adjectives were reserved for Chaplin's great artistry. Georgia received a few bids from other studios, played in a Fox picture, and then faded. She resides in Hollywood today, leads a quiet married life, and does not seem to mourn the cinematic world she might have conquered, but for that Chaplin jinx.

Now we come to Myrna Kennedy.

After a long period of inactivity following the release of *The Gold Rush,* the enterprising Chaplin elected to mirror his talents against a circus background. He had long wanted to make a picture called *The Circus.*

He chose Myrna Kennedy as his leading lady. This time he picked a real trouper. Myrna had been singing and dancing on vaudeville circuits since she was nine years old. She came to Los Angeles in a show which played the old Mason Opera House. Chaplin attended. He saw her possibilities as an exquisite lady of the white tops. She took a screen test. Chaplin was elated. She photographed remarkably well.

It took Chaplin fifteen months to make *The Circus.* As usual, he had another huge success to his credit. Myrna's performance was hailed as unusually promising. She received other offers and appeared in *Broadway, Skinner Steps Out* and *King of Jazz.* Then her star began to wane. She married and divorced Busby Berkeley, the dance director. She continues to live in Hollywood, but has passed out of the spotlight.

Last on the list is Virginia Cherrill.

VIRGINIA, a blonde Chicago society girl, came to Hollywood on a visit. She had no intention of entering pictures. Chaplin was introduced to her in a Hollywood night club. He suggested a screen test. She took it, and was signed for the feminine lead in the comedian's *City Lights.* It required about thirteen months to make the picture.

Virginia's work in *City Lights* was exceptional for an unknown, inexperienced actress. Afterwards she played in two or three unimportant pictures for other companies. She married Cary Grant. It didn't take, and they were divorced. Through with the screen, Virginia has returned to her society sphere. She is at present in London. There are reports hinting at a marriage to a titled Britisher.

All of which brings us back to charming Paulette Goddard who will soon be confronting the Chaplin jinx. Paulette played in the stage production of *Rio Rita.* Then she went under contract to Hal Roach and appeared in short comedies. Chaplin met her through mutual friends and signed her for the lead in *Modern Times,* once more demonstrating his belief that pulchritude and youth are more important than experience—at least in Chaplin pictures.

Will Paulette overcome the jinx that has snatched enduring fame from the other girls in Chaplin's life? Hollywood hopes so, for Paulette is popular in the film colony, natural and blessed with a rare sense of humor. Besides, Chaplin after keeping the press in a state of suspense for months, proposed, was accepted, and married her. Those who know claim it is real love for Chaplin this time. Perhaps true love can accomplish the miracle, smash the jinx, clear the way for Paulette to become a more permanent star in the Hollywood heavens.

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Fate—Fame—and Robert Taylor

[*Continued from page* 49]

term contract—on February 6th, 1934.

His starting salary was thirty-five dollars a week, which put him on an "earning-while-learning" basis. But he was able to keep on working at the Playhouse, where he also received thirty-five dollars a week—so he was hardly starving.

What hurt me was the studio's wanting to change his name. When they told him that people would never get the right pronunciation for Arlington Brugh, he suggested "Alan Stanhope"—the name of the character he had played in *Journey's End.* I liked that, too, because of the coincidence that my maiden name was Stanhope. But it sounded a little too English, and they wanted him to be all-American. So they picked a nice, easy-to-pronounce, commonplace name that everybody could remember—Robert Taylor.

MOST people, I think, have forgotten what his first picture was—if they ever knew. It was *Handy Andy,* with Will Rogers. He was loaned to Fox for the part of the son-in-law, married to Mary Carlisle. A small rôle, but he was happy about it. It was a start.

His second rôle also was "on loan"—this time to Universal, where he was in *There's Always Tomorrow,* with Binnie Barnes. He played Lois Wilson's son.

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started grooming him as a romantic juvenile. First he had a small part in *Wicked Woman,* with Mady Christians and Jean Parker; next in *West Point of the Air,* with Wallace Beery; then in *Murder in the Fleet,* again with Jean Parker.

His first big rôle was the title rôle of *Society Doctor,* with Virginia Bruce. And if any young actor ever had inspiration in portraying a doctor, that actor was Robert. It was after that picture that the mail started coming in. Then he did *Times Square Lady,* also with Virginia Bruce. Next came *Broadway Melody of 1936*—and a torrent of mail followed. I was back in Beatrice for a visit, just a year ago this August, when he called me one night and wanted me to come back for the preview. The studio thought that the picture was going to do big things for him, and if the studio was right, he wanted me to be there to share in the excitement.

In his next picture, he was starred—with Irene Dunne. That was *Magnificent Obsession.* I think that will always be his masterpiece. I do not see how he can ever do anything more inspiring.

Since then, he has made *Small-Town Girl* with Janet Gaynor, and *Private Number* with Loretta Young. And he has just played opposite Joan Crawford in *The Gorgeous Hussy,* his first costume picture, and opposite Barbara Stanwyck in *His Brother's Wife.* Next he will co-star with Garbo in *Camille.*

To most people, it seems that he has become a star in a very short time. They call it "luck." Sometimes he does, himself. He says that he always was lucky. But I insist that luck did not just happen to him; he brought it to himself—because he was always so willing to do his share.

He always was a serious boy, and he still is serious, though some of his screen rôles have made him out a playboy. When he does see anything funny, his laughter is contagious. One thing he cannot laugh at is criticism. He is so skeptical about his future. . .

"I'm doing 'so well' today—but what about tomorrow?" he will ask.

Fame has changed him in that one respect. He was naturally a very happy person before. That was a remark everybody made. I never can remember him fretting as a child. Now he seems scared of himself. I think that he misses his father more now than ever before.

I try to tell him that he worries too much—that he should sit back and enjoy all this while he has it. However, I do not think that his success will be just a flash. He is too sincere in his work.

Gladys George, hailed as one of the most brilliant actresses of the modern stage, will make her screen debut in Paramount's *Valiant is the Word For Carrie.* With her in the above photograph are Charlene Wyatt and Jackie Moran, who have rôles in the picture

He has no privacy any more; that is the greatest change in his way of living. He cannot appear in public anywhere without being mobbed by admirers. That will never cease to amaze him. Neither will the curiosity about his possible marriage intentions.

WHEN he was at Pomona, he was positive that he was in love with one girl. He thought a great deal of her. They might be married today, if a difference in religious beliefs had not broken them apart. After that, he "forgot about girls" for a long time. He has been fond of two or three since then, but never enough to marry. Now he claims that he will not marry till he is thirty.

I think that Bob would have been married before now, if his parents' marriage had not been such a happy one. Fear that he could not duplicate it has held him back. To anyone who never knew our story, that might not be understandable. We were the ideal of a whole community, our minister once told us. He came to my husband one day and said, "Doctor, I want to tell you and Mrs. Brugh something. The way you live is an example to this whole town."

Bob and I lived together until a year ago this August, when he moved into a small bachelor house of his own. He wanted more masculine independence. He was surrounded by too many women—his grandmother, a cousin going to college here, and an old family friend who is his secretary, besides his mother. I could appreciate how he felt. And he has not moved far away—only four blocks. But I miss not having a man in the house.

The lives of all of us revolve around Bob. We handle a great deal of his fan mail. His grandmother addresses envelopes for pictures that people request; six hundred of them a day. I answer the postal cards; thousands of them. Virginia—his secretary—takes care of the letters. We have four typewriters in the house, and if I could use two, I would.

The mail just paralyzes me. But it has made no difference in Bob. He is just as afraid of success as ever.

His success has affected me in many ways. . . mostly pleasant ways. But I was dumfounded by the story that when Bob asked me whether or not I liked him in a certain picture, I answered that the gas stove should be fixed. Or some other ridiculous thing that I never said. It sounded as if I might be interested only in the money he was making; the money is the least part to me. I see every one of his pictures—not once, but several times. We talk about them. I would be a strange mother if I did anything else.

CERTAINLY, no mother could ask a son to be more thoughtful than Robert is of me. He had never given a party until my forty-ninth birthday, recently. Then he gave a small dinner dance in one of the hotels, and I was the guest of honor, wearing a bracelet of diamonds and sapphires that he had given me. No one living could do more for me than he does. He cannot understand why I am so lonely, why I cannot be happier. There is nothing more I can want—except the one thing that I cannot have; my husband with me again.

When I named my boy "Arlington," everyone in the family seemed to think that I had done a terrible job of naming him. But he has namesakes all over Nebraska today—boys who were named "Arlington" after the son of the beloved doctor who brought them into the world. I have never seen a man more loved than he was—by the good, the bad, the indifferent. What makes me happiest is that, in many ways, Robert resembles him.

Even though I have given up the house in Beatrice, and expect to spend the rest of my days in California (where I feel the healthiest I ever have in my life), I do want to go back to Beatrice to visit. And I am afraid now. I am afraid that people there will assume that I am a changed person, because my son is a great success. And I ache to let them know that I am not. I ache to tell them just how I feel:

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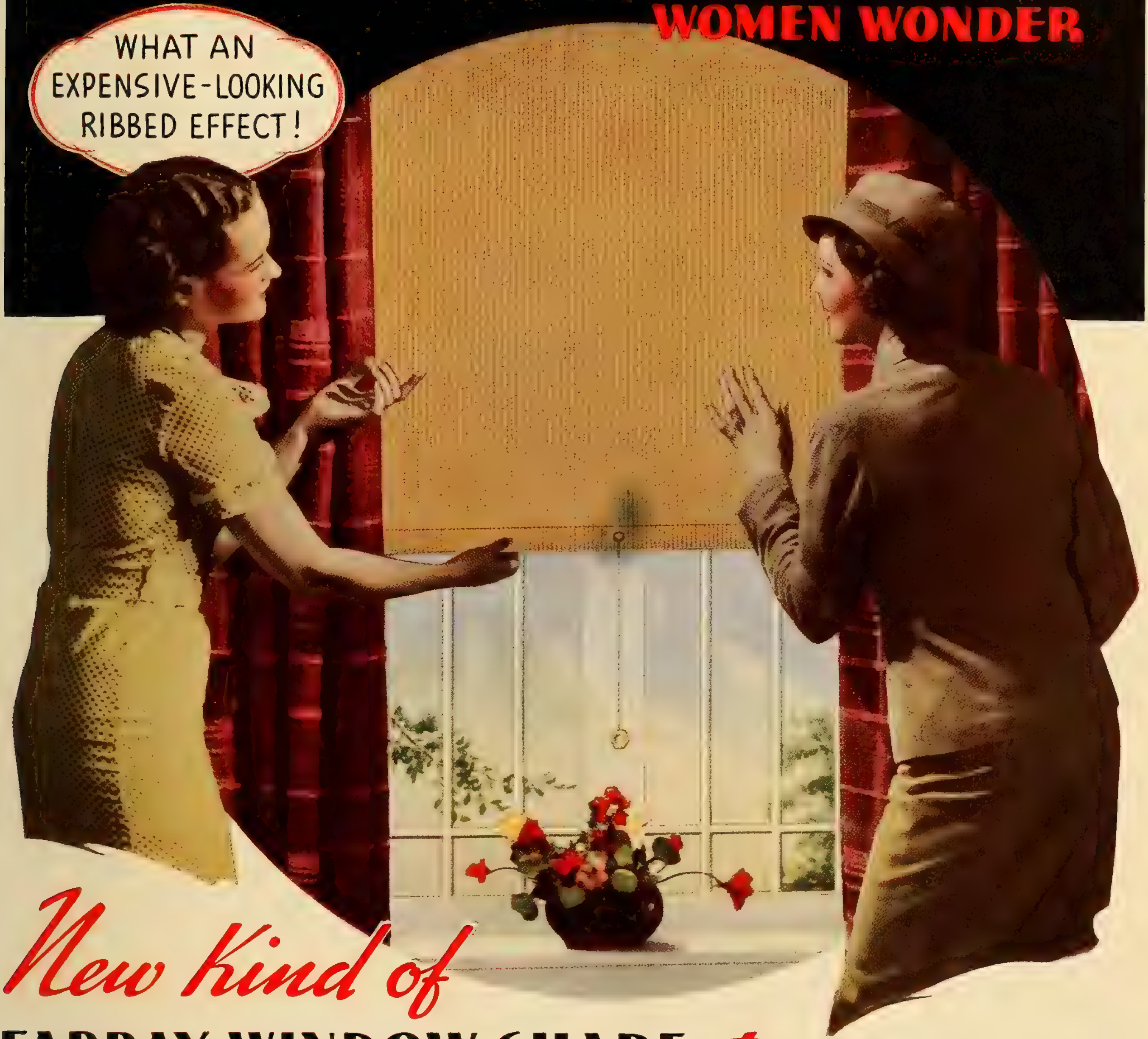
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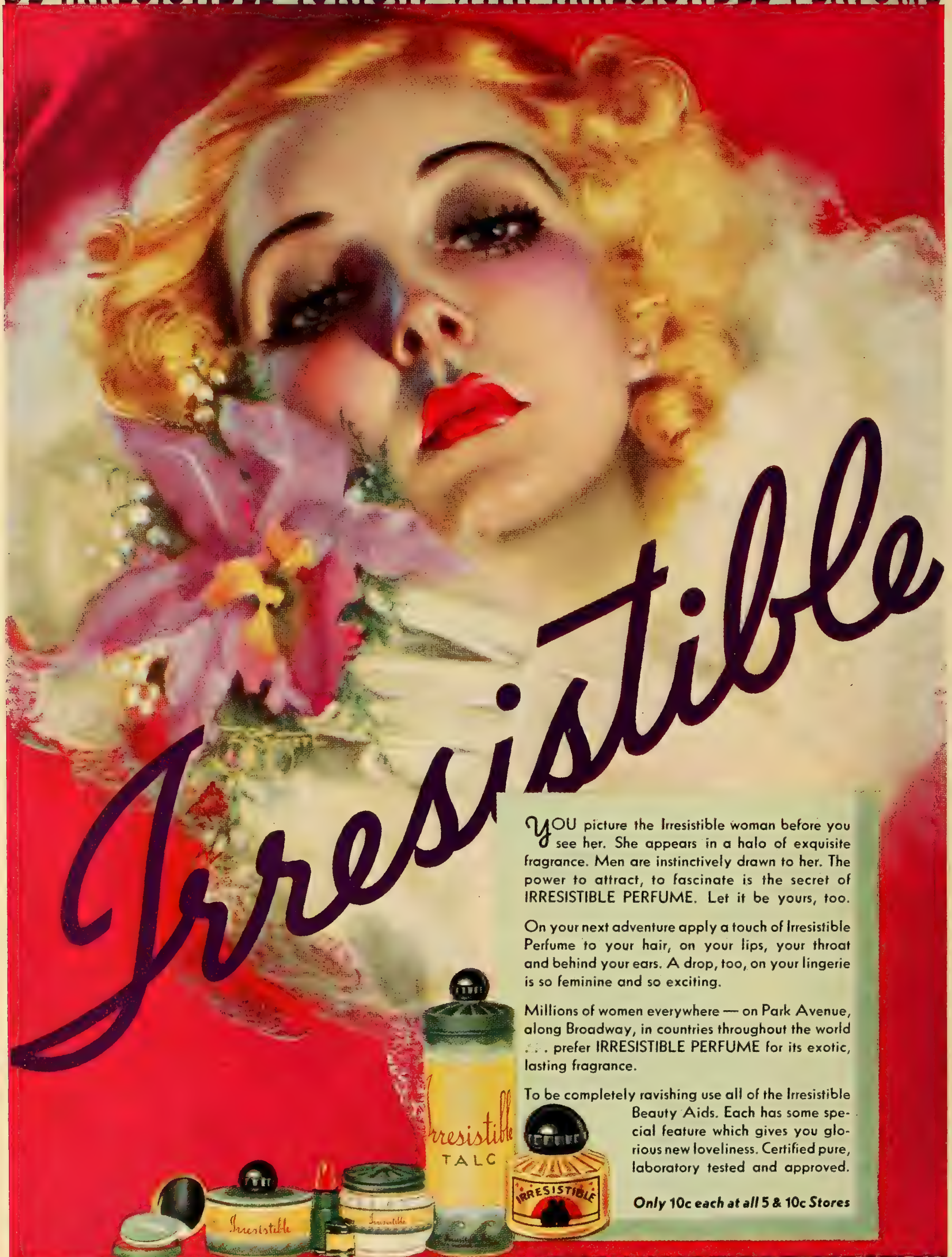

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—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Ave., New York

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BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce their waist and hips *more* than 3 inches in ten days . . . we know we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The letters below are but a few examples chosen at random.

Massage - like action reduces quickly!

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then comfortably, quickly . . . without effort on your part . . . the massage - like action *actually* reduces you at just those spots where excess fat first accumulates.

Read these amazing unsolicited letters!

"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I have reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and lost 60 pounds! I can't thank Perfolastic enough."
Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. And I reduced 26 pounds."
Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

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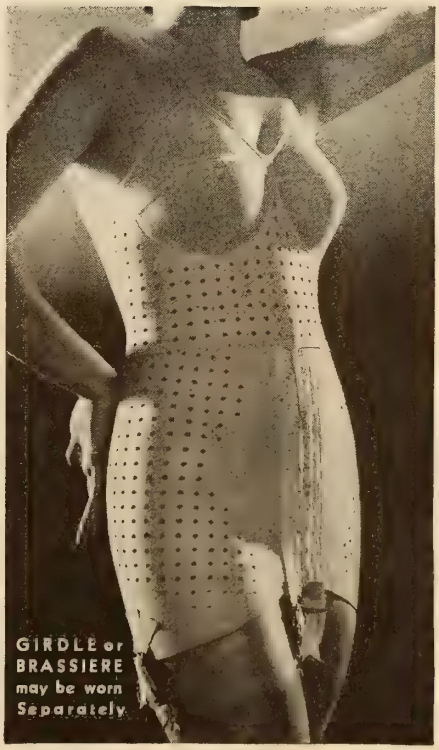
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic".
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.

Notary Public



GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn Separately

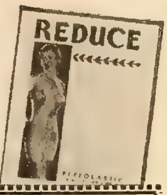
"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

"LOST 47 POUNDS"
"When I first got your girdle my hips measured 51 inches and I weighed 215 pounds. Now I measure 42 inches and weigh 168 pounds."
Mrs. E. M. Riggins, Memphis, Tenn.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body . . . hear the admiring comments of friends.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET!
Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!



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Address............

City............ State............

She's back *(and will you ever forget her in "Broadway Melody of 1936")* in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "Great Ziegfeld" ... brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell (*"Easy to Love", "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Swingin' The Jinx Away", "Hey, Babe, Hey"*, and lots more).

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Starring **ELEANOR POWELL**

with

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UNA MERKEL · SID SILVERS · FRANCES LANGFORD

RAYMOND WALBURN · ALAN DINEHART · BUDDY EBSEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth

OCT 23 1936
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On the Cover

Hollywood's master of natural color photography presents this beautiful study of Binnie Barnes, the fifth of a series posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC.

MOVIE CLASSIC
EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD
HARRY HAMMOND BEALL, Managing Editor

DECEMBER, 1936
VOL. 11 No. 4

E. J. SMITHSON
Executive Editor

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W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

W. M. MESSENGER
General Manager

Go to your favorite newsstand for January MOVIE CLASSIC. You will find it on sale on November 30th.

Published monthly by Motion Picture Publications, Inc., *(a Minnesota Corporation) at Mount Morris, Ill. C. W. Fuller, Advertising Director; General Business offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial Offices, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Mount Morris, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. ~~Copyright 1936 by~~ Motion Picture Corporation, Inc., Harry Hammond Beall, Managing Editor; E. J. Smithson, Assistant Managing Editor. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publishers. Trademark registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Address manuscripts to the Hollywood Editorial Offices. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos. Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; Foreign subscriptions $1.50. Single issues 10c. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to our office at Greenwich, Conn. Advertising forms close on 20th of the third month preceding date of issue. Printed in U.S.A.*

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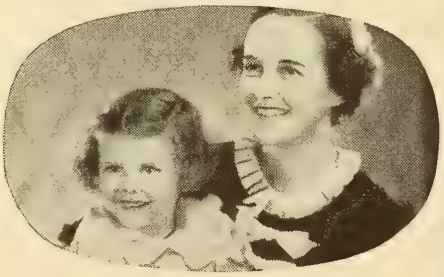
Another Dizzy Spell!

● I had one of those dizzy spells that made me feel sick all over. Felt bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it could be as good as my friends all said it was but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't *think* of using any other laxative.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● When you feel "all clogged up" chew a dainty tablet of FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes—or longer if you wish. It's this 3 minutes of chewing, medical science has proved, that helps make FEEN-A-MINT different, so thoroughly dependable, such a blessing to constipation sufferers. You'll like the cool mint flavor of FEEN-A-MINT. It's convenient and so economical too!



● Next day—happy, full of vim and pep! Bowels regular. FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed relief. It's so gentle. There's no griping, nausea, nor disturbance of sleep. Non-habit-forming. Don't tolerate constipation another day. Use FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing gum laxative. More than 16 million people do

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Slightly higher in Canada

Hollywood Highlights

Our inquisitive sleuth goes a-snooping for inside facts and foibles about the famous ones of Filmdom

by The Boulevardier

WILL the death of Irving Thalberg prove to be the decisive factor that will mean, at last, fulfilment of Garbo's threat to quit the screen forever?

Well, I'll give you the inside dope—and you can draw your own conclusions. Here they are:

1—Not long ago, in a private huddle at MGM, Garbo told a certain department executive there that "the nex' time I go home to Sweden, I will not coom bek."

2—Garbo's health, never throughout her long Hollywood career any too good, is worse today than at any time in the past. Even as I write this, production on "Camille" is being held up because she's too ill to work.

3—Bidding high against land speculators, Garbo's agents in Sweden have just bought for her a secluded thousand-acre estate, about an hour's drive from Stockholm.

4—And now, the Thalberg angle: how many of you know that in Garbo's contract, there is the significant clause that she shall not be required to work in any picture except under the "personal supervision" of Thalberg? Add to that that of all the people on the MGM lot, the only one who ever called her "Greta" was Thalberg! Today, with Thalberg gone, there is no one at the studio who is "close" to her.

5—As for Garbo herself, she has by now amassed a personal fortune that is huge. With it, she can go home to Sweden, live in luxury for the rest of her life, and still have enough to undertake any of the things toward which, in rare confidential moments, she has expressed interest—such as, perhaps, a stage appearance in her homeland.

So there you are. Draw your own conclusions. But to me, it looks pretty much as though, after "Camille," Garbo will be just a screen memory.

Back to Blondism

WISE in the ways of publicity is Joan Crawford. Neatest trick is the one I've just learned about—*Joan Is Going Blonde!*

What with the back-to-brownette parade, started by Jean Harlow, and followed by a whole brigade of the screen's flax-heads, sweeping the land, there's no longer any excitement when another blonde goes dark.

But into the middle of the parade, striding explosively in the opposite direction, suddenly bounds La Crawford with the announcement that she's doing her hair in a very light shade, with a glint of red in it. She's been conferring with MGM's makeup trickster, Jack Dawn, about the shade, and

[*Continued on page* 8]

Jean Harlow in the garden of her home with her three pet dogs—"Nudger", the Newfoundland, "Flying Dutchman", the Dachshund, and "Oscar", the Pom.

Paulette Goddard and Charley Chaplin were interested visitors at the recent West Side Tennis Club matches.

Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.

Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"

One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks

A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

Claudette Colbert
and Fred MacMurray in
"MAID OF SALEM"
A Paramount Picture with Harvey Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced and Directed by FRANK LLOYD

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Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 6*]

has selected the golden-red effect, and, adds Dawn: "She'll be a knockout and it won't surprise me if Joan starts the parade back to blondism!"

One, however, who will NOT follow Joan's lead, will be 20th-Fox's little bundle of French box-office dynamite, Simone Simon. Simone tried going blonde—for just 24 hours—and proved a 100 percent FLOP! This comes to me straight from the inside —and I'd lose somebody a studio job if I told who told me—but here's the story:

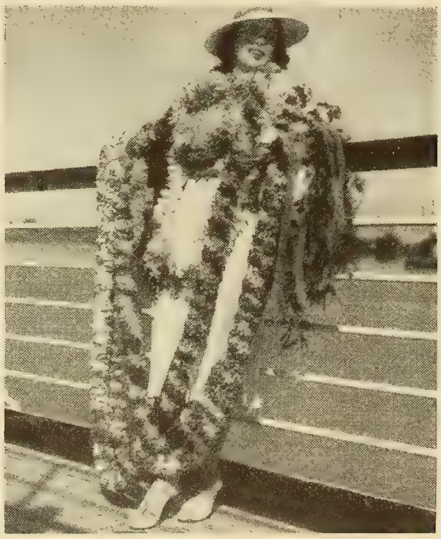
Determined to make their Si-*money* bet even hotter, the Fox bigshots ordered her to go blonde for *Ladies in Love,* wherein she matches histrionics with such scene-stealers as Connie Bennett, Loretta Young, and Janet Gaynor. Simone, who is willing to do anything they tell her to, promptly bleached her dark locks to a near-platinum hue. And they shot a day's rushes of her. Then, when the rushes were shown in the production room, it was discovered that the blonde hair robbed Simone completely and utterly of any trace of that charm, that naivete, that personality which is her big bet for stardom. Blonde, Simone was just another blonde.

The studio execs tore their hair, screamed to Simone to darken her hair again, and hurry up! They held up further Simone shots until her hair was back to its regular hue again. Then they retook all the scenes already made in blonde, carefully sent the blonde shots to the incinerator. And, so they say, even though her part has less footage than Connie's, Loretta's or Janet's, little Simone just about steals *Ladies in Love.*

Imagine Her Embarrassment!

Suppose, dear lady, you were standing all dressed up and regal and important, in the midst of scores of people, with batteries of lights bright on you, and you aware of your perfect appearance. And then suppose that suddenly and without warning, your skirt slipped its single fastening and dropped to the floor, leaving you there in just your scanties and what Nature gave you?

Well, that's what happened to Dolores Del Rio, of *all* people, right on the Columbia stage where she's working in *The Depths Below.* Dolores, flaming crimson, fled for her dressing room, flashing the perfect Dolores legs in a speed-record exit, leaving her skirt behind. The accident revealed, besides Del Rio's perfect proportions, the fact that she has lost five pounds in three weeks. The skirt was fitted (and how!) to her original weight and figure. The five-pound loss between fitting and shooting did the trick that embarrassed Dolores, delighted Richard Dix, Chester Morris, hordes of electricians, grips, and your own Boulevardier who sat on the sidelines watching.



Loretta Young gets a flowery welcome to mid-ocean America when Honolulu admirers smothered her with leis woven from island blossoms. (Photo from Pan-Pacific Press Bureau.)

Newly-weds Joan Blondell and Dick Powell ready to cut a slice of their wedding cake for Captain E. Nielson, skipper of the S.S. Santa Paula.

No Questions, Please

"TOUCHY" is an inadequate word to describe the way Carole Lombard has suddenly gotten about her—uh—*friendship* with Clark Gable. Heretofore quite unconcerned about who saw them out together, or what was commented about herself and Clark, Carole has suddenly gone very shush-shush about the affair, and carried

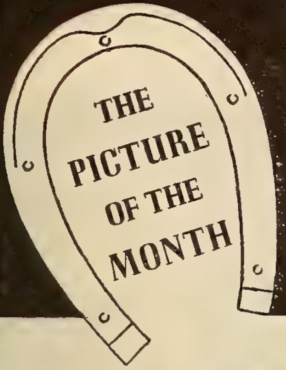
[*Continued on page* 10]

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor were a smiling and happy couple as they signed a license to wed.

WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!


THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

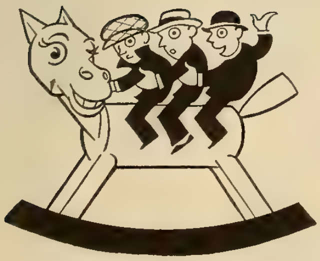
'Oiwin' had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!

"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."

When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!



"3 MEN ON A HORSE"

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE · CAROL
HUGHES · ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE · TEDDY HART

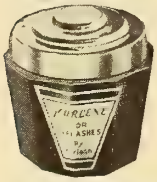
HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by *Jane Heath*

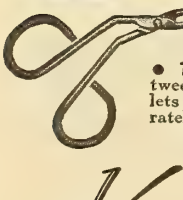
● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the *results*—and *never know* why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.

● ***Lashtint Compact.*** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, *ensuring just the right consistency* to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. $1.



● ***Kurlene.*** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.



● ***Twissors.*** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SB-12. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 8]

Maureen O'Sullivan and Husband John Farrow as they appeared after their wedding ceremony.

it, just the other day, to the point where she abruptly terminated an interview when the writer asked her a few questions about how she felt toward Clark. Since then, Carole has flatly refused to see *any* interviewers, fearing they'd ask her more Gable-queries.

For his own end, Gable remains mum, too. However, is it significant that Clark has just instructed his lawyer to go into court to ask the Superior Judge to definitely ratify and make court order of his off-the-record settlement with his estranged wife, Rhea? You know, up to now, Clark and Rhea have been just living apart under an off-stage property agreement—with no move toward divorce. But Clark's recent move *may* be the opening of actual divorce proceedings.

And I wonder what that possibility, together with Carole's sudden touchiness, indicates—if anything.

For Our Lifted Eyebrows Dept.

EVEN blasé Hollywood, which doesn't crane its neck very often, or get excited about ex's and currents, worked itself into a lather at the Assistance League lunchroom the other day.

It seems that one of the waitresses-for-the-day (screen stars and Hollywood matrons take turns at serving, you know) was Grace Tibbett, divorced wife of Larry, who still (so Hollywood rumors) carries the torch. And, apparently unaware of the fact that his *ex*-wife was waiting on table there, in strode Larry Tibbett himself for lunch—with his current wife!

Well, as I said, there was a terrific straining of eyes and craning of necks to see what would happen. Everybody was wondering whether fate would lead Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett to the table where the former Mrs. Tibbett was serving—in the preferred upstairs dining room. But, instead, someone connected with the League was seen to hurry to Larry's side and whisper something to him. Nobody knows what the whisper was—but everybody knows that Larry suddenly turned—and he and Mrs. Tibbett had their lunch in the *downstairs* patio.

Goodness Gracious, Gracie!

Gracie Allen wants something said about the dumbness of Hollywood traffic cops.

Gracie has just learned to drive and a few days ago she was moving slowly along Wilshire Boulevard when she came to an intersection. A cop held up his hand.

"Hey," he said, "you can't make a left turn!"

"I sure can," retorted Gracie. "And don't insult my driving."

"He was so pleased," Gracie said later, "that he chased me and gave me his autograph; but Georgie Porgie, my husband, thinks it's a traffic ticket."

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg were among the film notables who attended the Stowkowski concert at the Hollywood Bowl.

Designing Men of Hollywood

WHEN you see the gorgeous gowns worn by Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, and other ladies in *Dodsworth*, you know they are the creations of that youthful fashion designer, Omar Kiam.

Kiam, and that's his real name, too, is a native of Texas, as is Travis Banton, the equally clever designer at Paramount.

And Adrian, who designs the gorgeous gowns for Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and other Metro stars, is a native of Naugatuck, a whistle stop in Connecticut.

All of which sums up to this:

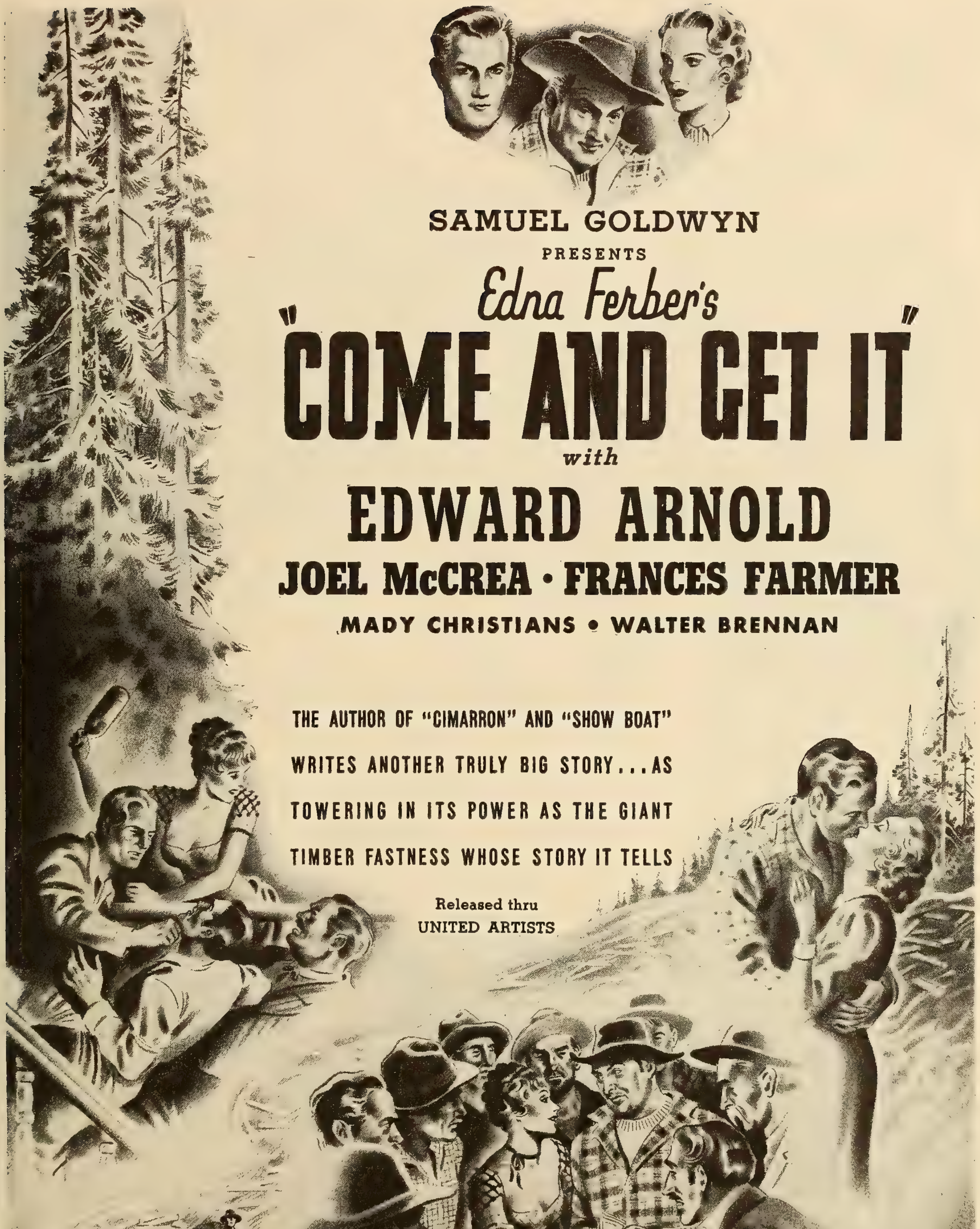
"How are you going to keep them down on the farm when Hollywood needs them to out-fashion Gay Paree?"

In the Money

AN executive of the banking corporation for which Shirley Temple's father acts as branch manager is authority for the statement that Shirley has reached her first million—and we mean dollars.

And not a penny of that is studio money.

[*Continued on page* 12]



SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

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with

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JOEL McCREA • FRANCES FARMER

MADY CHRISTIANS • WALTER BRENNAN

THE AUTHOR OF "CIMARRON" AND "SHOW BOAT" WRITES ANOTHER TRULY BIG STORY . . . AS TOWERING IN ITS POWER AS THE GIANT TIMBER FASTNESS WHOSE STORY IT TELLS

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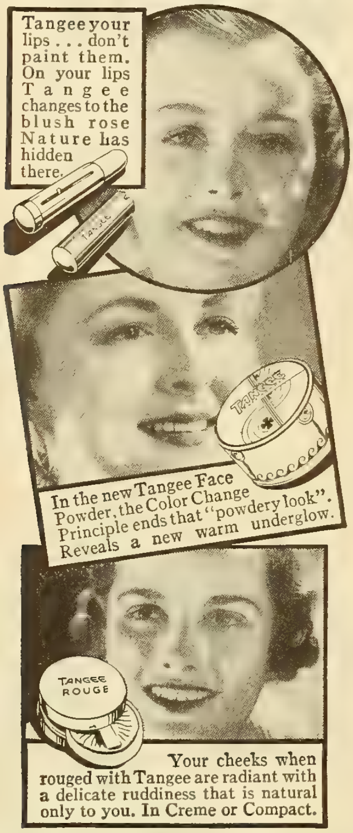
UNITED ARTISTS

HOW TO AVOID THAT "Made-up" LOOK

Be colorful . . . but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge intensifies your own natural coloring.

Today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is *your* coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier . . . in your own way.


Tangee your lips . . . don't paint them. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush rose Nature has hidden there.
TANGEE
In the new Tangee Face Powder, the Color Change Principle ends that "powdery look". Reveals a new warm underglow.
TANGEE ROUGE
Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee are radiant with a delicate ruddiness that is natural only to you. In Creme or Compact.

Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Powder is 55¢ and $1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83¢. Lipstick is 39¢ and $1.10.

• BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name________ Please Print
Address________
City________ State________

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 10]

The fortune that has been put aside for her came entirely from commercial tieups of every character, mostly from the Shirley Temple dolls.

As Simple as That!

GEORGIE RAFT tells of meeting a "bit" player on Hollywood Boulevard. The actor, who has had but little work of late, was carrying a cigar box under his arm.

"Buying special smokes?" queried George.

"No," replied the actor, "I'm moving!"

Our Best Wishes to Both

ARLINE JUDGE and Wesley Ruggles have had the film colony puzzled for months by reason of their separations, reconciliations, and the like.

Arline is going to Europe shortly, with her son, and close friends say there will be no divorce.

Arline and Wesley have an agreement to actually try living apart sans divorce for a few months and then get together or else.

Those who love them both hope the trial separation will be only that.

They're mighty nice people and, really, very fond of each other.

And So to Bed!

THAT gorgeous bed of the late John Gilbert has finally been sold and for $1,250, whereas, at the public auction of Gilbert's effects the auctioneer could not get one bid.

The person who finally bought the bed is the owner of a mountain resort hotel in Pennsylvania.

He plans to install it in a large room and let it be known it is the "Honeymoon Bed."

Wedding Bells

HENRY FONDA'S wedding to that New York socialite, Mrs. George T. Brokaw, glittered like the height of DeMille-ism. High hats that gleamed, diamonds that scintillated, backgrounded the fashionable wedding in a snooty New York Church. Amusing though that not a movie big shot attended the ceremony—only New York society figures, and outside, a flock of Fonda's fans. In Hollywood, little attention was paid to Fonda's marriage—Henry's more of a Broadway stage-ite than a Hollywood filmster, it seems. Only Jimmy Stewart, whose house Henry shared out here, lamented the defection of his pal from the bachelor ranks.

Meanwhile, Henry's ex-wife, Margaret Sullavan (for a while, there was talk that Henry might remarry her) has been stepping out with Leland Hayward, in Hollywood. Turning her back, even, on her other ex-hubby, Willie Wyler, with whom she had been nite-clubbing. But Wyler, undaunted, is now casting sheeps-eyes at pretty Andrea Leeds, the new Sam Goldwyn starlet.

Unselfish Gesture

ALWAYS, Hollywood has fun with trick insurance.

Consider, for instance, young Bobby Breen, that golden-voiced tear-jerker. He's only 8 years old now, and usually a boy's voice doesn't change until the teens. BUT the producer who has him under contract has already taken out insurance against voice-changing!

And 20th-Fox, preparing to film *Lloyds of London,* took out production insurance for the feature through Lloyds of London.

Meantime, a new form of insurance has hit Hollywood pet owners. Terrified by a recent outbreak of dog-poisoning, they've succeeded in getting Lloyds to issue $1,000 policies on their favorite pedigreed canines. Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford have taken out the policies on their pets. It provides that in the event one of the dogs is killed by poison, Lloyds will spend up to $1,000 to apprehend, prosecute, and convict the poisoner, but not a cent of the indemnity is to go to the personal uses of the dog's owner.

On the Up-Grade

GRANT WITHERS, once at the top among stars, more recently down in the has-been dumps, is making a gallant comeback.

Grant's career was hectic. There are those, close to him, who say he couldn't stand prosperity, let it go to his head. In Hollywood, that's usually the best way out. Anyway, Grant faded from the screen, was reduced to taking minor roles of extra calibre at times. He and his wife moved from stardom surroundings into a dinky apartment of three rooms, and took the raps.

Now Lady Luck has smiled on Grant. He's got a new Paramount contract. And knocks of adversity have knocked off the cranial bumps, for Grant is working hard, and he's just been cast in a lead role at Universal, on loan from Par. His income's rapidly shooting skyward again—BUT, having learned his lesson, Grant, it's significant to note, is still living in the dinky three-room apartment!

Headed for the Altar?

DON'T be surprised if Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers finally get married within a few weeks of the time you read this—if not sooner! After the recent long period in which Hollywood imagined their romance had cooled, Mary and Buddy are suddenly hitting the high spots again, together. Buddy has been squiring her all over Hollywood, and they don't even bother now, to deny that wedding bells are near. It will probably be just before Mary's soon-to-start trip to Europe—and they'll probably make it a honeymoon.

However, Mary isn't letting Buddy have a complete monopoly on her time yet. The other night, she suddenly appeared at a Hollywood night club with three—count 'em, three!—escorts and not one of them was Buddy Rogers!! They were Phillips Holmes, Ivan (I-kiss-your-hand-madame) Lebedeff, and Otto Klement.

Mary, by the way, has just made it definite by public announcement that she has at last quit the films for good—as an actress, that is. Never again will she appear before the camera, she told a few friends. However, she will continue to produce movies.

[*Continued on page* 14]

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE

Russell Patterson

3 GREAT *Contributions* TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By **RUSSELL PATTERSON**

FOR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling! Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want to tell you, in a few well-chosen words—and pictures—about the three approaching attractions that I like best.

Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song hits, in "Pennies From Heaven"

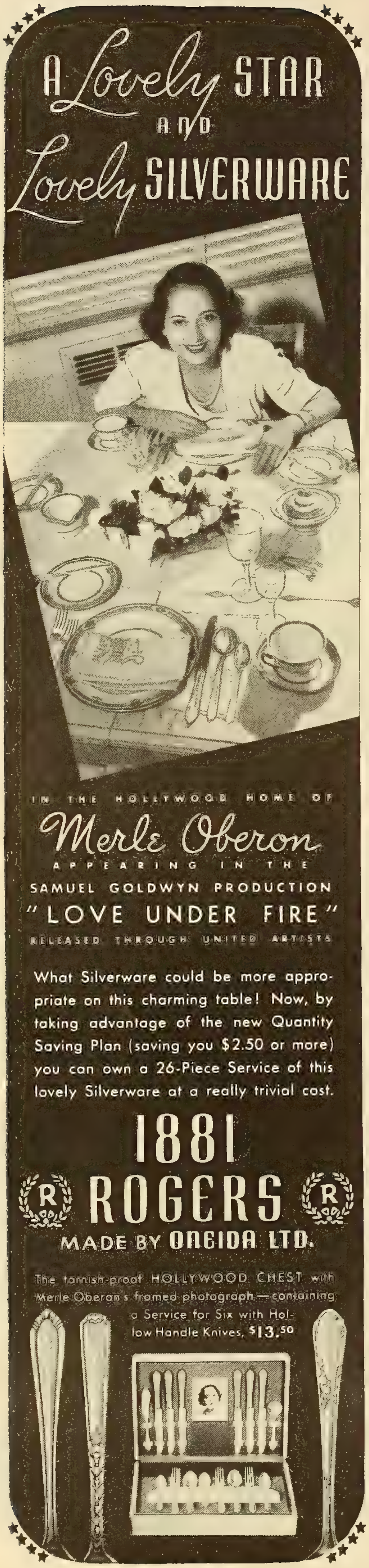
The first one you'll see will be the new Bing Crosby show—"Pennies From Heaven". Here's the *funniest* picture Bing's ever made. It's his first for Columbia—an engagingly human romance with five grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the *greatest* treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star rôle...a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one.

"Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".

Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.


A Lovely STAR AND Lovely SILVERWARE

IN THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF

Merle Oberon

APPEARING IN THE

SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION

"LOVE UNDER FIRE"

RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

What Silverware could be more appropriate on this charming table! Now, by taking advantage of the new Quantity Saving Plan (saving you $2.50 or more) you can own a 26-Piece Service of this lovely Silverware at a really trivial cost.

1881 ROGERS

MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

The tarnish-proof HOLLYWOOD CHEST with Merle Oberon's framed photograph—containing a Service for Six with Hollow Handle Knives, $13.50

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 12]

Big Property Man

IF YOU ARE looking to find something serious in any of Eleanor Powell's dancing dates, I'm afraid you'll just have to wait and wait. For Mrs. Powell tells us that while Eleanor has crushes and loves a good dancer, she will undoubtedly marry an older man. Stepping out to night clubs and the gay spots mean nothing to her—she worked in them for so long. She wants to marry a man who has really accomplished something—an artist, writer, producer—some one who can guide and take care of her. Mrs. Powell also believes that the fact that Eleanor was brought up without the wisdom and guidance that only a father can give has made her look for those qualities in a husband rather than for just the gay hilarity of youth.

Still it doesn't look like Jimmy Stewart's heart will be broken for he is escorting Virginia Bruce now as much as he did Eleanor. As a matter of fact you can't walk with him through the publicity department at Metro without him stopping at every picture of Virginia and exclaiming at her beauty. We were admiring several photographs taken at a birthday party that she gave for her small daughter, Susan, and raving about how pretty the child was. "The mother is sorta pretty too, don't you think?" commented Jimmy drily, smiling.

Restrictions

THIS ITEM IS for little boys whose cherished dream is, not to be a traffic cop or fireman, but to be a Clark Gable or a Bob Taylor. The studios take great precautions that nothing happens to their children while they are at work on a picture to ruin them for the Great God Box Office. It's long been known that Spencer Tracy, who dotes on polo and is one of the film colony's best, has to sit in a chair for months on end during picture periods. Ditto Robert Montgomery, Paul Kelly and John Boles. Then there's Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable and Wallace Beery, who, during pictures, are forbidden their favorite excitement of flying. Buddy Ebsen can only have his hair trimmed once every six months. And William Powell who had to face guffawing friends and snickering fans with a bum's beard of his own growing for *My Man Godfrey*. But the final annoyance was reached when Bob Taylor was told to keep out of the sun while working on *Camille*. A healthy color wasn't known of in those days. "That's the only part I don't like about picture-making," said Bob. "This business of having to take womanish care of myself." So if little boys think their mothers are cruel in insisting that they wash behind the ears, just think for a moment of the poor movie stars who sometimes can't have no fun 't'all!

On Your Marx

THE MARX BROTHERS have a very disquieting effect on everyone, it seems. Writers George Seaton and Robert Pirosh have been working with them for seven months, yet didn't realize how worn they were until they went to send a few days in a sanitarium to gather material for the new Marx picture *A Day At the Races* which has a sanitarium background, as the title doesn't tell. They got all their material, came back to Hollywood and then suddenly disappeared. Three days later they showed up again, explaining that they had found the sanitarium life so peaceful that they went back for three days more of rest and quiet.

The Marx Brothers do their best to upset everybody who works with them. Groucho persists in making ad-lib comments to throw his brothers off their lines. This little quip upset the rehearsal and Director Sam Woods' disposition for about twenty minutes. "My foot's asleep," said Chico in the scene they were rehearsing.

"Could it be the dialogue?" asked nasty Groucho.

MOVIE CLASSIC is entirely written and edited in Hollywood where its writers are in constant personal contact with your favorite stars. MOVIE CLASSIC each month brings you the intimate gossip that is being talked about in drawing rooms and the swanky Hollywood night spots by the stars themselves. Watch each month for *Hollywood Highlights* in MOVIE CLASSIC.

Harry Hammond Beall, new managing editor of Fawcett Publications, Inc., was honored with a dinner by publicity chiefs of leading studios on his appointment, and presented with a colossal autographed dictionary by the scribes. At Beall's left, with his hand on Beall's shoulder, is Harry Brand of 20th Century Fox and right, Howard Strickling of MGM

Likes 'Em Exotic

FRANCIS LEDERER seems to lean toward the exotic in his taste in women. First there was Steffi Duna, a Hungarian dancer, whom he encouraged to come to America and whom he requested to play with him in his picture, *Man of Two Worlds.* Then there was Mary Anita Loos, who parts her sleek black hair in the center and wears it low on her neck, and who prates of Egyptology. And now, Mr. Lederer is escorting Margo, the stormy Mexican actress, to the various night spots. And Margo is perfectly willing, for once, to put her duenna on the shelf and go out with him alone.

Here is a goofy thing. Recently Francis, who is a teetotalers, gave away bottles of fine old Scotch after he finished *My American Wife* at Paramount. But with the spoken wish, "I hope you won't drink it."

Blames His Stooges

TED HEALY has hit the rocks and is soon to appear in the divorce court to be freed from his bride of less than a year.

Mrs. Ted claims Ted's stooges ruined their domestic life.

Ted insisted on bringing the "stooges" home with him and they were always doing their acts with resultant damage to the furniture and the peace of mind of Mrs. Ted.

"The stooges made me what I am today," insists Ted.

And Mrs. Ted agrees that they made him what he is going to be—an ex-husband.

New Heartthrob

CARY GRANT, who is considered quite something of a nice young man by most of the gals in Hollywood, has been keeping a lot of company with Roberta Cooper who it must be said isn't at all hard to look at.

Photo by Charles Rhodes

Nelson Eddy and his mother as they appeared at the premiere of *Romeo and Juliet*

Now... a lovelier way to avoid offending!

KEEP *Fragrantly* DAINTY

...BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

YOU are so much more than just sweet and clean, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet!

For while its rich, deep-cleansing lather guards you completely from any chance of body odor . . . its exquisite, flower-like perfume keeps you alluringly fragrant.

Hours after you step from your bath Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like scent still clings glamorously about you . . . because it has the *lingering* quality found only in rare and costly perfumes!

No wonder fastidious women all over America now bathe only with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the perfumed soap that brings you a *lovelier way* to avoid offending!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet Soap costs only 10¢ a cake! The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes.

You will find this lovely Cashmere Bouquet at all drug, department and tencent stores. Why not get three cakes today?

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢ - THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Fans and Fan Clubs

by Harmony Haynes

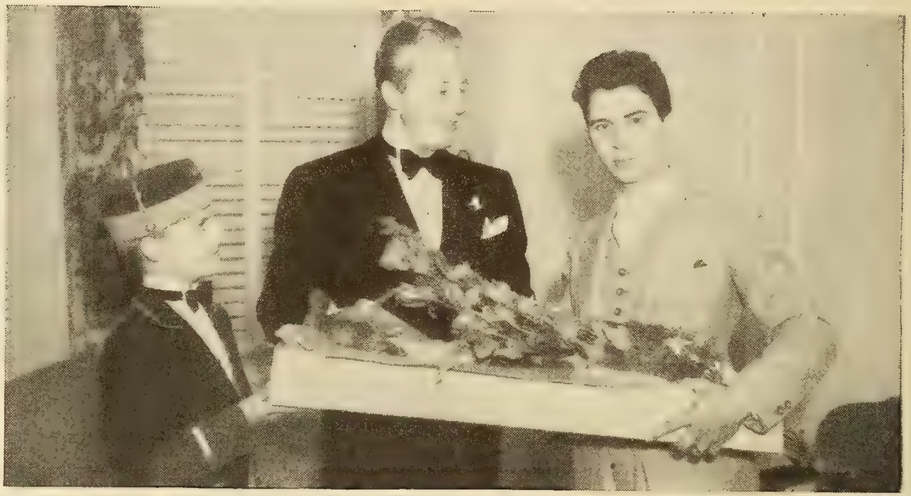


Photo by Charles Rhodes

On his birthday, August 13th, Gene Raymond was presented with flowers by Richard Carroll, President of Raymond's fan club. Richard came from Chicago to make the presentation on behalf of thousands of the R.K.O. star's fans.

THE purpose of this department is to shorten the distance between Hollywood and the rest of the world. Particularly that part of the world wherein real movie fans reside. We aim to bring fans and stars closer together by acquainting each with the other through the medium of an outspoken department.

We expect to say what we think, without fear of offending, and we expect the same privilege to be exercised by our readers.

The world is full of loyal fans whose acts of loyalty should be given due credit. Some are individuals, others are banded together in the form of movie clubs. Many have gone a step farther and united their clubs to form two large organizations—*The Fan Club Federation* and *The Movie Club Guild*.

Fan Clubs are not new. They have been in existence for a quarter of a century but it is only in the last few years that they realized that *in unity there is strength,* and united to request recognition from producers and the press. In other words, Fan Clubs have come into their own.

And just what *is* a Fan Club?

That question may sound a bit unnecessary to some of you but, believe it or not, I am answering it via the personal letter route almost daily.

A Fan Club, briefly, is a number of persons whose admiration for one particular star, have united them in a common cause—to further the popularity of that star.

How to start a Fan Club!

I also receive many letters asking that question, and some of the letters amaze me. Many of them are from persons totally ignorant of the work and purpose of fan clubs.

A Fan Club is hard work and lots of it and it *is* expensive. But dues, you say, are charged to cover the expense. That is true, but it is also untrue, for never yet have we had a club where the dues covered the entire expense of the club. And because the members have paid in their dues, they must receive something for their money.

You might wonder what expense a club could have. Let us list a few. To begin with there are membership cards, application blanks, stationery, postage. Quite an item, eh?

Then there is the club paper, for all good clubs do issue a club paper of some sort. Some are typed, some are mimeographed, some are printed, but they all cost money—from five dollars an issue, on up. Did you happen to see *Blue Velvet Notes?* It is the paper for Dottie Mae Hulse's Vera Van Club. That issue cost $64.15. The *Reynolds Rumpus,* the paper for John Garrison's Craig Reynolds club, cost $75.00 for the first issue.

Of course, the star helps with the expenses. They always send photos to new members, they furnish prizes for contests, they send news for the club paper. Some of them go to the expense of paying all or part of the printing of the paper.

However, all this should be taken up with the star at the time you ask for the star's permission to start a club. I mention this because in checking clubs, I find that in the majority of cases, a fan writes a star asking permission to start a club, without outlining what is expected of the star. Then begin the hinting or begging letters—first it is pictures, then postage, then prizes and usually winding up with a request to buy a mimeograph, or pay for the printing of a paper.

This annoys a star. Why shouldn't it? And it could all be avoided if you would sit down with a pencil and paper and figure the cost of such a club, and decide definitely and for all time, what you expect the star to do for your club. Then present your findings and figures to the star and give that star an opportunity to refuse or accept your proposition.

If you will do that, then we won't have, as we do have now, stars who are secretly disappointed in their clubs. We won't have clubs starting off with a bang and ending up with a battle.

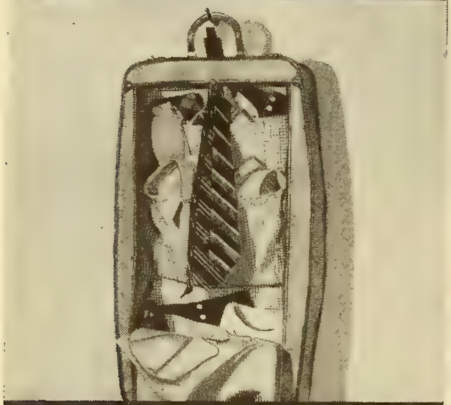
In order to strengthen your clubs it would be wise to affiliate with either *The Fan Club Federation* or *The Movie Club Guild*—or both.

These organizations have been in ex-

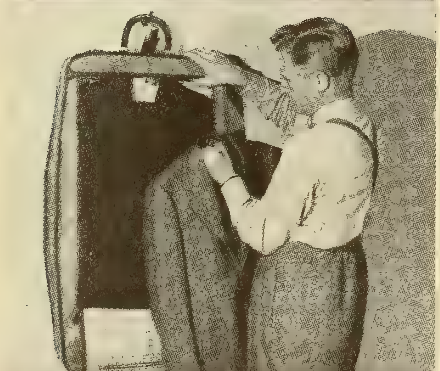
TAKE A GIFT TIP FROM GEORGE RAFT

Paramount's famous star travels with VAL-A-PAK, the only piece of luggage that will deliver a suit en route as freshly pressed as when it's packed.

VAL-A-PAK is literally a portable clothes closet. Separate compartments for shirts, underwear, etc. Everything orderly and easily accessible.



VAL-A-PAK saves pressing bills. Suits (there is room for two) hang on regulation hangers, air cushioned against wrinkling or mussing.



VAL-A-PAK comes in fabric and leather models ranging in price from $8.95 to $50.00. At leading luggage and men's wear shops. Atlantic Products Corporation, Trenton, New Jersey.

Prices West of The Mississippi 10% Higher

Patented

THE Styled Val-A-Pak WARDROBE

istence several years and their purpose is to promote the welfare of fan clubs and fan club members and through them to advance motion picture entertainment. They make it their business to weed out undesirable, or so called "racket" clubs.

They have regular meetings at which time they delve deeply in the work of clubs and of motion pictures, publicity, and anything and everything that has to do with the betterment of theatre and motion picture entertainment.

Questions to be voted upon can be presented either in person or by proxy.

A paper is issued at regular intervals by both organizations—*Fan Club Fare*, for the Federation, and *Guildegrams* for the Guild.

Miss Irene Brettmann, 895 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., is president of the Federation.

Miss Lillian Conrad, 4822 N. Meade Ave., Chicago, is president of the Guild.

FRANCES FEATHER—yes, that's her real name, has charge of one of the many Dick Powell Clubs and tells us that they have branches in California, Washington, D. C., Sioux City, Montreal, Rochester and many other places.

She has a letter from Dick Powell saying that she is president of one of his three pet clubs. Now just who could the other two be?

Lucile Carlson, prexy of the Alice White Club, together with Evelyn Krause, a club member, is in Hollywood and are guests of none other than Alice White herself. Lucile is so busy seeing stars right now that we couldn't make her sit down long enough to tell us about the trip. We'll have her write it for us later.

Irene Brettmann, president of The Fan Federation, is also in Hollywood on a prolonged vacation. Ditto for Lillian Conrad, president of the Movie Club Guild. There seems to be something brewing as to the future of fan clubs and maybe, just maybe, we'll get the outcome of their conferences in time for the next issue.

Richard Carroll, secretary of the Gene Raymond Club, came to town and was the guest of Gene on the set. Mrs. Kipling, Gene's mother, took him to lunch and for a tour of Hollywood.

Dottie Mae Hulse, prexy of the Vera Van Club, spent the summer in Hollywood and is now touring the United States with her father. But she tells us that she will be back to spend the winter with us.

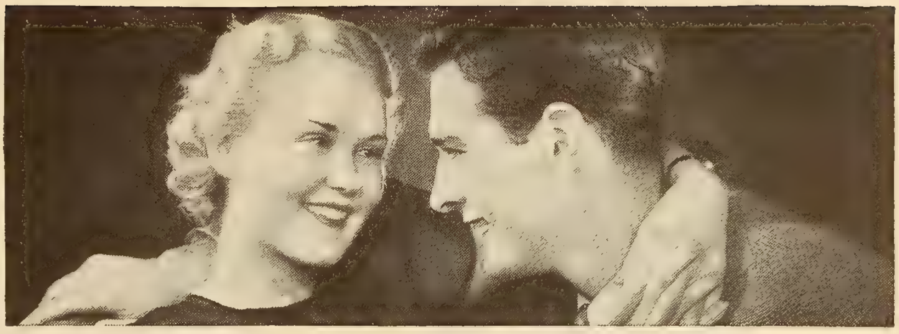
Helen Moltz, head of the Joel McCrea Club, came to town to spend a couple of days, one of them with Joel and his lovely wife, Frances Dee.

A letter from Marilyn Bonnell, president of the Buddy Rogers Club, says, "I went down to Chicago and spent the day with Buddy while he was appearing there with his stage unit and had a grand time. I had to make a 92 mile trip but it was worth it. I met his mother for the first time and I was thrilled stiff. I also had a chance to see his father again."

Little Mary Scales, who is a member of the Robert Taylor Club, is a very tiny, very charming, very interesting young lady. Her home is in Texas but she is star reporter for the Logan County Banner, at Logan, North Carolina. One day little Mary (she weighs 80 pounds) hitch-hikes to Charlestown, a hundred miles away to interview Madame Schumann-Heinck, and the next day she treks twenty miles back into the Hill-billy country to run down a murder story.

Tired of the old grind, she hopped a plane and came to Hollywood for a week end. She had luncheon with Robert Taylor and his mother, then spent the after-

[*Continued on page* 58]



"It's the true Love Gift"

..*Says* **ROSALIND RUSSELL**
enchanting M-G-M screen star

HOMES begin in hope chests. So, be sure you choose one that gives absolute moth protection. Lane is the only cedar chest that is factory-tested for aroma-tightness. It has a special patented inside finish that evens aroma flow and prevents the interior from becoming oily or sticky. As proof of positive moth protection, you get with this modern chest a moth insurance policy, free. See the glorious new Lane models with superbly finished hardwood exteriors now at your Lane dealer's store.

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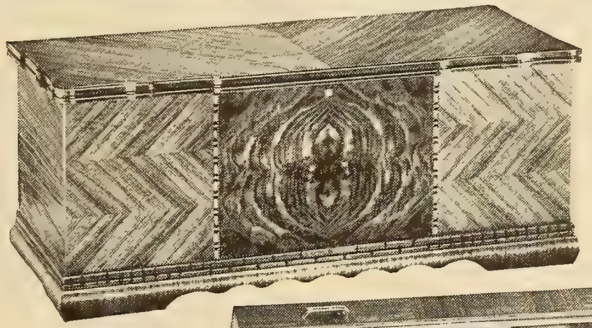

4-piece matched walnut stump center panel and matched, quartered walnut on either side, divided by marquetry. Automatic rising top...

Special

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Slightly Higher in West and in Canada

The Rosalind Russell Chest—smartly modern in design with center panel of walnut stump and end panels of walnut separated by elm burl. New patented automatic double tray.

Free Moth Insurance Policy with each Lane Chest

LANE HOPE CHESTS
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

READ HOW SKINNY GIRLS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. NEW QUICK WAY

Posed by professional models

Thousands gaining normal attractive curves *—in just a few weeks!*

SKINNY, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce can take new hope from the experience of thousands of others with this new scientific treatment that is sweeping the country. These others have gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh this new easy way *—in just a few weeks!*

What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Why it builds up so quickly

Scientists recently discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times*—made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in a few weeks, as they have thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2812, Atlanta, Ga.

The Show Window

Frank reviews of the latest screen offerings

by

E. J. Smithson

EXCEPTIONAL

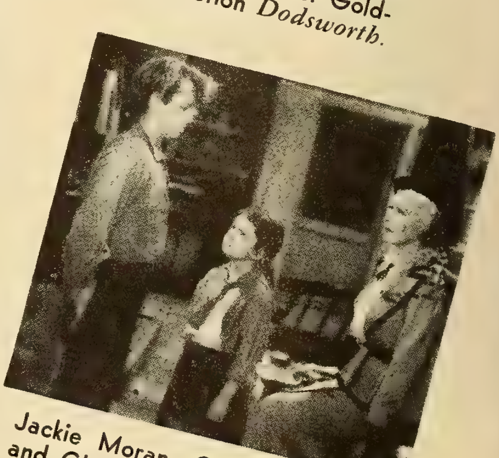
RAMONA—This screen version of Helen Hunt Jackson's love story is breath-taking in its beauty. Its dramatic appeal and haunting charm is increased by the use of technicolor. Loretta Young's performance is, beyond question, the best of her career and she plays the rôle of Ramona with quiet restraint and exquisite romantic appeal. She is even more beautiful as the raven-haired heroine than she is in her natural blonde loveliness. Don Ameche, of radio fame, is most convincing as Allesandro, her Indian lover. Pauline Frederick is excellent as the domineering Spanish mother of Kent Taylor, who is also in love with Ramona. The entire cast, featuring Katherine deMille, John Carradine, Jane Darwell, Pedro deCordoba and Victor Kilian, unite in producing a picture of exceptional interest.—*20th Century-Fox.*

DODSWORTH—This powerful and emotional stage play comes to life on the screen with the story of a woman's futile effort against growing old. This is a triumph for Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor. Walter Huston, as Dodsworth, a retired automobile salesman who is terribly in love with his romance-seeking wife, carries the rôle with a completeness which leaves one with the feeling that only he could play it. The story carries them to Europe where Fran Dodsworth has one amorous adventure after another in her futile attempt to regain her youth until finally Huston is driven to a lonely tour of the continent. He finds rest and contentment in the Italian villa of Edith Cortright (Mary Astor). Miss Chatterton's portrayal of the defeated woman is the finest she has ever done. Mary Astor shows a strength and power never before revealed to her screen audiences. Paul Lukas, David Niven, Gregory Gaye and many others add to this excellent cast. Dodsworth is a picture that will linger long in the memory of those who see it.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE is everything fine that a picture can or should be. It is the story of a scarlet woman who finds happiness in bringing up a small boy and girl that have been practically thrown into her lap. The story begins in a small town in Louisiana, then moves to the big city. Over a period of years the children grow into manhood and womanhood. Carrie devotes her life to mak-

Loretta Young and Don Ameche give brilliant performances in *Ramona.*

Ruth Chatterton and Walter Huston in a scene from Samuel Goldwyn's lavish production *Dodsworth.*



Jackie Moran, Charlene Wyatt and Gladys George in a touching scene from the superb drama, *Valiant Is The Word For Carrie.*

ing them happy. There are tears and laughter but the laughs are sincere and real. There is none of the slapstick attempts so often used to get laughs. Carrie Snyder, played by Gladys George, deserves the highest praise for a grand job of acting. The rest of the cast has Arline Judge, John Howard, Dudley Digges, Harry Cary, Isabel Jewell, Jackie Moran, Charlene Wyatt, John Wray, William Collier Sr., Hattie McDaniels and others. For those who enjoy a good story, top acting, tears and laughs, see it by all means.—*Paramount.*

EXCELLENT

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY—A superbly directed story enacted by a group of artists who, by their work in this picture, once again prove to fans that they are capable of superb acting. The plot goes back to those times in American history when the country was still suffering from "growing pains" . . . Most of the action takes place in Washington, D.C. Parts of the story are fictional and except for historically prominent personages, the characters are also. . . . The story concerns those in high places during the days of Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) and Peggy Eaton's (Joan Crawford) love for her country as against her love for John Randolph (Melvyn Douglas). Robert Taylor is splendid as a young naval officer who woos and wins the hand of Joan Crawford only to lose his life in the tropics. Franchot Tone, as Secretary of War under Jackson, whom Crawford later marries, carries his part to perfection. . . . "Rowdy Dow" (James Stewart) adds to the picture entertainment. . . . When you see *The Gorgeous Hussy,* you will see a noteworthy picture. Beulah Bondi shares acting honors with Lionel Barrymore and Joan Crawford.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE DEVIL IS A SISSY—Toughness is having the nerve to do what is right. The devil was once an angel, but the job was too tough for him, so he scrammed.—Hence, "the devil was a sissy." A trio of troupers, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney unite in bringing to the screen a tender but two-fisted story that is rich in humanity and humor and loaded with audience appeal for the entire family. Transplanted from England to the tenements of New York, Freddie is every inch the gentleman, and Mickie and Jackie (as two East Side toughies) learn how to take it like men, from him. Pathos, comedy, excitement and stark drama flash by in rapid succession before the story reaches the final climax.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN—American resourcefulness pitted against oriental cunning and deviltry is the theme of this melodrama. You will find a sombre Gary Cooper (greatly in contrast to "Mr. Deeds" in this, but you will admire his cool daring and enormous vitality. The plot is heavy with the intrigue of Chinese Civil war. Cooper, as the champion of long-suffering Chinese common-people, is selected for the dangerous rôle of gun-runner. He is balked in his attempted raid by the intervention of Madeleine Carroll, beautiful daughter of Porter Hall, rival plotter, who is in the services of Akim Tamiroff, a greedy, relentless Chinese war lord. The story is unrelieved by any touch of humor, but the fine photography and excellent characterizations, plus excitement, suspense and romance, make it well worth seeing.—*Paramount.*

[*Continued on page 66*]

15¢-Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/3 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin—the Thing to Take for Fast Relief

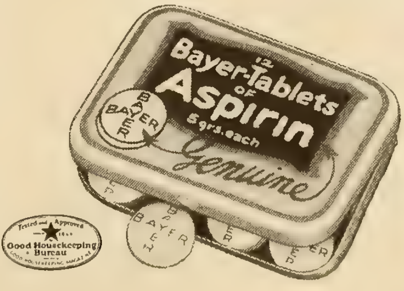
Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way — BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today — yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

This will act to fight fever, cold pains and the cold itself. And it will save you from taking strong medicines for a cold. Medicines that often upset the whole system. Relief comes rapidly.

Get the genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15c FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c
Virtually 1c a tablet


12 Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin 5 grs. each
Genuine
BAYER
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Men and Make-up

Any woman can make her face her fortune, says Max Factor, the man who knows all the beauty answers, if she follows the advice offered in this article

Five famous stars give the male point of view on facial beauty.

by Frances Kellum

IF YOU had a date with Robert Taylor, how would you make up?

If you were dining with Francis Lederer, would you dare use that lavender evening powder?

What do men really *think* about makeup? Now when I have questions like *that* to ask, there's just one person I hunt up. Max Factor, the man who knows all the beauty answers. Usually I find him in his laboratory working up more formuli to turn more ugly ducklings into the proverbial swans. And that's where I found him this time. He laid aside his test tube and eyed me speculatively. "I've just come from the 'Camille' set over there at M-G-M. Nice chap, that Robert Taylor. Genuine. Has some good ideas . . ."

"Well," I said, "about fifty million women—including myself—would like to know what his ideas on makeup are!"

"They're distinctly modern!" Max Factor assured me. "Bob is a typically modern young man—typically American. He's all in favor of the *results* of makeup—*when it's natural looking*. For instance, as we stood talking two extra girls came by. One had gone in strongly for effect—you know, eyebrows plucked too thin, arched too high, and stenciled on. Cheeks a chalky white. Mouth that looked like a freshly painted signboard. Perhaps she thought she looked exotic. As a matter of fact she had ruined all the young charm of her face . . .

"The other one evidently knew the secret of natural makeup. And Bob said, 'Lovely, isn't she?' "

"Just how," I asked quickly, "do you go about learning this secret!"

"By studying your complexion tones and matching them exactly," he informed me. "That's why we have experimented so much with shades and textures in rouges, lipstick, powders and eye makeup. Complexions vary so that you can't be too careful. Don't strive for Effect. *Strive to emphasize your own natural coloring.*

"The brunette, for example, goes in for rich carmine or crimson shades in rouge and lipstick.

"The blonde goes in for soft flame tones.

"Redheads have to be careful to use a deep enough powder to bring out the tint of their hair, and to use brown eye shadow instead of blue as they're tempted to.

"Take Myrna Loy. She's a redhead with green eyes and a fair skin. But instead of using a light, flesh powder she uses *rachelle*. She's found out that a *blondeen* rouge and a *vermilion* lipstick are best suited to her. And besides the brown eye shadow she uses a *brown* eyebrow pencil and eyelash makeup. Not black. For a foundation cream, however, she uses a *flesh* tone under the rachelle powder to bring out the natural glow of her skin.

"Rochelle Hudson, on the other hand, has dark brown hair and eyes and an olive skin. For complete naturalness she selects this makeup: *Olive* powder, *carmine* rouge and lipstick. *Brown* eye shadow. *Black* pencil and eyelash makeup. And a *natural* foundation cream.

"One of the loveliest blondes who ever came to Hollywood is Virginia Bruce. She is very fair and *her* makeup chart is: *Flesh* powder over a *white* foundation. *Flame* rouge and lipstick. *Gray* eye shadow. *Brown* pencil and eyelash makeup."

SO FOR that date with Bob Taylor, evidently it wouldn't be wise to do anything "fancy"! Just go into a huddle with your mirror, make sure your makeup looks as if it had grown on you—and be yourself.

"Men," Max Factor was saying, "are mostly like Bob. They're interested in the *results* of making up. And flattered by the trouble you take. But they are *not* interested in seeing a girl ply her lipstick or powder puff every little while when they take her out.

"Warner Baxter once told me that a lot of powder dabbing in public was the surest means a woman had of destroying her glamour! . . . Glamour depends to a certain extent on mystery. And there's nothing mysterious about a woman who lets the world in on her beauty secrets!

"Anyway—*constant powdering will not help a shiny nose.* People have the wrong idea of powder. It is not a *cover* for the face. Its purpose is to give a well-groomed finish. It should never show. If you're still dabbing instinctively at your nose, drop the habit! It's as out-dated as last year's newspaper. If you've prepared your skin for makeup with a good freshener or astringent (if it's oily) and a good foundation cream, you won't have to worry about 'getting shiny.' Not if you've powdered correctly. The way to do it is to powder generously from *chin* to *forehead* and from ear to ear. Then take a soft powder brush and *brush off the surplus.* That leaves a soft, flattering finish and you should not have to touch a powder puff again for hours."

Dick Powell, it seems, likes sparkle in a gal's face. Now of course, as Factor pointed out, that depends quite a bit on your health and vitality. There's nothing like fresh air, sufficient sleep and the right food to buoy you up, to put the gleam in your eye! But you can get a little help from Art too—makeup Art!

"Rouge properly and you give brilliancy to the eyes. Rouge too much and you kill it," said Factor. *"Both the time of day and* *the time of season affect the use of rouge.* The general rule is to use brighter, lighter tones for night. And deeper, richer tones in winter. Sparkle in the face depends chiefly on the eyes. And a good red in your cheeks accents them. Keep the eyes fresh and rested, too. Bathe them in a lukewarm solution after you've been out in the cold or wind. Make the lashes look longer and more luxurious with an eyelash makeup. And give the eyes more depth and lustre with eye shadow.

"You can change your whole outlook on life by changing your looks! By brightening them . . ."

Fred MacMurray's statement was straightforward and direct—like Fred himself. "Makeup? I think it's *swell!* Especially if that's what gives a girl that smooth look!"

"Just what *does* give you that smooth look?" I challenged Mr. Factor. But he won't stay challenged. He knows too much about this business! He says it is all a matter of the right powder base . . .

There's a new kind that provides all the smoothness in the world without streaking or letting perspiration show through. If you want to be your most glamorous self, use it!

You know how at times rouge seems to sink into your cheeks no matter what you do? And how your complexion goes off-key even if you've been working like mad at it? There's just one solution. Get yourself into the habit of using a good foundation. Your rouge will go on a thousand times more evenly. Your powder will cling for hours. In short, you'll have that *smooth look!*

It remained for Francis Lederer, Continental that he is, to give the Last Word on the subject. He sums it all up beautifully. "*Makeup is a woman's charm insurance!* I do not say that she is not charming without it. Heaven forbid! I merely say that if she knows how to make the best use of it, makeup safeguards her charm and adds to it . . . Just as a lovely skin adds to it."

Have you a lovely skin? Men always notice that. And there's no woman alive, declares Factor, who cannot *make* her skin lovely! Naturally you have to care for it consistently. No cream, used only once a week, can do much good in overcoming that gradual drying of the tissues. But a fine cream, blended in every day, does this: It replenishes the natural oils of the skin; it keeps it soft; and it helps to erase those little creases around the eyes and mouth and the unattractive rings around the neck. There's nothing quite so unflattering as a flaky, rough complexion. Don't permit it!

Only this morning I heard a woman say, "My husband likes makeup on *other* women. But when *I* try to use it—that's another story!" No wonder. She didn't know how to use it!

Learn how—and you'll have a lasting *charm insurance.*

Christmas Shopping Note

In the January issue of MOVIE CLASSIC, look for Alison Alden's article "A Zest for Giving" in which she offers the solution to last-minute Christmas shopping. Illustrated with the article are the smartest holiday offerings of cosmetic manufacturers and perfumers from which to make your gift selections.

What Every Woman Desires!

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin—it will be delightfully smooth and soft—And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath . . . Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

Linit is also unequalled for all fine laundering.

AN AILMENT YOU CAN'T TALK ABOUT!

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MANY VICTIMS?

Do you suffer from Piles? If so, you know what they can take out of you. They wear you down physically and mentally. They make you look drawn and haggard, no matter how you try to conceal the suffering. They handicap your every activity in life.

But the suffering, bad as it is, is not the only thing about Piles. They can turn into something very serious. This is always a possibility because of the delicacy of the trouble. Many people hesitate to seek medical treatment for Piles, when, as a matter of fact, no trouble is more in need of attention.

Three Effects in One

Today, you have medication for Piles that is of extraordinary merit. It consists of Pazo Ointment. Pazo does more than merely "kid" Piles. It actually placates them. Pazo is unusually effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. **MAIL!**
Dept. 73-F, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose **10c** to help cover packing and mailing.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Mervyn LeRoy *Offers* $500 For A Trademark

Mervyn LeRoy, one of Hollywood's ace directors, directing a scene from *Oil for the Lamps of China*

HAVE you sent in your trademark idea yet? If not, why not? You know from reading the November issue of MOVIE CLASSIC, that Mervyn LeRoy, noted Hollywood director, is in the market for a trademark idea symbolical of the fine pictures he promises to release soon through his own company to be known as "Mervyn LeRoy Productions." Co-operating with MOVIE CLASSIC he is offering $500 in cash prizes to the winners. All you have to do to become an entrant in this contest is to jot down as many original trademark ideas as you can and mail them to Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC MAGAZINE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Remember this: You don't have to be an advertising expert or an artist to stand a chance of winning a cash prize. All you have to do is to submit your idea or ideas in writing—just a brief, clear description of the trademark.

Here's what Mr. LeRoy has to say about it.

"What I want is a trademark that is original and entirely different from those now in use. It must be distinctive and impressive. My plan is to produce only class pictures with mass appeal and I would like very much to have contestants bear this in mind when submitting ideas. The artiness of the suggestions are in nowise as important as is the effectiveness of the idea itself. No sketch is required, although contestants can, if they wish, submit them."

Don't pass up this chance to win a prize! Remember, the contest closes December 20th.

Mervyn LeRoy stands exceptionally high as a director, having to his credit such outstanding successes as *Golddiggers of 1933, Five Star Final, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Tugboat Annie, Oil for the Lamps of China, Little Caesar,* and *Anthony Adverse.* He recently completed *Three Men on a Horse* for Warner Bros., who plan to release it as one of the specials of the year.

For his first picture as a producer, LeRoy has purchased *The King and the Chorus Girl,* (formerly titled *The Grand Passion*) by Norman Krasna and Beppo Marx. This splendid story will be used to present Ferdinand Gravet, sensational French star whom LeRoy discovered abroad and whom he signed to a personal contract. It is LeRoy's sincere belief that Gravet, after his introduction to American audiences through *The King and the Chorus Girl* will score a sensational success.

Following *The King and the Chorus Girl*, LeRoy's second picture under the Mervyn LeRoy Productions trademark, will be *Son of the Gods*.

Now with all this information in mind, get out the pencil and begin jotting down your trademark ideas. You have just as good a chance of winning a prize as the next one. Bear in mind that the winner of the entries submitted to MOVIE CLASSIC wins $50 and a chance to win the grand prize of $250.

This same offer appears also in the December issues of Fawcett's affiliated film magazines — HOLLYWOOD, SCREEN BOOK, SCREEN PLAY and MOTION PICTURE. The winner of ideas submitted to any of these magazines receives a $50 cash prize and a chance at the $250 grand prize.

Read the following rules over very carefully and when you have finished, start immediately on the pleasant task of transferring to paper your trademark ideas. But —BE SURE THEY ARE ORIGINAL!

Here are the rules:

1. Contest closes December 20, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20, 1936.
2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., MOTION PICTURE Publications, Inc., or Mervyn LeRoy Productions.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.
5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Director of Publicity for Warner Bros.
6. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.
8. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.
9. Submit your entries to Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC MAGAZINE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

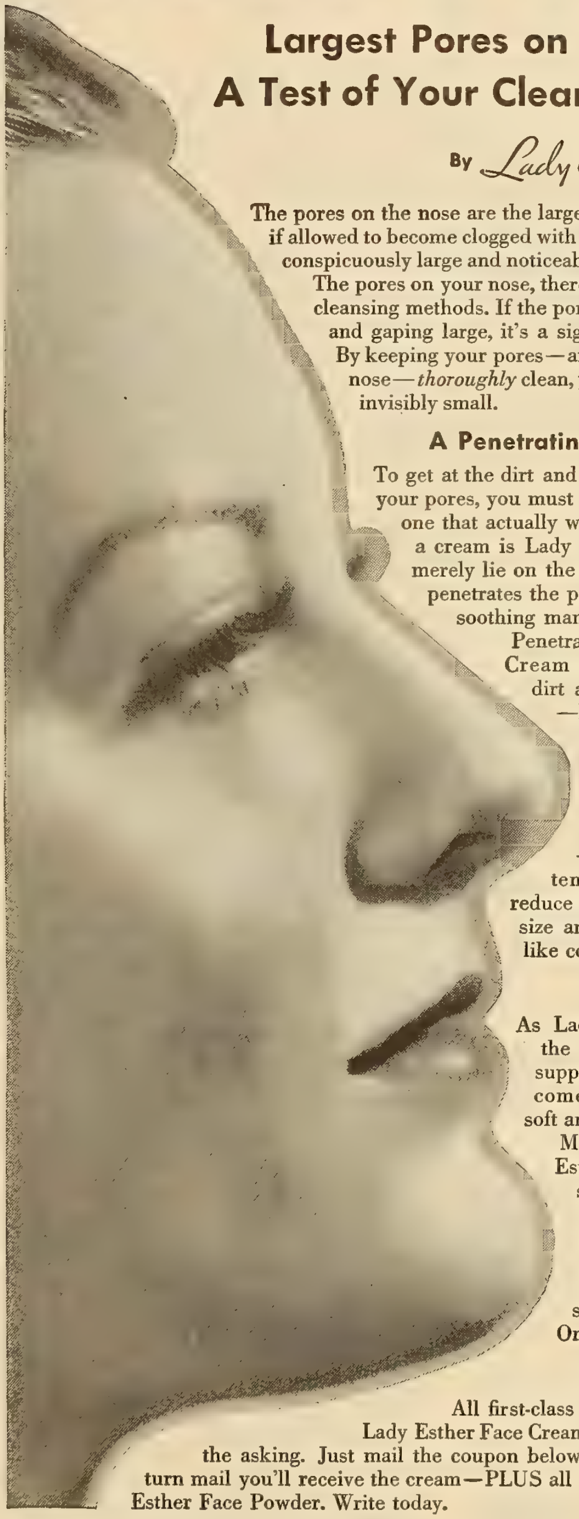
Now put on your thinking caps! Your chance to win a $50 cash prize and the $250 Grand Prize is as good as anyone else's.

WANT A THRILL?

Movie fans everywhere find it is thrilling entertainment to read the complete fiction stories of coming films, before the movies are shown anywhere.

You'll like it too. Get ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, now on sale for only 10c. This magazine publishes the exclusive fiction stories of new films, each story illustrated with scenes from the production. Featured in the issue now on sale are: "Reunion," the new picture starring the famous Dionne Quintuplets; "Portrait of a Rebel," with Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall; "Theodora Goes Wild," starring Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas—and seven more stories starring Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and others.

Remember, ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES—10c at all good newsstands.



NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it —breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely —open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (28) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

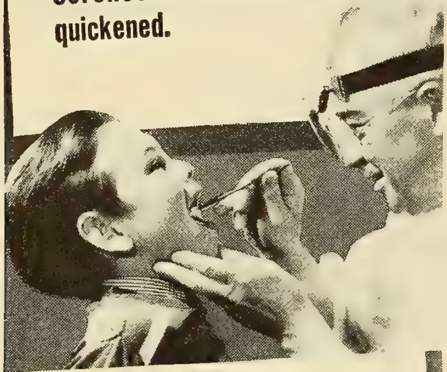
*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*City*____________ *State*____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

When Doctors Swab
SORE THROAT...
surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened.



When you Gargle with
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...
you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS — TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

● The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you ⅔ of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or $1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

SAVES ⅔ OF YOUR DOLLAR
..Goes 3 times as far!

Pepsodent Antiseptic
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Gene Raymond Answers

Gene Raymond your star witness—answers your queries and selects the winner of this month's "Win a Telephone Call" Contest.

by
The Inquiring Reporter

This bemonocled gentleman with the waxed mustachios and continental air is none other than Gene Raymond, all done up for his rôle in RKO Radio's *Walking On Air*.

THIS month's congratulations go to Miss Dorothy Balsley of 502 North Elm Street, Greensboro, North Carolina.

Her question, "Do you think it an advantage or disadvantage for an actor or actress to be 'typed' in their rôles?" was selected by Gene Raymond as the most interesting of the many hundreds of questions submitted by MOVIE CLASSIC's readers—and she therefore is the winner of the long distance telephone call from handsome and debonair Gene Raymond.

By the time you read this, Miss Balsley will have talked with him and had her question personally answered by this popular star, as arrangements are being made with the lucky winner for the day and hour at which the telephone call will be placed.

Your questions were so numerous, and so interesting, that your *Inquiring Reporter* was reluctant to disregard those letters sent in after the deadline date. Because of this delay, it was necessary to conduct the interview with Gene while he was on location for his new picture, (as yet untitled) in which he co-stars with Lily Pons. He had to sneak minutes between "shots" to form his replies but he would become so interested that it was extremely difficult for him to get back "in character" for the next scene. To me, the list of questions seemed unending, but his enthusiasm and genuine eagerness to answer each fully and honestly was a fine demonstration of the many reasons for his popularity.

And so, at last, we have Mr. Raymond on the witness stand—prepared to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! Your questions will be found in blackface type. His answers, in italics.

Q. Do you have a secret ambition or latent ability which you would like to develop, and if so, what is it?

A. My ultimate ambition is no secret—I want to direct and produce pictures when I stop acting.

Q. Do you intend to write more songs?

A. Yes. As soon as I can find time.

Q. What career would you have chosen if you had not become a star?

A. I would have become a lawyer.

Q. Do you like radio work?

A. Yes, and no. On the radio there is, of course, the ever impressive miracle of the vast audience, and the feeling of isolation which is even more marked than when in front of the camera.

Q. What is your favorite song?

A. "Sylvia."

Q. Do you think the stage is the best place to begin to get experience for screen work?

A. Yes. The training and experience received in stage work is a great help in preparing oneself for work in pictures.

Q. Are all of your pictures chosen for you or do you choose your own?

A. At the present time my studio selects the rôles I am to play.

Q. Do you prefer musicals or dramatic rôles?

A. I have no preference. I like a variety of rôles.

Q. Do you use makeup on the screen?

A. Yes.

Q. What is the one thing which contributed most to your spectacular success?

A. *Determination and hard work contributed most to what success I have achieved so far.*

Q. What is the greatest goal you wish to achieve in life?

A. *Happiness—and achievement—Isn't that what we all set as our goal?*

Q. Are you satisfied with your career?

A. *No. And I should be worried if I were satisfied.*

Q. Is it true that you and Jeanette MacDonald plan to be married?

A. *Yes. Our engagement has been announced.*

Q. What would you like to do if you ever left the screen?

A. *If, and when, I leave my work on the screen, I would like to return to the stage.*

Q. What make and color car do you drive?

A. *I drive a green Packard phaeton.*

Q. Has acting, in the past or present, had any effect on some of your personal desires or ambitions? If so, what?

A. *No. I endeavor at all times to keep my screen rôles separate from my personal rôles in life.*

Q. Do you sing? If so, why not on the screen?

A. *I have sung on the screen—both in* Flying Down to Rio, *and in my current picture* Walking On Air.

Q. Do you enjoy being a movie star?

A. *Sure, why not? It's a grand profession.*

Q. What is your favorite color?

A. *Green.*

Q. Do you think marrying an actress will have anything to do with your career?

A. *No. Unless it will develop an even greater interest in my work and a stronger determination to succeed.*

Q. Do you approve of girls who smoke or drink?

A. *I don't care particularly one way or another and I do not think those habits reflect a girl's true personality. However my fiancee, Miss MacDonald, neither smokes nor drinks.*

Q. If given the opportunity to choose a screen rôle, what would it be and why?

A. *I should like to play* Scaramouche. *It has always been my favorite character.*

Q. What in your opinion is the most frequently asked question to a movie actress or actor, and why?

A. *This will no doubt amaze you, as it does me, but really the question I am asked most often is, "What is your favorite color?" I have no idea why.*

Q. What is your philosophy of life?

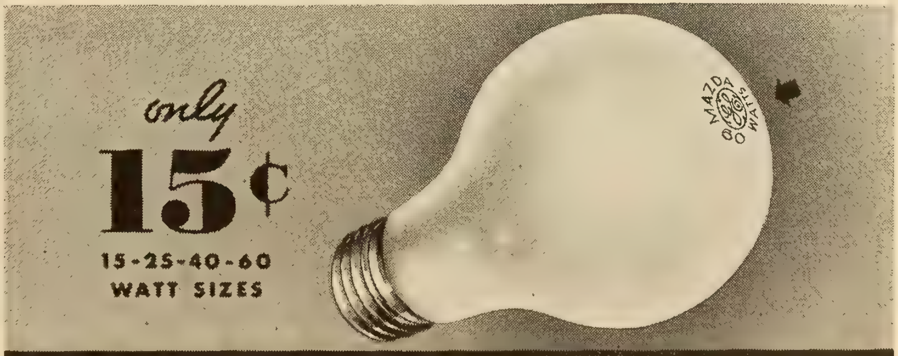
A. *Never to shirk responsibility.—Never to cheat or lie.—To give the other guy the benefit of the doubt.—To laugh often and*

[*Continued on page* 52]

...AN' MOTHER SAYS BE SURE TO BRING HOME A SUPPLY OF THOSE LAMPS THAT STAY BRIGHTER LONGER !

THE LITTLE GIRLS' mother realizes that it doesn't pay to take chances with inferior lamps that grow dimmer and dimmer as days go by. She keeps her home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps. These lamps *Stay Brighter Longer*... use electricity so much more economically. You undoubtedly need many new lamp bulbs right now in your home... nearly everyone does. Especially the sight-saving sizes, 75 and 100 watts, that are so necessary in helping busy young eyes develop normally. Ask for Edison MAZDA lamps by name. It doesn't pay to take chances with lamps of unknown quality. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

LAMPS WITH THIS MARK *stay brighter longer*



EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

G-E DIME LAMPS . . . The first real value in a ten cent lamp bulb. Manufactured by General Electric, these Dime lamps are made in 60, 30, 15, and 7½ watt sizes and are marked like this . . . . . . GE

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"

A society woman nearly stole him from her.

An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.

The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.

In this reunion, they almost parted forever.

Inseparable comedy pals . . . the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in REUNION

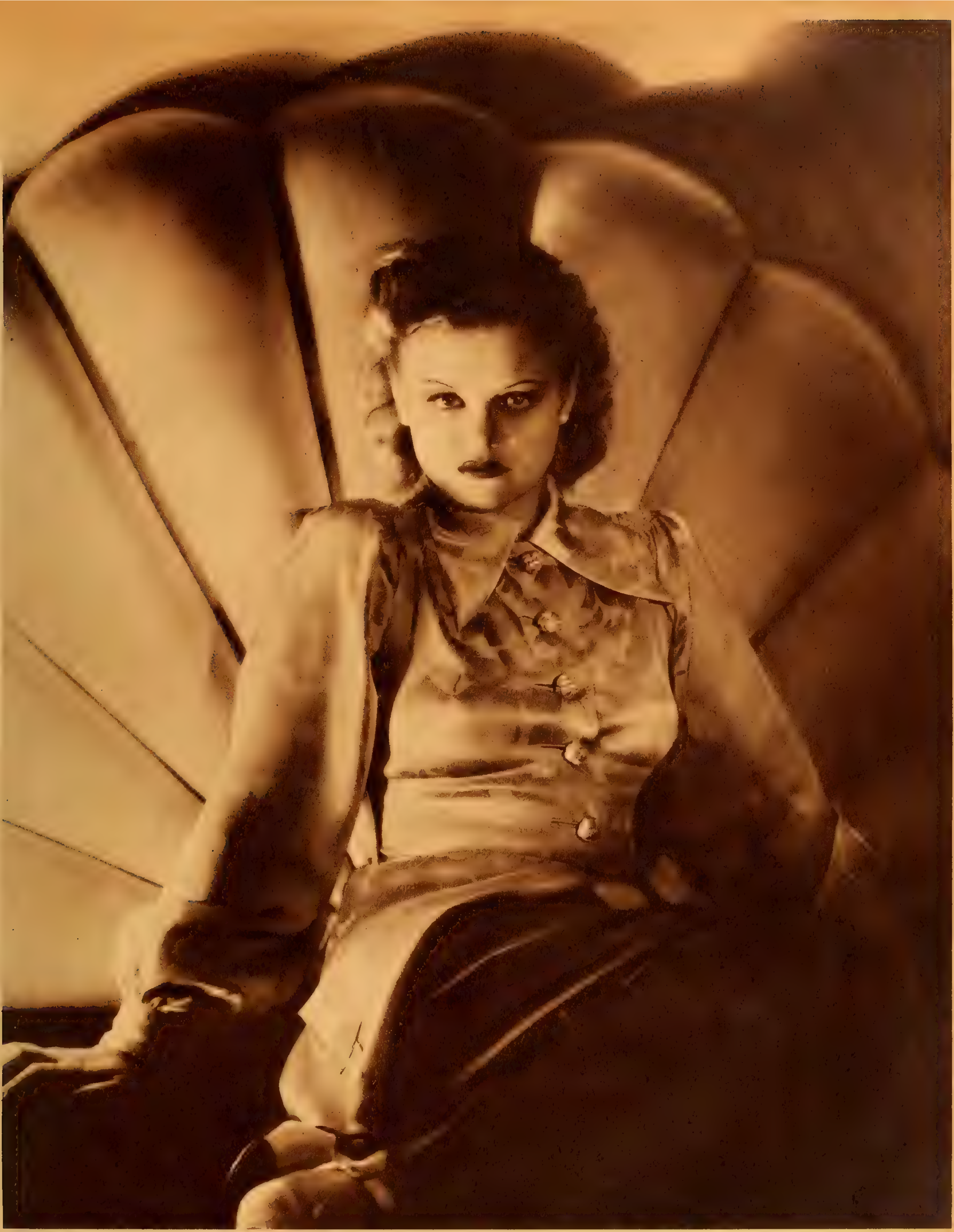
with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON HELEN VINSON SLIM SUMMERVILLE ROBERT KENT
DOROTHY PETERSON JOHN QUALEN ALAN DINEHART J. EDWARD BROMBERG SARA HADEN
TOM MOORE GEORGE ERNEST MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson

20th Century Fox



HURRELL

★ SIMONE SIMON

BECAUSE of her superlative performance in "Girls' Dormitory," and because this charming maid from Marseilles possesses that rare combination of glamour, naturalness and ability, SIMONE SIMON, 20th Century-Fox find, is destined to become the brightest star in the movie heavens

As movie fans register their approval or disapproval at the box office, these 1937 candidates for stardom will rise or fall

Hollywood's

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Out of hundreds, they alone will take their places in Filmdom's Valhalla of Fame. Others may try—but they will try in vain. Because you moving picture fans—you—and you—and you, will reject them.

You see, it is you who have made Hollywood stars in the past. It is you who have sent the Garbos, the Dietrichs, the Gaynors, the Eddys, the Taylors soaring to their pinnacles of glory. It is you who have kept them at the top. You like a moving picture player—or you don't. You register that approval—or disapproval at the box office. Our studios have merely trained them, have put them in a picture, or two, or three. Studios have merely given them the *chance*. You have done the rest.

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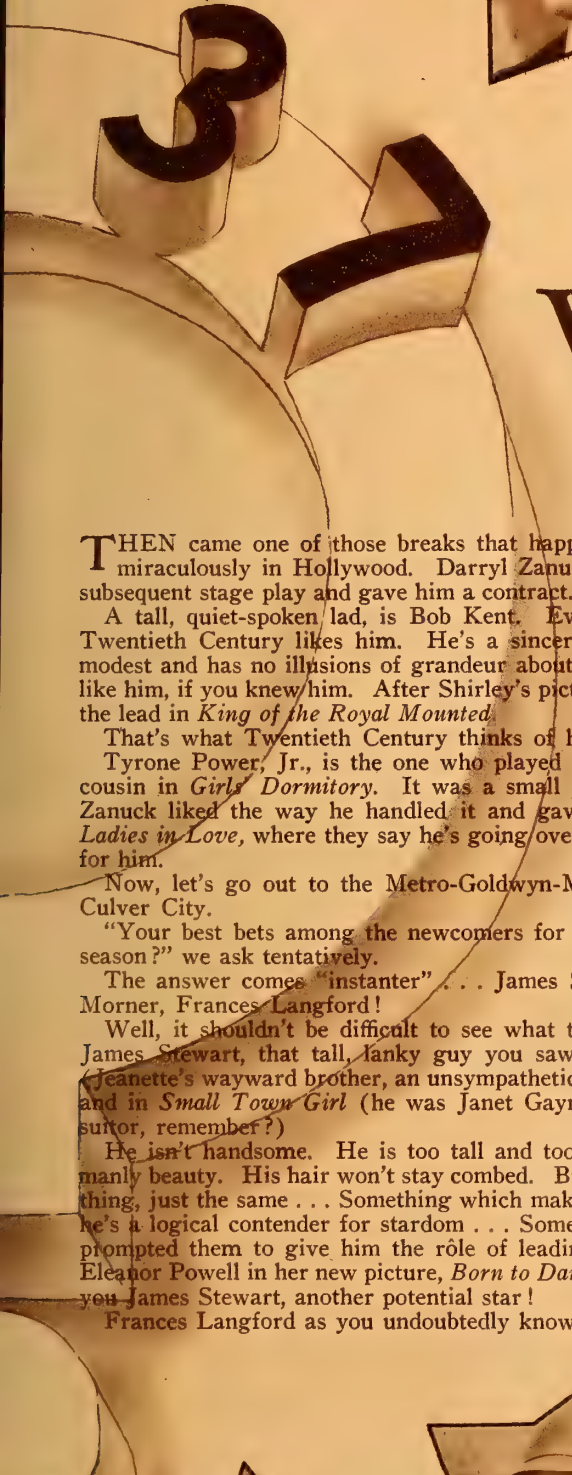
by MARIAN RHEA



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White Hopes

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Frances' theatrical history is strange—tragic, too. Once upon a time she was a high soprano, working and hoping for a great career. Then she got tonsilitis . . . had an operation. And lost her voice completely. But, heartbroken as she was, she vowed it wouldn't stay lost. She went to work again. Retraced the old arduous hours, days, weeks of breathing, exercises, uninteresting, uninspiring, gruelling work. And finally, she was rewarded. Her voice came back. It was contralto! A husky, beguiling voice . . . A voice that, born as Libby Holman's, of a tonsilectomy, was greater than the famous torch-singing Libby's ever was. Now she's in Hollywood, bidding for stardom in pictures. Watch for her in *Born to Dance,* because she's in it, with Eleanor and Jim Stewart. M-G-M is sure you'll like her. And she's hoping . . .

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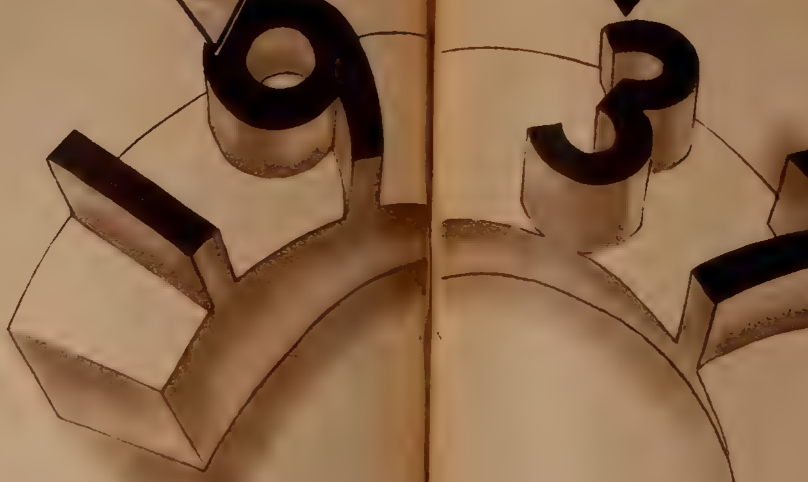

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Three O'Briens Face The World

THE editor said to me: "Talk to Pat O'Brien and get the man, the man himself, down on paper."

I talked to Pat. I hadn't talked to him, for publication, for five years. But we made up that lost time the other day. And this, I hope, is the likes o' the man.

I said to him: "These five years haven't changed you, Pat, have they?"

And he said: "No. That's because I have *the things that never rust.*"

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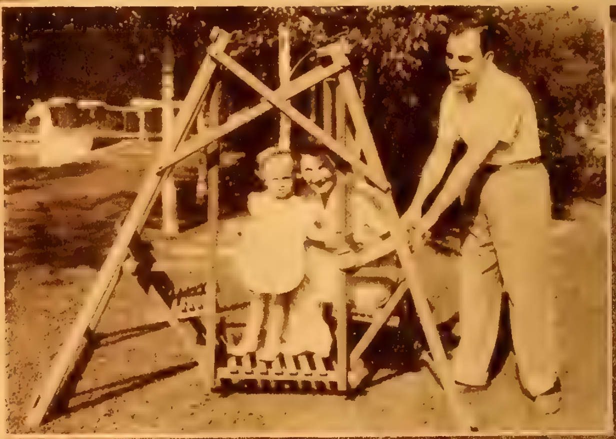

by Gladys Hall

A Two-Fisted Irishman Finds

That's Pat for you. . . . A two-fisted Irishman from Milwaukee, a regular guy who would give a stuffed shirt innards or know why, an Irishman who can cuss in good round, ringing accents, who pals around with Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Cagney and Allen Jenkins and the likes o' them—and who startles your heart every now and again by such words as these—words that reveal the sensitive beauty living in that Irish heart.

I remembered the first time I ever interviewed him, five years ago, when he had come to Hollywood to play in *Front Page*. He and his dark Eloise were living in a little four-room flat on the wrong side of the tracks. Eloise was doing the cooking and cleaning and taking Pat to work every morning in their little last year's Ford. Not quite Model T—almost. And it was the first Hollywood interview Pat had ever had. But the *first!*

I reminded him of it and he said, "Cripes, will I ever forget it? Eloise and I sat up nights waiting for the thing to appear!"

"Well," I laughed, "Well, Mister *Oil-for-the-Lamps-of China, China Clipper* and how many others O'Brien, you don't have to sit up nights waiting for interviews to come out anymore, do you?"

"If you think we don't?" grinned Pat, "you're crazy. We sure do. And I keep a scrap-book, too, and woe to the chap who clips and pastes for me if one paragraph is missing!

"No, I don't think I've changed. I don't feel any different. Not about myself anyway. I do feel different about my job. It is a job now. It was a racket five years ago. Otherwise I'm no different than I was when I was a kid and first told my folks I wanted to be an actor and had to fight the whole O'Brien outfit in order to convince them that an O'Brien was *not* better dead than dishonored!

"I still think a movie actor is only as good or as bad as his last picture. I know it. This 'luck o' the Irish' legend is okay except that they forget to put in the word 'hard.' I always tell myself I'm a hard luck guy even when the breaks are with me.

"When we first came to Hollywood, Eloise and I—when they phoned me to come to the coast, [*Continued on page 74*]

Time To Talk!

A real-life love scene on the O'Briens' front lawn, with Pat and Eloise as its stars. . . . In the corner: Pat, Eloise and little Miss Mavourneen, going on three

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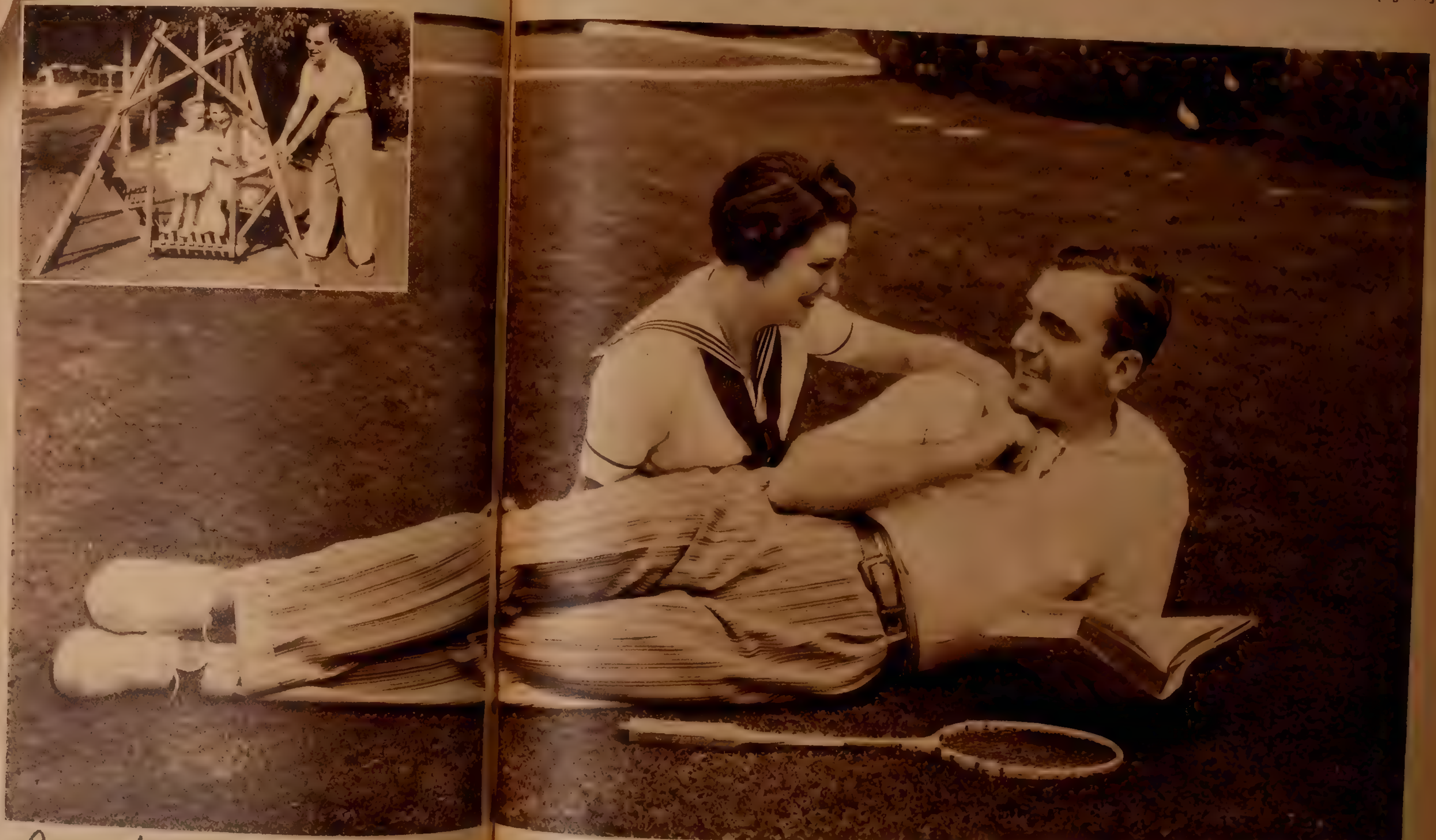

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What Two Stars

A revealing story telling how the famous Quintuplets have proven the showcase for the talents of Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson

THE Dionne Quintuplets have changed two Hollywood lives! The life of Jean Hersholt. The life of Dorothy Peterson!

Both again are in *Reunion,* the second Quint picture now in production. Once more Hersholt is the gentle, benign, compassionate Country Doctor. Again Dorothy Peterson is Nurse Kennedy—crisp, efficient, loyal.

Five babies, who are today the magnets for a world's insatiable curiosity, whose miracle birth in the Canadian bush has written new chapters in medical history, have changed and enlarged the careers, the destinies of these two.

To Jean they have brought authentic stardom for the third time! Stardom long after he sought it, or expected, or even hoped for it!

He had been a star in 1917! Again in 1925 his genius for characterization gave him a place in the top flight of screen luminaries. For four years he held that enviable position.

But sound came in, the screen talked—and Jean, with the old-world flavor in his speech, found himself slowly pushed to the edge of the charmed circle of stars. He became a type—deposed alike from his $3,000 a week salary and from rôles which gave opportunity to his distinguished talent.

In demand he *was*—he worked consistently, always under contract to a major studio. But his former glories seemed definitely behind him.

Then on May 28th, 1934, the world was electrified by the news that five girls—Quintuplets—were born to French-Canadian parents, in the semi-wilderness of Northern Ontario.

Jean Hersholt in Hollywood read the newspaper accounts, marvelled at the miracle of the birth, and at the miracle of the infants' continued survival. As did everyone!

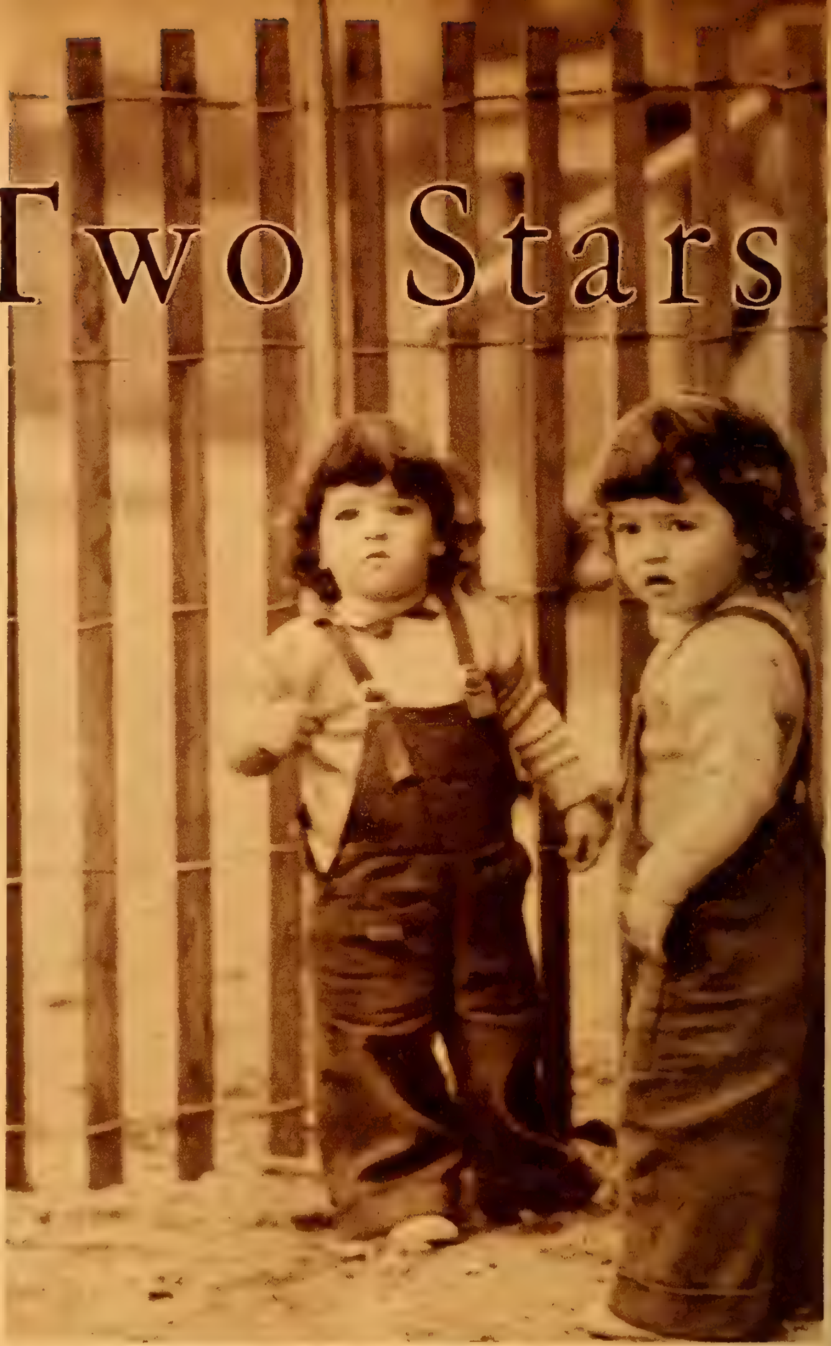
No one could then have prophesied that five weak, incubator-guarded morsels of humanity would make him a star again—would bring him to a new, to a greater importance.

For it was in *The Country Doctor* that his neglected talent was again sharply pointed by his sensitive, vital performance.

The day after the preview of that picture with the Quintuplets found Jean Hersholt a star again! Suddenly! Miraculously! Quite in keeping with the tradition of Hollywood.

His studio tore up his current contract. He was promised an immediate increase in salary commensurate with his splendid achievement; given stardom again. As sudden as was his defeat was his new glory and his new eminence!

WE DISCUSS these changes in Jean's career as we sit in his hotel room in North Bay, Canada, ten miles distant from the Dafoe Hospital

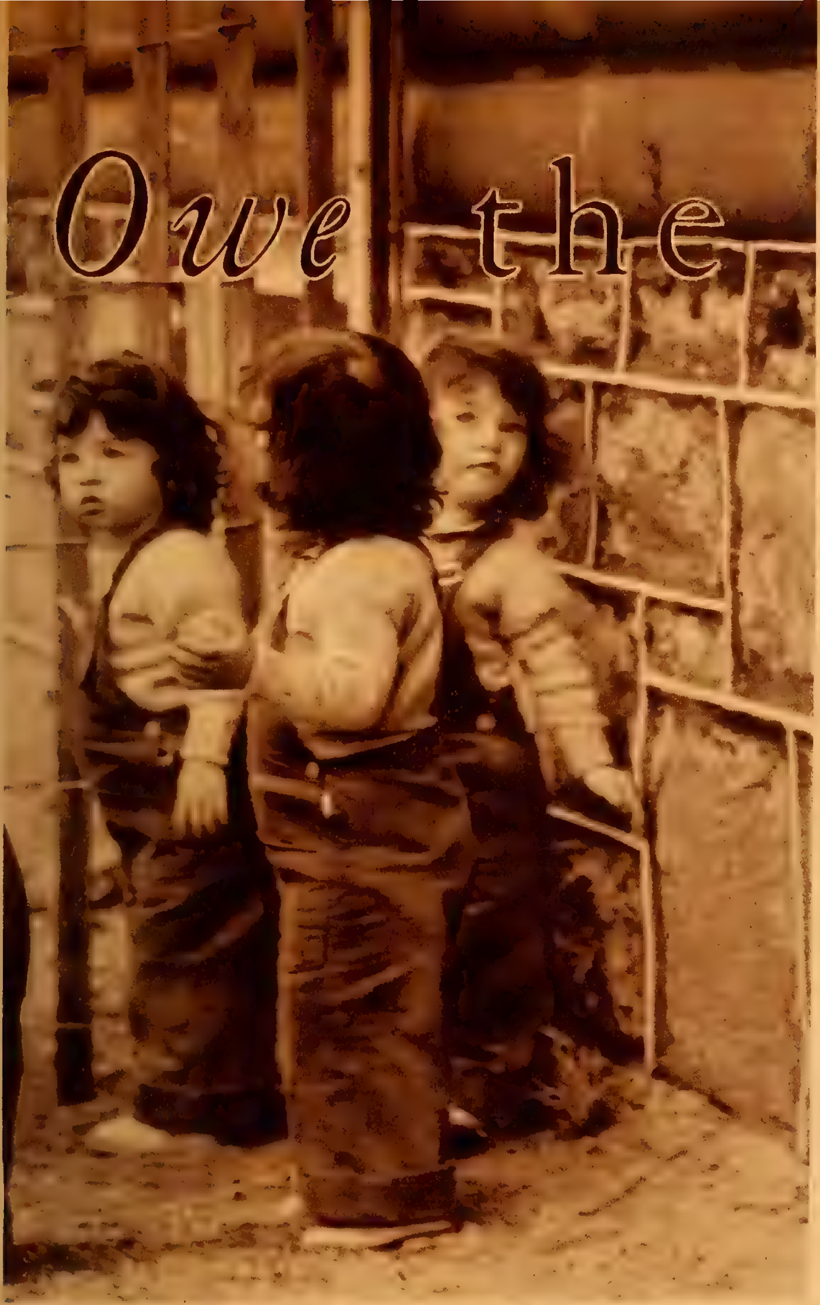


The Quints are cornered and are puzzled about it. Left to right—Yvonne, Annette, Emilie, Marie and Cecile

When not filming *Reunion,* Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson divided their leisure time between fishing and watching the author write this story

Owe the Quints

by Sonia Lee



Dr. Dafoe's Handbook for Mothers is Hersholt's literary fare while Ruth Haley, studio hair stylist, dries his hair

Rochelle Hudson and Richard Kent may know their "lines" when on the set for *Reunion*, but it's a fish of a different color when they try to land a big one

for the Quintuplets. The long month on location for scenes with the Quints in their nursery, in their playground, in the grounds of their Nursery Hospital is almost at an end. They have grown—they understand so much more, they have developed so markedly since Jean was here eight months ago.

"I owe my new stardom to those babies," he declares. And his voice is filled with a strange emotion as he details the charm, the cunning ways, the sweetness of the Quints. "His babies" he calls them. And perhaps no one will ever know what they mean to him—what a secure, what a singular place they hold in his heart. Not only because they have restored him to the high places, but because they have become tied up with his life—have become a symbol of perpetual hope to him.

"I have just rounded out my thirtieth year on the screen. Twenty-four of those years I spent in Hollywood, continually making pictures. *Reunion* will be my 431st. That's a rather formidable record.

"But never in all my experience has one rôle had the reverberating effect on my career and on my personal life as has the playing of the *The Country Doctor*.

"I find myself constantly addressed as 'Doctor' Hersholt. People don't seem able to separate me from the man I am on the screen with the Quints.

"When Ruth Bryan Owen, the ambassador to Denmark, was recently in Hollywood, her new husband insisted on addressing me as 'Doctor.' When I disclaimed the title, he pointed out that to him I would always be that, since seeing me with the Dionne babies.

"Many of my fans feel that way. I am no longer the actor, Jean Hersholt—but the Quints' doctor.

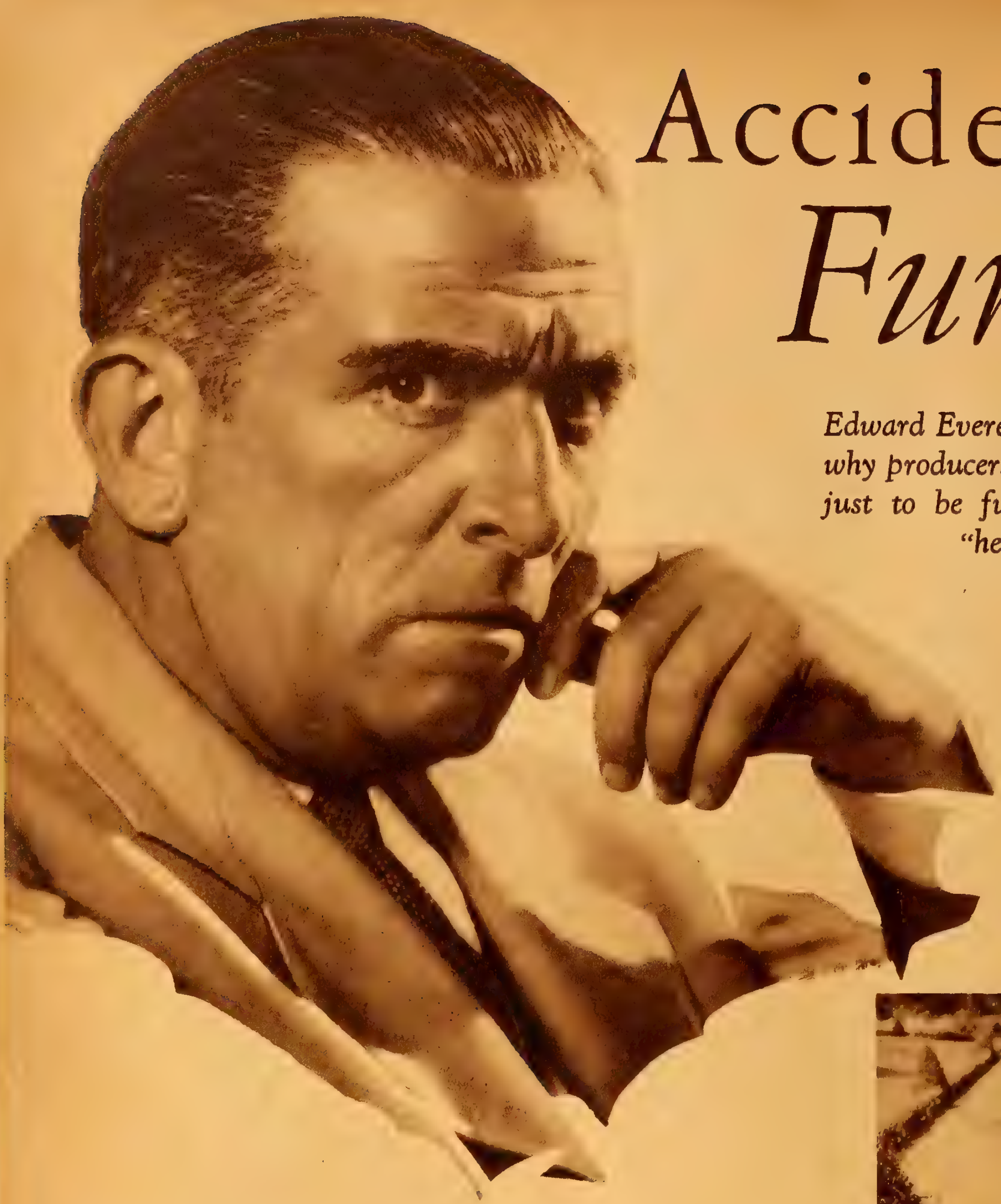
"Perhaps it is because, in preparing for my rôle in *The Country Doctor,* without wholly copying Dr. Dafoe, I tried to transfer his personality intact to the screen. I duplicated his mannerisms with pipe and hands. His manner of speech. I must have been successful in creating the illusion, for even my personal friends thought the man in the first scene of that picture was not I—but Dr. Dafoe.

"I must admit that the scenes with the Quints tax my ingenuity as an actor as no other rôle I have ever played!

"You saw me work with Emilie this morning—my pet, by the way. I didn't know what she was going to do in the close-up—but I had to anticipate everything she did—and to improvise dialogue to fit! That dialogue, you must remember, had to match the rest of the story! And a mistake on my part would have lost us this scene. For there are no 'retakes' when you work with the Quintuplets. No chance of capturing the same mood with the self-same Quint twice.

"And so this peculiar stardom of mine has brought greater problems, and greater responsibility than I have ever had before. I work less than an hour each with the babies, but I am completely exhausted at the end of it. Every minute is a terrific strain."

(Not only Jean—but the [*Continued on page* 88]



Accidentally *Funny*

Edward Everett Horton can't explain why producers pay him $5000 a week just to be funny—but as he says, "he can take it"

by

Larry Reid

THE funniest thing about Edward Everett Horton is that he doesn't know how he got that way.

He wasn't born funny. He is reasonably positive of that. For one thing, nobody laughed when he was named after Edward Everett Hale. And his baby pictures suggest that in his cradle, not to mention those four-foot skirts that infants used to wear (regardless of sex), he was a bit-er-owlish.

No teacher ever accused him of disrupting discipline with his antics. The only time he ever was funny in school was when he punctured himself upon a bent pin. And, really, that was hardly his fault.

No relative, looking at him with appraising eye, dreamed that little Eddie ("such a serious child!") would someday give the world hysterics —for something like five thousand dollars a week. In fact, the family thought that he would become a teacher. Probably of mathematics.

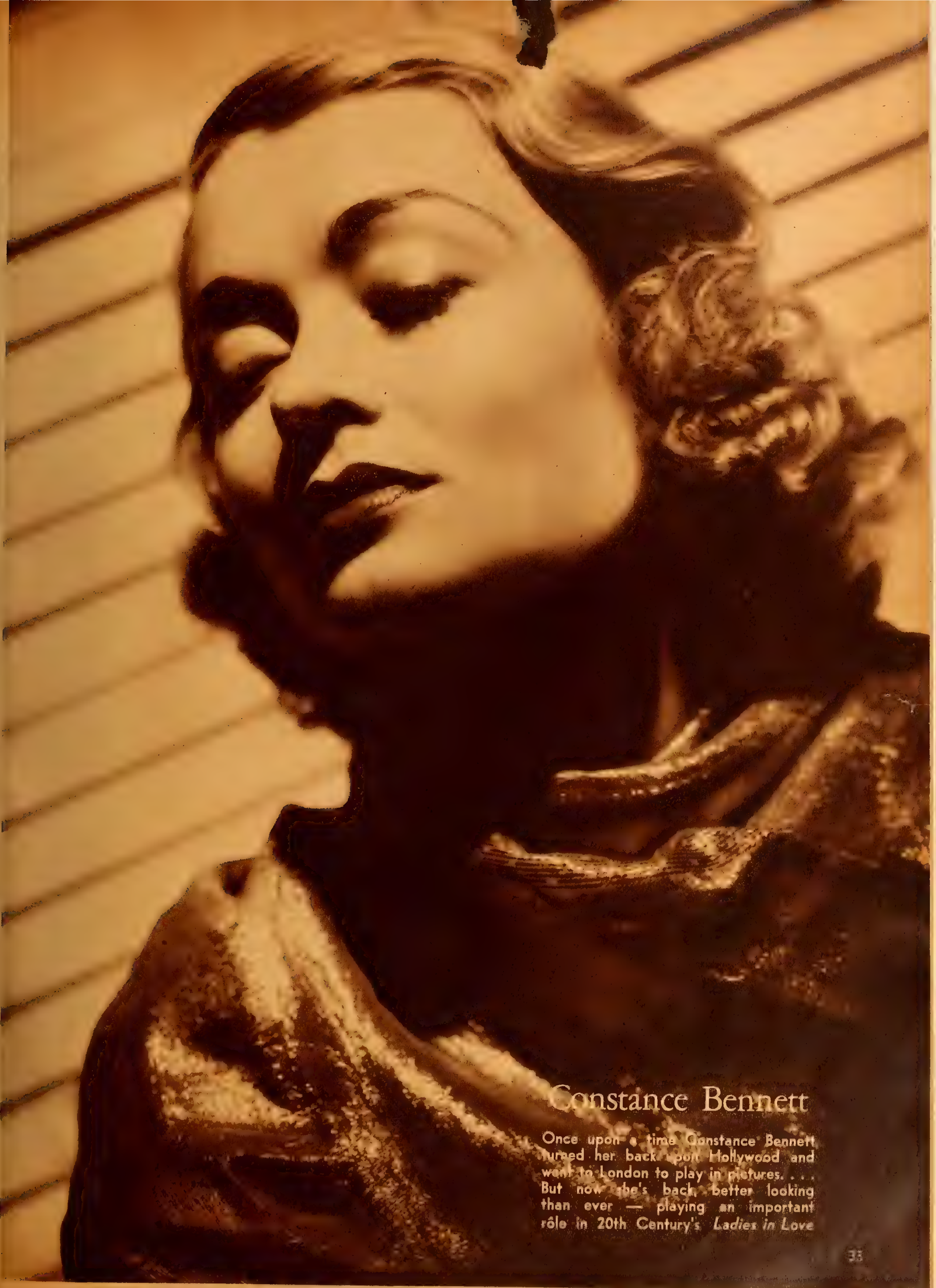
When he was eight, and his brother George was six, he used to keep George awake nights, telling him about the house he was going to own some day—with gold-lined pigeon coops. That was a funny idea, but sleepy George didn't think so. As a matter of fact, neither did Eddie.

Once in a while, he would acquire a quarter from some indulgent adult. And no one waxed suspicious of his possible future, upon observing how he spent it. He would go to a show, instead of trying to poison himself with peanuts, pop, or peppermint sticks. His father could be caustic about any actor who wasn't Edwin Booth. Eddie was less critical. But his father never suspected that, within the bosom of his own family, he was nursing something much less than a Booth.

[*Continued on page* 76]

Everett Horton's moments of leisure are spent almost entirely at his beautiful Encino ranch

A formal garden is the particular joy and pride of the popular comedy star



Constance Bennett

Once upon a time Constance Bennett turned her back upon Hollywood and went to London to play in pictures. . . . But now she's back, better looking than ever — playing an important rôle in 20th Century's *Ladies in Love*

Can't Dance?

Girls are constantly writing Eleanor Powell for advice about taking up dancing as a profession. MOVIE CLASSIC has persuaded Eleanor to give its readers the low-down on what she considers the essential qualifications

by Eleanor Powell

SO YOU want to take up dancing as a profession and you want my advice about the best way to proceed?

There's nothing I'd rather talk about than dancing. To me, it is the grandest profession in the world. But before I would dream of encouraging anyone else to take it up I would insist upon an answer to this question:

Why do you want to be a dancer?

If it is because you think it would be simply marvelous to wear glamorous costumes and see your name twinkling in lights and have people asking for your autograph, then my advice would be to forget it.

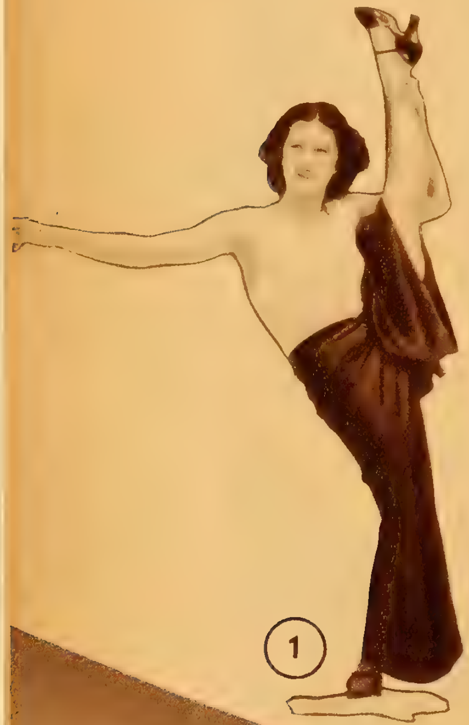
But if you love dancing so much that you couldn't be happy doing anything else; if you're willing to make sacrifices for it and not even consider that they *are* sacrifices, give most of your time and all of your energy to it, say "No" to invitations to parties you are dying to attend, and turn down a lot of the things that your girl-friends call fun, work until you are dog-tired, day after day, week after week, then—taking for granted that you have talent and a true sense of rhythm—you have the makings of a successful dancer and the following is my idea of the best course to pursue in order to reach your goal.

THE first and most important step is to get the right foundation. My own experience and observation have convinced me that the only right foundation is the ballet. Of course you may argue that you don't want to waste time on ballet; that you loathe the ballet and what you want to be is a tap dancer. I still say STUDY BALLET! Here's why: Ballet steps and exercises will teach you poise and grace and give your figure elasticity and beauty.

Why are you thrilled by Fred Astaire's dancing? You may think that it is because he dances with such ease, because he looks grand in white tie, top hat and tails, because he has charm. Actually, it is his grace and symmetry, the way he "finishes" a step that electrifies you. And ballet training is the answer.

So, take it from Eleanor, if you want to be

as told to Grace Mack



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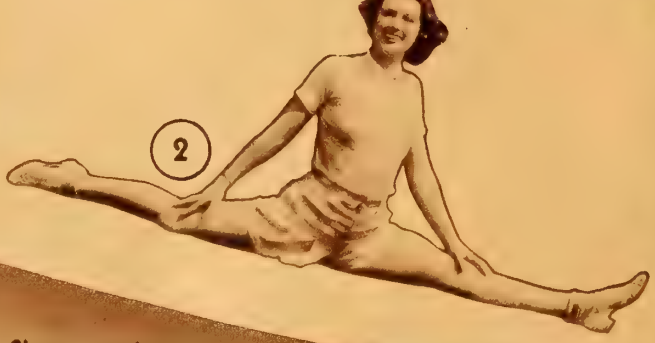

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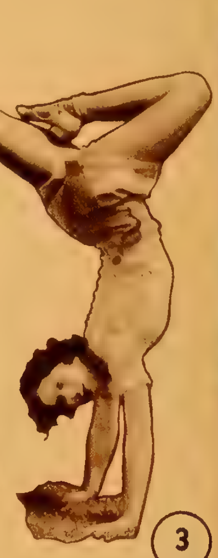


③

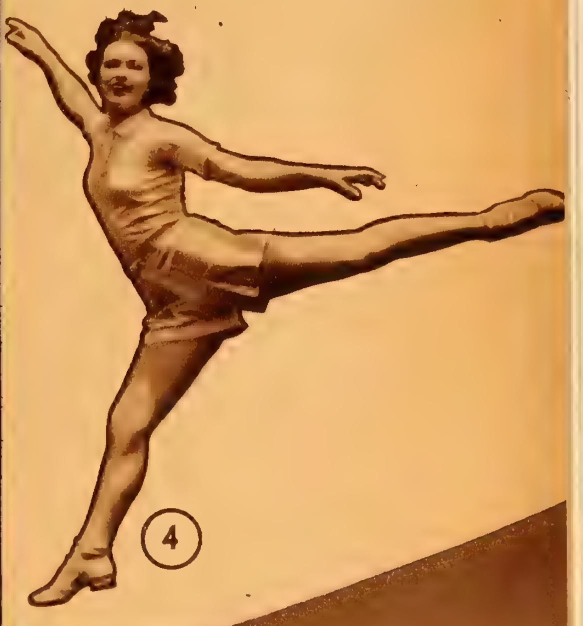
1. This is the split set up on end. She suggests you do it against the doorjamb
2. The split is the foundation upon which all other dance exercises are built
3. When you've learned to "walk down the wall," you'll be ready for "The Walk-over"

—She'll Teach You

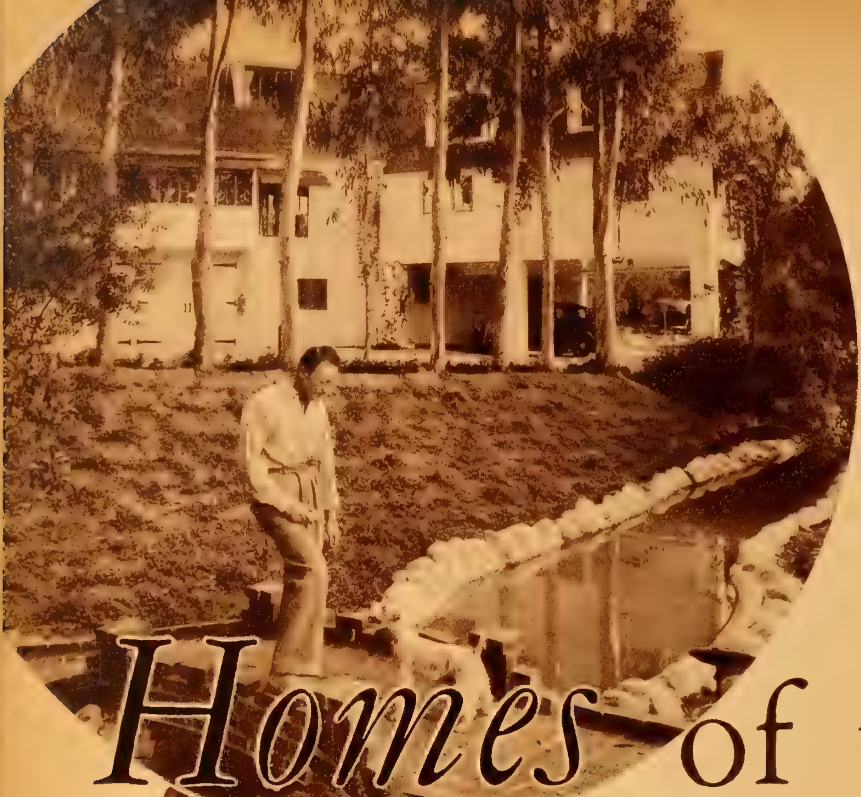
tops as a tap dancer, spend at least a year in a good ballet school. With that foundation training you can learn to tap in six lessons. I know—because I did it. After I had spent six years studying ballet I discovered that Broadway didn't want ballet dancing. They wanted to hear their steps as well as see them. I took six lessons in tap dancing from Jack Donahue. Six months later I was a principal in the successful Broadway show, *Follow Thru.* Without ballet training I would never have been able to master tap dancing so quickly or do the dances I do today. Even now, never a day goes by that I do not spend hours rehearsing ballet steps and exercises.

First I do the split to keep myself limber. Then acrobatics to counteract the soreness, followed by back bends and bar work.

You don't have to wait till you go to ballet school to do these exercises. You can practice them at home. All the equipment you need is a couple of heavy chairs [*Continued on page 72*]

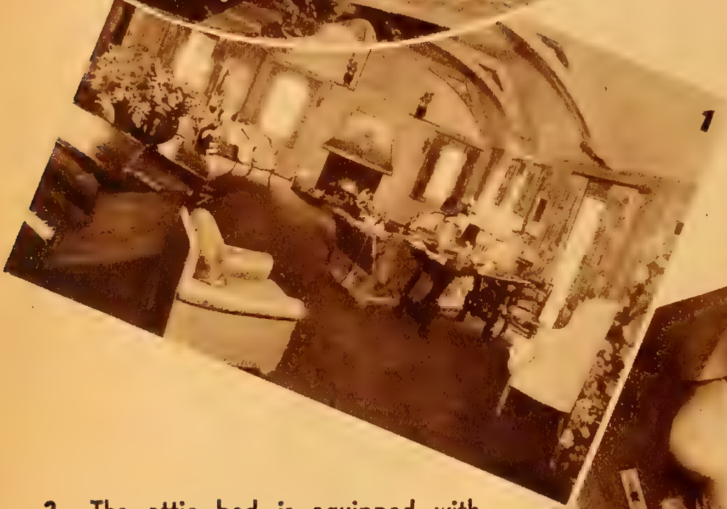


4. Exercises such as this help counteract the soreness that usually follows after trying the split



Believing that our readers are interested not only in the lives of the stars, but also where they live, MOVIE CLASSIC *institutes its "Home of the Stars" department. This month—a pictorial review of the home of Warren William*

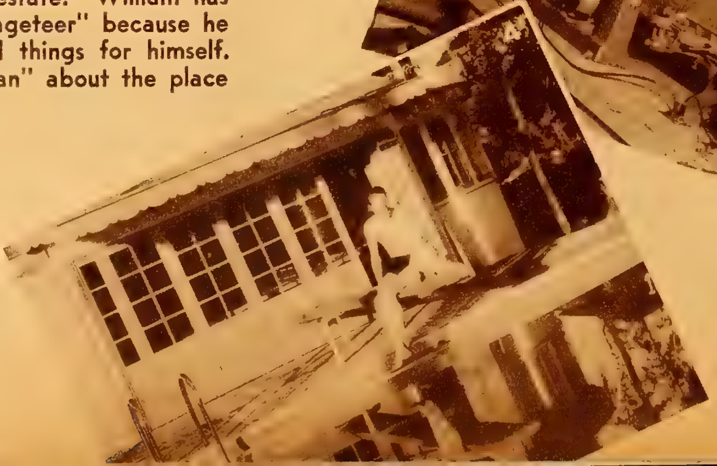
Homes of the *Stars*



1. The Warren William living room is a symphony of unusual colors ranging from egg-plant, jade green, chartreuse, and Italian red

2. The attic bed is equipped with cupboards for holding books, reading lights and other useful paraphernalia. The woodwork is white mahogany. The covering is a beautiful Chinese red chenille spread edged with an ivory and Prussian blue fringe

3. Warren William, who is a major production star, spends most of his time in his workshop on his Encino estate. William has earned the nickname "gageteer" because he likes to invent and build things for himself. He is his own "handy man" about the place



4. The swimming pool is of jade green tiles flanked by red brick walks and is surrounded by graceful eucalypti. A cabana, well equipped for the swimmer, is located at one end

Eddie Cantor Asks—

Should Movie Stars BROADCAST?

As told to William F. French

ARE you staying away from the movies because Bing Crosby, Jeanette MacDonald, Eddie Cantor, Grace Moore, and Dick Powell are on the air? Does the fact that you have heard Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Victor McLaglen and Fred Astaire keep you away from their pictures? Is Shirley Temple's popularity daily increasing because she never broadcasts?

People who should know all about it say that such is the case.

And so Hollywood is facing the trickiest and most dangerous problem of years—all because it is getting so chummy with radio.

Motion picture exhibitors all over the country are objecting strenuously to stars going on the air. Not because they are jealous, but because, according to them, movie stars are keeping the public away from pictures by doing so, and, the exhibitors claim, unless they stop it business will get so bad there won't be any pictures for the stars to appear in.

They claim the stars are accomplishing this in two ways: first; by putting on broadcasts that are so good the fans stay away from the theaters to listen to them, and, second; by putting on broadcasts that are so bad the fans don't want to hear those stars any more, even in good pictures.

Either way, according to these motion picture theater operators, the movie stars are cutting their own throats by ruining the picture business. It is unfair to the American fans, they say, to have their favorite stars ruined by bad broadcasts. Then they point to Maurice Chevalier as a shining sample of what they mean. A single series of radio broadcasts tumbled Chevalier from a great international star to a box office flop.

These exhibitors have produced figures to show how motion picture theater receipts fall off heavily on the nights of big radio shows, and how certain stars take a nose dive in box office immediately following a bad-broadcast featuring them. If a movie star displeases you on the air, pictures have to pay the price of his mistake. That this last is true, no one attempts to deny.

According to these exhibitors theater receipts showed a decrease of about two and a half million dollars the night Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich went on the air for Lux—and that's more than they are willing to pay for anybody's broadcast, no matter how much easy money the stars may make out of it. They claim it costs them about a million dollars in lost admissions every time a star of major importance goes on the air, and at least three times that amount every time a star makes a bad broadcast.

So they have issued an ultimatum to the motion picture producers of Hollywood. In fact, they have issued two ultimatums. The first was: "Take the movie stars off the air—or else—" When that failed to get the desired results, they issued the second ultimatum, which was more to the point. "Keep your stars off the air, or we will penalize every picture in which those stars appear. We will cut the amount of rental we pay on every picture that carries a star who goes on the air. We don't intend to let radio put us out of business, even if you don't care what it does to you."

[*Continued on page* 78]

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford broadcasting *Chained* at the Lux Theatre of the Air in Hollywood

Cecil DeMille, Cora Sue Collins, Ruby Keeler, and Al Jolson ready to airwave another program at the Lux Theatre of the Air

He's A Fool *for Cupid!*

Big-hearted Cary Grant may, as he says, be a poor Romeo when it comes to making love, but all Hollywood admits that he is a swell guy!

by Ethel Harmel

CARY GRANT'S not just one person. He's quintuplets, at least—all rolled into one. Ask his friends; they'll tell you.

They know the Cary who hides off in a corner of the set when he's working, with a handkerchief over his face, and when he's not working, just sits around, moody and quiet and difficult to talk to.

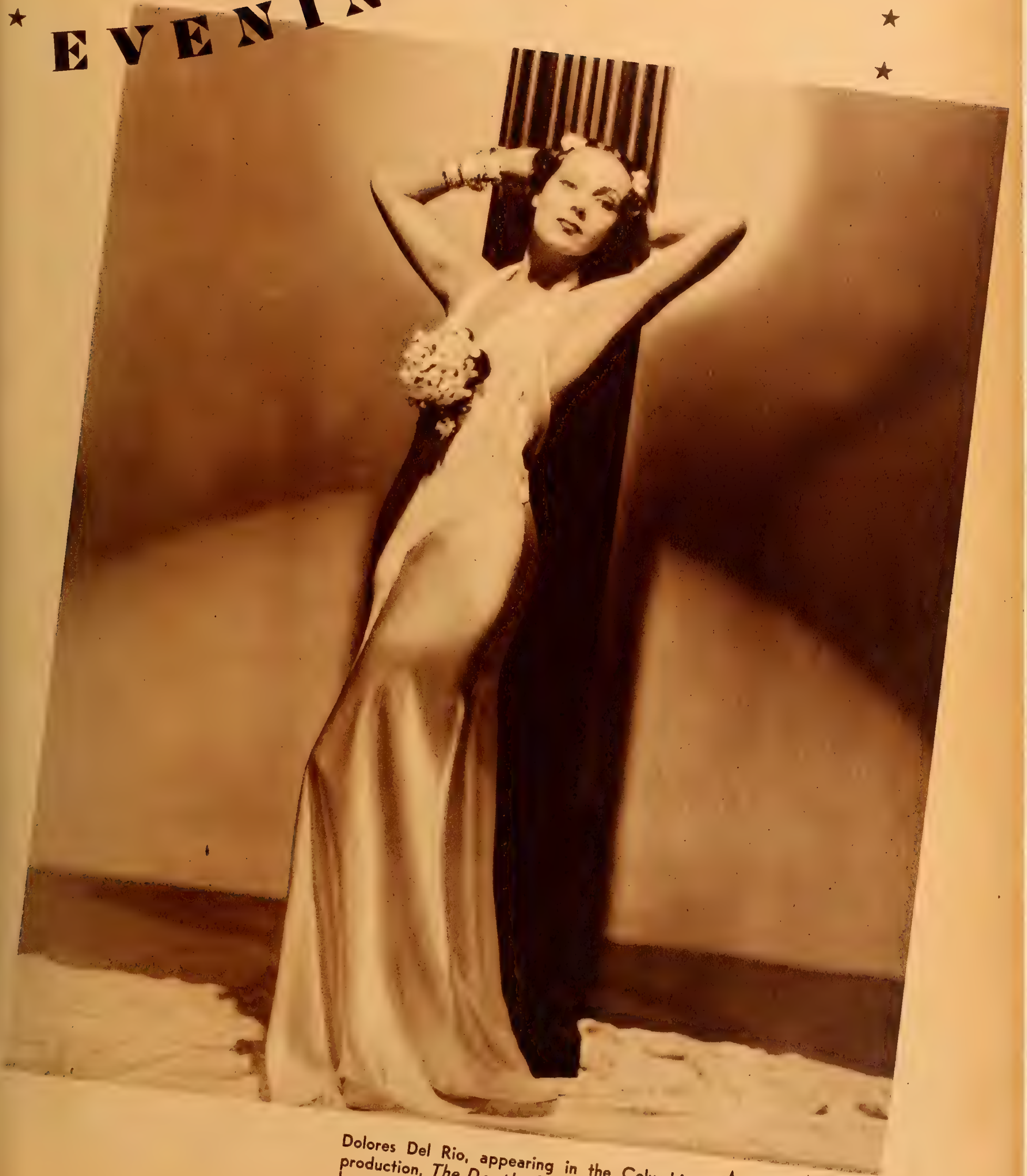
They know the Cary who goes suddenly "hot"—who spatters wisecracks and gags around until not even the top-wits of Hollywood can keep up with him; who bangs out a mad medley of tunes on the piano and intersperses them with suddenly-executed tap-dances.

They know the stand-offish Cary who is like one of those radio performers you see behind glass in the broadcast studios—you hear him and see him and are within a few feet of him, but you simply can't touch him or get close to him. There's that invisible but definite barrier you can't get by.

They know the big-hearted Cary who'd give his friends the shirt off his back, [*Continued on page* 82]

Whenever he can, Cary Grant goes hunting in the High Sierras. (Circle) Cary and Betty Furness enjoying the boxing matches at the Olympic Stadium. (Corner) Mary Brian and Cary dining at their favorite restaurant

EVENING STARS



A. L. SHAFER

Dolores Del Rio, appearing in the Columbia production, *The Depths Below,* wears a silhouette gown of mauve satin. Corsage and hair ornaments in shades of mauve and violet

★ **Dolores Del Rio and Irene Dunne twinkle in gay and elegant new fashions; gay because of their fabric, and elegant by their cut** ★ ★

ACCORDING to the dictionary, a "scruple" is a doubt or hesitation proceeding from conscientiousness—a synonym is offered as "qualm." It is safe, therefore, to say that Hollywood designers have neither scruples nor qualms about the fashions they have offered us.

There is no doubt or hesitancy proceeding from anything about the new lines, colors and fabrics from which we are to choose our 1937 wardrobe. And paradoxical as it may sound, the silhouette is to be either straight and narrow, showing our natural curves *or angles;* shoulders widened and skirts medium to short for day and sports; evening gowns on the tailored line with even hemlines and no trains.

Or—full skirts, flaring from the waistline (which is lowered just a trifle) and very irregular hemlines (scallops, saw-teeth and high in front while sweeping the floor in back).

(1) Bernard Newman created this exotic street costume for Irene Dunne to wear in her forthcoming Columbia production *Theodora Goes Wild.* A coat of monkey fur tops a simple black crêpe dress which is ornamented only by a necklace of pearls. This arresting costume is completed by a black felt hat trimmed with a cascade of monkey fur. Her accessories are in black suede.

(2) Lovely Irene Dunne wears this stunning evening gown of silver metal cloth with wrap of the same material combined with

IRVING LIPPMAN

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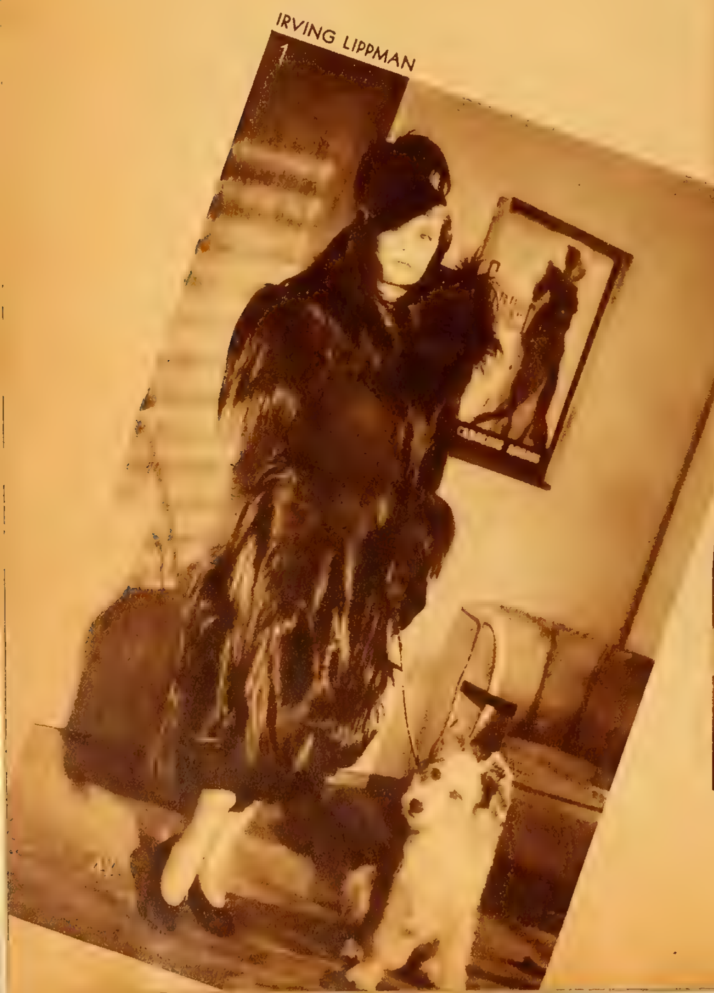

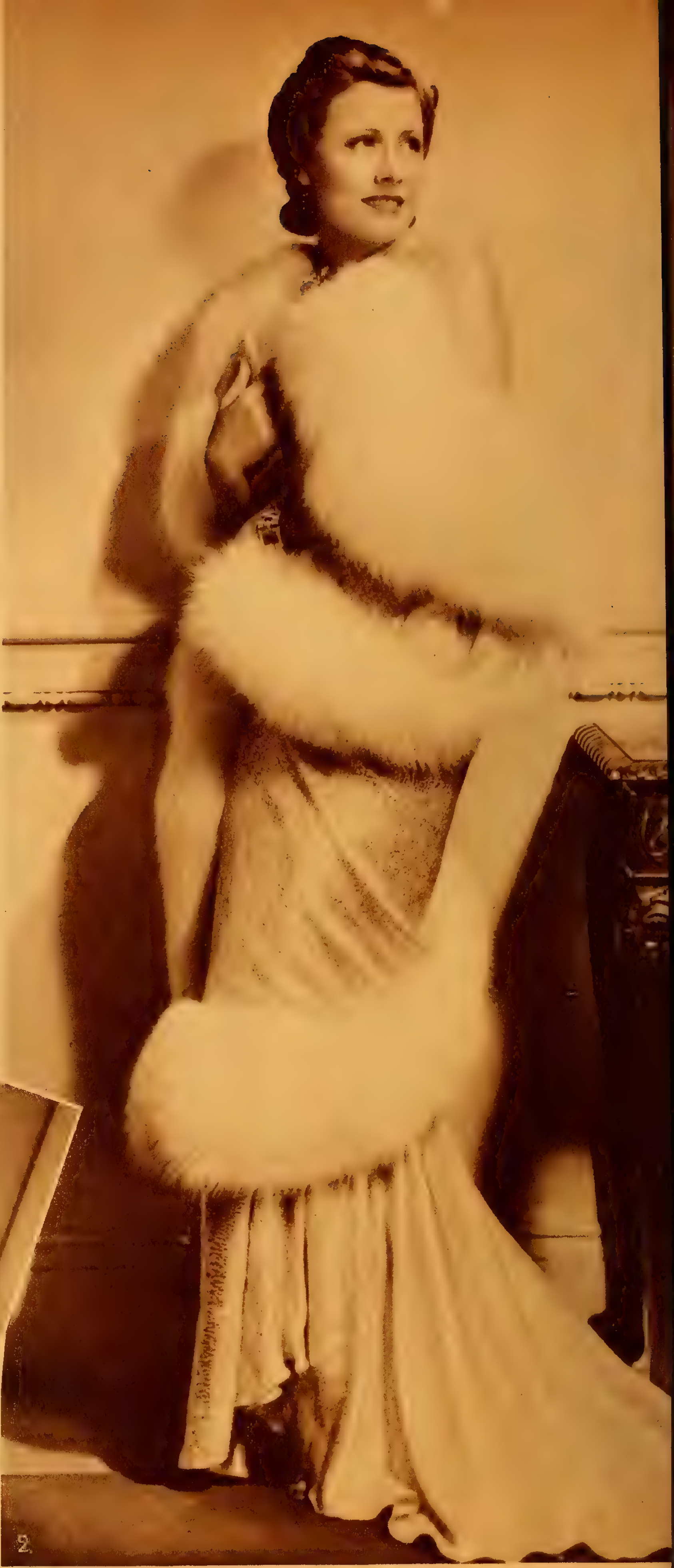

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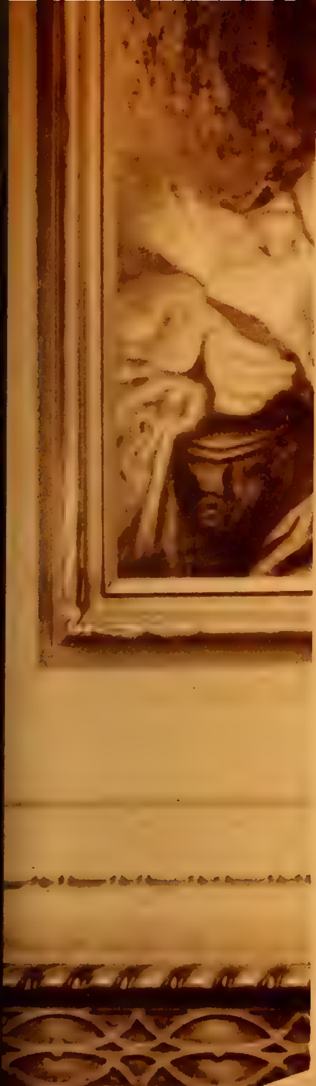
IRVING LIPPMAN

★ by SALLY MARTIN ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FASHION EDITOR OF FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS

If you wish advice on fashions or help in planning your wardrobe send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Sally Martin, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California, in care of this magazine.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



swirled white fox trim. The wrap is caught at the neckline by a large clip of brilliants.

(3) Dolores Del Rio is charming in a tailored evening coat of white ermine with full draped sleeves over a tiered gown of heavy white crêpe. Silver, red and white piallettes fashion the belt and outline the pattern of Dolores's sandals. A large ruby ring gives further color contrast.

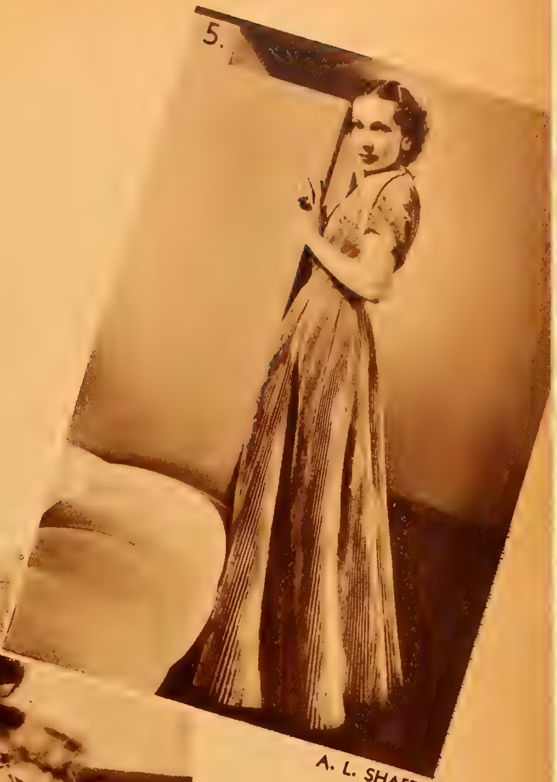
(4) Each season brings new textiles, new colors, new designs, but until now rarely new furs. It is our belief that it would take more than six guesses to ascertain what animals gave their all that fashion might present the only known coat of its kind in the whole world, so beautifully displayed here by Dolores Del Rio. It took sixteen years to collect the skins for this exquisite wrap. This coat, that shines like silver by night or day, is an albino mink. It is owned by Mr. Louis Ritter who sold the First Lady of the Land her rare collection of furs.

(5) Alix of Paris created this exotic gown worn by Dolores Del Rio. An all-over pleated taffeta coat frock in shades of green covers a simple evening gown of light green jersey. To complement this gown Dolores wears earrings and a large emerald ring.

Styles may come and go, but there is one requirement they will always have, and that is a youthful appearance. Regardless of the epoch or epidemic every woman wants to look young. Any fad or fashion that adds to her age is immediately subtracted from her wardrobe. Therefore, designs must be simple, colors and materials chosen carefully, learn to wear clothes well and don't mix materials are just a few suggestions to follow.

Originality, chic, eccentricity even, count to a certain degree but only so far as they keep the slogan of "youthfulness" before them. The moment any of these desirable qualities within limits get the least bit mature or over-matronly, out they go.

5.



A. L. SHAFER

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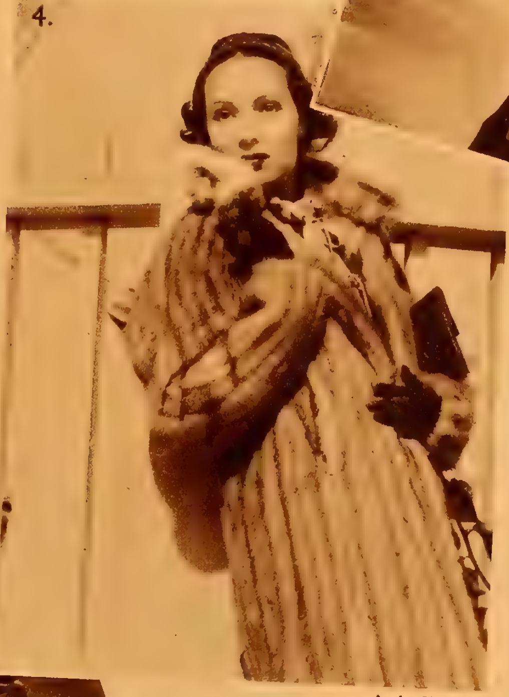

A. L. SHAFER

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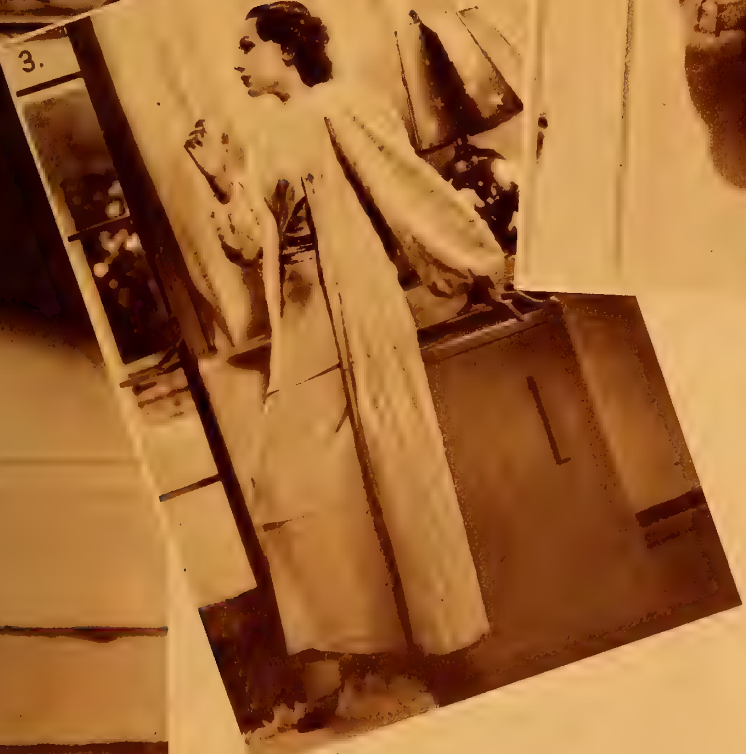


M. B. PAUL

Frank Chapman, husband of Gladys Swarthout, is forbidden to be on the set while another man makes love to his wife!—It's in her contract!

By Harry Lang

Mr. Frank Chapman,
Hollywood, Calif.
Dear Sir:

Mr. Fred MacMurray is going to make ardent love to your wife, this afternoon. Your wife will return his fervor. Therefore, lest your presence interfere, will you please stay away?

Thank you for your consideration.
Respectfully, etc., etc.

AND so Frank Chapman, America's famous baritone, grins a bit sheepishly, shrugs a shoulder or two, remarks "So *this* is Hollywood!" and then, rather than embarrass his wife while she returns the redoubtable Fred MacMurray's love making, betakes himself for a lonely ride in the country, or a solitary afternoon at the beach.

But don't worry. This is *not* a Hollywood scandal story. This is all good, clean fun.

You see, Frank Chapman's wife is the world-famed mezzo soprano, Gladys Swarthout. And just at present, she's playing the lead rôle in *Champagne Waltz,* Paramount's newest film-opera, with Fred MacMurray as her leading man.

And because she loves Frank Chapman so very much, *it's in the contract that her husband stay away from the set while she's in any love scenes!* And that's the trickiest contract in current Hollywood.

Mind you, it isn't because they're afraid that Frank's going to shove his wrestler's shoulders into the middle of the set and sock Fred MacMurray on the jaw. Frank's not like that. But it's merely—oh, heck! would *you* be able to put your best into even a make-believe kiss, if the man you loved were standing watching? And that's how it is between Gladys Swarthout, Hollywood's newest song-sweetheart, and her husband.

This Swarthout girl has completely captured the hearts of all those in Hollywood who've met her. Star of the Metropolitan Opera though she is, she's as regular, as charming, as forthright and as utterly unaffected and untemperamental as any girl could possibly be. Hollywood expected another *grande dame* of the opera—and met, instead, a hail-fellow-well-met sort of gal.

HER parties, at the cozy home she and Chapman have taken in Beverly Hills, are the rage of the smart set of Hollywood. They're not these big affairs that require a circus tent and an army of caterer's servitors and buckets of champagne and tons of caviar and all that sort of whoop-te-do. When Gladys gives a party, it's an "intimate" affair in the most charming sense of the word.

Maybe a dozen people. They sit around the fireplace, swapping stories, clowning a bit. Gladys sings for them, Frank sings for them. If Larry Tibbett is there, as he usually is when he's in town, he busts loose that gorgeous voice of his to show 'em a thing or two in music, too. And so it rolls along toward midnight. And *then* d'ye know what they do?—why, they all troop out into the kitchen, just like your own gang at home, and they raid the icebox. Maybe Tibbett'll discover what's left of a roast chicken, and he'll scuttle off into a corner and gnaw at a leg or a wing. Somebody always finds eggs and butter and a frying pan, and sizzle-sizzle, there's scrambled eggs! And then they all stand, or sit around on the drain-

He Makes Love

Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, one of Hollywood's happiest couples, are "in conference" over their monthly bills

to My Wife!

Movie fans are due for some splendid entertainment when they see and hear Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in Paramount's *Champagne Waltz*

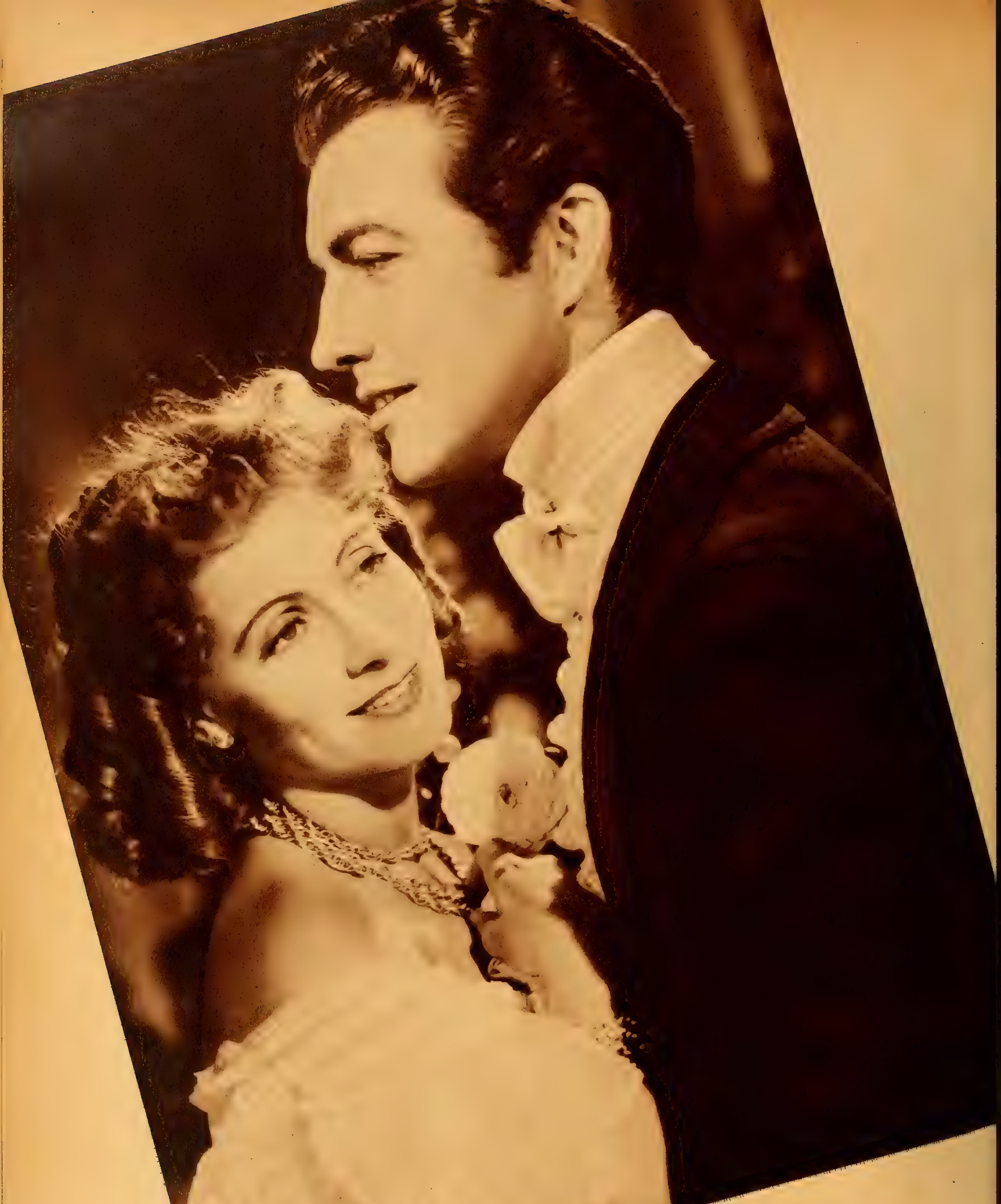
boards or the kitchen table or maybe even the floor, and they eat and talk and sing and have more fun than a barrel of monkeys!

"Temperament," Gladys insists, "is what incompetent singers try to substitute for a voice." What's more, Gladys practices it—and that's why they're all simply mad about her on the set. She is one of the most popular actresses who's ever worked at Paramount.

Funny part is that she was so afraid of movies, or so antagonistic toward them, at first, that it took Paramount nearly a year of steady coaxing and negotiating and maneuvering to get her name on the dotted line. A few years ago, she had made a test—and, due to the amateurish lighting and other factors of those days, it wasn't a very good test. Someone brusquely told her she was a flop for the screen. It hit her hard—naturally. So when recently, Paramount asked her to try again, she returned a very decisive and definite NO! But Paramount knew what they wanted. They maneuvered well—and finally, they coaxed her into another test—but this time, not without the finest equipment, and plenty of rehearsals. That test was a knockout. Officials raved. Even Swarthout was convinced. And down went her name at last on the dotted line. And that was a break, my reader-friends, for not only Paramount or Swarthout, but for you and me!

HOLLYWOOD, she now admits, did upset her considerably. "I had to learn, above all, to *give*," she says. "I used to have a New England conscience (no, she wasn't born there; she was born in a place by the name

[*Continued on page 70*]



CAMILLE

Some one ought to take care of you . . . Robert Taylor offers this advice to Greta Garbo in a scene from *Camille*, directed by George Cukor at M-G-M

—*Photo by Hurrell*

I Want to Meet That Man

being the low-down on Donald Woods

by his wife Josephine

Mrs. Josephine Woods

I HAVE been asked to write a story about a Hollywood leading man, Donald Woods, and to tell all of you good people just exactly what he is like. I am flattered at the request but you see I know so little about him. He's as changeable as the weather, but much more interesting. I never know what to expect. At the present writing I am his wife. Barring accidents and these gorgeous Hollywood blondes, I hope to remain so.

Don is a very fine artist and I am one of his greatest admirers. He has a firm command of technique, a flawless enunciation, and a thorough knowledge of what he is about. When he was on the stage, I am sure that you would have watched in amazement his powerful portrayal of "Death" in *Death Takes a Holiday;* and later, when he did "Simon" in *Counselor at Law,* you would have beamed with pride as I did, and laughed at his hilarious portrayal of Kenneth Bixby in *Goodbye Again,* and by that time you would have said "I want to meet that man."

We would have gone back-stage and you would have met a tall, dark, fine looking chap, very modest, courteous and kind. But if you watched very carefully you'd catch a twinkle in his eye—and there is the real Donald Woods. He has a sense of humor which pops up at the most unexpected times.

Now, when Don's at home I'm not at all sure he's not acting there, too, and *very* well. At least, he keeps me guessing. It's evening. The house is immaculate, flowers are arranged, everything is in place. Don dashes in, throwing his hat on one chair, his scarf on another and his script on the table. He greets us all enthusiastically, asks who and what we are having for dinner, exchanges gossip of the day—and then stretches (or sprawls) on the divan completely immersed in the evening paper. As he finishes each part he tosses it carelessly on the floor. In a few minutes the room is in a turmoil. I am just about ready to call attention to this havoc when suddenly he fixes a stern eye on me and says,

"Jo, that table has a large streak of dust on it. Something should be done about that!"

I gasp, stutter, and start to protest—until I see that grin on his face. What can I do? I grin right back at him, and in a moment we are both laughing at [*Continued on page* 84]

I'm Testing!

An inside view of the Test Department—that ante-room through which film aspirants pass to screen life or death

by Margaret Dallen

"I'M TESTING!" may be a cry of pain, a shout of triumph, a yowl of acute self-consciousness, a quaver of hope, a bleat of dreary resignation.

The Test Department, in other words, is the Torture Chamber through which, if they survive the ordeal, the testees may emerge into the Paradise of Picture-making or be consigned to that oblivion from which few players ever return.

It works, the trial and tribulation of testing, in all sorts of mysterious ways its wonders to perform. There have been stars whose first contract tests put the makers thereof on the shelf for time out of mind. Ginger Rogers, no less, was such a case. Ginger made her first contract test when she was working in one of the Paramount-Publix vaudeville units. She was barely sixteen at the time, thin, too tall, awkward, a rangy child. Paramount decided to make screen tests of their unit people, Ginger among them. The test was made at the Astoria, New York. Ginger was teamed with, of all people, a *short stout boy*. They did a bit from the current unit, each sang a song, no dancing. Ginger, at the time, was wowing them with a baby-talk act so that went into the test, too. And after the test—*silence*. Nothingness. Ginger's mother told me that it took her two years to get that test destroyed. Every time anyone suggested that Ginger try for the screen out would come that horrible test and—all thumbs would be turned down. At the end of two years, however, the Powers That Were asked for another test. This was a test of another color—dramatic, musical, professional. It led to a contract with Paramount and the Rogers star began its golden rise.

Spencer Tracy told me that his first test, made in New York, a scene from *Conflict*, the stage play in which he was appearing on Broadway, was so incredibly awful it "was used to start a fire with." Later he made tests for Universal, for Fox, for M-G-M—and each test was tagged "N.G." It was John Ford, the director, who brought him to Hollywood to play a part in *Up The*

The first tests of Garbo almost consigned her to screen oblivion. Even the tester didn't believe she had camera possibilities! The top picture was taken in Sweden before her advent to Hollywood

Andrea Leeds, pretty young U. C. L. A. graduate who stars in *Come and Get It*, was kissed 467 times during her screen test!

The report on Fred Astaire's first screen test was as follows: "Not particularly good-looking, thinning hair, mediocre personality—can also dance"

River. But it was a man and not a test that sent the Tracy star ascending.

Which is optimistic. If two such stars as Ginger Rogers and Spencer Tracy had "N.G.'s" all over their first tests there's hopes for anybody!

SOME screamingly funny things happen in the test departments. Some dramatic things, some tragic things, some stupid things. I'll tell you some of them later. But first I want to tell you about the way testing is conducted, the processes through which each applicant for screen work goes. For the test department is the least known, the least understood, the least publicized department of activity in Hollywood life. Yet it is the only portal by which stars become stars or amateurs become movie actors of any rank.

There are two kinds of tests. There is the contract test which means the test made by a brand new applicant for screen work, the first test. And there are tests made by established players for specific parts in specific pictures. The contract test is, of course, the more acid of the two. For once a player is established he may test for a part and lose it but he usually gets another part in another picture. And so, unless some one part is especially dear to the heart of the actor the rôle test isn't as nerve-wracking, there is not half so much at stake as when the first, the contract test is made.

I went to Harold S. Bucquet, who conducts all tests for M-G-M, for specific information on the processes of testing. Mr. Bucquet is a sandy-haired, youngish man with kindly gray eyes.

Mr. Bucquet explained the infinite detail, the orderly processes involved in what is referred to as "taking a test."

He began at the beginning—the mail received at the studios daily. For every day the studio mail bags are weighted down with letters to the casting office—all from aspirants for screen favor. They come from farmers, watchmakers, carpenters, bank clerks, department store clerks, housewives, parents of infant prodigies, athletes, the young and old, experienced and inexperienced.

And they are, Mr. Bucquet surprised me by saying—they are *welcome letters.* The studios do not wish to dodge the avalanche. On the contrary, they read and give consideration to them all. They do more, as you may know—they spend vast sums conducting talent contests. They send talent scouts to all parts of the country, the world. They send their scouts to high school and college plays (wasn't Robert Taylor discovered in a Pomono college play? He was!) amateur performances, night clubs, radio studios, the stage, the Metropolitan. Most of the candidates for screen tests, Mr. Bucquet told me, come from the stage, night clubs and radio studios. But everywhere and unremittingly the studios search for new faces, new voices, new names.

"Let us take," said Mr. Bucquet, "one hypothetical amateur who has come to Hollywood and, passing the casting office, applies for a screen test. She has never been before a camera before, this case history of ours. And no one is given a contract nor even a chance to do a 'bit' until she or he has passed the gimlet eye of the camera.

"For it is the camera," said Mr. Bucquet, "that has the last word in [*Continued on page* 80]

A camera study of the glamorous Garbo as you see her now

Gary Cooper was given the first camera-less test on record. The two pictures of the popular star are from scenes in Paramount's *The Plainsman,* directed by Cecil B. DeMille

Producing The PLAINSMAN

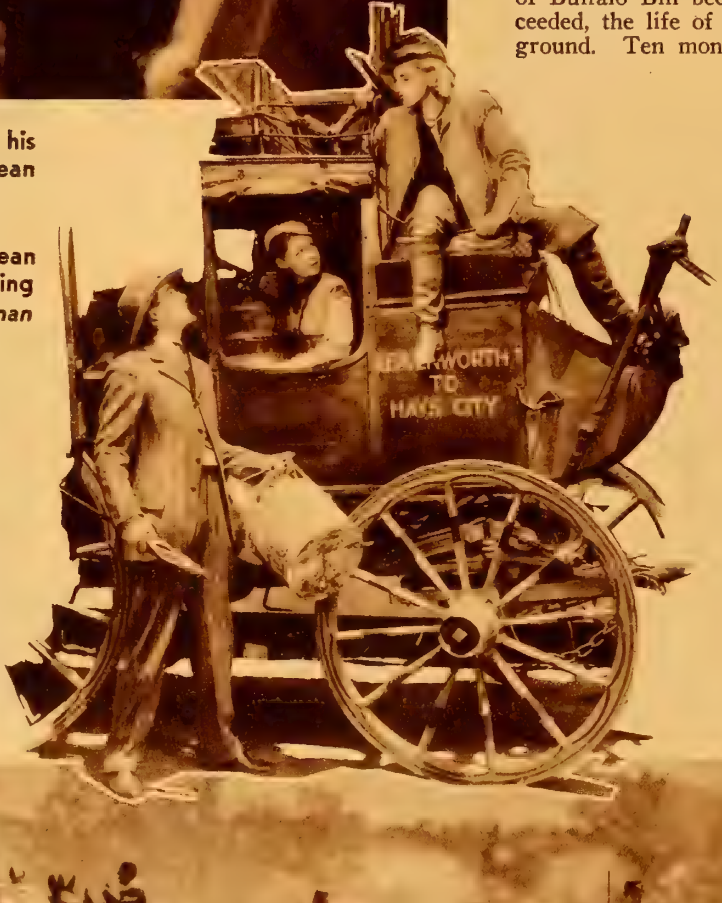
With an unusual fidelity to detail and authenticity Cecil B. DeMille has succeeded in transferring to the screen a picture of the West as it actually existed

THE PLAINSMAN, Cecil B. DeMille's epic of the development of the West is nearing completion at Paramount after three months of production. The cast of the picture includes Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, James Ellison and Helen Burgess and is the story of Wild Bill Hickok, famous peace officer whose life was so colorful and so rich in comedy and tragedy that Cecil B. DeMille altered his original intention of filming the life of Buffalo Bill because as the writing of the story proceeded, the life of Wild Bill kept surging into the foreground. Ten months of research preceded the start of production, during which time more than 600 books were gathered from the libraries and collections throughout the country and made available to the DeMille staff in Hollywood. Also *Harper's Monthly*, the *Congressional Record*, and other files of topical periodicals were perused for information which would present in a true light the characters of the West during the post Civil War period.

Among the notable facts unearthed in research was a government scandal as a result of which the secretary of war at that time is believed to have shot himself. The *Congressional Record* was the source of this information. There it was revealed that the secretary of war was affiliated with a corrupt Washington syndicate which marketed thousands of repeating rifles to the Indians.

[*Continued on page* 86]

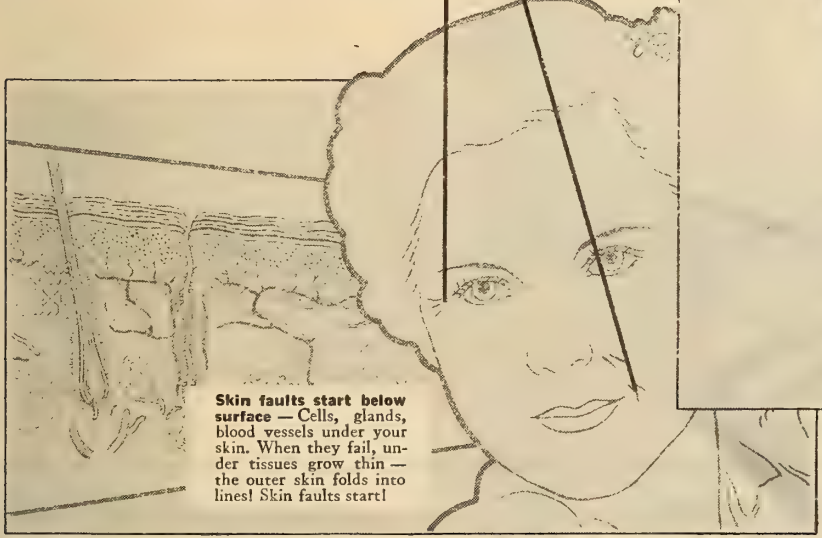
Gary Cooper plays his cards close while Jean Arthur looks on



Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in another thrilling scene from *The Plainsman*

Several picked squads from the 115th Cavalry of the Wyoming National Guard were engaged for battle scenes depicting the Custer Massacre

LINES SAY "over 30!"



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M144, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name________________

Street________________

City__________ State______

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The Inquiring Reporter

[*Continued from page 25*]

heartily and never to take myself too seriously—nor my work too casually.

Q. Is Gene Raymond your real name?

A. My real name was Raymond Guion—pronounced Geón.

Q. How did you get in the movies?

A. I was playing in Young Sinners, *a play which had enjoyed a very successful two year run, and was signed by Paramount after they had watched my performance.*

Q. Where do you and your wife intend to make your home?

A. We plan to have a ranch which will be located about an hour's drive from Hollywood, and will also have an apartment in town where we can stay while we are working in a picture.

Q. If you suddenly found yourself without a job in Hollywood, what would you do and why?

A. I'd get to New York and the stage as quickly as possible as I feel there would be a better opportunity there for work.

Q. Do you answer your fan mail personally?

A. My secretary answers my mail although I read it all personally.

Q. What is your age, weight and height?

A. I am 28 years old—weigh 168 lbs. and am 5 feet 11 inches in height.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. My favorite sports are riding, tennis, swimming and reading (if that could be called a sport.)

Q. What is your favorite movie rôle?

A. My favorite rôle is that of Zani in Zoo in Budapest.

Q. Did you compose a song? If so, has it been published?

A. I have composed four songs, two of which have been published. Their titles are —In A Japanese Garden, Will You, Brief Moment and You've Captured My Heart.

Q. Do you think that what a star does is his or her own private business?

A. Yes, to a degree—but one should never forget that picture fans are interested in the activities of picture players.

Q. Has anyone mentioned to you that there is a marked resemblance between you and Nelson Eddy, or is it just my imagination?

A. Sorry, but I am afraid it is just your imagination.

Q. Do you enjoy classical music?

A. Yes, very much. I especially enjoy concerts.

Q. Do you enjoy giving interviews to high school reporters who are trying their best to make their school paper a success?

A. Certainly. Why not?

Q. Were you ever an extra?

A. No. I came direct from the stage.

Q. Do you feel silly while attending previews of your pictures in which your rôles are very sad or very funny.

A. I am usually too busy thinking of ways I could have improved my performance to have any other reaction.

Q. Is your mother a writer?

A. No.—Unless you mean "letter" writer.

Q. What do you find most interesting in the movie colony?

A. People—People are always the most interesting thing anywhere to me.

Q. Are you looking forward to making a picture in technicolor, or would you choose to make a plain (no color) picture instead?

A. Color pictures are in to stay—with great and constant improvements bound to come. Naturally I look forward to making colored pictures.

IT'S ALL SPOILED
READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST TURNED POLLY'S DREAM INTO A NIGHTMARE
WHY POLLY— WHAT IS THE MATTER DEAR?
HARRIET'S LETTER - Y-YOU READ IT— SHE W-WANTS TO D-DRIVE OVER D-DURING VACATION AND BRING HER B-BROTHER J-JACK
HERE POLLY— I WANT YOU TO TRY EATING THIS YEAST FOR AWHILE. MRS. AMES SAID IT CLEARED JEAN'S PIMPLES RIGHT UP!
WELL, JEAN CERTAINLY HAS LOVELY SKIN. DO YOU THINK THERE'S REALLY A CHANCE FOR ME?
LATER
IT SURE WAS A LUCKY BREAK I LEARNED ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES IN TIME. THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PIMPLE LEFT! OH, I DO HOPE JACK WILL LIKE ME

Q. If you were married, would you let your wife work?

A. When I am married, I expect my wife-to-be to continue her magnificent career.

Q. What qualities in a girl do you consider most important for her success in life?

A. I believe the qualities of charm, intelligence, tact and honesty are the most important assets a girl can have.

Q. What is your favorite food?

A. I have no favorite food, but I certainly do enjoy a good steak!

Q. How long have you been acquainted with Jeanette MacDonald?

A. A little over a year.

Q. Do you know Shirley Temple?

A. I've met her. She's a tiny thing, but a big reason for superlatives.

Q. What is your highest ambition?

A. To achieve the things I most want in life.

Q. What is your reaction towards fan mail?

A. It is the applause of a motion picture player and should be respected and appreciated.

Q. Do you associate with other people besides your movie comrades?

A. I do not choose my friends because of their profession.

Q. What do you enjoy doing best, next to acting?

Binnie Barnes clowning with the three mad Ritz brothers at a popular night spot

A. I like to compose music when I am not too busy in pictures.

Q. Are your mother and father living?

A. Yes.

Q. What would you consider a perfect all-day date?

A. A ride in the morning—a picnic lunch —and home in the moonlight.

Q. Who are your favorite writers, composers, artists?

A. My favorites are Dumas and Sabatini —Rainsky Korsakoff as writers and composers, and my favorite artist is the noted marine artist, Winslow Homer.

Q. Are you really French?

A. Although I was born in New York City, I am of Alsatian decent.

Q. Do you think that some of our movie stars of today could become just as famous on the stage as they have become in the movies?

A. No. It would be impossible to attain the same degree of fame in the same length of time. One picture can make a person world famous overnight where it would take years of work on the stage to attain the same important position.

Q. Have you any pets?

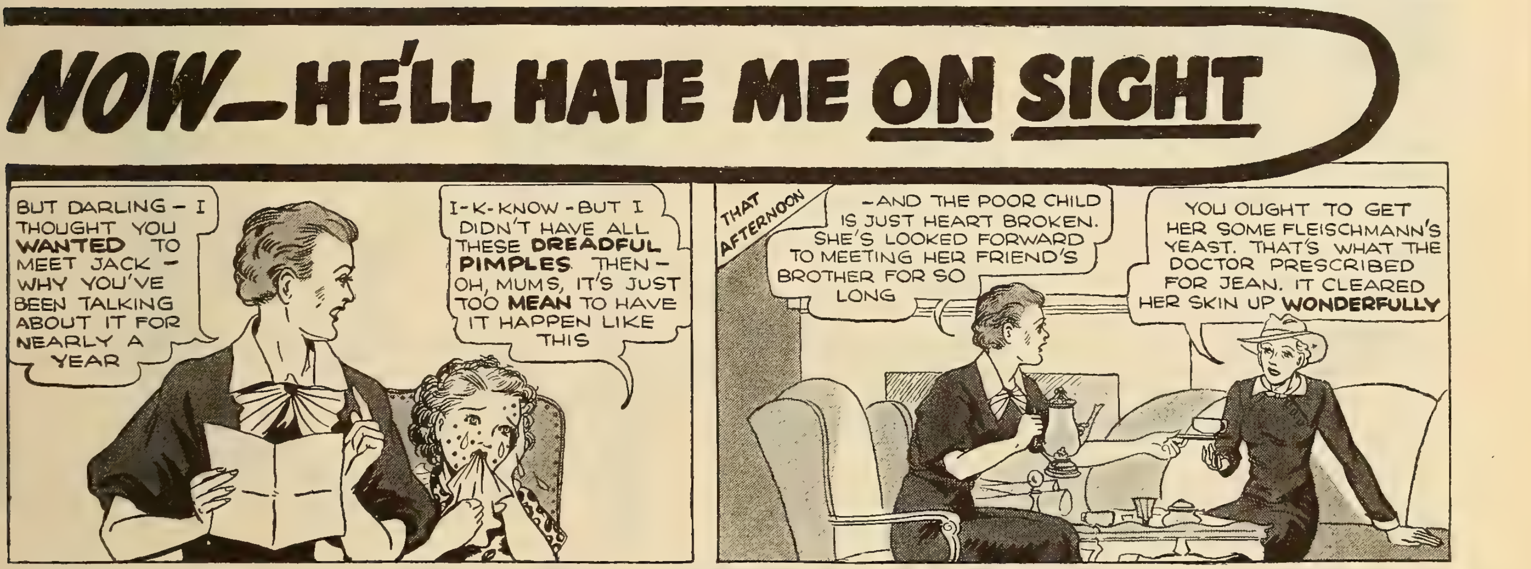
A. Yes. I have a dog, "Tray" and a horse, "Black Knight."

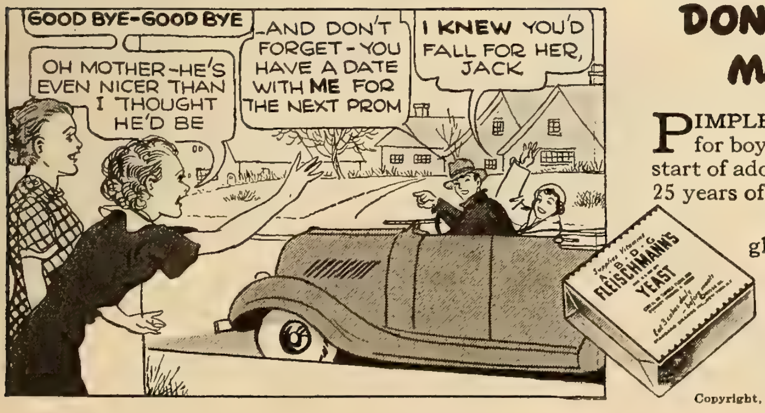
Q. Do you still want to do an adventure picture?

A. Yes. And if I did a dozen, the answer would still be yes.

Q. Don't you think the dual rôle in Edison Marshall's *Girl of India* would suit you?

A. I would enjoy doing it very much as it should make a good picture.


NOW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT
BUT DARLING - I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO MEET JACK - WHY YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT IT FOR NEARLY A YEAR
I-K-KNOW - BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THESE DREADFUL PIMPLES THEN - OH, MUMS, IT'S JUST TOO MEAN TO HAVE IT HAPPEN LIKE THIS
THAT AFTERNOON
-AND THE POOR CHILD IS JUST HEART BROKEN. SHE'S LOOKED FORWARD TO MEETING HER FRIEND'S BROTHER FOR SO LONG
YOU OUGHT TO GET HER SOME FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED FOR JEAN. IT CLEARED HER SKIN UP WONDERFULLY


GOOD BYE-GOOD BYE
OH MOTHER-HE'S EVEN NICER THAN I THOUGHT HE'D BE
-AND DON'T FORGET - YOU HAVE A DATE WITH ME FOR THE NEXT PROM
I KNEW YOU'D FALL FOR HER, JACK
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES MAKE YOU HATE TO BE SEEN

PIMPLES spoil many a "date"—for boys as well as girls—after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Then, unsightly pimples pop out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes each day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water —until skin clears.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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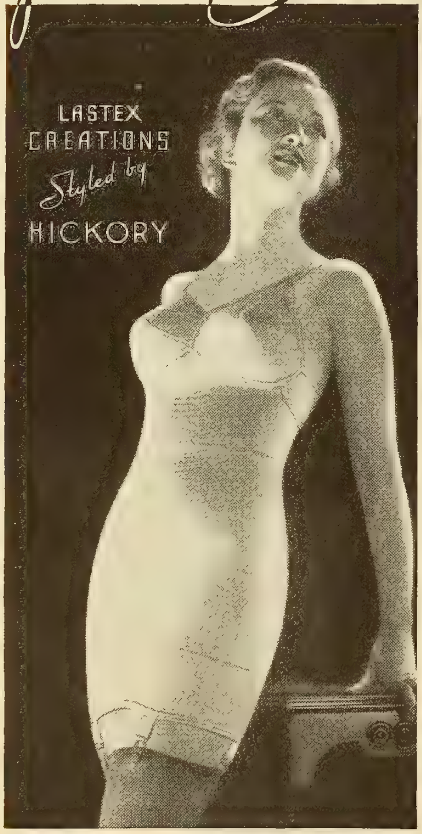
Princess Chic



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Foundation and Girdle

For Dress and Formal occasions, the Foundation assures a beautiful unbroken silhouette. Its *double knitted panel* gives *double support* at four points: in front, in back and at both sides. Controls and shapes naturally, without even the suggestion of a bulge. Back is low cut—brassiere is uplift.

The Girdle, for About Town and every day wear also has the clever double knitted panel.

It's an economy to have a set of two at only $5.50 up. May be had separately, of course. Foundation $3.50 up. Girdle $2.00 up.

You should find "Princess Chic" and other Creations by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure. Address: 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago.

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Hollywood—
And Young Girls

Three famous mothers of screen stars tell of the problems that affect their daughters in the most publicized town on earth

YOU see them everywhere in Hollywood—aspiring young Garbos, Dietrichs and Crawfords. Young girls beautiful with the freshness of youth. Eyes undimmed by the disappointments and experience that come with age. Steps in stride with the pulsing current of hope that surges through their young hearts.

You see them walking down Hollywood Boulevard. Supple hips and legs beneath tailored slacks.

You see them getting a snack at the Derby, or sipping a Martini at the Beachcomber, or taking in a movie at the Chinese.

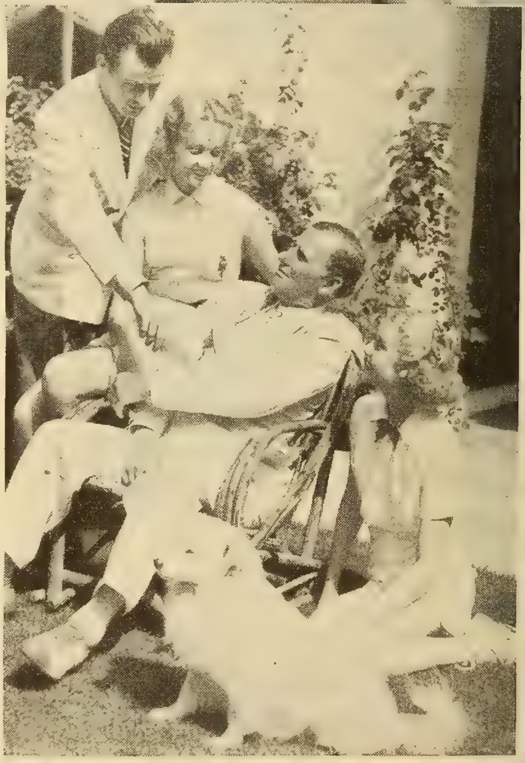
You see them at the studios, playing atmosphere or bits. Their orange makeup more like masks than faces.

They're all strangely alike—in dress, in mannerisms—yes, even in physical appearance. They're all marked by the stamp of Hollywood. The insatiable quest of fame. A quest that denies hunger, that refutes thirst, that ignores the ignominy of cheap hall bedrooms.

Looking at them, you recall what a well-known woman executive in a studio observed just the other day, "You can't be a success in Hollywood unless you've paid the price of fame."

Ah, but can't you? Look at Anita Louise, Paula Stone, Rochelle Hudson, Anne Shirley—I can think of another dozen like them at this very moment. All unmistakably nice girls—the kind mothers would choose for their sons' wives, if they had the privilege. Yet all going ahead at a steady pace up the cinema ladder to success and fame. If there are "pitfalls" in Hollywood, how did they skirt them so completely?

I asked Rochelle's mother, the quiet, motherly Mrs. Mae Hudson, about it recently. At the Brown Derby, over an afternoon snack of coffee and little thin hot cakes swimming in melted butter, she told me



Rochelle Hudson (upper photo) has made her own decisions since she was fifteen. Fred Keating, Paula Stone, Fred Stone and Anita Louise are a typical Sunday afternoon quartette at the Stone home by

Anne Ellis Meyers

emphatically:

"Hollywood's pitfalls are a myth!"

Which, from the mother of a young star who came to Hollywood as a child and grew up among the kleig lights and grease paint, is undeniably authoritative. But let Mrs. Hudson herself go on:

"There are no more temptations—moral temptations—in Hollywood than elsewhere," she said. "When Rochelle is on a production, she works as hard as any stenographer or school teacher, following a regular, work-day schedule. She doesn't have time to be swayed by temptations—if there are any lurking about!"

Her gaze as straightforward as her daughter's own, she went on, "Since she was 15, Rochelle has been making decisions for herself. Not that I neglected her, but because I wanted her to become self-reliant early in life. There never has been any necessity for my keeping close vigilance upon her actions.

"Rochelle herself talked over her parts with the studio people, yes—" she seemed to have read my thoughts—"yes, almost from the start.

"Rochelle was thirteen when I brought her to Hollywood after an inconsequential background of school plays and public appearances before organizations in Oklahoma. Of course, during her first two years here, I accompanied her everywhere—to agents, casting directors, and studios. By the time she was fifteen, it was clear that control of her affairs was safe in her own hands—and that Hollywood was safe for her!"

Mae Hudson, you see, has never been a "studio mother," one of those relatives who make themselves a conspicuous element in their offspring's picture careers—often proving a hindrance rather than a benefit to the progress of those careers.

"Of course, Rochelle occasionally made unwise decisions," she continued. "There was the time she decided to freelance, and then discovered it a hazardous step for one not too firmly established in Hollywood. But what of it? A few mistakes early in life are good for a girl—providing they're not serious enough to hurt or embitter her permanently. Mistakes that enrich her judgment and make her future road easier to tread often prove a blessing in disguise.

"But we were talking about Hollywood, weren't we?" she smiled broadly. "If any one looks upon Hollywood as a place where masculine wolves in sheep's clothing lurk in dark, dank corners, waiting to pounce upon our little Nell—well, they simply don't know Hollywood!

"In my opinion, when a girl finds herself in difficulties, she can blame herself. Men usually treat a girl the way she invites them to treat her. And the same is as true in Hollywood as it is in Paducah, Ky!"

The theme was becoming too interesting to drop [*Continued on page 89*]

THE BOSS PLAYED ME A DIRTY TRICK-
MR. TRASK PROMISED ME THE JOB. NOW HE'S INTERVIEWING OTHER GIRLS! IF THAT ISN'T A DIRTY TRICK...
THEN SHE FOUND HER NAME IN AN OFFICE MEMO
OFFICE MEMORANDUM
TO : Office Manager
FROM: Mr. Trask
I have changed my mind about taking Miss Lane as my secretary. I still think she's capable, but I have noticed that her breath—well, frankly, Miss Lane should see her dentist.
JANET SEES HER DENTIST
YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
ONE MONTH LATER
MR. TRASK SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST SECRETARY HE EVER HAD, JANET!
THANKS, ANN!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

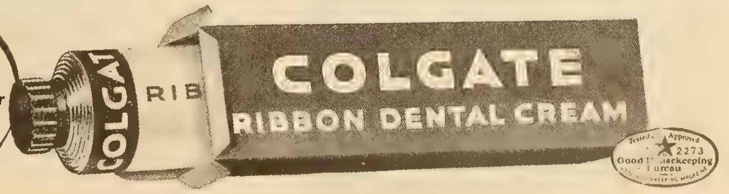
Why let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢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10 Days Free Trial
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Send $1.00 deposit! State age, occupation, etc. (If possible give 1 or 2 business references.) Dealings strictly confidential. No C.O.D. to pay. **Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.**

ORDER NOW to avoid the big Xmas rush

Both for $29.75
Only $2.87 a mo.
4 Fiery Diamonds

LK-6 . . . Perfectly matched engagement and wedding ring ensemble of 14K Solid White or Yellow Gold. Engagement ring is set with a fiery, genuine blue-white diamond, and the wedding ring with 3 matched diamonds. Specify gold desired. **Both for $2.87 a mo.** May be purchased separately.

Only $27.50
LADIES' CLUSTER 7 Diamond Ring

LK-2 . . . Dazzling ladies' square prong cluster ring, expertly set with seven finely matched fiery, genuine diamonds. Gives the appearance of a $450.00 solitaire. 14K Solid Yellow Gold ring. **Only $2.65 a month.**

$2.87 a mo. **$29.75**
Latest 17 Jewel BULOVA

LK-3 . . . BULOVA'S "Goddess of Time"! Guaranteed 17 Jewel BULOVA movement. Tiny, square case in charm and color of natural gold. Silk cord bracelet. **$2.87 a month.**

$1.35 a mo. **$14.50**
A ROYAL SENSATION!

LK-4 . . . Ladies, baguette type wrist watch in streamlined permanent white case; fully guaranteed movement. Matched bracelet. **Only $1.35 a mo.**

17 Jewel Waltham Now only $24.75

Handsome genuine leather strap included free!

LK-8 . . . Guaranteed 17 Jewel WALTHAM "Diplomat" at a remarkably low price! Richly engraved white case, link bracelet to match and an extra, genuine leather strap. Usually $37.50 — now $24.75. **$2.37 a month.**

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32 pages of feature values in genuine blue-white diamonds, standard watches, exquisite jewelry, silverware, cameras, toilet sets, etc. Send for yours today!

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The *New* Vogue in

A radio and stage star, Gertrude Niesen wins added laurels as a featured player in Universal's *Top of the Town.*

GERTRUDE NIESEN, radio and stage sensation, had been signed by Universal Pictures to do an important rôle in *Top of the Town.*

Everyone on the lot knew she was coming to the studio for makeup tests, wardrobe tests, voice tests and every other sort of test a motion picture studio could possibly tender to a star. And everyone from the gateman to the president was as nervous as a cat waiting for a dog.

This girl was going to be hard to handle. She was important and she knew it. She looked like a combination of Alla Nazimova and Aileen Pringle. She had a voice like Nora Bayes. She acted like Marlene Dietrich—at least, she had worn men's attire in a show in New York and told the press she "liked men's clothes." She was a young Sarah Bernhardt. Von Sternberg had said, as only Von can say it, "She is a genius!"

The press had said, "Had Gertrude Niesen lived a few thousand years before she would have given *Cleopatra* and the *Queen of Sheba* a run for their money." She'd stopped every show she was in and knocked them dead over the radio. Hollywood was duck soup for her and if she didn't know it, then the gang at Universal just didn't know its stars either.

They backed into corners and waited for her to arrive and made bets among themselves as to who would be the first to arouse her temperamental wrath. Her first act of self-importance, of course, would be to be late.

They lost that first bet. Gertrude Niesen was ahead of time. She drove her car herself and parked it where the gateman told her to. But then—well, that tiny mite who got out of that car, simply couldn't be the great Niesen. But it was. There was no mistaking that devine figure, the exotic features, the Roman haircut.

She had a warm smile and a pleasant word for everyone she met. This wasn't going to last—it was only an act.

"How many songs would you like to sing in *Top of the Town,* Miss Niesen?"

Ah, that was the question that would blow the lid off the friendly pot.

But no—the smile was more friendly than ever.

"Why, two," she said in a voice rich with warmth.

"Two? *Only* two? You can sing as many as you like. The more the better. Why don't you sing a half dozen—show your audience what you can do?"

"If I cannot show them in two songs,"

Vamps

This interview with Gertrude Niesen is printed at the request of the Fan Club Federation of America.

she explained kindly, "then I cannot show them at all. A fast little number will bring out my ability as a comedian and a ballad will prove my dramatic ability—if I have any," she added almost apologetically.

The nervous tension lessened. Maybe this girl wasn't a *Cleopatra* after all—maybe she was just another of those little stage kids trying to make good in Hollywood, and everyone on the lot was willing to help her.

But they were just as wrong on the second guess as they were on the first. Everything that had been said about her temperament or her self-importance was untrue—everything that had been said about her ability was true.

GERTRUDE NIESEN was born on the Atlantic Ocean, two days out of New York, on July 8, 1914. Just before the world war started in Europe, Mr. Niesen took his wife on a belated honeymoon. Things were getting pretty hot over there and he decided to let old man stork deliver his goods back in safe old Brooklyn. But the stork was evidently anxious to leave Europe also so he overtook the boat and delivered Gertrude to her parents before she was due.

The child was reared in Brooklyn Heights. She went to grade school until she was ready for higher education, then she was sent to the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, to *make a lady out of her*. Her idea of learning to be a lady was to imitate everyone that attended the school teas for the amusement of the girls after the teachers were at a safe distance.

She graduated with the rest of her class and settled down to a round of society such as her own neighborhood had to offer. It was pretty dull except that Gertrude could amuse herself by imitating those she found amusing—and there was always week-end fishing with her father to take off the staleness of society.

Over and over again her friends said, "You ought to be on the stage. At first Gertrude didn't pay any attention to their remarks. Then one day she thought it over and decided maybe it might be a good idea. She got out the telephone book and jotted down a few addresses of New York agents and went to call on them.

Of course, she didn't tell them she was a school girl on a lark. Dear, dear, no—she was an actress—a good one, with years and years of experience. She had been in this show and that and could give extracts from the show to prove it.

Most of the agents paid no attention to her—one told her to go home to mamma—but yet another took her name and address and telephone number.

[*Continued on page* 62]

A PREY TO FEARS? When you're longing to join in the fun—does dread of possible embarrassment ever hold you back? It needn't! For Modess—a new kind of sanitary pad, made in a new and different way—puts an end to all those fears!

BE AS GAY AS THE REST! Depend upon it, there's no risk with Modess. It's Certain-Safe! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft! Just wear the *blue line* (on moisture-proof side) *away* from the body and perfect protection is yours!

Modess
It's Certain Safe

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Which Word Describes Your Eyes?

COLORLESS—Pale, scraggly, scanty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.

CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overloading the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.

CHARMING—Dark, luxuriant lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance — with Maybelline. Eye make-up in good taste.

So Simple-this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard "made-up" look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you'll be delighted!

Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid Form Mascara, in the brilliant red and gold metal vanity—75c.

Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline Eye Shadow, Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Fans and Fan Clubs

[*Continued from page* 17]

noon at Warner Brothers Studio as the guest of Craig Reynolds and then flew back home.

Jean Betty Huber, prexy for the June Clyde club, is also having lots of fun in Hollywood. Since she plans to make this her future home, she is working at writing and taking her time about seeing stars. This week end she is spending with Paul Kelly and his congenial little wife, Dorothy. Entertainment includes the polo matches, a cocktail party at the home of Alice Brady and then dinner at the Kelly home. Mrs. Kelly when she invited guests forgot that the cook was temperamental, so Jean Betty, along with other guests, pitched in and helped Paul and Dot cook.

Violet Platzer, head of the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher Clubs, is back in Trenton after spending four months in Hollywood. She's lonesome and homesick for us and is moving back here for good just as soon as she can sell her Trenton home.

Just talked to Emily Shear of the Chicago Branch of the Francis Lederer Club. Yes, she's in Hollywood! She spent a few days with Ruth Roland, and a day with Francis on his Ranch.

Official Fan Clubs

Star President Address

LEW AYRES—Helen Raether, 822¾ N. Las Palmas St., Hollywood, Calif.

JOHN ARLEGE—Lila L. Gesch, 1618 N. 40th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 1—Winifred Miles, 3061 Seyburn Ave., Detroit, Mich.

JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 2—Lillian Musgrave, 2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 3—Margaret Fairs, 26 Temple Road, Cricklewood, London N. W., England.

JOHN BOLES CHAPTER 4—Violet Kirk, 55 Ludloe Road, Clapham Park, London S. W., England.

BOOSTERS CLUB—Harry J. Frazier, Box 131, Bellevue, Nebr.

RALPH BELLAMY—Jeannette Mendro, 4939 Gunnison St., Chicago, Ill.

GEORGE BRENT—Helen Henderson, 162 Highland Ave., Kearney, N. J.

TOM BROWN—Ebba Ebraue, Jr., 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

LINA BASQUETTE—Lenore Heidorn, 5737 So. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill.

JOHN BEAL—Alberta Ammott, 2890 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

JOE E. BROWN—C. Wilson Maxwell, Jr., 15 Randolph Ave. Elkins, W. Va.

JAMES BLAKELEY—Louise Thompson, 1457 N Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.

JUNE CLYDE—Jean Betty Huber, 401 N. Genesee St., Hollywood, Calif.

JOAN CRAWFORD—Marion Dommer, 9717 81st St., Ozone Park. Long Island, N. Y.

RUTH CHATTERTON—Shirley Spence, 138 Sutherland Road, Brighton, Mass.

BING CROSBY CHAPTER 1—John Refner, Hillsdale, Mich.

BING CROSBY CHAPTER 2—Peter Blommestyn, 38 Wellington St., Chatham, Ontario, Canada.

EDDIE CANTOR CHAPTER 1—Lou Hitchcock, 170 Maine Ave., Westerleigh, Staten Island, N. Y.

EDDIE CANTOR CHAPTER 2—C. Wilson Maxwell, Jr., 15 Randolph Ave., Elkins, W. Va.

IRVIN S. COBB—C. Wilson Maxwell, Jr., 15 Randolph Ave., Elkins, W. Va.

JACKIE COOPER—Anna Glance, 7741 Bennett St., Chicago, Ill.

BETTE DAVIS—Jerrie Matatia, 1475 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y.

JOHNNY DOWNS—Ruth Keast, 1832 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood, Cal.

IRENE DUNNE—Meta Waltman, 269 Meade Ave., Hanover, Pa.

BEBE DANIELS—Violet Platzer, 523 Schiller Ave., Trenton, N. J.

FIFI D'ORSAY—Mary Helen Quelley, 1748 E. 52nd St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

DOLORES DEL RIO—Rose Badali, 3814 W. 56th Place, Chicago, Ill.

DIXIE DUNBAR—Mildred L. Smith, Route 5, Box 331, Denver, Colo.

OLIVA DE HAVILLAND—Dorothy Nelson, 812 East Benton St., Morris, Ill.

MELVIN DOUGLAS—Lou Hitchcock, 170 Maine Ave., Westerleigh, Staten Island, N. Y.

NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 1—Victoria Mason, 1505 Delaware Ave., Wilmington, Del.

NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 2—Frances Bradly, 4211 Overlook Rd., Birmingham, Ala.

NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 3—Ruth Sperling, 9614 Avenue North, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 4—Miss Bub Clough, 56 W. 105th St., New York, N. Y.

NELSON EDDY CHAPTER 5—Loretto Schultz, 637 Craig St., West, Montreal, Que., Canada.

RUTH ETTING—Pearl Tice, 426 S. 9th St., Perkasie, Pa.

MADGE EVANS—Elsie Moser, 2104 S. 64th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BETTY FURNESS—Marionne Oppenheim, 166 Dahill Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRANK FAY—Maym Sagert, 3525 S. Leavitt St., Chicago, Ill.

ALICE FAYE—Jean Young, 1357 Harvard St., Harrisburg, Pa.

PRESTON FOSTER—Helen Stevens, 814 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

FUTURE STAR—J. H. Pool, 625 South 22nd St., Arlington, Va.

TITO GUIZAR—Virginia Haas, 14209 Ardmore, Detroit, Mich.

MINNA GOMBEL—Chaw Mank, Jr., 226 East Mill Road, Staunton, Ill.

SKEETS GALLAGHER—Violet Platzer. 523 Schiller Ave., Trenton, N. J.

BETTY GRABLE—Terry Lipman, 185 W. 170th St., New York, N. Y.

NEIL HAMILTON—John G. Whidding, 4521 Gilbert Place, Los Angeles, Calif.

JEAN HARLOW—Minnette Shermak, 328 East 90th St., New York, N. Y.

PHIL HARRIS—Dorothy Dilley, 523 St. Elmo St., Allentown, Pa.

ELEANOR HOLM * ART JARRETT—Mary Helen Quelley, 1748 East 52nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON—Majory Craft, 4802 Washington Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind.

JACKIE HELLER—Virginia Gilliland, 5321 Kimbark, Chicago, Ill.

WARREN HULL—Sandra Kane, 142 E. 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELEN JEPSON—Marian Lott, 1180 Riverside Dr., Akron, Ohio.

VICTOR JORY (west)—Betty Bass, 524 N. Elena St., Redondo Beach, Calif.

VICTOR JORY (east)—Frances Grady, 11 West St., Bangor, Maine.

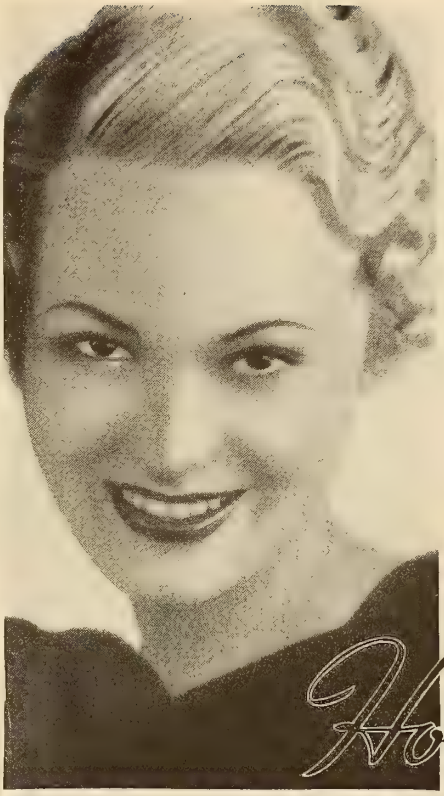
ALLAN JONES—Shirley Touster, 146 West 83rd St., New York, N. Y.

PAUL KELLY CHAPTER 1—Ruth Fiffer, 146 N. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PAUL KELLY CHAPTER 2—C. Wilson Maxwell, Jr., 15 Randolph Ave., Elkins, W. Va.

(Note to fan club members: Additional fan clubs will be listed next month.)

Martha Raye, Paramount's newest laugh lady, all set to capture an exclusive shot with a speed camera



GERDA EGLOFF, of Dallas, July winner in the nation-wide "Search for Talent".

Each Month....

the "Search for Talent" offers some girl a FREE screen test and $50.00 in cash. At least one winner will be given a role in an important Walter Wanger Production at the United Artists Studios in Hollywood.

Hollywood

MAY WANT YOU, too!

THIS attractive young lady, won first place in the July "Search for Talent" and has an opportunity for a movie contract. How would *you* like a chance to work under Walter Wanger who has produced such outstanding pictures as "Spendthrift" and "The Case Against Mrs. Ames"?

Every girl in America has just such an opportunity, for HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play are sponsoring a nation-wide "Search for Talent" ... with winners picked every month. You're invited to enter ... and you may enter as many times as you like until the closing date, December 31, 1936.

All you need do is get complete details from any HOLD-BOB dealer. Entry blanks are printed right on the back of HOLD-BOB cards ... so now there is a two-fold reason for buying HOLD-BOBS, the favorites of Hollywood. Once you use HOLD-BOBS you'll never use any other bob pin, because only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped; and, colors to match all shades of hair. You may buy HOLD-BOBS at good dealers everywhere.

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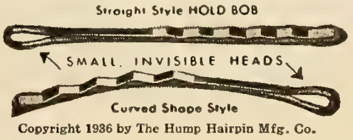

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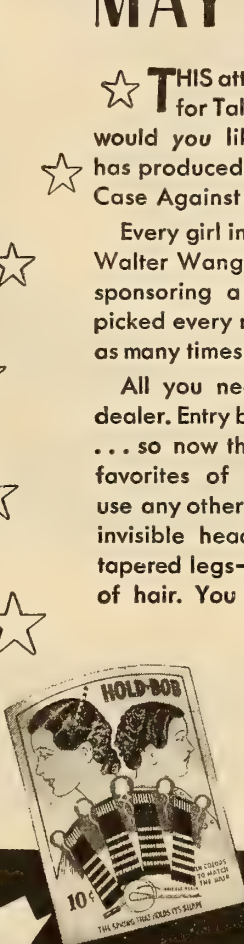


Clip coupon to HOLD-BOB card (or facsimile)—attach your photo and enter the "Search for Talent".

SEARCH FOR TALENT HEADQUARTERS F-126
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Enter my photograph in the "Search for Talent"
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... State..........
Age.......... Height.......... Weight..........

Your Reputation at Steak!

Tender juicy steaks, prepared in a variety of ways, will cheer your "breadwinner" up and on

by
Dorothy Dwan

It's always a steak when good fellows get together according to Warren Hull and Lawrence Riley

THE other day while glancing through a story some enterprising reporter had written after painstakingly interviewing the various chefs of our famous eateries, I noticed that fifty-eight stellar names, together with their favorite dishes, were mentioned. After seeing the word "steak" pop up all over the page, I discovered that exactly twenty-four of these stars would seemingly rather eat steak than sleep—almost half the total number! Doesn't that give you a priceless idea?

Now that winter is with us and Father's two weeks vacation is but a memory, he's beginning to show a certain irascibility. Cold weather is ruining his golf game on the days he had planned to sneak away from the office. Soon the Christmas bills will come pouring in and Uncle Sam will want to know what became of last year's income.

The situation will become truly serious if you fold your arms and wait until next July when the head of the family, loaded down with fishing tackle, leaves for the mountains.

But—don't give up the ship! It's remarkable what a good dinner will do for a man. Take a tip from Warren Hull's wife Dorothy, who told me, "Just as we think of ham and eggs, apple pie and cheese, so are men and steaks synonymous."

We were sitting in the patio while Warren and Lawrence Riley were fixing their own luncheon. Larry was brought to the coast by Warner Brothers after his play *Personal Appearance* proved such a smash hit on Broadway. When you see Mae West in her film version of the play you will marvel how a young man living in Warren, Pennsylvania, reared in an ancestral atmosphere and growing up among the family heirlooms could have spotlighted Hollywood in such a delightful and hilarious fashion.

Warren is under contract to the same studio so these two have many a friendly pow-wow over scenarios and how the characters should be played—when they aren't discussing the proper ways to cook steak!

"I wouldn't go near the kitchen for a million dollars," Dorothy laughed when I asked for a glass of water. "You go. They'll have to be polite and let you in."

So in I went—and came out with more ways to prepare a steak than you could shake a fork at! When I expressed surprise over Warren knowing so much about cooking he nonchalantly said, "I taught Dorothy all she knows about it."

IT SEEMS that before they were married, Warren was a struggling young actor —and a hungry one. He and another chap decided it was cheaper to cook their own meals than buy them, so he had plenty of experience.

The Hulls are one of Hollywood's happiest couples. Now that fame and financial security has come to them, they look back on the lean years with amusement—but what courage those youngsters possessed!

"Dorothy was a promising actress, but she stopped work the day we were married," Warren once told me. "I *thought* I was promising—anyway I was determined to support my wife."

To cap the climax, they had three children in quick succession at the peak of their own little depression. It has been only the past few years that Mrs. Hull has had any domestic help. Small wonder that Warren can whip together a meal or change diapers with equal adroitness!

Not to be outdone, Larry gave me an original sauce that smacks of positive genius. It may be poured over pan fried or broiled steak.

Roquefort Sauce

4 oz. Roquefort cheese
3 small green onions, chopped
1 tbsp. Lea and Perrins Worcestershire Sauce
2 tbsp. Tarragon vinegar
2 tbsp. olive oil

Fry onions lightly in oil and add vinegar and Worcestershire sauce. Crush and mash Roquefort and work into sauce until thick. Serve piping hot over steak.

And now for recipes guaranteed to put a man in a good humor!

Broiled Steak

1 sirloin, porterhouse or fillet of beef, 2 inches thick
clove of garlic
butter
salt and pepper

Have broiler very hot. Rub grill with fat end of steak, to avoid sticking. Rub meat with cut side of garlic clove. Place meat on broiler and cook until half done. Turn on other side and cook until the desired degree of doneness is reached. If rare or medium steaks are in order, watch carefully and remove when ready. Serve with melted butter and large slice of Spanish onion.

German Style Steak

1½ lbs. sirloin steak cut ½ inch thick
6 slices bacon
3 dill pickles
¼ cup catsup
½ cup water
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Cut steak in rectangular pieces, about 2x4 inches. Lay slice of bacon on each piece of steak, ½ dill pickle on bacon, roll up and secure with toothpick. Dip in flour well-seasoned with salt and pepper. Sear in hot skillet with butter. Place meat in casserole. Make a sauce of catsup, water and Worcestershire sauce and pour over. Bake for 45 minutes in moderate oven. Serve garnished with parsley.

Spanish Steak

2½ lbs. thick steak, round or shoulder
2 tbsp. butter
sliced onions
1 chopped green pepper
1 4 oz. can stuffed olives
1 can cream of tomato soup (Heinz)

Brown steak in skillet with butter. Place in baking dish, cover with sliced onions and green pepper. Pour whole olives with liquid over meat and add soup. Bake in moderate oven for 2 hours.

LOVELY

Miss Helen Bernard—New Permanent Wave by Walter & Sisters, fashionable New York Hairdresser.

"MY SECRET OF LOVELINESS — I use *Marchand's Golden Hair Wash,*" says Miss Helen Bernard, of Wheeling, W.Va.

CHARMING Miss Bernard, NOVEMBER winner of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest, tells us how she improved her *whole appearance.* "I keep my hair soft and lustrous with Marchand's," says Miss Bernard. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain new attractiveness your friends will admire. How? Develop fully your one *natural* charm, your hair!

BLONDES—To have your hair a lovely golden shade brightens your whole appearance. Evenly restore youthful lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Just a rinse with Marchand's adds a sparkling, glowing sheen to your hair. Or if you wish, using Marchand's full strength you too can lighten your hair to any golden shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—End worry over unsightly hair on arms—and legs. Women everywhere are now using Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable.* Invisible through even sheerest stockings! Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it tonight, at home.

Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York—FREE

Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

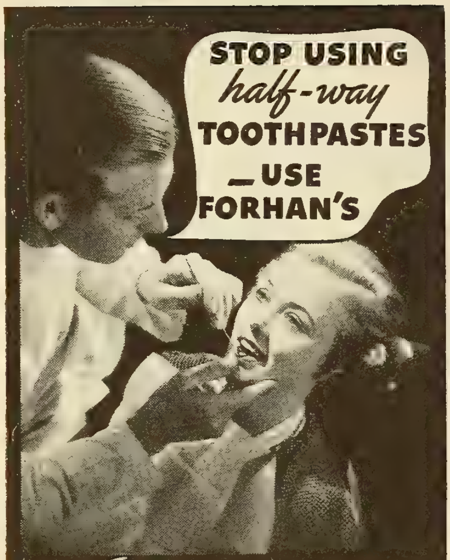
MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name..............................
Address..............................
City.............................. State.............................. F. P. 1236



STOP USING *half-way* TOOTHPASTES —USE FORHAN'S

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Simply cleaning your teeth may keep them white—*for a while!* But when neglected gums become soft and spongy all the half-way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Don't take that chance, start using Forhan's. It gives you double protection—*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was created by an eminent dental surgeon to provide double protection; with it you clean teeth and massage gums just as dentists advise. It costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, but ends ordinary half-way care! Begin using Forhan's today.

Also in Canada.

Forhan's The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R. J. Forhan D.D.S.

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send for Offer
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Look 10 Years Younger

BRUSH AWAY

GRAY HAIR

● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

The New Vogue in Vamps

[*Continued from page* 57]

Not long after that secret little jaunt, the telephone rang at ten o'clock at night. Gertrude, in padded slippers, sneaked down stairs and answered it. That agent had called and asked her if she could come to New York at once for an audition.

Throwing discretion to the winds, she raced to her parents' room and hammered on the door.

"Get up! Get up! I've got to go to New York, RIGHT NOW!"

"Get into bed," her father shouted, "you're not going any place at this hour of the night."

Stormy tears and threats and pleadings followed, until her understanding mother took a hand and whispered to her father.

"I think you're making a mistake. If you stop her now, then she will go onto the stage in spite of all we can do. I'll go with her. If she is given a job, she will soon tire of it, because she doesn't know what hardship is. Besides, she might not be any good, then we'll be through with stage talk forever."

That midnight audition brought her a contract that paid her one hundred dollars a week. Two weeks later she telephoned her father, who was then a realtor, and asked if he would have dinner downtown with her. After dinner she drove round and round one block. Finally her father said, "What in the world are you driving around in a circle for, aren't there any other streets in town?"

"Oh, Daddy," she cried in an exasperated little voice, "are you blind? Look!" and she pointed up to the marquee bearing her name in electric lights.

AFTER that, every night club, every theatre in New York and vicinity wanted Gertrude Niesen—even the radio couldn't get along without the child star. At one time she was playing in four places at once. She was appearing at the *Palace Theatre,* then dashing through a hotel, without even waiting for her bows, and appearing in the second act of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's stage play, *The Party,* then hurrying over to Jersey City to appear at a night club, and back to the *Palace* in time for the last show. And along with that line-up, she did three radio broadcasts a week.

Her advent into pictures is the result of a holiday. She and her family came here for a rest. Because she was asked and because she is an obliging young miss, she appeared one night at the *Trocadero.* The next day she was offered tests by many studios and finally decided on Universal.

When it comes to clothes and what to eat, she leaves that up to her mother. Her father tells us a cute little story about clothes. Gertrude's weekly income is very large, mostly because it comes from so many sources. One evening as they were returning from work, which consisted of a broadcast, two shows at the theatre and one at a night club, they walked past a hat shop. Gertrude spied a pretty hat in the window. She exclaimed about it to her father. She even walked back to look at it again. After they arrived home, and her mother asked how the shows had gone, Gertrude said, "Oh, they went all right, but mother, there's the most beautiful hat in a shop down the street—do you suppose I could have it?"

Somehow it never has occurred to Gertrude that she could, as far as money and position goes, have practically anything in the world. She doesn't realize it, but she's a new vogue in vamps.

When a bevy of usherettes at the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona caught sight of Joe Penner walking into the grandstand, they swarmed around him, bent on getting an autograph. Joe thought it was a lynching party, at first, but finally gave all the girls a signature

Personality of the Month

Once Hollywood applauded her dancing but passed her by. Now studios clamor for her services.

WHEN Margo, exotic brunette beauty, danced at Los Angeles' famed Cocoanut Grove three years ago, her spirited Mexican dances won enthusiastic applause from smart, sophisticated audiences.

But not one of the motion picture executives among the spectators offered her a contract.

A year later Margo danced at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. There she was seen by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who saw in her, despite her lack of acting experience, the ideal heroine for their first joint screen effort, *Crime Without Passion.* Making her debut opposite Claude Rains, Margo's dark-eyed beauty and surprisingly mature talent won for her a widespread public.

Hollywood immediately clamoured for her services.

Such, in brief, is the story of Margo—another version of the prophet who was without honor in his own country.

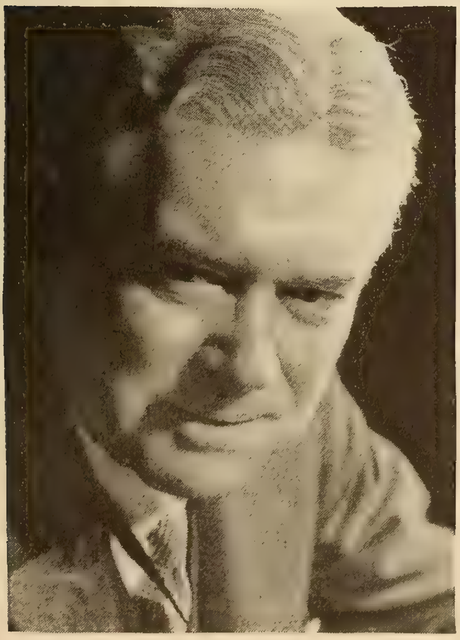
MARGO

Although Margo first won public acclaim as a dancer, it is as an actress that she hopes to achieve the heights. And she has a way of making her dreams come true. A year ago, when she read James Hilton's novel, *Lost Horizon,* she hoped, when and if the story were filmed, to play the part of the Chinese girl on the screen. And while she was making her second and third pictures, *Rhumba* and *Robin Hood of Eldorado,* she looked forward to the time when she might work with Hollywood's foremost director, Frank Capra.

Today she is at Columbia Studios playing the part she wanted in *Lost Horizon* opposite Ronald Colman under Capra's direction! It was through the personal instigation of Arthur Hilton, who saw her on Broadway in her recent stage success, *Winterset,* that she was chosen for the rôle.

Born in Mexico City a scant twenty years ago, Margo is the daughter of Dr. Amedio Bolado, celebrated surgeon. She inherited the rhythmic talents of her Latin ancestors and made her debut as a dancer at the age of six. Soon afterwards she went to Spain with her parents, where she studied dancing for several years. Upon her return to Mexico City, she perfected the Mexican dances which have since won for her international fame. She performed, while still in her 'teens, at Agua Caliente and at the Cocoanut Grove.

Unmarried, Margo is five feet four inches in height, weighs 110 pounds, has hazel eyes and dark brown hair which she wears in a soft, curling coiffure. She is vivacious and gives the effect, both in person and on the screen, of being excited—and exciting!



Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative

THE SELECTION of a laxative is no problem for your doctor. He has a definite set of standards to guide him in his choice. And he knows that a *good* laxative is one that measures up to *all* of these standards. Here they are:

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not:* Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

And Ex-Lax is a laxative that meets these various specifications . . Ex-Lax checks on every point.

Be as wise as your doctor about the laxative you use. Don't punish your system with harsh cathartics. Give Ex-Lax a trial. Find out how mild, how effective, how comfortable Ex-Lax is. Discover for yourself the advantages that have made Ex-Lax the world's largest-selling laxative. Get the reasons *why* doctors use it themselves . . . *why* mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence for over 30 years.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's an ideal laxative for children as well as for adults. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F.G.126, Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Be Wise—Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (*acetyl salicylate*). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains

TUNE IN *THE* NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC • NETWORK

30¢ 60¢ SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Upon the question of RELIEF
My plan is simple, plain and brief.
Take Alka-Seltzer, tried and true,
It's good for colds and headaches too.

HEADACHES • COLDS

Let not INFLATION cause alarm,
If you're prepared 'twill do no harm.
After you eat, if gases rise,
Just simply Alka-Seltzer-ize.

ACID INDIGESTION

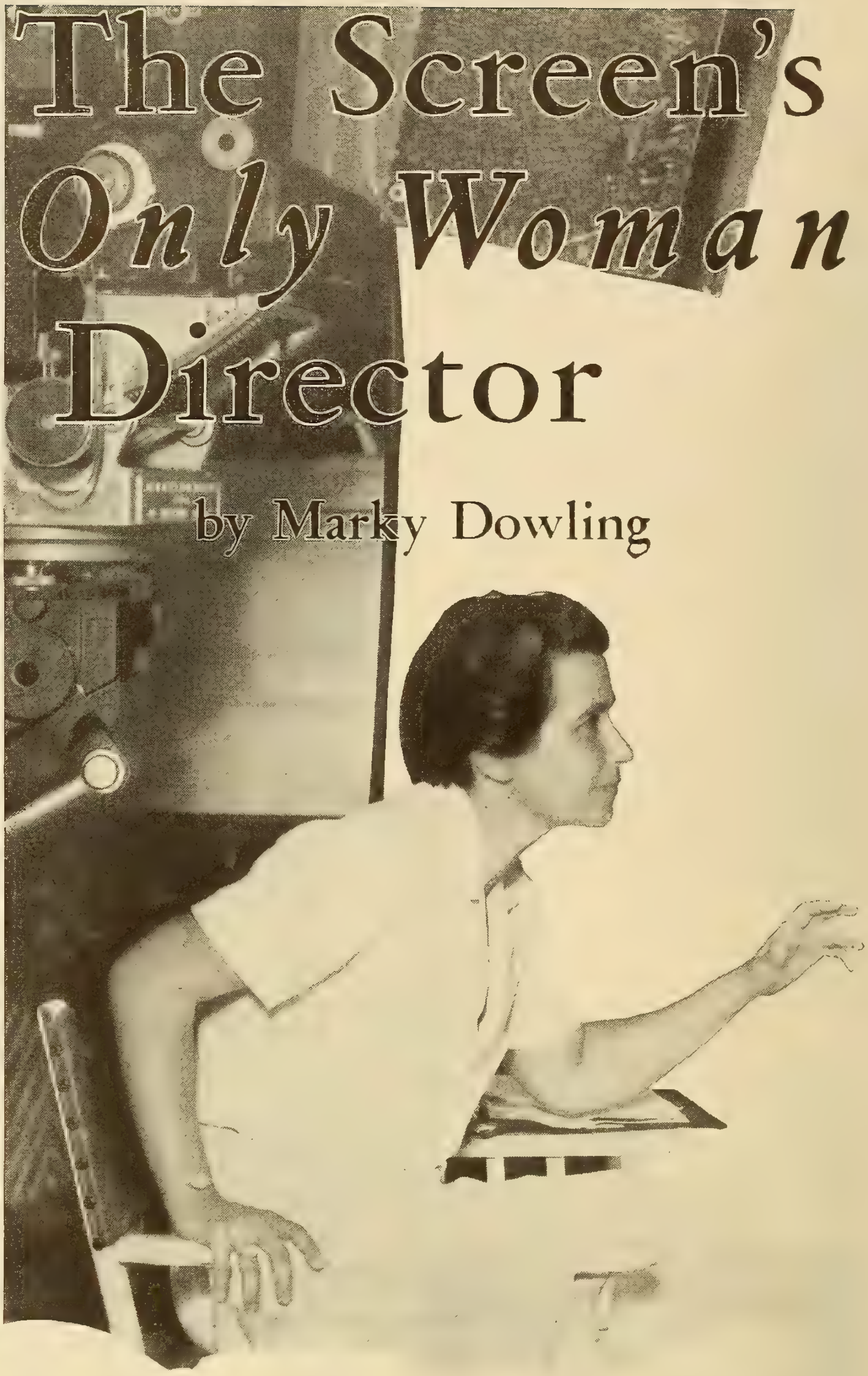
And if by chance you celebrate
A victory or defeat,
A glass of Alka-Seltzer's great
To put you on your feet

MORNING MISERY

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

The Screen's *Only Woman* Director

by Marky Dowling



Dorothy Arzner is seen on the set of *Craig's Wife* which she directed for Columbia.

MEET Dorothy Arzner, and you understand why she is one of Hollywood's ace directors!

Chat with her—and you understand why so little is known, even in the cinema colony, about one of our most fascinating personalities! Ask her a personal question, and often, without any attempt to evade, she will answer straight-forwardly, "I really wouldn't know!"

Her concentration is directed outward, away from herself, and it is the minds of others that she finds interesting—not her own!

But don't think her own mind is inactive!

Maybe that's why producers choose her for their most difficult assignments. She just finished *Craig's Wife*, in which Rosalind Russell plays one of literature's meanest women.

Now she is doing *Mother Carey's Chickens*, with Ginger Rogers essaying her first straight dramatic part.

"Oddly enough," she told me, "I like directing stars in pictures that prove to be turning points in their careers." And she has done it often. But she added modestly: "the rôles, really, effected the change—rather than my direction."

Her first picture, *Fashions for Women*, was Esther Ralston's first starring picture. Reviews read: "A triumph for both star and director."

Wild Party, Clara Bow's first talking

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Meet Dorothy Arzner whose progress has been from typist, script girl, cutting room assistant to top director!

picture, brought Fredric March a contract with Paramount.

Sarah and Son, one of Miss Arzner's most brilliant pictures, made Ruth Chatterton world-famed, and gave her the title, "First Lady of the Screen."

Merrily We Go To Hell was outstanding for both Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney.

Refer to these pictures of the past and Miss Arzner says: "As far as I am concerned, they are ancient history and serve only as an instrument to be used for better work now. It's what I am doing now that counts."

Amazingly enough, Hollywood does not limit her to "woman's angle" stories, and if you call her the screen's "only woman director" she will refuse the title, and tell you a list of other women who have made their marks in the production field. She has foresight, vision, and imagination, and she has the authority of any man director.

How does a girl start out to become a director? She receives hundreds of letters asking that question. Her own route, from cutting room to director's chair, proved successful also for Lewis Milestone and Josef von Sternberg. Miss Arzner herself hesitates to discuss her rise from studio stenographer to top director. "The incidents of themselves are of value only in so far as they are alive and active now," she says. But her progress from typist, script girl, cutting room assistant, head cutter, writer of original stories, and then director is easily explained by the fact that she fills each job so thoroughly, giving it the whole of her amazing energy, that she just naturally rises to a better one!

In the studios, they call her type of direction "the Dorothy Arzner system." She works with the writer upon the script. She directs. Then she supervises the cutting. And the whole becomes a Dorothy Arzner product throughout.

Unusual assignments, making new demands on her talents, interest her most. (She was offered a producer's job with one studio, but prefers to concentrate completely upon a single picture.)

Always self-effacing and modest, Miss Arzner was called upon in her first scene to handle a group of 60 extras, as well as the principal players.

"For ten days I was so nervous that I couldn't eat," she admits.

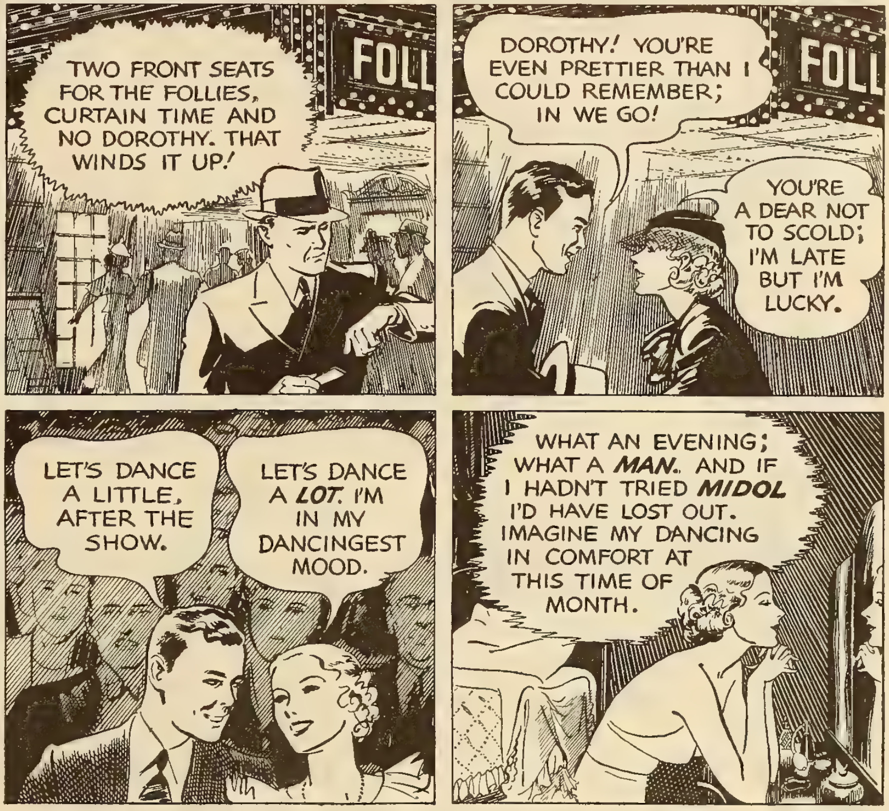
Then a friend took her into a projection room one morning and showed her the previous day's rushes of all directors, with her own rushes at the end.

"That's how I lost my fear," she says. "He proved to me that my own work was as good as the rest."

The other side of the story illuminates her extraordinary modesty, for at that moment producers, executives, and other directors were marvelling at the ease—the *veteran's* ease!—with which this astonishing girl was handling her difficult assignment.

Right now *Craig's Wife* is speaking rather loudly. It may be the turning point in Rosalind Russell's career. When you see it, look behind the action and the characters upon the screen, and add to your pleasure by thinking of the level-eyed and composed woman who sat in the director's chair!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER


FOLL
TWO FRONT SEATS FOR THE FOLLIES, CURTAIN TIME AND NO DOROTHY. THAT WINDS IT UP!
DOROTHY! YOU'RE EVEN PRETTIER THAN I COULD REMEMBER; IN WE GO!
YOU'RE A DEAR NOT TO SCOLD; I'M LATE BUT I'M LUCKY.
LET'S DANCE A LITTLE, AFTER THE SHOW.
LET'S DANCE A *LOT.* I'M IN MY DANCINGEST MOOD.
WHAT AN EVENING; WHAT A *MAN*. AND IF I HADN'T TRIED *MIDOL* I'D HAVE LOST OUT. IMAGINE MY DANCING IN COMFORT AT THIS TIME OF MONTH.

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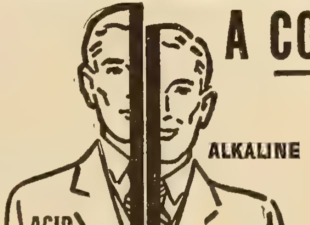

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Obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

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TATTOO

Cream MASCARA

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

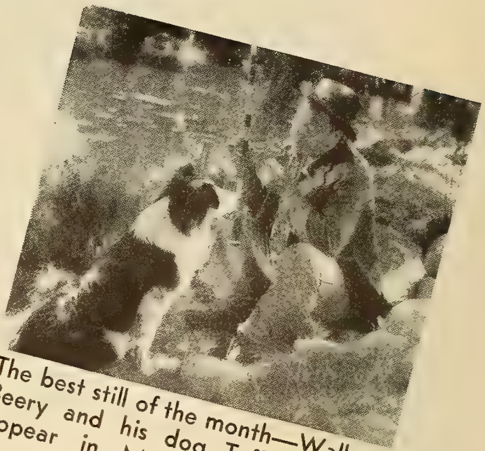
If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

The Show Window

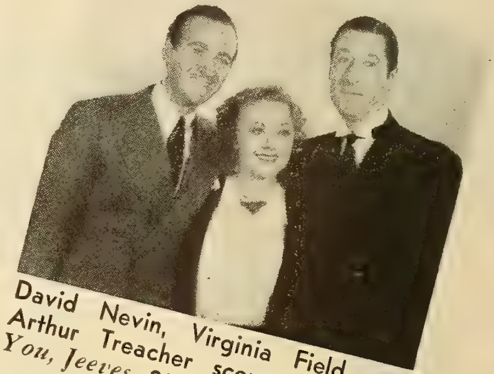
[*Continued from page* 19]

15 MAIDEN LANE—The world's richest building—diamonds from the world at large—admission to building granted by pass only—then FLASH—the alarm rings and a ten thousand dollar diamond has been stolen from the most closely guarded building in the world. Thus begins this rapid fire mystery that is packed with thrills, murders and hair's-breadth escapes sure to keep the audience on the edge of their seats for the entire picture. Cesar Romero as a diamond thief, Claire Trevor as the nervy girl out to land him in prison, and Lloyd Nolan as the detective turn in excellent work. The rest of the cast is composed of well known supporting players who turn in fine performances. There are millions of dollars of jewels involved and the audience is taken behind the scenes and shown how fences and jewel thieves work.—*20th Century-Fox.*



The best still of the month—Wallace Beery and his dog Tuffy as they appear in M-G-M's *Old Hutch.*

OLD HUTCH—An amusing story of a small town loafer. Wallace Beery is perfect in the part and when he finds a tin can with thousands of dollars cached away in it, the fun begins. He feels that the only way he can successfully make use of the money is to go to work. In this way the people won't be as surprised if he suddenly blossoms out with $1,000 bills. Unfortunately he becomes involved in a robbery. By a lucky break he is indirectly responsible for the capture of the bandits. How he becomes involved and finally gets out is one of the most entertaining pictures of its kind since *Lightin'.* Beery is supported in the cast by Eric Linden, Cecelia Parker, Elizabeth Patterson and Robert McWade.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



David Nevin, Virginia Field and Arthur Treacher score in *Thank You, Jeeves,* 20th Century-Fox film.

THE GAY DESPERADO—This interested observer of the cinema scene still refuses to pluck a page from the press agent's dictionary, but he can honestly and enthusiastically report that *The Gay Desperado* is superb. Not only is this first effort of the Pickford-Lasky combination grand entertainment, but it proves a very definite answer to those critics who heretofore have claimed that there never was a good film made with an opera singer in it. The excellence of *The Gay Desperado* owes much to Nino Martini—for his songs as well as for his acting; it owes much to Leo Carillo who portrays the swaggering chief of a Mexican bandit gang; and it owes much to Rouben Mamoulian whose direction in this picture explains why he is regarded as "tops" in the directorial field.

The Gay Desperado is keyed to a fast tempo that never lags while telling the story of a Mexican bandit who, after witnessing the screen version of the way his American brothers work, adopts their technique for his own. He kidnaps Ida Lupino and her cowardly fiance, James Blakely, and then becomes involved in an adventure which he gladly relinquishes in favor of his old Mexican methods of banditry. Ida Lupino, James Blakely, Harold Huber, Mischa Auer, deserve gold stars and orchids for the splendid portrayals of their respective characters. See this one, by ALL MEANS!—*Pickford-Lasky.*

Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Peggy Conklin, Freddie Bartholomew and Ian Hunter in *The Devil Is A Sissy,* M-G-M.

GOOD

THANK YOU, JEEVES—Here is a well adapted screen play of the P.G. Wodehouse gentleman's gentleman. There is a tendency toward slapstick but nevertheless it is chock full of laughs. David Niven as Jeeves'

William Frawley, Roscoe Karns, and Lynn Overman in Paramount's *Three Married Men.*

master is continually getting into trouble as a modern knight errant rescuing maidens and Jeeves is called upon to rescue both of them. Arthur Treacher as Jeeves carries the entire picture with a magnificent portrayal. His top spot is when he eats lunch and mixes his salad dressing. Watch for this scene. Treacher and Niven are supported by Virginia Field, Lester Matthews, Colin Tapley, John Graham Spacey, Ernie Stanton and others.—*20th Century-Fox.*

THREE MARRIED MEN—Aided by papier-maché love birds and phonograph records on how to make love and with this atmosphere for a happy marriage, Roscoe Karns and Mary Brian fall in love and are married only to separate on their wedding night. The respective families attempt to get them back together again in spite of having been enemies for years. Amid all this turmoil Mary's two brothers offer advise to Roscoe as they know ALL about the holy state of wedlock. You'll have to see the picture to appreciate the snappy dialogue. Others in the cast are William Frawley, Lynn Overman, George Barbier, Marjorie Gateson, Betty Ross Clarke, Mabel Colcord, Bennie Bartlett, Gail Sheridan, Cora Sue Collins, Donald Meek and others.—*Paramount.*

ISLE OF FURY—Formerly titled *THREE IN EDEN* this picture is a thoroughly enjoyable version of the "two-men-and-a-girl" plot. Margaret Lindsay gives her usual fine performance as the wife of Humphry Bogard, pearl fisher, and owner of the island which is used as the background for the picture. Donald Woods is convincing in his rôle of mysterious stranger who is rescued from a sinking ship during a realistic tropical hurricane. During his stay on the island, he and Bogart play tit-for-tat in saving each other's lives through a series of intrigues and mishaps which continues at an exciting pace throughout the picture. Woods shows fine restraint in the scenes where he declares his love for Margaret Lindsay, and at the same time, decides to leave the island rather than risk losing the friendship of her husband. E. E. Clive, Paul Graetz, Tetsu Komai and Gorden Hart make up a first rate supporting cast. Photography is excellent with some particularly good underwater shots.—*Warners.*

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY—Main theme of this mystery chiller is built around a theme that asks Can a Multi-Millionaire Disappear? Henry Wilcoxon as a noted lawyer disappears and the story follows him through his self exile to a small canning district where he attempts to aid the workers' cause by re-opening a closed cannery that has been closed down by lack of finances. Having been responsible for defeating a relief bill in Congress, Wilcoxson places his own resources at the disposal of the unemployed, becomes head of the cannery and fights against individual knavery and industrial maladjustments with great vigor. He falls in love with Betty Furness, one-time owner of the cannery. Sidney Blackmer, as the industrial competitor, turns in an excellent bit of acting, as does Evelyn Brent who has the thankless rôle of Wilcoxon's selfish wife. Barnett Parker, Med Ruick, Wade Boteler and John Wary all contribute praise-worthy efforts to make the picture good entertainment.—*Republic.*

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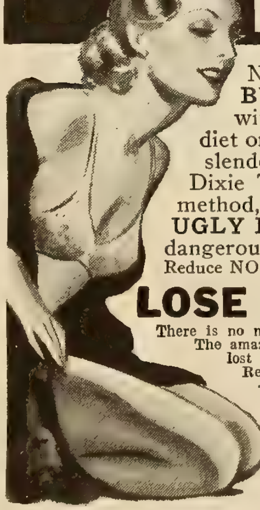

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MUMTAZ SOLID PERFUME

Hollywood's White Hopes

[*Continued from page 29*]

Hilliard and Owen Davis, Jr. Harriet you'll remember as the appealing, husky-voiced sister of Ginger Rogers in *Follow the Fleet*. A success? Of course, she was a success! She would have been starred by now except that she was—is—in love! And being one of those sincere, whole-souled girls to whom love means more than anything else in the world, she did what might seem to some people an amazing thing. . . . On the eve of stardom she set her career aside for the joys of wifehood and motherhood. Married to Ozzie Nelson, well known New York orchestra leader, three days before she came west to go to work in *Follow the Fleet,* she went back east when the picture was over to stay with Ozzie and to wait joyfully for the stork.

However, after this blessed event—and it won't be long now—Harriet is going to take up her career where she left off. She's coming west again and will do a picture for RKO the minute she is able.

Owen Davis, Jr., you saw in *His Majesty, Bunker Bean* and *Grand Jury,* and they think a lot of him, too, over at RKO. Of course he's had stage experience. The son of the famous playwright, he has played not only in stock in New York but in his father's own productions. RKO believes him definitely a star of tomorrow.

At Warner Brothers?

James Melton, they tell you, there, Craig Reynolds and Jean Madden.

James Melton played the young singer with Pat O'Brien in *Stars Over Broadway.*

He's a southern boy, the son of a prosperous Florida sawmill owner. He thought he'd like to be a lawyer after he graduated from college (University of Florida) but strangely enough, it was the president of the university who changed his mind for him.

Just before he graduated, this learned gentleman called him to his office and asked him what he planned to do after he got his A. B. degree.

"Go to law school," Jimmy told him.

"Why?"

"Because I don't think you should," was the answer. "I think you should sing. For a long time I've been hearing your solos in chapel. Music is your destiny."

And so James Melton, football, basketball, and track star, became a singer. First he sang over the radio; a talent scout heard him and Warner Brothers signed him up. Now they're glad they did because they're sure he's a star of tomorrow.

Craig Reynolds is another "good bet" at Warners'. Craig is that strapping, handsome, he-man guy who played Joan Blondell's boy friend in *Stage Struck,* and the humorous wise-cracking reporter in *Jail Break.* He also has a grand part in the *Case of the Black Cat,* which you may have seen by now.

—Gaston Longet

Margo and Burgess Meredith rehearse a scene from RKO-Radio's *Winterset.* The two are playing for the screen the rôles they created in the Broadway production of the famous Maxwell Anderson play

Virginia Weidler and Bennie Bartlett, young Paramount stars, get a close-up shot at their Thanksgiving turkey. The youngsters have rôles in *Maid of Salem,* a Frank Lloyd production

Jean Madden was also in *Stage Struck.* She's a little Scranton, Pa., high school girl with a lovely voice who was slated for the Metropolitan Opera company when talent scouts lured her to Hollywood. They think she's great at Warners—and also headed toward the top.

At Paramount they tell you their surest stars of tomorrow are Frances Farmer and John Howard.

STRANGELY enough Frances Farmer had to travel 12,000 miles from her home in Seattle, Washington, before she got a job in Hollywood. She won a popularity contest conducted by a Seattle newspaper, with a trip to Moscow as its prize, and it was during that trip she met Dr. George Gladstone who arranged for her the successful tests which won her a rôle in Katherine Hepburn's stage play, *The Lake.* Then, on her birthday in September, 1935, she was given a contract by Paramount.

John Howard, one of Filmdom's few actors to wear a Phi Beta Kappa key, incidentally, has been at Paramount longer than most of Hollywood's white hopes of 1937 have been at any studio. . . . He's had some good parts. But it wasn't until recently that the name of Howard soared starward. The public suddenly discovered him. It was something like the case of Clark Gable. . . . People began saying: "Who is that chap that played the such-and-such rôle in ———?" Suddenly, he meant something. Suddenly Paramount began looking for special pictures for him. . . . Suddenly, Director Frank Capra borrowed him for Columbia's certain-to-be-magnificent *Lost Horizon.* Suddenly, he was one of Hollywood's best bets for the future. After *Lost Horizon* he played in *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* for Paramount, said to be his best rôle to date. . . . Yes, he's going places, all right.

Andrea Leeds of the dark, soulful eyes, former student of the University of California at Los Angeles, is a Sam Goldwyn white hope. Seems that Howard Hawks, Goldwyn director, had consented to look at a U. C. L. A. dramatic club's "home talent and home directed" picture—"for a laugh." But he wasn't laughing after seeing the Leeds gal's performance. At his insistence she was signed for a good part in *Come and Get It.* They say over there she's a knock-out.

At Universal the three names you hear spoken most often are Henry Hunter, Doris Nolan and Ann Preston.

Henry, new to the screen, has scores of stage and radio successes. You saw him in *Parole,* probably.

Doris, to be seen soon in *Way for a Lady* (which title may be changed), was first signed by another studio, but given only minor parts. A Universal talent scout saw her work and she was offered a contract. She won a release from the other studio, and it now looks as if she would go far, especially in view of the big things Universal is planning for her future. Ann Preston you also saw in *Parole,* and now she has an important part in Victor McLaglan's new picture, *A Fool for Blondes.*

And there you have Hollywood's white hopes of 1937. Almost all of these players have had some measure of success, of course, but none are yet in that exalted realm of renown wherein dwell Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and the rest. Each of these young players, bidding for great fame might, in fact, be forgotten tomorrow.

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He Makes Love to My Wife

[*Continued from page* 45]

of—believe it or not—Deep Water, Missouri, and that's why they still call her the Ozark Songbird). and that New England conscience wouldn't permit me to express my emotions in my face, any more than I could help. The camera soon knocked that out of me. I've learned to *give*, now—and even if it's a love scene, I can let my face *give*, too." Whereupon she sneaks a mischievous look at Hubby Frank Chapman to see how he's taking it. Frank's merely smiling, so she goes on and tells about her first screen kiss—and how, even though John Boles administered it in the most approved Bolesian manner, it was a complete disappointment.

"I was so nervous, and so completely engrossed in acting and singing, that when the kiss came it simply didn't register," says Swarthout, and not even Frank could tell whether there was a note of complaint in the remark. But that was her first screen kiss. It's different now. She's honest—

"I don't believe that a woman can be kissed, whether or not it's for the camera or the stage, and remain completely cold about it," she tells you, frankly.

But Hubby Chapman's not worried. Between these two there is a love as rich and as sweet as any girl's dream. Their romance began that way—and it's continuing. They met, you know, when Gladys was taking her first European trip—after her first season with the "Met." In Florence, Italy, she went to the opera. The lone American singer in the cast was this Frank Chapman. They met, of course—two American opera singers in Italy.

Neither of them told the other, then. But now they admit, proudly, that they fell in love then and there. But not until Frank came to America and attended the "Met" and heard Swarthout sing a love-aria (when he knew that she knew that he was in the audience, listening) did he realize that their love was mutual. And so they eloped to New Jersey and were married.

Today, there's nothing they love better than each other's company. On her days off, Gladys and Frank go to a beach club, mostly. They lie in the sand, and they talk and they make love with their eyes and their voices, just as they did years ago.

They've even worked out an anti-divorce diet, believe it or don't!

"The main cause of divorce is the clashing of temperaments," they explain. "Temperament, we believe, often comes from giving 'way to the appetite." And so, on the days when Gladys permits herself to eat a big steak, or a heavy meal, Hubby Frank eats lightly—a salad, preferably. And vice versa—when Frank stuffs on corned beef and cabbage or something colossal like that, it's Gladys who takes to the salad.

WELL, if the heavy meal breeds a temperamental streak, it's only one of them that has it. And temperaments can't clash unless there are two of 'em at work. And so Frank and Gladys haven't yet had a temperamental battle—and the divorce lawyers can go jump in Reno's river, whatever the name of it is, for all they care!

They've brought to Hollywood the no-cocktail custom, have the Chapmans. Gladys prefers, in place of the American cocktail, the continental custom of a bit of iced sherry before meals. Hollywood is taking to the idea like a bitplayer takes to a lens.

Their home's pet feature, to them, is the enclosed patio. Whenever she has time, Gladys is there—in a sunsuit. As a result, she has one of the deepest natural tans in Hollywood. It's the cross-to-bear for Wally Westmore, Paramount's makeup wizard, for Swarthout's closeups. But it evens up, because for long-shots, her tan is so smooth and so even that it's even better than screen makeup, so she doesn't have to make-up at all!

One of the most striking things about Swarthout are her clothes. They become doubly so when you know that she designs them—actually and completely—herself. It's her pet hobby. She runs to tight bodices and flaring skirts. She also breaks out with a startling innovation now and then, that catches on like wildfire. Know those crownless hats that've been all the vogue? Well, Swarthout was the first to wear one in Hollywood—last year. It was her own idea. Take that, Betty Furness! Incidentally, Swarthout, although she owns lots of it, probably wears less jewelry than any other movie star today.

Although her salary, combined with her husband's, is pretty high in the four-digit bracket, their automobile is the same kind that millions of other Americans drive—$718.34, delivered. However, they have tricked it up a bit, have Gladys and Frank, with a custom-built limousine body. But it's still a flivver!

Gladys, contrary to the general impression that all opera stars are so coddled that they've got no more nerve left than a wilted leaf of lettuce, has plenty of courage. Already, in Hollywood, she's proved it twice—no, make it *thrice*.

FIRST time was during filming *Rose of the Rancho*. In a scene with John Boles, she had to stand beside Boles' horse, while she talked up to him in the saddle. Suddenly, startled, the horse reared violently, came crashing at Swarthout. Conscious of the cameras, and not wanting to ruin the scene if it could be helped, Gladys stood her ground—patted gently the plunging horse's side, calmed the beast. It might easily have crushed her against the solid wall behind her!

Second time was during *Champagne Waltz*, right now. In the midst of her rendition of the theme song, the backdrop within a few inches of her, caught fire from a spark when two cables clicked. Gladys saw the backdrop was *not* in camera range at the angle they were shooting. Once again, rather than spoil the scene, she sang calmly through the aria—even though the flames of the blazing scenery licked within a few inches of the tulle dress she wore!

And the third time was sheer moral courage, rather than physical. She actually had the bravery to name the "most interesting people I've met in Hollywood!" Why, I've seen famous personages—even the unquestionably courageous General Pershing—dodge naming their favorite actresses, their handsomest stars, their most interesting people. But Gladys up and did it—she included, by the way, Dietrich, *Mrs.* Clark Gable, Gloria Swanson, rival songstress Jeannette MacDonald, George Brent, Ernst Lubitsch, and Merle Oberon's boy friend, David Niven. But she topped the list with the name of Frank Chapman.

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"My husband," she explained, "is still the most interesting person I know." That was rather nice, wasn't it?

Naturally, she knows her music. She startles Hollywood with a sort of ripleyish believe-it-or-not of music. Currently, with MGM's *Romeo and Juliet* being talked of, she draws the most gasps when she tells and proves that *at least eight different operatic versions* of *Romeo and Juliet* have been written *and produced!*

Habits? Hobbies? Superstitions? Let's see—

Well, for one thing, she collects early American silverware. Her Beverly Hills home is a treasurehouse of it. Too, she collects clippings about herself. She has a tall stack of them, all neatly pasted up in books, both the good ones and the bad ones.

SHE'S color-conscious to the extent that certain colors excite certain reactions. That's why, invariably, she has her bedroom done in blue shades; it rests her. And for particularly difficult or trying concerts, she keeps a special dress—deep indigo blue. She says it gives her the "lift" she needs to carry her through.

About her voice, she's almost sacrilegiously casual! I mean, she doesn't do trick exercises like crawling upstairs on hands and knees while singing, to develop something-or-other.

To would-be singers who want to know whether or not to follow singing as a career, she has this advice: "the very fact that you *ask* answers NO. If you really *had* to sing, you wouldn't ask; and to be a great singer, you simply *have* to sing, that's all."

George Houston's fine performance in stage play *Everyman* makes him again a first line threat for stardom

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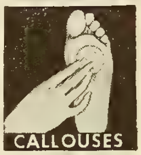
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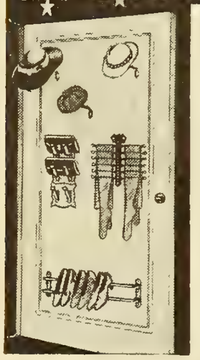

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Can't Dance?—She'll Teach You

[*Continued from page 37*]

and plenty of determination. The split is really the foundation on which all other dance exercises are built. It not only keeps you limber, it helps to erase that little bulge of flesh which most girls have on the inside of both the thighs and stretches the muscles of both the upper and lower legs into long, graceful lines.

I usually do the split between twin beds but a couple of heavy chairs that won't upset will do just as well. Place them back to back about two feet apart. Rest your hands on the backs of the chairs, then slowly, gradually, let yourself down until your legs are straight out in opposite directions. Don't be optimistic enough to think that you will be able to get all the way down at first because you won't and you really shouldn't try.

Another way is to stand in a doorway and put your foot on the doorjamb above your head until the sole of the foot lies flat against the wooden surface. Then try to bring your body as close to the doorjamb as you can. You won't be able to get very close at first but if you keep at it you will eventually be able to get near enough so that you can reach out and get your fingers behind the molding of the door. Then the next trick is to draw your body forward until the full length of your two legs, the front of the lower one and the back of the upper one, will be flush against the side of the doorway.

At ballet school they won't bother to stand you in a doorway. They'll make you balance on one leg while they take the other one in their hands and raise and pull it until they get it not only straight up but back over your shoulder.

This exercise of course is the split set up on end and naturally you can't expect to be able to do it until you have first mastered the regular split.

Another good limbering exercise is "walking down the wall." Here's the way to do it: Stand with your back to the wall at a distance of about two feet. Throw your arms over your shoulders above your head until the palms of your hands are flat against the wall. Then gradually lower your hands on the wall and bend your back accordingly. If you keep at this long enough you will eventually be able to walk down the wall until your hands touch the floor. This limbers your back, strengthens your wrists and does wonders for your stomach.

THEN there is the exercise I call the "Lift." This helps to strengthen the ankles and legs and gives elasticity to the step. First you put the left foot in front of the right. Throw your arms above your head so that your whole body from toes to finger tips is rigidly straight and imagine that you're reaching for the moon. Then bend both knees to get the spring which takes you off the floor, straighten your legs as you rise and relax them as you land. This is a sort of standing dive and it really is a lot of fun when you get on to it.

I follow this with the *arabesque* which looks easy but if you attempt it without the right preparation you are very likely to do a nosedive. It is, primarily, a balancing exercise and the best way to start it is to put your left hand on the back of a chair until you can balance on one leg without support. When you can do that, then lean over with your right arm forward until the hand touches the floor. With this support, practice keeping both legs straight and tense—with the left leg and the left arm thrown out behind in line with the body. The purpose of this one is to straighten the legs, beautify the knees and give perfect balance. As you gain confidence you won't need the support of the hand.

I merely suggest these as "starter" exercises which you can practice in your own home, before you go to ballet school.

After you have secured your foundation training, the next step is to strive for dance ideas. There is plenty of competition in the dancing profession and the girl who wants to make a name for herself must learn to use her head as well as her feet. Instead of copying a dance you've seen someone else do, originate your own. If you have a talent for mimicry try to put that in your dancing. Let your dance tell a story or convey an idea. When you can do that, you're on your way to success.

And here's another thing to remember: If you are going to be a dancer you must take as good care of your feet as a pianist takes of his hands. Every day I soak my feet in a solution of Epsom salts and hot water, then I rinse them with cold water and massage them with absorbine. I've recently discovered another trick which is very effective. I rub my feet with a half and half mixture of whiskey and salad oil. The oil soothes and the whiskey toughens them.

AS to diet, eat plenty of energy producing foods. You don't need to worry about such a diet putting on extra pounds. If it does, tap dancing will soon jiggle them off. I eat lots of potatoes and vegetables and drink quarts of milk.

Dancing takes a terrific amount of energy. When I am doing a show or a picture I lose pounds. It is not just the physical effort of dancing that takes energy, it is the mental effort of creating and working out dances and the terrific concentration that entails. Sometimes an idea may come to me when I'm in the midst of dinner. In spite of my mother's protests I leap up from the table and start working on it—maybe for hours. Many times I've jumped out of bed to try out a step that came to me just as I was dropping off to sleep. Always I'm striving for something new, something original. And I must confess that I frequently figure out dances that are so difficult that I can scarcely do them myself! In my current picture *Born to Dance*, for example, I am doing one that is really tough. It starts in the crow's nest of a ship and finishes up on the deck which means I have to do a lot of stair stuff. To make it even more difficult I'm decked out in a costume that is all velvet and gold braid which, by the time I've done the dance a few dozen times, seems to weigh at least a ton. Of course that's my own fault. Adrian's designs looked so grand on paper that I gave my okay without stopping to think about how much the costume might weigh. By the time I finish the picture I'll probably be a walking slat.

But—I love to dance! It almost amounts to a religion with me. That's why giving up such things as horseback riding, tennis, parties, night clubs—the things most girls call fun—has never seemed a hardship to me. And unless you feel the same way about it, don't take up dancing as a profession. Find something easier.

This Picture Reviewed for Fashions

FOR girls throughout the country who are interested in clothes and go to the theater primarily to see what the stars from Hollywood are wearing, we will bring to their attention each month the picture that to our mind is outstanding from a fashion angle.

With this in view we nominate this month for the hall of fame, *The Champagne Waltz*, produced by Paramount featuring Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray and the famous dance team of Veloz and Yolanda.

The gorgeous, yet practical wardrobes for both Gladys Swarthout and Yolanda were designed by Travis Banton, Paramount's ace stylist.

In this picture Banton has given the fashion world something new and entirely different. He has put the cart before the horse, so to speak, by disregarding the old theory that some materials are smart only at certain seasons of the year, and has placed organdy, summer's darling, as the tops in winter's preferred fabric list. Also of fashion interest is the peasant influence of deep waist, full skirt and simple neckline which he has used for both daytime and evening wear.

Gladys wears a charming grey organdy in the New York waltz palace sequence that is utterly feminine in every detail. Take particular note of this gown with its high shirred waistline, voluminous puffed sleeves and graceful flowing skirt. However, if you are one who doesn't take kindly to high styling, the dress will still be smart and make a delightful evening gown for the summer which will surely come.

Another important fashion item is the use of daisies in some form or other on all gowns worn by Gladys throughout the film. Daisies are one of the star's pet superstitions.

A noteworthy style, and one that is already becoming popular, is the use of rich brocade tapestry which Banton uses for a short peplum jacket worn by Gladys in the interior of the jazz palace in Vienna. The star has bought this dress for her personal wardrobe. She plans to wear the gown for her morning concerts in New York this winter.

Veloz and Yolanda create a new dance step for Paramount's *Champagne Waltz*

Melvyn Douglas and Director Richard Boleslawski give Irene Dunne a hand in the gentle art of makeup as she prepares for a scene in Columbia's *Theodora Goes Wild*
—Irving Lippman

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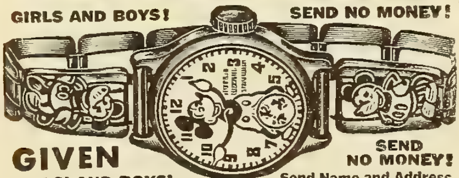

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Three O'Briens Face the World

[*Continued from page 31*]

by the way, Eloise was in the phone booth with me and before I gave them my answer, before I even knew what they wanted me for or *how much* I made Eloise promised to marry me and go with me. I'd been on my knees to her till there were patches in my pants, anyway, but this time I held the wire until she said '*Yes*'—

"We came to Hollywood. They paid me $750 a week for six weeks. That was more money than I'd ever seen in my life. I said to Eloise, 'Look, honey, it's a racket! We'll go to Hollywood and make *Front Page* and get the dough and see California and have a good time and that will be that. We'll come back to New York and the stage.'

"THEN I made another picture and then I got me Frank Joyce for my agent. There was a fellow with personality and how. He took me over to see Thalberg about a part. Before we went he told me that whatever he said I was to agree with him or keep quiet. Well, we got in to see Thalberg and the first thing I know Frank is asking $1500 a week for my services. Double what I'd been getting, as Thalberg astutely pointed out. I thought, 'This is the end. I've got a crazy guy for an agent.' He walked out of Thalberg's office and I had a contract in my pocket and it read '$1500 a week'!

"And I went home to Eloise and I said 'Look, honey, this *is* a racket. But why not? We'll move out of the flat and take a little bungalow—you remember that bungalow, Gladys, it was still on the wrong side of the tracks—and I said, 'we'll get a servant and you won't need to wash dishes anymore and we'll get another Ford so you won't have to drive me to work. And we did. And then we invited the folks to come out and visit us, all the folks, hers and mine both, and we all bunked together in that little place and had a swell time.

"I kept on thinking it was a racket. I free-lanced and kept on getting my $1500 a week and saved a hunk of dough and then came the cut in salaries. And I would have none of it. I talked it over with Eloise. There's never any doubt about what Eloise will say. I always know what she is going to say when I have a problem to discuss with her. I tell her what's on my mind and she says 'What do *you* think?' and I tell her and the answer is always 'That's okay with me.' So when I told her that I wouldn't go for this salary cutting business—that I'd go back to New York if necessary and forget it—she said 'that's okay with me, whatever you want to do.' And so when I was offered pictures here and there, *if* I'd take a cut, I'd turn 'em down. Eloise and I took a trip instead, went to Honolulu or somewhere. And I was told—I was warned—that that would fix me, they'd never offer me a job again. And I'd say 'okay' and when I got back there was an offer for me—*at my price*.

"AND we kept on saving. We stayed in the same little bungalow. We kept the same little cars. Any day, I said, the axe would fall on the racket but when it fell it would fall on a bank account as well as on the two O'Briens. And then I got the offer to play in *The Bureau of Missing Persons*. I wanted to do that picture. If I did it I had to sign a long term contract with Warner Brothers. I'd begun to think it was about time I settled down and I signed the contract. And I take the work seriously now. I love acting. I still think that every picture will be my last but there's this difference—now, I *hope* not. I'm happy. I'm perfectly and completely happy.

"Yeah," said Pat, his blue eyes grave, that quizzical, generous mouth of his serious, "yeah, I'm happy and I know it. That's the difference between me and a lot of others. Most people don't know that they are happy. They keep chasing some Blue Bird that they've got right in their fists, right in their own homes if they only knew it. I've got it and I know it.

"We've bought our own home in Brentwood. It's bought and paid for—in cash. Our furniture is all paid for. We've got two annuities also bought and paid up.

"And we've got a marriage, a relationship that should be, no bragging, a lesson, an example to the youngsters of today . . . What more does anyone want?"

"You're as much in love with Eloise as ever, aren't you, Pat?" I asked—and I remembered that first night I met them, in that happy little flat that seemed to be warm with a living happiness. I remembered Pat's blue eyes following the dark Eloise wherever she went as if he couldn't quite believe the evidence of his own senses, and of how he said, in that rough, off-hand, belying tender voice of his "She's the most beautiful thing in the world, isn't she?"

AND he said to me now, his blue eyes coming back from some Elysian distance "More—*much more*. It gets more all the time. And after five years in Hollywood she's *still* the most beautiful thing in the world and I still can't believe the evidence of my senses—that she's here and alive and *mine*.

"It grows our love, you know, and keeps on growing. Theoretically I believe in married couples getting away from each other a couple of times a year. But it doesn't work for us. Eloise went East recently to do some buying for her gown shop. She hadn't landed in New York before I began making the telephone wires hot. The house was lonely. The baby was lonely. The whole damn town was lonely. I was lonely. There was no place to go and nothing to do. And I'd phone her two or three times a day and finally I said 'Come on, get out of there and come home where you belong.'

"I really do like to talk about Eloise and me," continued Pat, with such a simple dignity, such an honest pride as raised a lump in my throat (there is something so specially, so terribly touching about the hard-fisted kind of guy when he speaks of love and the inner beauty beneath the hard, protective shell).

"Of course such love as ours has to be 'a natural' to begin with. You've got to belong, as Eloise and I belong. But given that, you've got to work at marriage as you've got to work at a career. Especially here in Hollywood. You've got to exercise tolerance. You've got to exorcise jealousy. You've got to take the love and confidence you started out with and build it and keep it firm. It's hard, a Hollywood marriage, on the one who has a career and it's even harder for the one that doesn't. It's harder for Eloise than it is for me. It's no fun for anyone, especially for a beautiful woman who might have been a star in her own right, to be introduced everywhere as 'Pat

Bing Crosby finds a new kind of thrill and recreation riding the waves at Waikiki beach, Honolulu, in an outrigger canoe

O'Brien's wife.' But she gave it all up when we bought the house and when—when Mavourneen came. She got so interested in the home and the baby she didn't seem to care.

"AND say," said Pat, "here's something I'd like to tell the world—there's a woman, name unknown, to whom I'll always be grateful. It's in line with what we've been talking about. Last time we were in New York together, Eloise and I, we were having dinner at Jack Dempsey's place. A woman, a perfect stranger, a fan, came over to our table. She completely ignored me, leaned over and shook Eloise's hand and said 'You are the one I want to meet. I know that this is Pat O'Brien and I like him on the screen but you are the important one, the one I want *really* to meet.' Well," grinned Pat, "that was swell. Kinda left me out in the blizzard but it made Eloise feel fine. Bless that woman whoever she was. She got it right. Eloise is the important one.

"She handles all the O'Brien money, Eloise. I never have any idea what's in the bank account. And yet she will never buy a pair of silk stockings without asking me whether I think it's all right. Or telling me 'I bought a pair of silk stockings today.' I tell her to go ahead for Cripes sake and get anything she wants. She never does. We're not very far from the old days, you see, when a pair of silk stockings did something to the O'Brien finances.

"Not long ago I told her she ought to get a new fur coat. She said 'I won't until you can go with me and pick it out.' I said 'For the luvva Gawd, what do I know about fur coats?' Well, one night I came home and Eloise said to me 'I bought my fur coat today, dear, it's in the kitchen.' *'In the kitchen?'* I said, 'What the—— is a fur coat doing in the kitchen?' And I went out to see it, kinda hot under the collar because she had gone and got it without taking me along—and there was a new iceless refrigerator and Eloise, looking happy and excited and saying: 'that's my new fur coat. We really needed a new refrigerator, dear, I can get the fur coat some other time!'

"I think one of the reasons we're so happy and so close, Gladys, is because we shared hard times together. One-night stands and hamburgers and the coat and trousers pressed under the mattress and all that. And we were happy because we were together. And we learned that that's what happiness means to us, that's what happiness *is*, being together. And it doesn't make much difference whether times are hard or easy so long as it's the two O'Briens against the world.

"AND then, when we'd bought the house and paid for the furniture and there was only one lack in all our lives—the fact that there were no babies when we both wanted 'em so badly—then we got Mavourneen. Mavournee, translated, means 'My Darling,' you know. That's right. That's why we named her that. We figured we had to have a kid. We planned the things we could give her, do for her . . . because that's the best part of the breaks we've had—the things we've been able to do for others. We've bought Eloise's folks a nice house of their own. My folks come out and visit us twice a year. We've been able to lift the worry mortgages off of a lot of folks and that's swell.

"Mavourneen hasn't changed us so much—she's just made everything that much more worth while. She's helped me, too. If I've been working hard and feel irritable, I check that before I enter the house. I take her out in her carriage whenever I'm home. I've got a kind of system, too, as a babycarriage-wheeler. It's kind of bumpy on the Brentwood roads so I run a few feet ahead of the carriage, run backwards, and then wait till it catches up with me and repeat the performance. It's swell. I recommend it to all tired nursemaids. We wouldn't raise Mavourneen alone. We play with Mavourneen after dinner, Eloise and I, and then we usually go to a neighborhood movie or stay home and read or something. I've just built a library onto my house and am collecting a lot of additional books. Like to browse around with 'em. Twice a year we go off by ourselves and have a bust—go to Honolulu or to Panama or New York. It's great . . ." said Pat.

And I thought of other actors I have known, actors who have hit stardom and fame and fortune young, who have known big money and celebrity and—boredom. Satiety. I told Pat what Jack Gilbert once told me, many years ago. Jack said "what will I want after I am forty? What will there be left for me to want? I've had fame and money and travel and romance and marriage—I won't want anything."

"I'll never get like that," said Pat, "I like too many things. I love acting. But I also love books and gardening and home building and radio and auctions and collections and people. I've got love and the right kind of a marriage, and love and marriage develop and pay larger and more tender dividends as the years go by. I've got the things that can't grow stale—the things that never rust."

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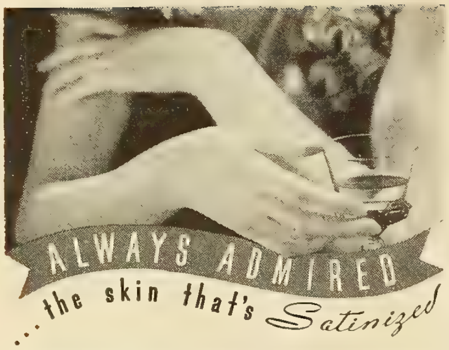

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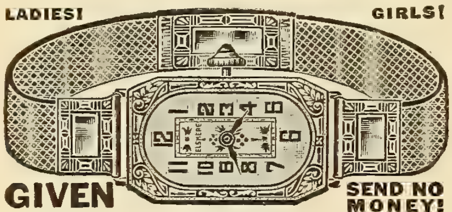

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Accidentally Funny

[*Continued from page* 34]

When Eddie finally went on the stage, his best friends told him . . . how terrible he was. They asked him why he kept on with it. The reason was that he knew he would be even worse as a teacher or an office slave.

Then, in silent days, whenever he appeared in a picture, its producer was practically tempting bankruptcy. Horton could arouse polite snickers, but people seemed to save their money to see Chaplin and Lloyd and Ben Turpin. *They* were funny.

Yet today producers plead with him to make picture after picture, at five grand per week—because he has a unique comedy style that provokes unique mirth. What is the answer?

"I don't know where it came from," he says, with plaintive embarrassment. "It just grew—like a fungus."

Or like the strange notion that he is an Englishman. That's what comes of morning-coat-and-striped-trouser roles and occasional picture trips to England. He has a drastic confession to make. He was born in Brooklyn, New York. You know, the town with the droll baseball team.

"My father was foreman of the composing room and proofroom of the *New York Times.* He worked nights. That meant that we four kids—my two brothers, my sister, and I—had to be fairly quiet around the house in the daytime, while he was sleeping. But he wasn't sleeping all the time. He was writing short stories, sending them off, and collecting rejection slips. Some of the stories weren't so bad, either. I still have a few of them.

"I rather liked the smell of printer's ink, myself. I used to think vaguely that maybe I would go into the newspaper business, too, have skittles and ale on my nights off, and write short stories in my spare time—if I could keep the kids quiet. But I never knew exactly what I did want to become. The idea of acting never entered my cranium.

"I went to grade school in Brooklyn. Then after a while we went down to Baltimore, where my father worked on the *Sun.* I started high school there, and completed it by degrees in Brooklyn, New York and New Jersey. I decided then that it was about time I started battling the world. I went to work—for the telephone company. I addressed envelopes; I carried letters around to various offices in a pouch; I did this chore and that errand; I was the General Inconvenience Department. I've forgotten how many weeks I lasted; not many. Then I decided to hang up my gloves and put off the battle. I decided to go to college."

HE enrolled in Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, signing up for the arts course. Two other boys also signed. One day, Polly discovered—to its chagrin—that it was giving an arts course for only three students, and discontinued it. Eddie then went out to Oberlin, Ohio, to Oberlin College, and stayed three years. He is appalled now by the lack of imagination he displayed then. He majored in mathematics and physics.

The next year, he found himself at Columbia University in New York, commuting daily from home to classrooms, going to Teachers' College. Just why he should be going to Teachers' College, he didn't know. Except that his family thought that he could probably support himself sooner as a teacher than as anything else. Personally, he had his doubts . . . But that was the turning point.

"There was a tavern—let's call it a tavern, anyway—not too far from the campus, where the boys used to congregate over mugs of beer and bowls of pretzels, and tell lusty stories. One day I was there with Roy and Kenneth Webb, who were campus big-shots. They had written the Varsity Show. I told one story that was kind of funny, and they said: 'Why don't you try out for the Show?' I was terribly, terribly coy; I had to be teased; and then, when I did try out, I hardly breathed for days afterward. Until I got the news that I had a part—a comedy part, in which I had to sing. My singing was an affair for the Board of Health; it still is; there isn't a note in me. 'But,' I thought, 'if they can stand it, I can.' I sang.

"In spite of that, the show was quite a hit. We played for a week at the Waldorf-Astoria, then went 'on tour.' Among other places, to Northampton, to play for the edification of the Smith College girls. And that tour gave me ideas.

"I wasn't crazy about school, and I loathed the thought of becoming a teacher. Now, perhaps, I could escape that dank, depressing fate. Perhaps I could become an actor. I went to see an agent, and talked fast. He finally got rid of me by landing me in the chorus of a Staten Island stock company that was putting on Gilbert and Sullivan operas. And again I sang. The wonder is that I'm still here, to tell the story."

As soon as the fates and his finances would permit, he fled to the theatre's best training school—dramatic stock. He worked in stock for years—in Philadelphia, Portland (Maine), Pittsburgh, Albany, Elmira, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Portland (Oregon), his home-town of Brooklyn (which was only a score of miles from Broadway). And even Brooklyn thought that he earned his seventy-five dollars a week—*as a leading man.*

He had heard of the movies; he had even known people who had left the stage to do soundless, voiceless acting on the screen; and he knew that movies were made somewhere in California. But he wasn't interested. The reason why he headed West in 1920 was to become leading man of Los Angeles' Majestic Theatre Stock Company—at the incredible wage of two hundred dollars a week. First thing he knew, Broadway would be paging him, maybe paying him five hundred dollars a week!

But California got him. He became etherized by the climate, the outdoor life, the carefree camaraderie. What completed his conversion was the discovery that he could make the equivalent of a Broadway salary, just by doing a little pantomiming on the side for the movies.

His first picture was *Too Much Business,* made for Vitagraph—in a hurry, at small expense. The date was 1921. His latest is *Lost Horizon,* made for Columbia—in five months, at a cost of two million dollars. In his first picture, he was starred, at a salary of two hundred dollars a week. In his latest, he is featured, at a salary of five thousand. And plays a character that was written into the script, though not in the original novel—just so that Frank Capra could have him in the cast.

Between those two pictures, he has made

Everybody's happy now! Pat O'Brien pounds the keys while host Jimmy Gleason, with Jack Oakie, Frank McHugh and Lynn Overmann try out their imitations of the Yacht Club Boys. The occasion was a stag party at Jimmie Gleason's

hundreds—yes, hundreds—of others. Oft in the stilly night on his San Fernando Valley Estate, he muses over the ability of American audiences to "take it." Or, rather, take him.

IN other days, it was the strange perseverance of producers about which he used to muse. He had a lot of fun, in silent days, making such pictures as *Ruggles of Red Gap* and *Beggar on Horseback*. But while the critics approved them, the public shunned them; their producers lost "trillions of dollars." And still they asked for more Horton. It was uncanny, so uncanny that in 1928 he decided that maybe he had better get reacquainted with the stage—just in case.

So, with his brother, Winter Davis Horton, as manager and partner, he produced a series of plays in Los Angeles. And what a hunch was that! Not only did they have to hang out a Standing Room Only sign at every performance, but—the talkies burst upon Hollywood. And Hollywood, perhaps to its consternation, discovered that it couldn't get along without the Horton named Edward Everet. He was one member of the old "big, happy family" who knew stage technique. He appeared in the second talkie ever made—*The Terror*.

It isn't true that he has appeared in half of the talkies made since then; it just seems that way. But he has been busy enough to need a manager to keep the screen offers straight. That's where his brother, "W. D.," fits in W. D. sorts out the offers (all for five thousand a week) and fits the parts. All that Eddie has to worry about is how to pay his income tax.

"I've never had a long-term contract with any studio since talkies came in; only contracts to do a certain number of pictures," he explains. "I don't say that proudly. I think that my work is such that if I'm right for a part, that's that. If I were under contract and they were trying to use me, even if I didn't fit a part, it might not be so good for them. And it might be pretty dreadful for me."

The reason why he has to worry about how to pay his income tax is that he has an expensive hobby. His estate at Encino, nine miles from Hollywood in the San Fernando Valley. Namely, "Belleigh Acres."

He first became a landowner eleven years ago—unintentionally. As unintentionally as he became a comedian. His brother George wanted two acres of a certain hilly plot, but the owner wouldn't sell less than four; so Eddie bought the other two.

WITH his *Lost Horizon* earnings, he is building a poolside bath-house in the style of an old New England meeting-house, with a sandy beach in front; not to mention a basement playroom panelled in redwood and clear pine. Last year, he had forty-eight men working on the place; this year, only a few less. If he keeps on, Southern California's unemployment problem will be solved. "They tell me I'll have the place finished in three more years."

Practically every stick of furniture in the house is a genuine antique. "Lord Baltimore, so the legend goes, tucked himself into this four-poster bed. These hand-carved chairs were made by Duncan Phyfe himself. This old Chippendale desk came from County Surrey. This big mirror once hung in the house in New Orleans where French colonists were going to establish Napoleon, if they could spirit him away from St. Helena. I followed this eight-legged table around from auction to auction for nine years. The original bid was fifteen hundred; I finally got it for two hundred and fifty . . . and was lucky. Usually, they see me coming, and balloon the prices."

His mother shares his home with him. (His father died in 1915.) "I'm still a bachelor, but I don't know how eligible. I don't think anybody is interested."

HE doesn't talk, off-screen, with that querulous tremolo. He doesn't have that pursed-lip smile. Neither does he dress like a masculine hot-house flower; he usually wears baggy slacks and sport coats faintly reminiscent (in design) of horse blankets. Only on the screen does he live in a state of constant confusion, pop-eyed bewilderment, indignation, jitters; off-screen, he is the most easygoing person in Hollywood.

He celebrated the finish of *Lost Horizon* by growing a mustache. "They tell me that it will never do, that I shall have to part with it. It makes me look too intelligent . . . Ah, me, the sacrifices that I must make for my art!"

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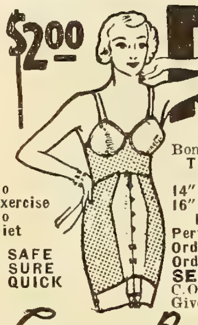

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Should Movie Stars Broadcast?

[*Continued from page* 39]

SO HOLLYWOOD is on the spot, with the producers not knowing which way to turn. On one side the exhibitors, who buy what Hollywood has to sell, insist the stars get off the air. On the other side, the stars, who make Hollywood's product saleable, refuse to give up the easy money and popularity that go with a broadcast.

And then there is still another thorn in the producers' pants: increased cost of picture production due to their stars going on the air. Sometimes these costs are enormous—as in the instance of the making of *Shipmates.* During the shooting of the prize sequence of the entire picture, Dick Powell was compelled to rush off the parade ground at Annapolis Naval Academy, catch a cab to the airport and fly to New York to make his broadcast.

Dick's hasty departure left twelve hundred cadets, their officers and bands and a large force of extras, as well as the camera and labor crews, unable to go on with the shooting. As a result that entire sequence had to be dropped at an estimated loss of fifty thousand dollars to the studio.

Emmanuel Cohen's battle against radio at Paramount is history now. He claimed the studio's losses due to delayed production while stars went to radio rehearsals and radio broadcasts were enormous. With Bing Crosby, Carl Brisson, Burns and Allen, Lanny Ross, Joe Penner, Ruggles and Boland, Gladys Swarthout, and a half dozen others all going on the air, and all requiring time for rehearsals, air script conferences and what not, the studio might as well give up trying to make pictures. He pointed out that in one production they would sometimes have as many as five players who were going on the air at different times, with the result it would more than double the length of the time required to complete the shooting.

And, just to show how far the "time off for radio" idea can be carried, producers point to Fox studio's agreement with Alice Faye, i.e. that she must be permitted to leave production whenever Rudy Vallee was on the air, so that she could listen. A fact, not a gag!

And what going on the air has done to stars' salaries has given the studios a severe headache. Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland went on the air in a Mr. and Mrs. skit, and before radio stopped making this couple offers for a regular program of this feature Paramount discovered their picture salaries must be almost doubled to keep them from deserting the films.

Mae West could not make Paramount jump through exactly as she wished until radio began bidding for her services. She was offered $7,500 each for a series of broadcasts—and $10,000 bonus for signing the contract. She demanded ten thousand a broadcast.

Meanwhile she decided to talk salary with the producers of her pictures. Her contract was torn up and rewritten at a new figure by Paramount.

Old Gold then offered her $200,000 for twenty-six broadcasts, with bonuses. Mae had another talk with her picture studio and came out with a contract that said she must have a salary as a writer as well as a salary as an actress on all her pictures.

Mae never did get a dollar from radio, but her broadcast offers, and her own shrewdness, did manage to just about treble her picture earnings.

Fox managed to keep Shirley Temple off the air, but as a direct result of radio offers the little star's picture salary also was multiplied by three. These are the charges against radio. What is the defense?

Eddie Cantor, Hollywood's all-around star, and the one person who should know all sides of this controversy, is pointedly frank.

"Don't blame radio if your movie stars are sour," he says. "And don't let anybody tell you that broadcasting hurts a star, or a star's pictures. At least not if it is correctly done. I've already produced figures to prove broadcasting never cut down my picture grosses.

"Instead of cutting a star's popularity, radio increases it. Look at the case of Dick Powell, for example.

"Right now there seems to be much to say about the screen stars broadcasting. Complaint No. 1 comes from the film exhibitor, who claims that not only is this practice depleting the contents of his pocketbook, but he is fearful that if this opposition continues, in a short while he won't have pants in which to keep a pocketbook.

"Complaint No. 2 comes from the studios. They admit that they are gaining some free advertising for their stars and their pictures through the radio, but not nearly enough to make up for the way it interferes with their production schedules and increasing their production costs. Not only do the stars need time for broadcasting, but they must have time for rehearsing—and that means taking them away from pictures sometimes at the most inopportune moments.

"But, to my mind, the most important—and the most justified—complaint comes from the public. Picture stars aren't good enough on the air. In fact, sometimes it seems they can't be bad enough. And their fans resent this.

"Yet, as things are done now, how can it be otherwise? You know, they don't make a radio appearance like they make a picture. They should, but they don't. Somehow, most of them can't seem to realize they're not singing in the back yard, so to speak. They don't take radio seriously enough. They look at it merely as a sideline—a way to pick up easy money.

"If they would realize that the instant they open their mouths in front of a microphone on a national hook-up that twenty to forty million people may be listening in, they would do things differently. They know this is a fact, but it doesn't sink in. They don't seem to realize that you can't recall a word that's been spoken over the air, and that you can't pull it back for editing, cutting and retaking.

"When these stars make a picture they are carefully selected for the part. Then they study the characterization. The shots are made over and over again, and the best selected. Then the picture is edited, cut and previewed. Perhaps retakes are made.

"But on the air, once you utter a word —that's the end.

"So the exhibitors' complaint is justified in so far as some stars do poor work on the air. And they do hurt themselves, and cut the attendance both to their current and future pictures.

"The remedy is not to take them off the air, however. It is to put them on the air as they should be put on. Prepared and ready. Eliminate slipshod methods and put as much effort on a five minute broadcast as you do on a movie sequence. Then you will see how much good being on the radio can do a star.

"There should be a committee appointed to supervise the putting of motion picture stars on the air. A committee of four or five thoroughly experienced radio men.

"Then, when they looked over a script they might say: 'Here, drop this paragraph. It will win the ill-will of three million people in the south.' Or: 'You can't broadcast this sequence. It doesn't lend itself to radio treatment, and would require a great deal of explanatory matter to make the setting clear to the listeners.' Or: 'Here, if they won't let you sing in pictures we certainly won't let you ruin yourself by singing on the air.'

"We owe that sort of treatment and broadcasting alike to pictures and radio and to our sponsors and our fans.

"Now as to the matter of good radio programs keeping the fans away from movie theatres. So what? You can't stop progress. Radio is here and exhibitors can't keep the stars off the air. Besides, the exhibitors had better be getting on the bandwagon themselves, preparing for the rapidly approaching day of television—just as many of the radio and movie stars are doing.

"Radio and motion pictures must be wedded for television. Hollywood is the logical place for that wedding, and what we are going through now is the natural and legitimate courtship. These little dramatic sketches and excerpts from pictures are really the forerunners of the beginning of practical television.

"So, definitely and positively, movie stars will not get off the air. Suppose the sponsors of the radio programs should suddenly announce that they would not longer permit their stars to appear in pictures because that competition hurt radio?

"They won't, however, and as soon as movie stars have the sort of protection they should have on radio programs, the motion picture exhibitors will be glad they are on the air."

MEANWHILE Hollywood continues to seethe, and many producers are attempting to straddle the fence, hoping for things to blow over. Samuel Goldwyn, however, is not one of those who is dodging the issue. He says, frankly, that he doesn't think anyone has a right to order stars off the air. If America's movie fans want to hear their favorite stars on the air, they are entitled to do so.

"If the motion picture exhibitors blame anybody," says Mr. Goldwyn, "it shouldn't be radio. Instead, they should blame the Hollywood motion picture producers. It isn't radio that is cutting box office receipts, it's poor pictures. If radio didn't keep fans away from second-rate pictures something else would.

"Our problem isn't to attempt to weaken radio broadcasts by denying them our stars —but to strengthen our pictures to meet their competition. And when we do this, then this fight between radio and pictures will be a good thing for us.

"If our stars are not as good on the air as they might be—then we will show the public how much better they are in pictures than they ever can be on radio. When we do that, radio will be feeding us patrons.

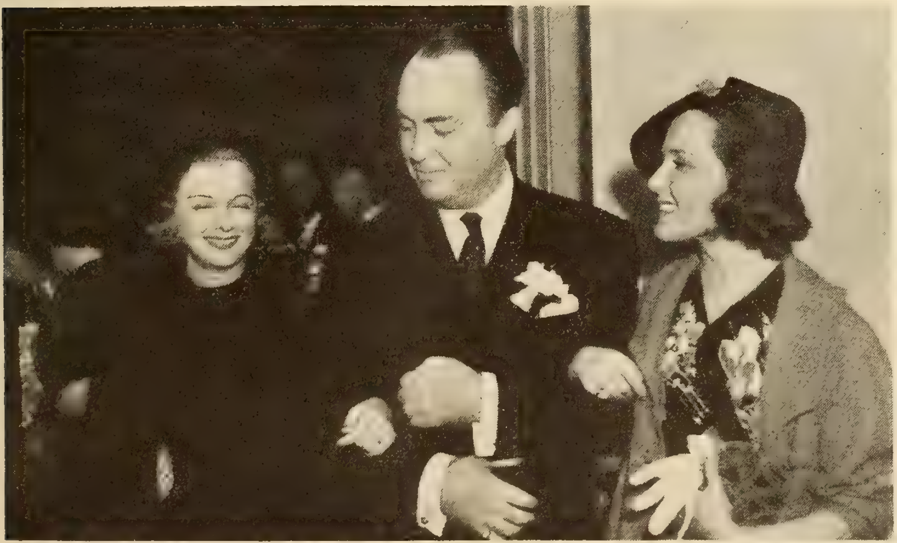
"However, there is plenty of room for both radio and pictures—and I believe it is to our mutual advantage to have our stars as good on the air as expert direction and production can make them."

So, in spite of all the headlines you may read to the contrary, you will probably continue to hear your favorite movie star on the radio and to see your favorite radio star in pictures.

And how well you would realize this truth if you had shared the sight this writer witnessed at the Lux Theatre of the Air in Hollywood. Joan Cawford and Franchot Tone were broadcasting "Chained," and anyone personally acquainted with Joan would know that she was having one of the biggest thrills of her life. As she leaned forward in her chair to put everything she had into the lines she was reading into the microphone, pride, excitement and happiness shone in her eyes.

Joan's mother was out in front in the audience, and told us that this was the proudest moment of her life, because she knew Joan felt this was giving her a chance to do what she had always wanted to do. The money radio was paying Joan and Franchot for this appearance carried small weight beside Joan's faith that this was the first definite step toward television and the future American stage.

With the foremost stars in pictures regarding radio in this light, it seems that the exhibitors' drive to put motion picture players off the air may start a real fight in Hollywood.



—*Photo by Charles Rhodes*

Joan Bennett and her husband, Gene Markey, and Mary Brian leaving the church after the Ann Sothern-Roger Pryor wedding

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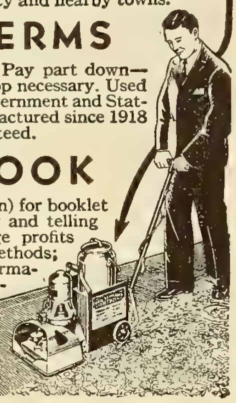

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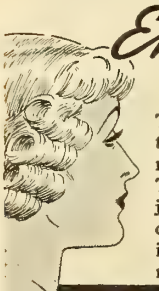

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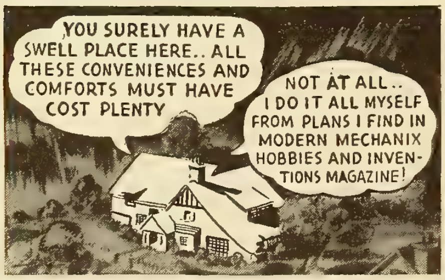
Be sure to read the feature stories about Gary Cooper in January MOVIE CLASSIC.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"I'm Testing"

[*Continued from page* 49]

selecting the would-be motion picture actors and actresses.

"I should like to say this to all who read and may run (to Hollywood)—when you have a screen test made, whoever you may be, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that *we want you to succeed.* Or we wouldn't be making the test at all. Too expensive. M-G-M spent in excess of $50,000 last year in making tests. Therefore, when we make a test we pray that we'll have something as well as you.

"But the test itself is, actually, the last step in the process. It isn't as simple as just dropping in, stepping before the camera and going to it. First of all I talk to the screen applicant at some length. I listen to the timbre of her voice, her diction, watch the play of her hands, the expression in her eyes. Long experience has taught me to gauge, with fair success, the emotional depth, the comedy possibilities, the general potentiality of the applicant.

"Then, if I am interested or even if I am doubtful, I have the girl come back again. I have her read a scene aloud to me. I can pretty well tell whether she has been lying to me or not when I hear her read a scene. If I am planning to proceed with a test I may have her rehearse the scene very thoroughly with me, or with an established actor and give two or three days to it sometimes. Then I can judge her diction more accurately. For more and more diction is assuming importance over features, figure, physical beauty.

"We try, always, to find a scene for the test which best fits the *You* we have endeavored to discover. The scene may be taken from a stage play, a current motion picture, a play you have done in High School. But whatever the scene it is selected in the hope of its fitting you.

"Then I may ask the casting director, possibly a producer or two, to come in and hear you read the scene. This is called an Audition. And if, then, the applicant still seems to have possibilities, if the other opinions check with mine, we go ahead with the scene, the talking test. And we go to the same detailed pains for making a test as we do for making a scene in a working production.

"The girl is sent to the make-up department. Make-up experts experiment with her until they find the make-up which seems to suit her best. Then she is sent to the hairdresser and various coiffures are tried. Then to the wardrobe department where costumes suitable to the part she is to play are tried on, fitted, made right in every particular. Next the set is made ready.

"WHEN, at last, the test scene is actually shooting we shoot it several times as in the making of a picture. If a line is muffed, if the sound man is dissatisfied we make it over and then over again and no expense spared.

"We also provide a complete cast to work with the testee. If the scene calls for a cast of four, eight, ten, that number of persons is on the set. On many occasions the stars themselves offer their services, come down after their own working hours and feed lines to the testee. Garbo spent one whole evening making a test with a man who was trying out for a part in *The Painted Veil.* Gable came down for two nights running to make a test with a young amateur making her first test.

"And even when all is done we do not expect perfection from the newcomer. It is said that tests are not fair, that the amateur is nervous, realizes that she is facing an ultimatum one way or the other and cannot do her best. We do not expect her to do her best. And it *is* fair, the test, because *everyone has to do the same thing."*

"Isn't it true," I asked, "that some of the young players who have themselves passed tests and even been given contracts are used as stooges to test with other newcomers and are lost in the process. I remember Muriel Evans telling me that she had a contract with M-G-M, hoped to get somewhere and the only 'where' she got was to feed lines to testees. Maureen O'Sullivan went through a spell of doing the same thing—and she was terrified for fear she'd be lost, not even on the cutting room floor, but in the tests where only the back of her head would be seen."

"Yes," said Mr. Bucquet, "occasionally something of the sort does happen. But only occasionally and not for long, as a rule. It's the fortunes of war, any kind of war. On the other hand, stooging for a test sometimes works in reverse, too. There is the famous case of Karen Morley. She was sitting in the casting office one day hoping for extra work. Bob Montgomery happened in. He wanted someone to make a test with him, to read him Garbo's lines while he made *his* test for a part in *Inspiration.* It was only a voice test. He chose Karen because she happened to be handy. She read the lines. The producers heard the voice on the sound track. They asked immediately whose voice that was—who was the girl—where was she? They finally located her and liked her so much that she not only got the part of *Lliane* in *Inspiration* but also a long term contract with M-G-M."

Hal Mohr, Academy prize winner for camera work last year (and husband of Evelyn Venable) told me: "I've made hundreds of tests and I know that sheer fright makes the people being tested act stupid—and look stupid. They aren't sufficiently prepared, perhaps, for all that is before them. Nor are the players the only ones who commit blunders, act stupid. I made the very first tests of Garbo. They were just photographic tests—we didn't get as far as the scene tests because *I didn't believe that she had camera possibilities!* I'd like to absolve my screen soul a little by saying that it wasn't entirely my fault. Garbo was badly made up. At that time we tried to make every player look alike. We made every one up in the deluded hope that they would look uniformly 'pretty.' You may imagine that there wasn't much left of the Garbo we know today after we got through with this treatment.

"I also made the first test Al Jolson ever made—for *The Jazz Singer*—the father of the talkies. Al was so nervous that I thought he'd collapse. I had to stop shooting every few minutes and talk to him. It took days and days to get stuff on Al which vaguely resembled the Al you know on the screen today.

"Gary Cooper is the only ranking star in Hollywood, so far as I know, who never made a contract test at all. He was given the first camera-less test on record. He had been doing extra work. He was suggested, by Bob McIntyre, for the part of Abe Lee in *The Winning of Barbara Worth,* starring Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. He was ushered into an office

—*Photo by Emmett Schoenbaum*

Here's the world record breaking shampoo. It took twelve hours for this scene of Ann Sothern shampooing Gene Raymond's hair for RKO-Radio's *The Smartest Girl In Town.* Director Joseph Santley watches the proceedings

filled with producers, executives, directors. And finding himself, without warning, in this embarrassing position, he flashed his embarrassed, engaging smile around the room and, without uttering one word was dismissed.

"'Well, gentlemen?' came the question. The answer was unanimous and half an hour later a rough young star-in-the-making was being groomed for bigger parts."

YES, some screamingly funny things happen in the test department, some dramatic, some tragic.

When Fred Stone made his first test the hour struck and there was no one available to feed his lines to him. He suggested that he bring his wife's colored maid with him. He did. When they arrived and were given the scripts to read for the audition it was explained to the lady of color that Mr. Stone would read his lines and that she would follow him and read hers. Fred began. There was silence. And Belinda (?) said suddenly, "But I don't understand, Mistah Stone, suh, who is yo in the play—is yo *Medium Shot?*"

When Ruth Chatterton, trail-blazing Broadway star of the talkies, was in Hollywood a few years before she made her first talking picture she was visiting Norma Talmadge one day on the United Artists lot. Norma persuaded Ruth to make up and take a test "just for fun." Ruth had never given the movies a thought—for herself. But she daubed on some make-up and they shot a test "just for fun." Some months later, back in New York, Ruth received a wire from the studio. It ran "Have seen your test. Stop. Very much interested in offering you contract. Stop. *If you will have your nose operated on.*"

When Andrea Leeds, pretty young U.C.L.A. graduate who is playing an important part in Sam Goldwyn's *Come And Get It* was asked to make some tests with three young men who were being tested to see which should play the part opposite her, she had no idea what was in store for her. She little dreamed that come nightfall she would emerge the most thoroughly kissed young woman in the sovereign state o' California. But she did. Andrea was kissed exactly *four hundred and sixty-seven times* in that one day by the cameraman's count. The lovely kissee's kissers were, in order, Francis X. Shields, ranking American tennis star (and I saw a first test of Frank, too, by the way—and I dare to prophesy a runner-up to Bob Taylor e'er long), Bob Lowrey, stage juvenile and John Payne of the New York stage. Shields kissed Miss Leeds from 8 a.m. until noon; Lowrey took up the enviable task at noon and kissed her until 3 p.m. and John Payne followed suit and kept going until 6 p.m. Now there's a tasty bit of testing for you. Further proving my point that anything can, and does happen under the casual slogan of "I'm testing."

And now I must tell the most beautiful test story of all . . . and then no more.

Fred Astaire made his first contract test. It is the custom with some of the studios to append a ten or twenty word commentary to the player's test—a sort of resumé of the testee's personality. Appended to Fred Astaire's first test was this incredible classic: "Not particularly good looking, thinning hair, mediocre personality—*can also dance.*"

"*Can also dance* . . ." those three words should be included in any and all anthologies of immortal Boobiana.

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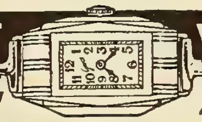

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TINYTONE RADIO CO., F-12, Kearney, Nebr.

He's a Fool for Cupid

[*Continued from page* 40]

the last two bits in his pocket (if he ever gets that low AGAIN), and who'll fight for his friends with every ounce of himself, mentally and physically.

And they know the Cary Grant who's a fool for Cupid, who falls in and out of love like a tumblebug, who idealizes all women and yet treats THE woman of his moment with a casual off-handedness that sometimes amuses them, more often burns them up.

There, you see, are at least five different Cary Grants. He's not just a Jekyll-Hyde sort of guy; he's the whole darned Jekyll and Hyde families! But through whatever character he's in at the moment, there's one dominant trait that's always part of him. That is his complete, utter, un-Hollywoodian lack of self-importance. Cary Grant is the actor with the smallest bump of ego in Hollywood. It was knocked out of him, long ago.

I'm going to tell you about it. I'm going to tell you a lot of odd facts, amusing stories, about the Cary Grant of today, and of yesterday. Most of them you've never heard before, I think. Because Cary doesn't talk about himself, and the kind of friends he has don't talk about him, either.

About that lack of self-importance. It died long before Cary—by the way, his real name is Archie Leach, imagine!—came to Hollywood. It died when, to keep a roof over his head and some food in his middle, he had to take a job walking on stilts in a clown suit at Coney Island. By the time a lot of kids from the Bronx had asked him, ten thousand times a day: How's d' weather up d'ere, mister?" he didn't feel so big any more. And any trace of self-inflation that was left fled when he and Orry-Kelly, now big-shot designer in Hollywood, shared a dinky room together in New York, broke as a kid's toy the day after Christmas—and hand-painted neckties to peddle so they wouldn't starve or be kicked into the street.

It was just about that time that Cary stood before a cracked mirror and told himself:

"I'm going to get some place. I've got to get some place. I'm going to work at it until I show 'em I *can!*" He did it. But he has never convinced himself that he amounted to much—even though he has convinced some of the hardest-boiled producers and directors in Hollywood.

They say he takes his work seriously. Well, you understand the reason, don't you? But at the same time, he never is satisfied with his work. The very first job he ever got in Hollywood was a role in *This Is the Night.* He saw the preview. He writhed. He went straight home before the picture was over, threw his personal belongings into some ancient luggage, drove his rattly car around front, and was throwing the stuff in it, ready for a helter-skelter flight back east, when some friends came by to congratulate him on his work.

"You were swell," they yelled at him.

"I was lousy. I'm going away," he yelled back.

It took a solid hour of arguing before he decided to stay. It wasn't because he was convinced that he was good. He merely said to himself that he was still lousy in his own eyes, but if others thought he was all right, why, what the deuce . . .?

EVEN today, he's a nuisance to his directors. After every good take of any of his scenes, the director has to argue him into letting it stand. Cary insists it was bad, and wants to do it over. If the directors didn't talk him out of it, Cary'd be doing the same scene over all day long!

He can't ever forget what a stage director in New York told him, when he along with Allan Jones, was working in bit parts for the Shuberts. "You," said the stage manager, " are a handsome young mug and you wear clothes awful nice. But you're a helluva actor!"

Ever since then he hasn't liked directors too much. That's why they have such a hard time convincing him they're right when they tell him he's done a scene well. That's why he always goes to the electricians and grips, and gets their okeh before he'll believe the director! Sometimes it burns directors up!

In his determination to be a good actor, he retires into a thespian-monastic life when "in production." He cuts out all dates, regardless of how the girl feels about it. He even turns thumbs down on luncheon dates, either social or for interviews. Instead, he hurries into his dressing room, eats a specially prepared light meal, and studies his lines and reads them out loud, with gestures, preparing for the afternoon's takes. After the day's shooting, he hurries home, takes a plunge in the surf (he lives at the beach, you know), gobbles some dinner, and locks himself into his study with the script. He studies it for hours. Then bed—and next morning, he's on the set and *knows his lines.* That's more than a lot of other actors do.

On the set, too, you'll find a facet of that other side of his—that strange utter-giving-of-himself that he bestows on a very few persons. You see, Cary has had too many hard knocks to trust himself to people deeply, any more. He's afraid to make close friends. But once in a while, somebody breaks through, and then Cary goes head-over-heels. That's the way it is with a young fellow with a smashed hand, a young fellow named Mal Merrihugh. Not long ago, Mal was a star pitcher for the Kansas City Blues. Then he smashed the hand—and poof went his baseball stardom, his livelihood, his hopes. Cary met him. Mal somehow clicked with Cary. And now—well, they officially register Mal as Cary's stand-in. But I'll be tripled-darned if it isn't the other way around. Actually, Cary is stand-in for his own stand-in! It's like this: Cary always manages to wangle a part for Mal, in his pictures. And Cary stands in for Mal when Mal is preparing for the take. More than that, half the time when Mal is supposed to be standing in for Cary, he's really out somewhere—Cary's told him to go take a rest for himself, or something like that. And when they need Cary's stand-in, for those long, hot, tedious minutes of focusing and light-setting, it's Cary himself who, uncomplainingly, stands in the glare and waits, while Mal's taking it easy somewhere!

Cary's one sport that he likes best is swimming—with its variations. Right now, he's learning aquaplaning. Johnny Weismueller is teaching him in Santa Monica yacht harbor—and all the pretty screen stars who live along the yacht harbor strand, there, look out of their seaward windows at the two lithe brown lads and sigh and sigh and sigh!

Next Month

●

Be sure to read the amazing story of the five million dollar battle over Gary Cooper

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Movie Classic published monthly at Mount Morris, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1936.
State of Connecticut} ss.
County of Fairfield}

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. M. Cotton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Movie Classic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publishers, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Motion Picture Publication, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, E. J. Smithson, Hollywood, Calif.; Managing Editor, H. H. Beall, Hollywood, Calif.; Business Manager, W. M. Cotton, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; C-A Publishing Co., New York City; Fawcett Publ., Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Frances Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Roger Fawcett, New York City; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Gordon Fawcett, Hollywood, Calif.; R. K. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Marion Fawcett Bagg, Tulsa, Okla.; Roscoe Fawcett Estate, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or coroporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is...............(This information is required from daily publications only.)

W. M. COTTON, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1936.

HELEN M. LANO, Notary Public
(Seal.) (My commission expires Feb. 1, 1941)

As a party hound, Cary's not so hot. He gives very few parties of his own, and then there are only a few in—the few close friends he allows himself to have. It's on these occasions that the playboy Cary comes, now and then, to life. Out of a gloomy reverie in a corner, he'll suddenly bound like a football. Wham wham wham, on the piano. Rat-a-tap-tap-tap with a clogstep on the hardwood floor. Talk goes zipping around the room with the speed and sting of a flight of wild bees. And then, all of a sudden, the mood'll climb on Cary's back, and he returns to his corner and his morose quietude.

He does like girls. But he admits he's sort of scared of them. He wouldn't admit, for the world, that he falls in and out of love easily—but those who know him insist he does. Right now, it's plainly Mary Brian. Sometimes, though, Betty Furness, even with those trick hats, takes Mary's place in the night-club scene.

Once he talked about himself and love. "I'm an awful poor Romeo," he said. "When I go courting, it's a pretty sad performance. I guess I'm too deadly intense, and I can't express, in words, the deep feelings I'm trying to convey. So I'm just a muddle-tongued boob."

The gal of his moment has to learn to take Cary as he is. He's casual. Appointments mean nothing to him—he invariably arrives late, no matter what the date is. He's always got an excuse. Sometimes it's good. Sometimes it's fair. Sometimes it's just awful. But she has to take it if she likes Cary. And she'd better not look for orchids or corsages when he's taking her out. He never thinks to send one, so she'd better order her own. He acts on the spur of the moment, rather than down the conventionally prescribed channels. And he's absent-minded as all get-out.

Yet he idealizes, worships women. He endows all women with those story-book attributes they're supposed to have. He doesn't believe they can be loud, vulgar. He thinks they are invariably understanding, tolerant, companionable, fine.

It was when he was still married to Virginia that Cary expressed his philosophy of marriage: "Marriage should not destroy the individuality of either party," he said. "I mean what I say—*whatever Virginia wants to do, she may.*" She did. Yet, if he marries again, Cary will again insist on that same marital philosophy.

There's plenty more to tell about him. But the space isn't here. Some people say Cary's colorless. That's twaddle. You could talk and write about Cary for page after page, he's so full of color and complexities. His modesty—the day a befuddled errand boy at Paramount tongue-tangled an introduction of him as George Brent. To which Cary, with a bashful grin, apologized to the visitor, and said: "I'm sorry to disappoint you. I'd like to be George Brent, but I'm only Cary Grant."

Cary was born in Bristol, and his dad and family are still there. He wraps up the American funny papers every Sunday and sends them to his kid brother, over there. They don't have such things in England, my word!! But in Cary, the only British traits that remain are that stand-offishness he sometimes manifests, and his inward squeamishness about seeing himself in print. Beyond that, he's become completely Americanized.

And the first thing he said, when he returned from his last visit to his folks in England, was:

"Thank Heaven, I can have a hot dog and a hamburger again!"

●

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I Want to Meet That Man

[*Continued from page* 47]

and with each other.

One day I have been down town shopping and arrive home with a few things. He starts looking over my purchases with a critical eye and says, "How much money did you spend today?"

"Oh, about ten dollars," I reply.

"Look, do you really need all these things?"

"Yes," I say definitely.

"Well, honestly Jo, I don't see how we can ever save any money. You never seem to think of tomorrow."

TOMORROW comes. He goes down town to get some sox and ties. Two hours later a car swoops up the driveway, a door slams, the hat sails across the room (he's expert at ringing it on the wall fixtures). The master is home. The house is alive again. He's beaming. I ask, "Did you find the sox and ties you wanted?"

"Sox and ties? Did I go after sox and ties?" he inquires vaguely. "Oh yes, so I did.

"No, I didn't find any but isn't this sweater something? And look at this honey of a tennis racquet I picked up for a song. Beauty, huh? Oh, by the way—here's a little gift for you."

I read a sentimental verse in his handwriting—and I open my package to find a lovely dinner ring, a bottle of my favorite perfume and a negligee! Life is such fun—even with the tomorrows.

Another day. "Don, we need a new stove."

"A new stove! Now, the old one's all right, Jo. We can't afford a new stove. Oh well, I suppose we might as well look at 'em. Come on."

Downtown we go. At the store he says, "Let's look at dishes, too." We do. He likes two very lovely sets but I can't make up my mind which I want. While I'm deciding he guesses he'll look at the stoves. He's gone. I decide on my dishes. He's back and has a package under his arm. "Hurry," he says, "let's pick out a stove. We're on our way home." But I'm curious about the package.

"Well, open it," he beams, "it's just a little present for you." I do. It's an ermine coat, unbelievably lovely. Don't you think that selecting a stove with Donald Woods is a marvelous experience?

One day he's up in the clouds. He's just heard he's going to do a part in a picture that he likes. He comes in dancing, showers me with flowers and says, "Pack your bags! We're leaving. I've chartered a plane, and we're going to Caliente for the week-end."

Weakly, I protest. "But we're having friends in for dinner."

"Tell 'em they're having dinner with us in Mexico!"

I do. *They* do!

Another day he's in the depths. Everything seems to have gone wrong all in one day. We go out to a party. Even that doesn't cheer him up. It's very late when we get home. He's lying in bed, the light on, and restless. "What's the matter, Don?" I ask.

"Oh, nothing."

"Can't you forget today?"

"I guess not. Just feeling low."

Half an hour goes by. I suggest he turn out the light. He does, but says he knows he won't go to sleep. Silence reigns—for moments. Then suddenly, out of the darkness, "Say, Jo, wouldn't you like some

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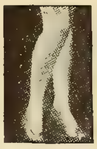
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He took one look, and then, "My word—you look terrible!"

I dyed my hair red the next day, and since then it's grown back to its own natural color, which happens to be red. And now Don has a marked partiality for brunettes!

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And now that I've told my story—I think I'm just courting trouble. I'll still keep my fingers crossed but would appreciate any suggestions on other methods of holding a real person, a grand actor, and my husband—Donald Woods.

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The Plainsman

[*Continued from page* 50]

Thus the redskins were able to make war on the white men for 20 years.

DeMille decided to make this the mainspring of his entire plot, since it was as a result of it that Custer was slain and Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill Cody performed some of their most noted exploits.

Several historical misconceptions were cleared up during the research on the picture, the most interesting fact being that Horace Greeley did not say "go West, young man." This historical advice was given by Editor Soule of the Terre Haute (Ind.) Express. Another disputed question was the status of Sitting Bull. He was not an Indian Chief, as many suppose, but a medicine man and as such, the shrewd genius behind the activities of the Indians. "Rain-in-the-Face" was the chief of the tribe and Sitting Bull tried to stop the Custer Massacre because he realized what would happen.

The usual DeMille method of casting from visualizations was followed in selecting the players for this picture. Gary Cooper matches Wild Bill Hickok in physical proportions and soft-spoken manner. Jean Arthur was chosen for the rôle of Calamity Jane after Mr. DeMille had considered every actress in Hollywood and literally thousands of girls from all over the country who submitted their photographs.

THE unique quality of Calamity Jane's character made the rôle especially difficult to cast. Calamity was a born siren, the loveliest woman in the West, without any trace of sophistication. She was entirely untutored and unspoiled, and as good with a bullwhip as she was with her eyes. Miss Arthur was the only actress that impressed Mr. DeMille with having the right combination of innocence, native sophistication, breeziness and charm to bring the character of Calamity to the screen.

James Ellison portrays the rôle of Buffalo Bill and Helen Burgess that of Louisa Cody. This is Miss Burgess' first appearance on the screen. She was tested and cast in the rôle after Mr. DeMille had seen her in the studio restaurant and was convinced that she was exactly as he had visualized Louisa Cody.

A second company of 100 technicians was dispatched to the Tongue River country near Lame Deer, Montana, to film the Custer Massacre and the battle of Beecher's Island. Two thousand five hundred Cheyenne and Sioux Indians and several picked squads of the 115th Cavalry, Wyoming National Guard, were engaged for battle scenes for the picture.

Each fifty Indians was assigned an interpreter, with each interpreter responsible to Chief Thunder Bird, technical director of the film.

A NEW experiment in direction was tried in the filming of the Montana scenes for *The Plainsman*.

Using a 10-foot model of an island, Mr. DeMille started directing from Hollywood by remote control every camera set-up and scene being accomplished by telephone and chart. The model was a duplicate of an island in the Tongue River, to which the second company was dispatched. At one end of the model was a circular barricade of boxes, trees and covered wagons, where movable clay figures of pioneers and U. S. cavalrymen figuratively are besieged by

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Cheyennes.

Assisted by photographs of the actual island and surrounding territory, DeMille figured out camera angles and action which he indicated in red pencil on black and white maps of the island.

In Hollywood five acres of sets, some of them with a history dating back to pre-sound days, were demolished to make way for the elaborate sets for *The Plainsman*. A street in Deadwood City was constructed where the gates of Jerusalem have stood for more than a year. On the site of the walled city of Acre was duplicated the docks of Leavenworth as they were just after the war with the states. And a section of Windsor Castle gave way to the river boats and docks of St. Louis.

There will be a bathroom but no bathtub in *The Plainsman*, because the bathtubs of that period would be unrecognizable to the theatre-goers today. However, a character famous in a previous DeMille bathtub scene is cast in the picture. He is Satan, the little bird who performed his ablutions in *Madame Satan*. Satan has been in retirement at the DeMille home since he forsook his screen career but he seemed quite enthusiastic about the prospect of a comeback.

The property department at the studio had a rather difficult time in obtaining 400 buffalo hides. These had to be secured a few at a time from more than a hundred sources including taxidermists, museums and buffalo parks.

More than 5,000 individual costumes were provided by the studio wardrobe department and were tailored from sketches by the company designers. They range from army uniforms to frontier homespun, and from "city duds" of the '60's to Indian warbonnets. Twenty-five wardrobe workers were required on the big sets to dress the principals and extras and keep the costumes from being lost or seriously damaged.

The Plainsman is an effort on the part of Mr. DeMille to portray the West as it really existed because he feels that of all the period of American history most familiar to the public, the West has been most mistreated as to purpose. He is trying to illustrate that the rough-riding, gun-toting, rough men were striving toward a definite goal against terrific odds to build an empire that is a credit to their courage.

—*Photo by Charles Rhodes*

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone step out for dinner on the cook's night off

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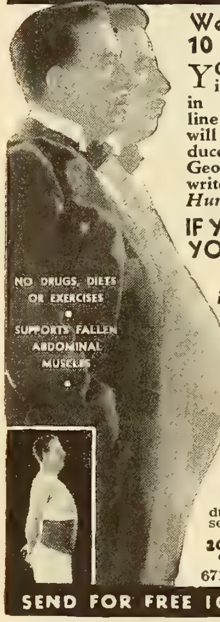
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What Two Stars Owe the Quints

[*Continued from page* 33]

entire company is as fine-drawn as a fiddle string. The scenes are in the nursery this morning. The babies in their long nighties play peek-a-boo with Dorothy and Jean. In hospital gowns and masks, every man in the crew works as precisely as a bit of machinery. Not one lost movement—with a concentration almost painful. When it is all over—when the Quints are being dressed for their daily showing to the thousands of visitors who come here daily as to a Shrine—when cameras and lights have been lifted out of the windows, and the nursery is again minus the paraphernalia of picture-making, they all let-down. Their foreheads are beaded with perspiration. Their lips white with effort.)

"Aside from the new success the babies have made possible for me," Jean continues, drawing slowly on his pipe, "they color every day of my life. I receive letters from mothers who ask advice about their children. Hundreds of letters have come to me in the past six months solely concerned with the Quints. "What do they eat? What are they really like? Are they truly beautiful? At a conservative estimate, I have had three thousand requests for those little pebbles from the Nursery Acres which are supposed to bring good fortune to childless couples."

DOROTHY PETERSON'S story parallels Jean's. In 1930 she made her first picture—*Mother's Cry*. A great actress, producers agreed. A skillful, a confident actress. But in the next five years Dorothy had few rôles which either tested or were worthy of her talents.

Then her assignment as "Nurse Kennedy" came!

Suddenly on the screen was a new Dorothy Peterson—with a clear-cut charm, with that arresting, straightforward, delightful sincerity so few actresses possess. A girl with a great gift for comedy, an ability to handle dramatic situations deftly. With an unusual beauty—and features as nicely defined as a cameo.

And so Dorothy Peterson too, like Hersholt, found herself a player of importance. Producers who five years ago nodded their heads sagely and predicted brilliant things for this girl but did nothing about it, came forward with the inevitable avalanche of "I-told-you-so's."

Dorothy, as a person, has an absorbing interest in the Quints and their future—in their development and their growth. Cecile has been her shadow since shooting began on this present location trip. For minutes on end she sits with this baby in her lap, slowly repeating one French word after another—while Cecile struggles to imitate her.

"I'd like to spend at least six months with the Quints—not making pictures—but watching them, taking care of them, seeing them thrive. I can't think of a more fascinating occupation."

Dorothy is a girl not given to easy words, nor a quick display of enthusiasm. In her very quietness, one senses not only her deep devotion to Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, Annette and Emelie individually, but the realization of the miracle they represent!

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Hollywood and Young Girls

[*Continued from page* 55]

there, so I approached two other famous mothers, Mrs. Ann Beresford and Mrs. Fred Stone, to enlighten it further.

MRS. BERESFORD is Anita Louise's mother. Though young, petite and almost as lovely as her beautiful daughter, she is one of the cleverest women in Hollywood and has been an important factor in Anita's climb to stardom.

There was no mistaking the sincere ring of her voice as she said, "If any place in the world can be said to be safe for young girls—that place is Hollywood! The world notices its frailties and weaknesses because Hollywood, in the final analysis, is a small town. Its people are famous, and everything they do is news to the outer world.

"Any girl trained to recognize the real values of life should be self reliant anywhere. And I am proud to feel that Anita is properly equipped to face life on a solid footing in every respect. In moral fibre. In business acumen. Even in the management of a home—for that is important, too."

I know something of the training Anita's mother has given her. I know how she worked hard to provide her with lessons in dancing, in music, in languages, in needlework. I know something of the character training instilled in her, too. How Mrs. Beresford denied herself the personal satisfaction of smoking because she didn't want cigarettes to become attractive to Anita.

Hollywood's "flaming youth" hasn't even a spark of vice, in Mrs. Beresford's opinion.

"Any one believing that Hollywood boys and girls are a rowdy, drinking crowd is doing them a grave injustice," she told me with conviction.

"I don't hesitate to say that Anita's friends—among whom are Tommy Beck, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, James Bush, the Durkin sisters, Alma Lloyd—are as clean-minded and clean-living a group as you will find anywhere. And far less sophisticated. They have wholesome fun and jolly times like any group of nice young people.

"This generation of young film players is a wise group on the whole. They're in this business as a business, treating it in that light. Many of them are shouldering the burden of parents or younger brothers and sisters to support. They have to behave. Besides, profiting by the sad experiences of previous generations of actors and actresses whose credo was that of 'Today we live, for tomorrow we die,' the present generation would consider it stupid to rush into fire and get their fingers burned."

WHEN Anita's mother spoke of the fun and jolly times that the film younger set has, I knew to what she was referring. For Anne Shirley's roller-skating parties at the Rollerdrome in Culver City are famous. As are Alma Lloyd's crawfish hunts at her family's ranch, where the film cuties and their boy friends indulge in such "wild" pastimes as wading in the creek for crawfish, hunting for elusive mushrooms, playing tennis and pingpong and posing for group pictures! Then there was Tom Brown's birthday party, where everybody sat on the floor and played "Guggenheim" and "Monopoly"; Paula Stone's buffet supper, highlighted by running off early films of the era when heroines were ver-ry good, and villains wicked indeed, and—but why go on, for the Hollywood younger set's "wild parties" are indisputably tame.

Mrs. Fred Stone was just what I had pictured the wife and mother of the famous "Stepping Stones" to be. Among the first to meet her on her arrival in Hollywood, I was immediately attracted by her charm, poise and intelligence.

"So they say Hollywood is wicked!" mused Allene Crater Stone, erstwhile stage actress who is now contented and happy to sit back and watch her husband carry over the Stone fame from Broadway to Hollywood, aided and abetted by daughters Dorothy, Paula and Carol.

"No thinking person can honestly regard Hollywood as 'wicked,'" she added. "Yes, it is a little different from other cities, in my estimation. It has a more wholesome atmosphere, more poetic surroundings. It has days of sunshine—which mean hours that can be devoted to healthy sports. Yes, Hollywood is truly different! Observing my daughters and their friends, I find that the young people in pictures work hard and play just as hard as they work.

"In every city, country—in every walk of life, there are people who, through a mistaken sense of true values, seek excitement in dissipation. But that is not restricted to Hollywood in any sense."

I pointed to the fact that she had remained in New York with the "baby" of the family, Carol, who is just eighteen, while the rest of the Stones were in Hollywood. Was it because she felt Carol needed a chaperone while on the stage?

"No young girl in any city should be without an older companion," was her quiet reply. "I do not chaperone my girls in the old-fashioned sense of the word. But there are times 'when a fella needs a friend'—and that friend should be close at hand to comfort, advise and admonish, as occasion demands. I am proud that my daughters have sought my advice when they felt the need of talking over their problems with an older person, and I have always striven to be on hand when they asked my counsel."

It was "on advice of counsel" that Carol resigned from a New York play, which, shall I say, was a bit off-color? But the Stones, mere and pere, have no objections to Carol renewing her film career. You will recall that she made one picture, *Freckles* and as soon as her present stage engagement is completed, she plans to return to Hollywood for another fling at the flickers.

All of which should make those self-appointed moralists out to "reform" Hollywood seek more fertile fields of sin and iniquity. Myself, I'm going to bring up all my daughters in Hollywood!

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Hollywood Homecoming

by Harry Hammond Beall

Managing Editor Movie Classic

TWENTY years ago when motion picture theatres were neat, but not gaudy nickelodeons, this writer deserted the arduous avocation of writing pieces about them for Los Angeles newspaper consumption to become publicity director for the then up-and-coming Universal studios. The theatres, gargantuan with their 400 seats, offering colored slides for "ulcerated" songs accompanied by inspiring music from a peripatetic piano player and super-features of one and two reels from such packing houses of canned drama as Vitagraph, Selig, Biograph, Kalem, Essenay, Lubin, were indeed in their infancy, while the studios, desecrating the orange and olive groves of the Los Angeles suburb known as Hollywood, were squalling brats in swaddling clothes.

The new job of "publicity director", about which neither studios nor persons engaged for the job knew a great deal, seemed a fulfillment of the dire prophecy that "I would come to no good end" made by a fellow-townsman of my native village of Gallipolis, Ohio, one O. O. McIntyre. "Odd", as he was known in Gallipolis in the days when he chronicled the "up and down river" items in the leading daily, (or was it weekly?) of the quaint little French city, had once caught me carrying matches, and even smoking cornsilk cigarettes behind his Aunt Kate's house. It was to my cousin Harry Maddy that this prototype of the "old meanie" of today confided this curse.

It seems that I had been drafted for the new job because the studio bosses had discovered my predecessor sneaking time off from his duties of showing a delegation of the members of the Turnverein from Laupheim, Germany, around the lot and explaining what it was all about to visiting clothing salesmen from Oshkosh to write articles glorifying Universal stars and productions.

What a double decade of progress has been made since I, as a rosy-cheeked, idealistic youth of high enthusiasm and boundless energy, daily rode my high-wheeled bicycle over the historic Cahuenga Pass cowpath that is now the world-famous Cahuenga Boulevard, over which today stream endlessly the sleek motors of directors, stars, and other studio employees on their way between their sylvan, rural retreats in the San Fernando Valley and the Hollywood studios.

TWENTY years ago Hollywood was just a romantic name, also imported from Ohio, designating a vast expanse of orchard and prairie sleeping in the shadow of the sunbaked hills.

It had been founded by tireless prohibitionists who introduced local option to California, and had been annexed to Los Angeles because that was the only method of procuring a water supply. At its outset, paradoxically enough, the town was cradled in austerity and reeked with propriety.

Today the name and fame of Hollywood rings round the world. The U. S. Postal Guide lists no such postoffice as Hollywood, nor does Hollywood have a railroad station, an airport or a harbor. Its limits are known to very few of its residents and thousands of Los Angeles folks receive their mail addressed to Hollywood, but only through courtesy and efficiency of the postal department.

Los Angeles looks on Hollywood as one of its first-string suburbs, but to the rest of the world Los Angeles is a suburb of Hollywood.

Hollywood fashions influence the clothing of the entire civilized world. Greta Garbo once wore an Empress Eugenie hat and overnight millinery manufacturers all over the globe sweated their employees night and day to turn out Eugenie hats to meet the demand.

Hollywood has combed the world for exceptional skill in every craft, for exceptional talent in every art, gathering within her glamorous portals the cream of writers, painters, musicians, designers in metal, cloth and every other known material.

Hollywood has set styles all over the world in plumbing, motor cars and even speech and manners.

HOLLYWOOD has raided the New York stage for the best of its players, its directors, its most beautiful and accomplished stars, its designers and craftsmen and technicians, while the best of European talent has also been imported.

Naturally the population of this fabled community has increased apace.

Twenty years ago the district recognized as Hollywood had less than 35,000 inhabitants. Today the population is estimated at 165,000, while the glamour and the lure of Hollywood has been recognized as an important factor in the increase of the population of Los Angeles, which has grown from less than 500,000 to 1,300,000 in the last twenty years.

The payroll of motion picture production has averaged $150,000,000 a year for the past five years.

Not so many years ago, feeling that Hollywood had surely reached its peak, and that instead of being in its infancy it was really due for senile dementia, I reconditioned my fountain pen, made a down payment on a dozen pencils, and listened to the siren lure of other publicity pastures.

My Odessey took me from Skagway to Ensenada, from Washington, D. C., to Manila, through Philippine Independence campaigns, stimulating world tours for steamship lines, battling for repeal of prohibition, enticing the countryside to county fairs, state fairs, orange shows and community pageants, and what have you?

But now I've gone Hollywood all over again, and am I happy?

I'm back with my people again, and say, folks:

They're *regular* folks!

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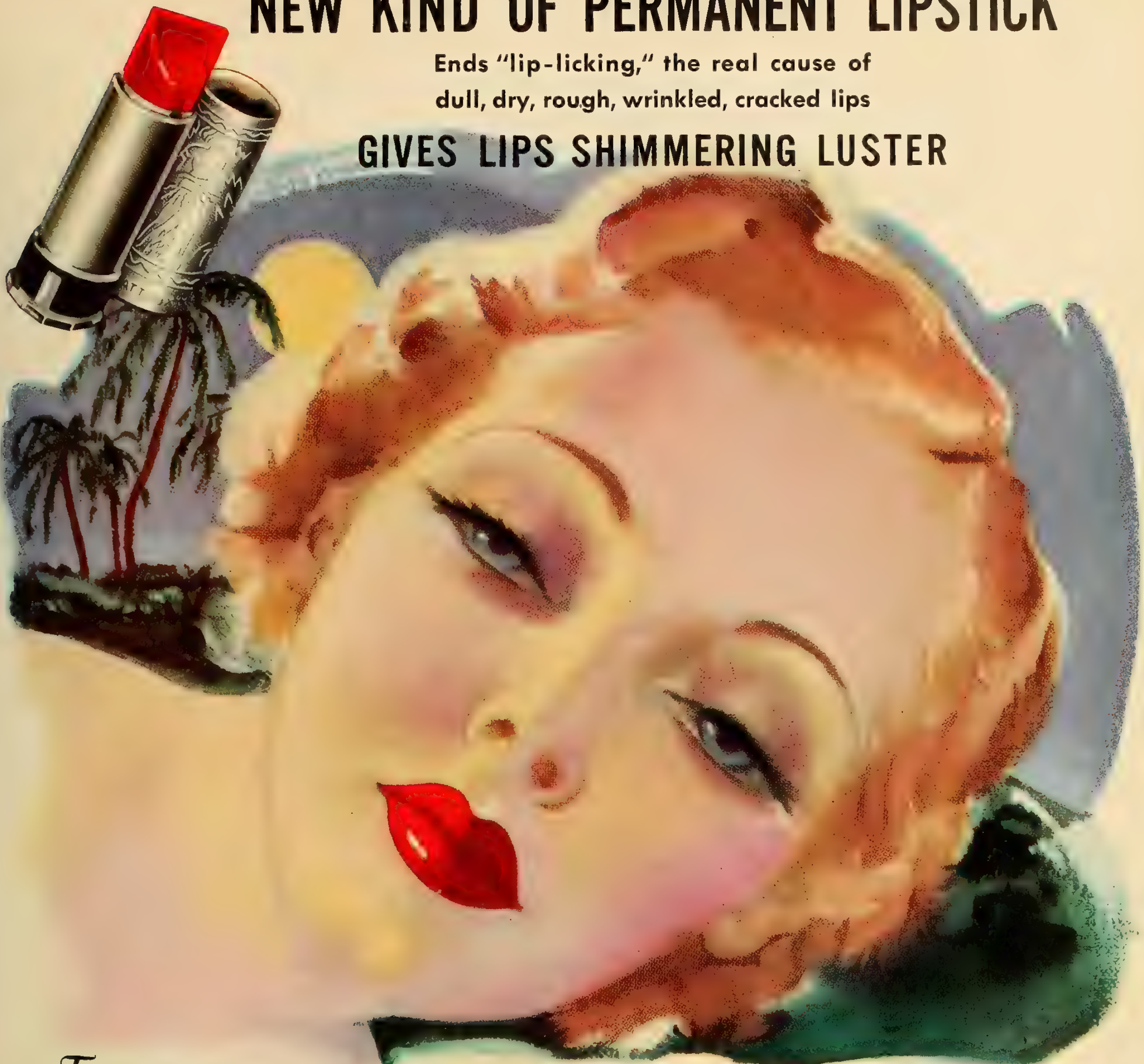

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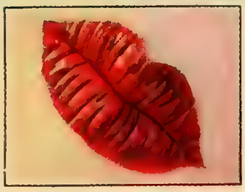

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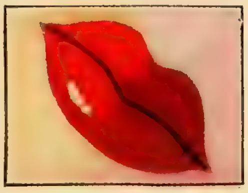

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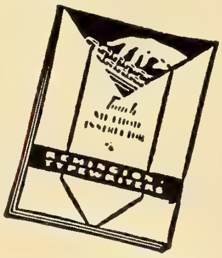

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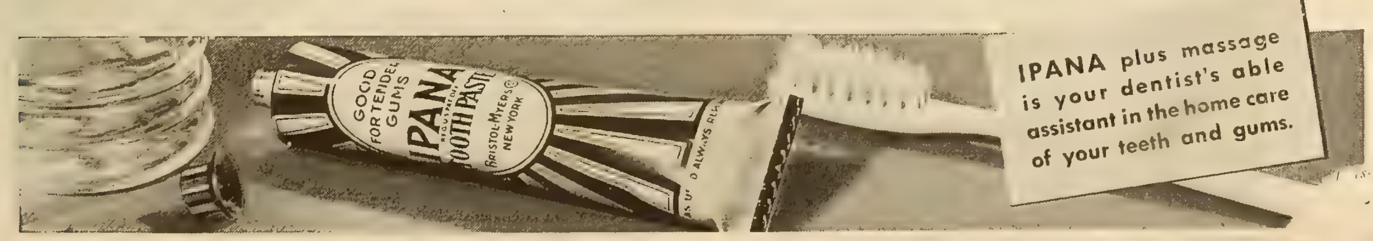
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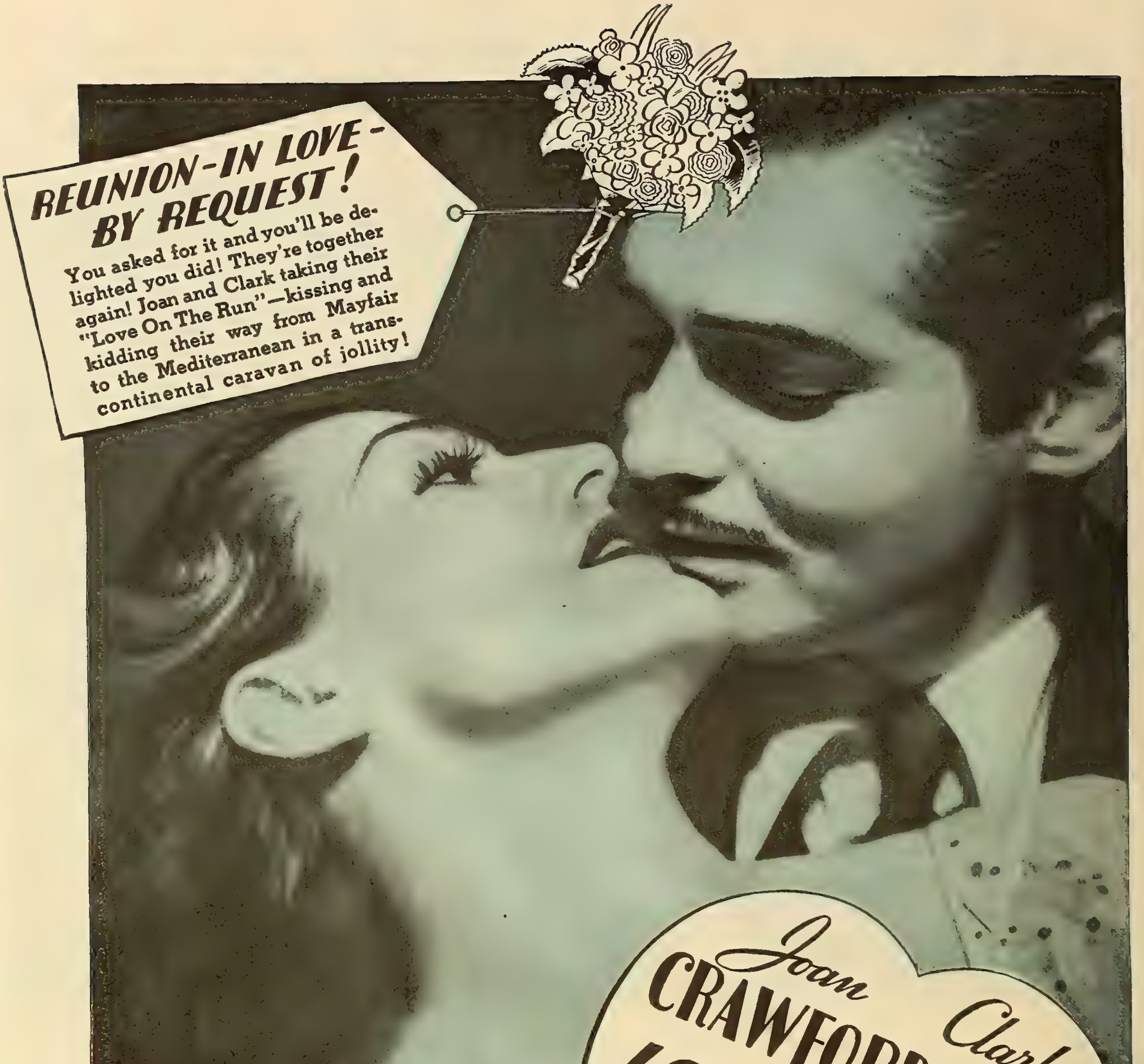

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On the Cover

Posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC, this beautiful natural color study of Madeleine Carroll was photographed by Edwin Bower Hesser.

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

JANUARY, 1937

VOL. 11 No. 5

E. J. SMITHSON
Executive Editor

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W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

HARRY HAMMOND BEALL
Managing Editor

Go to your favorite newsstand for February MOVIE CLASSIC. You will find it on sale on December 30th.

Published monthly by Motion Picture Publications, Inc., *(a Minnesota Corporation) at Mount Morris, Ill. C. W. Fuller, Advertising Director; General Business offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial Offices, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Mount Morris, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn.*

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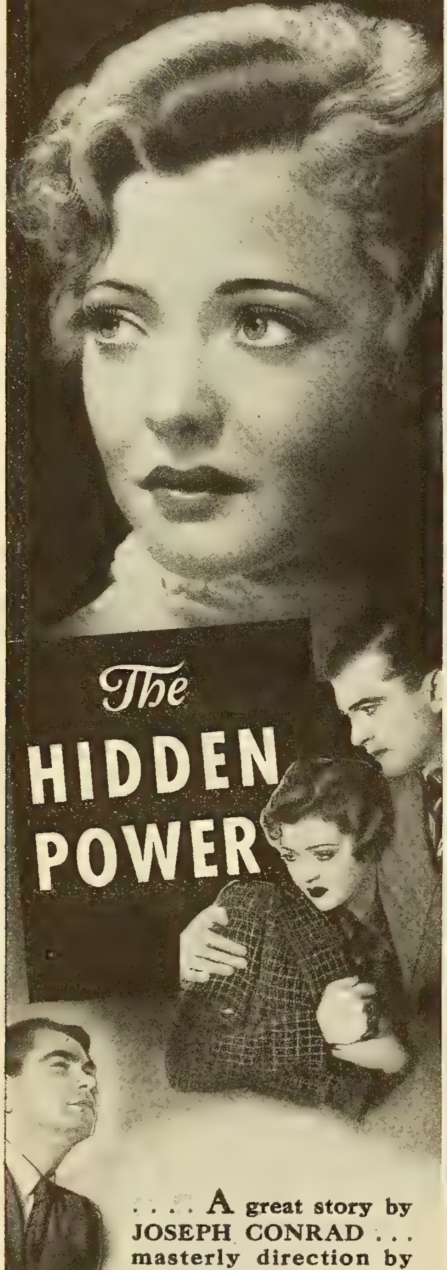
Address manuscripts to the Hollywood Editorial Offices. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos. Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; Foreign subscriptions $1.50. Single issues 10c. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to our office at Greenwich, Conn. Advertising forms close on 20th of the third month preceding date of issue. Printed in U.S.A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

SYLVIA
SIDNEY
in her most dramatic role!



. . . . A great story by
JOSEPH CONRAD . . .
masterly direction by
ALFRED HITCHCOCK
of "39 Steps" fame . . .
a brilliant cast with
SYLVIA SIDNEY
OSCAR HOMOLKA
JOHN LODER and
DESMOND TESTER

A REMARKABLE PICTURE THAT
NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS

Coming to your favorite theatre

A GB *Production*

She *Battled* Her Way To *Stardom*

A star in stock, a star on Broadway — and now a star in pictures — that's the record of the girl who has struggled alone for success since she was three years old.

Gladys George as she appears in Paramount's *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.*

By E. J. Smithson

BLONDE, throaty-voiced Gladys George, star in Paramount's *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie,* sums up her philosophy of life so far as it concerns the theatre and the movies in the following ten words, no more and no less:

If you keep on traveling you are bound to arrive.

And Gladys ought to know for she's been traveling back and forth behind footlights and in front of spotlights ever since she was a tiny tot of three.

Like all good troupers, however, Gladys isn't satisfied now that she has definitely "arrived" in pictures via *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.* Paramount executives may be wildly enthusiastic over her portrayal of Carrie; they may be busier than bees lining up bigger and better stories for her; "rave" notices may be finding their way into the public prints in increasing numbers—but Gladys isn't satisfied.

"I'll never really go to town out here," she insisted frankly as we visited in her home in Laurel Canyon, "until I get a part with good comedy in it. Heavy parts like Carrie get me down. You heard about my hysterics after the final scene was shot in *Valiant.* Well, it was the truth, so help me. You can't imagine an old trouper like me pulling a stunt like that, can you? But

[*Continued on page* 79]

Another GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR Triumph

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S

"The PLAINSMAN"

Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .

"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."

Who *Discovered* Deanna Durbin?

Read the answer in this inside story about the fourteen-year-old girl who is credited with possessing the most remarkable voice ever discovered in America!

Deanna Durbin, Universal's happy little singer, as she appeared on the *Three Smart Girls* set.

"WHO is the Voice Teacher of Deanna Durbin? Call ———— (giving telephone number)."

"I am the real Discoverer of Deanna Durbin."

"Consult the real discoverer and first teacher of Deanna Durbin regarding your prospects."

"I trained Deanna Durbin for her first picture and radio work."

These, and other similar ones, are actual advertisements that appeared, and are appearing, in Los Angeles and Hollywood newspapers and publications.

For everybody seems to be claiming credit for the discovery and development of this amazing picture and radio sensation—the fourteen year old girl who became internationally famous before her first picture was released, and who received four thousand letters from radio fans after her first broadcast, and before her name was even known to the listening public.

Hundreds of these letters were addressed in care of Eddie Cantor and hundreds of others simply to "the little girl who sings on the Texaco hour."

Famous voice teachers, opera scouts and critics credit this girl with having the most remarkable voice ever discovered in America. Others, such as Lily Pons, Nelson Eddy, Gladys Swarthout and Irene Dunne, frankly admit being amazed at this phenomenal youngster. Eddie Cantor has announced over his radio program that hers will be the outstanding American voice of all time.

In the history of pictures no star has ever had such amazing developments in his or her career. A [*Continued on page* 75]

by

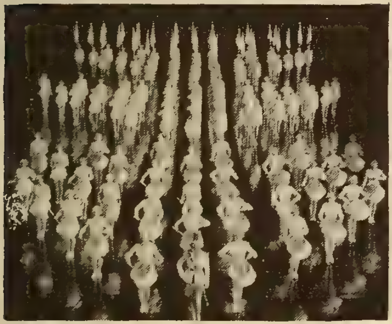
Howard Chase Farwell

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Come On, Everyone THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"— to those dashing heartbreakers and champion funmakers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!

Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"

And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

RING out the old...SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies...packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL
in
"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON . . . A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburg

Warner Bros.

Hollywood Highlights

by The Boulevardier

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, Warner stars, visit Kitty Carlisle and William Gaxton, principals in *White Horse Inn*, backstage. The Powells saw the play on their honeymoon in New York

"OMIGAWSH!!!" screamed Your Favorite Keyhole-Peerer and Transom-Snooper (I bow modestly) upon sustaining the Shock-of-the-Month on the MGM stage where they're shooting *After the Thin Man.* It was that moment when I beheld Myrna Loy, sitting on the sidelines, *knitting a baby blanket!*

But when I came to, I was advised that the baby blanket is for Myrna's maid, Theresa. It's Theresa who's going to be a mother—pretty soon, now.

And so reassured, I hasten on to report other Cinemitems of the month.

Place Your Bets

FOR instance, the revolt of the Lily Pons at Radio. She weighs barely a hundred (or does she?) but when she gets mad, they'd rather handle Joe Louis over there. And right now, Lily is *mad*. She's mad because they want to cast Nino Martini in the same movie with her.

Lily said NO. She said it in English, French and anger. "One opera star," she declared, "in a picture is enough." And, she indicated, she would be that one star.

At this writing, it's a draw between RKO and Lily. Lily says she'll not sing in a picture with Nino. RKO says she will.

Sour Notes

LAUGH-of-the-Month out of Hollywood's martial involvements is the one on Gladys Swarthout's husband, Frank Chapman (who, like Gladys, is a singer of no mean note.)

It seems that Frank's former wife, Buff Cobb Brodie, chanced to visit as house guest a filmland couple who live directly across the street from Gladys and Frank's house. Not until the next morning after her arrival at her hosts' did the former Mrs. Chapman learn that—and then it was through hearing, as she struggled out of the depths of slumber, Frank's voice carolling lustily as he sang in his morning bath.

She said nothing. But the next morning, Frank's singing again awakened her. Buff couldn't stand it. As he ended his aria, she yelled across the street:

"Do *I* have to be awakened at the break

[*Continued on page* 13]

Dixie Dunbar, 20th Century-Fox star, all dressed up and evidently no place to go

DORIS
NOLAN
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF *the* TOWN

THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!
LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN
The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY
Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT
GREGORY RATOFF
HENRY ARMETTA
Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN
Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN
Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS
They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN
Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH
Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART
Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER
Remember the gorilla man of "My Man Godfrey"?

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS
"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"
"There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS
By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY
By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

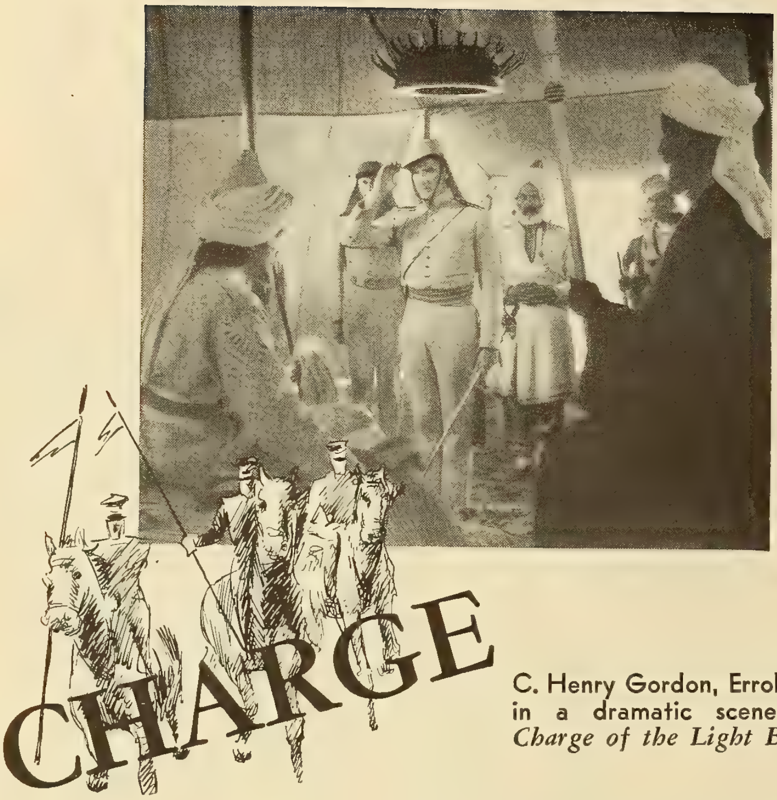
DIRECTOR
Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS
By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and wardrobe creator!

DANCES
By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New York Music Hall Rockettes!

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
LOU BROCK, *Associate Producer*

THE *NEW* UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!



C. Henry Gordon, Errol Flynn, in a dramatic scene from *Charge of the Light Brigade*

CHARGE of the LIGHT BRIGADE

The Show Window

Frank Reviews of the Latest Screen Offerings

EXCEPTIONAL

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—Without the slightest tinge of press-agent exaggeration, here's a film that possesses everything needed to make the customer happy—nerve-tingling thrills, grand acting, beautiful photography, stirring music and fine direction. Take our unbiased word for it, you'll come away from the *Charge of the Light Brigade* feeling glad that movies were born!

The story is based on Tennyson's immortal poem and is admittedly a highly fictionized treatment in spots. But the ride of the valiant six hundred as caught by the camera is something as magnificent as it is spectacular. Nothing like it has ever been offered to movie fans.

Errol Flynn, cast as the brigade's major, is credited by this reviewer as giving a flawless performance. His rating in any popularity contest from now on will be near or above any topflight competitor you care to mention.

Olivia deHavilland, charming and lovely, supplies the romantic interest in a rôle of a girl who has promised to marry one brother while loving the other. Patrick Knowles, as the younger brother, shows a world of ability in this, his first American picture. C. Henry Gordon as the sly and cruel Surat Khan scores a great hit in his rôle of villain. Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, Spring Byington and David Niven contribute excellent work.

Special awards for excellence should go to Sol Polito for his photography, to Max Steiner for his music and to all the others who, in whatever capacity, helped to make the *Charge of the Light Brigade* one of the truly great pictures of this or any other year!—*Warner Bros.*

LIBELED LADY—There may have been other stories filmed that contain as many laughs per foot as *Libeled Lady,* but we can't recall them—and perhaps we wouldn't if we could for if ever a picture came as close to perfection, so far as comedy situations, sparkling dialogue, and suspense is concerned, *Libeled Lady* is IT in capital letters. Jean Harlow re-establishes herself on top of the movie ladder as a comedienne without an equal. What she does to her rôle is something that deserves a bouquet of WW's orchids. Spencer Tracy as the hustling, bustling newspaperman too busy to marry Jean; William Powell as the slicker who tries to stave off a five million dollar lawsuit by conniving with Tracy to trap Myrna Loy, the international playgirl; Walter Connolly as Myrna's worried father—these four put more life and gusto, more genuine, 14-caret acting in one picture than you usually see in a dozen. And you don't have to take this statement with the usual grain of salt. *Libeled Lady* is nothing but one continuous laugh-fest—and what more can you ask in a comedy. Outstanding scene—the trout-fishing sequence in which Powell, admittedly the most amateurish of all fishermen, fools Myrna and her expert fly-casting papa. Unstinted praise, too, must be accorded Charley Grapewin, Cora Witherspoon, Lauri Beatty, E. E. Clive and Charles Trowbridge for the excellence of their work. If you fail to see *Libeled Lady* don't call yourself a movie fan!—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

LADIES IN LOVE—Whether or not this 20th-Century-Fox picture will appeal to the men folk of the family can only be determined by the box-office receipts, but none-the-less, *Ladies In Love* is a film well worth seeing. With a cast that includes such notables as Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon, Don Ameche, Paul Lucas, and Alan Mowbray to put the three-in-one plot across, theatre patrons really have a treat in store for them when they see it. Acting honors, so far as this observer is concerned, go to Alan Mowbray and Janet Gaynor both of whom turn in superlative performances. Constance Bennett as the unmarried companion of Paul Lucas; Don Ameche as the young doctor; Loretta Young as the impetuous showgirl in love with Tyrone Power, Jr., all of these sterling actors expertly take over difficult rôles and play them to perfection. No little praise should go to Ed. H. Griffith's excellent direction. The task of keeping three separate love

[*Continued on page* 54]

William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy form an quadruple love team in *Libeled Lady*

Paul Lukas, Simone Simon and Constance Bennett give outstanding performances in *Ladies in Love*

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 10]

of dawn by *your* practicing!?!"

And then she cut short her visit and moved back to her own home.

That amused even Hollywood, accustomed as Hollywood is to hilarious interludes involving ex-hubbies and ex-wives when they meet unexpectedly. But even Hollywood got a variation of that now-old theme at a night club the other night—this time it was one of those embarrassing meetings between ex-"that-way-ers" instead.

It happened at the door, when an incoming couple and an outgoing couple collided. One pair consisted of Cary Grant and Sonja Henie. The other consisted of Mary Brian and Tyrone Power, Jr. And inasmuch as Mary and Cary were reported at the very verge of matrimony only a fortnight or so ago—, well, the spot rustled with whispers like a gale in a palm grove for minutes afterward!

However, I must append an after-note: A few days later, Cary learned that Mary was down with a cold. He sent her huge gobs of flowers. And right now, it's reported that despite Sonja and Tyrone, or others, Cary and Mary are very pit-a-patty again.

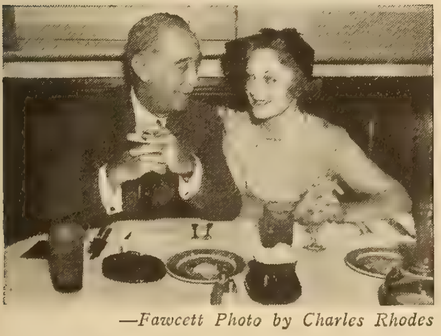
Happy Birthday!

THE Carole Lombard-Clark Gable matter still interests Hollywood's wonder-whatters. Apparently, the friendship between Carole and Clark is running full blast. They're together everywhere, and Hollywood has never seen a couple who apparently have sweller times together.

However, Carole is now denying herself to all interviewers, because, it is explained, she does not wish to be quoted in any way about Mr. Gable. Nevertheless (I don't know whether it's the interviewers' fault or Carole's) all interviews seemed inevitably to veer around to the Gable subject. So, to simplify the problem, *all* interviews were called off.

Meanwhile, may I report that for her birthday, just past, Clark presented her with a gorgeous bracelet. And a cocker spaniel. She just loves dogs, and Clark knows it. The spaniel makes her fourth.

May I also report that Hollywood's favorite fortune teller advised me, confidentially, that according to the planets, Clark Gable and Mrs. Rhea Gable, now legally separated, will *never* be divorced? However, that's merely an astrologer's forecast, Carole.



—Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

A Brown Derby twosome—Sir Guy Standing, distinguished peer and gentleman and blonde Virginia Fields

Cupid's Calendar

"WHO'S Dating Whom in Hollywood?" Well, here are the latest romanswers to that question:

Nelson Eddy? this most adamantly-opposed-to-love-life-publicity gentleman has recently been escorting Mrs. Ann Franklin to the niteries, but won't talk about it. . . . Jimmy Stewart? he's still playing the field, with Virginia Bruce one night, Ginger Rogers the next, and Eleanor Powell the night after and so on and on and on. . . . Dixie Dunbar? well, it's a toss-up between assistant director Bob Herndon and rich auto-dealer Bill Davis with Dixie, and she's alternating hand-holding dates. . . . Alice Faye? probably wedding bells for her and Tony Martin pretty soon, now. . . . Robert Kent? still Astrid Allwyn and they've been house-hunting together. . . . Toby Wing? good-looking Davie Carlyle's her latest beau, and Tom Brown is dating elsewhere for a change. . . . Betty Furness? hats and all, she's being taken places by Alan Lane. . . . Cesar Romero? he's running Jimmy Stewart a close second as a field-player, with Martha Raye and Virginia Bruce getting his top play. . . Paula Stone? she's going to be Mrs. Henry Willson if it goes on. . . . Brian Donlevy? when you don't see him out with Marjorie Lane, count it a lost day or night. . . . Ann Shirley? now that RKO's busy trying to build her from li'l-girl rôles into adult ones, Ann is helping by plotting early matrimony with Owen Davis, Jr. . . . June Lang? if she isn't Mrs. Victor Orsatti by the time you read this, it won't be much longer. . . . Lee Tracy? he's favoring ex's, what with stepping out one night with Marian Sayres who used to be Mrs. James Murray, and the next with Florence Lake, who's separated from Jack Goode. . . . Francis Lederer? the apple of his eye is Margo and maybe she'll be his wife too if she'd only say uh-huh. . . . Marlene? well, all London's a-chatter over gossip about how much la Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks Junior are together—it's almost as definite as King Edward and Mrs. Simpson!

—Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

Mr. and Mrs. "Thin Man" are determined to *impress* their footprints on the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre

Something Worthwhile

FRANCIS LEDERER, handsome screen star, is very generous with his services for radio interviews, guest speaker for clubs of both sexes and for any charity affair.

He exacts no pay for his services and agrees to appear with one proviso.

Somewhere in his talk, interview or else, he must be permitted to talk of World Peace, a hobby on which he spends the greater part of his income.

Strike Up the Band, Roger!

ANN SOTHERN has to quit her honeymoon with Roger Pryor, and leave him in Chicago while she hurries back to Hollywood to be made love to by one of Hollywood's handsomest bachelors—Gene Raymond. It's all for a movie, but the love-scenes between Gene and Ann will be torrid, as usual . . .

However, is Hubby Roger Pryor worried? He is NOT. Because he knows that Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond dislike each other offscreen just as cordially as the script demands they love each other ON screen. As a matter of fact, it's reported that throughout the making of one whole picture together, Gene and Ann didn't speak to each other except when they spoke their lines before the camera!

So is Roger laughing?

And is Ann burning!

Bouquets

DON'T forget to pat Hollywood on the back for one of its most heart-warming activities—the wave of adoptions that is bringing fortune into the lives of at least a few children who otherwise might have been doomed to bitter lives—

Within the past few weeks, Hollywood's top-liners have adopted a new group of

[*Continued on page* 14]

—Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

Pat Ellis and Craig Reynolds, attending the *Flashlight Frolic* are shown holding that pose while "Buckwheat" Thomas and "Porky" Lee of Our Gang prepare to "shoot"

What

JOAN CRAWFORD

Thinks of

JOAN CRAWFORD

All of us are more or less introspective, but would we dare speak out loud and let the world know what we think of ourselves? We dare say, no! But, Joan Crawford, first glamour lady of the screen, isn't ashamed. She comes right out and tells us frankly and honestly what she thinks of Joan Crawford in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE.

And while Joan turns the spotlight on herself, we turn it on Shirley Temple, Robert Taylor, Gene Raymond, Margo, et al.

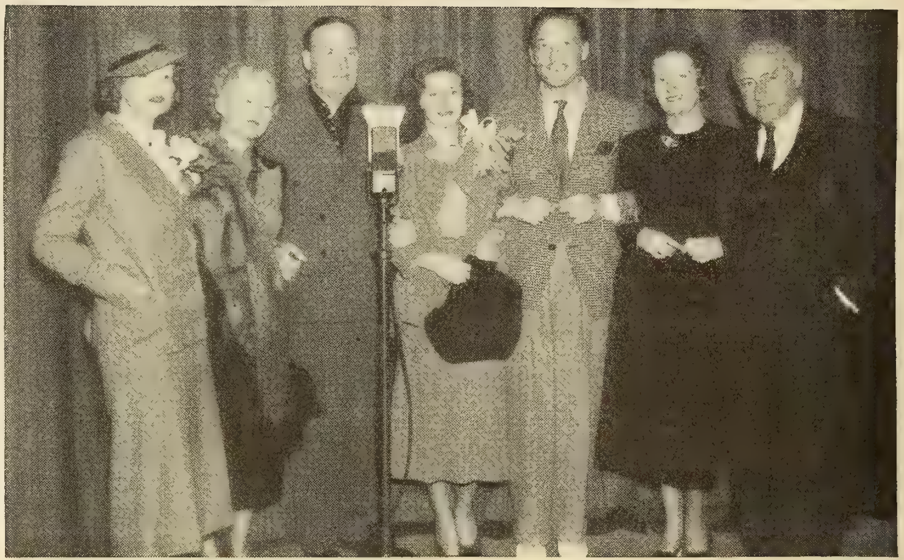
MOTION PICTURE
JANUARY
MOTION PICTURE
10

10 CENTS

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 13*]



A big star line-up at a recent Lux Theatre of the air broadcast. Left to right—Doris Kenyon, Mrs. Lela Rogers, Alan Mowbray, Ginger Rogers, Warren William, Vera Teasdale and Cecil B. DeMille

babies to add to the many adoptees that already rule Hollywood homes. The Al Jolsons, thrilled to death over adopted Al Junior, are arranging for another baby from Chicago's famous foundling home, called The Cradle, and this time it'll be a baby sister for young Al. The Pat O'Brien's have adopted another baby. The Fredric March household will soon welcome another. Miriam Hopkins, who has adopted one, is preparing to adopt another. . . .

Life Is Like That

THERE are a dozen actors in films, now rating four figure salaries, who are there, solely and only, through the personal help and friendship of the late Will Rogers.

Indeed, one of them whom Will pleaded for was passed up by every company in Hollywood until Will persuaded one of the companies to take a chance and promising to personally pay for any loss the picture might run up.

Will is gone and the actors mentioned are all doing well but of the entire lot not one of them ever seems to remember and credit the help Will gave them but one.

His name is Bob Burns. He never fails to give thanks to Will Rogers for his kindly advice and help.

Back in the Fold

ONE of the finest comebacks Hollywood has ever seen has been staged by Lee Tracy. He was Hollywood's bad boy—no doubt about that. But some time ago Lee decided to settle down and RKO-Radio tried him out for one picture. He did a grand job and now he's playing the lead in *Criminal Lawyer* and those on the lot who have seen the rushes will tell you it's his finest job in years. Maybe Florence Lake, his heart flutter, is the good influence.

Narrow Escape

ONLY Bill Powell's closest pals really know what a narrow escape he recently had from losing an eye. When he went fishing with Dick Barthelmess and some friends off the British Columbia coast, he suffered a very slight sunburn on the eyeball. Each wink of the eye irritated the condition and in the middle of shooting on *After The Thin Man* he was in terrific pain. He tried to carry on, but it was useless. The eye specialists finally demanded that the studio order him to bed and he was locked in a completely darkened room for a week, while shooting was held up.

Wise-Crack

A GIRL friend of Martha Raye—Bob Burns tells the story—called up Martha and asked her to come along to a lecture

According to Lily Pons, RKO-Radio songbird, one grand opera singer is enough in any picture at a Hollywood club.

"What's it about," said Martha.

"It's all about Buddhism," explained the gal.

"That's out!" said Martha. "I'm not interested in flowers."

They Deserve Salute

FREEMAN GOSDON and Charles Correll—"Amos and Andy to you"—before they departed for the East presented the Hollywood American Legion with a pair of timeclocks, cost $2,000, and they are in place at the Stadium where the picture colony gets its Friday night fisticuffs. Amos and Andy return soon to winter at Palm Springs after which they will make Beverly Hills their permanent residence.

Also they will make another picture around the first of the year, this time for Paramount.

Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

This stairway of fame holds a host of stars with their hostess, Margot Graham, in the foreground.

Here's to Your Success, Joan!

NEARER and nearer gets Joan Crawford to that latest ambition of hers—a place on the singing stage, be it opera or the concert platform or maybe radio.

Her latest step came as a complete surprise, the other night at one of Hollywood's favorite nite-spots. Phil Ohman, who batons the band there, strolled to the table where Joan and Franchot Tone were celebrating their first wedding anniversary. He set down a microphone before Joan, and asked her to say a few words.

Instead, Joan sang! She crooned "Melancholy Baby" and she crooned it with a swing and a fervor and a deep passion that would make even a libbyholman envious. The roof lifted three inches at least from the burst of applause that followed—and Joan was as thrilled as a little boy who's said his first piece at a school party without forgetting the words!

Joan has never forgotten that Rosa Ponselle said that her voice was good enough for even the Metropolitan, with sufficient training. If training will do it, Joan will get there!

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE . . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

THE SAFE, QUICK METHOD

■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear next to the body.

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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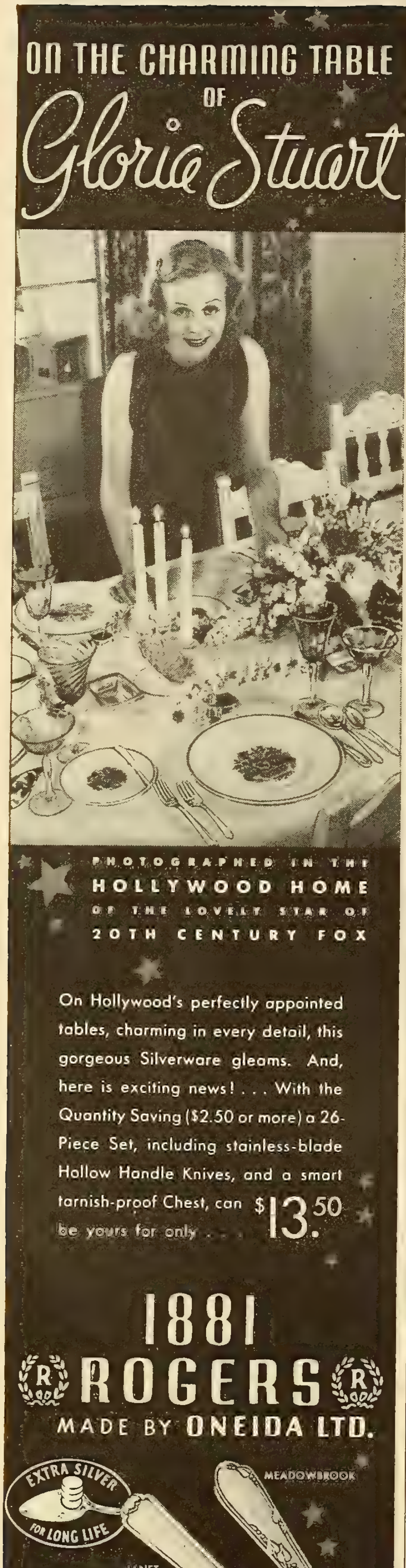

ON THE CHARMING TABLE OF Gloria Stuart

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF THE LOVELY STAR OF 20TH CENTURY FOX

On Hollywood's perfectly appointed tables, charming in every detail, this gorgeous Silverware gleams. And, here is exciting news! . . . With the Quantity Saving ($2.50 or more) a 26-Piece Set, including stainless-blade Hollow Handle Knives, and a smart tarnish-proof Chest, can be yours for only . . . $13.50

1881 ROGERS MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

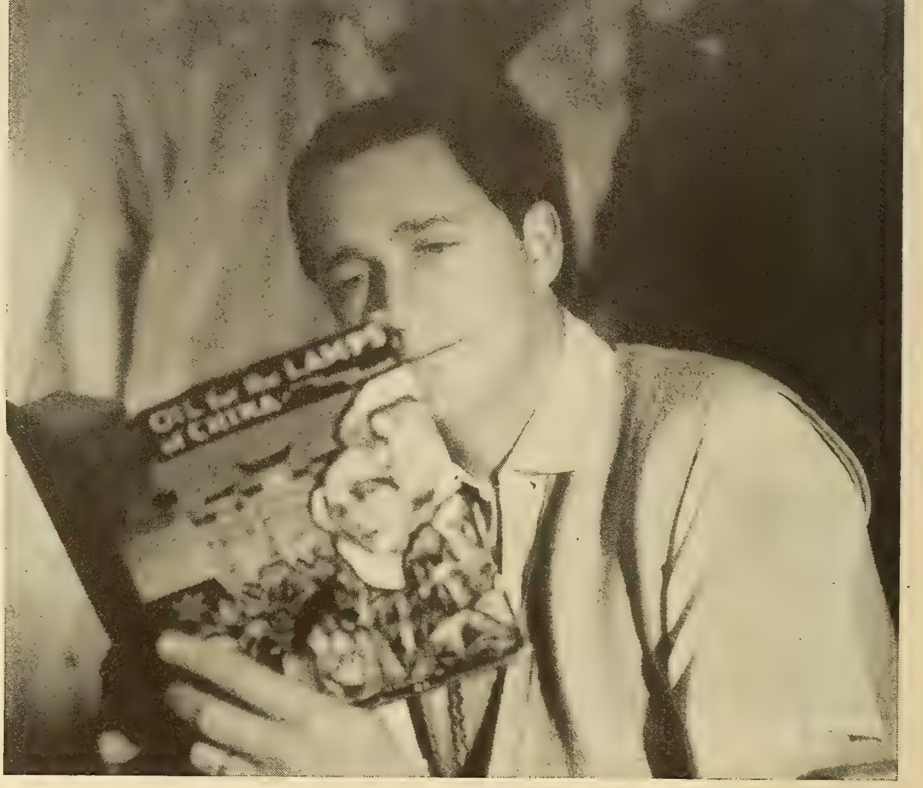
EXTRA SILVER FOR LONG LIFE

MEADOWBROOK

JANET

COLCHESTER

Your *Last Chance* Mervyn LeRoy's *Trademark Contest*


Oil for the Lamps of China

One of Mervyn LeRoy's most notable directorial contributions to the screen was *Oil for the Lamps of China* for Warner Bros. The first picture for his own company, known as Mervyn LeRoy Productions, will be *The King and the Chorus Girl*

JUST to keep the records straight on this easy contest, and also to prod those who have failed to enter, we're going to say right here and now that this $500 trademark contest closes December 20th—and that means, if you'd like to share in the cash prizes Director LeRoy is offering for a trademark, you'll have to sit right down TODAY and work out ideas you think would be suitable as an emblem for the fine pictures he will produce by his own company to be known as "Mervyn LeRoy Productions."

REMEMBER THIS—All you have to do is to submit ideas. You don't have to be an artist or an advertising expert to stand a chance of winning a cash prize. And you can send in as many ideas as you wish—there's no limit. All Director LeRoy wants you to do is to jot down your ideas in writing—a brief, clear, and concise description of what you would consider an appropriate trademark idea symbolical of the fine pictures he intends to produce.

Here's what he says:

"All I want is a trademark that is original and entirely different from those now in use. It must be distinctive and impressive. My plan is to produce only class pictures with mass appeal and I'd like to have the contestants bear this in mind. Contestants need not go for artiness in their suggestions. It's the effectiveness of the idea that will bring home the bacon. No sketch is required, although contestants may submit them if they wish."

Mervyn LeRoy, as you undoubtedly know, stands very high as a director. Included among his greatest successes are *Golddiggers of 1933, Little Caesar, Oil for the Lamps of China, Tugboat Annie, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang,* and *Anthony Adverse.* He recently completed *Three Men on a Horse* for Warner Bros., who also will release pictures produced by his own company—"Mervyn LeRoy Productions."

For his first picture as an independent producer, LeRoy will film *The King and The Chorus Girl.* He promises to produce it on so lavish a scale that it will indeed

to Enter $500.00

With December 20th as the deadline for entries in this trademark contest you will have to get busy, now, if you wish to win your share of the cash prizes!

warm the heart of any king. Ferdinand Gravet, the French idol, signed some months ago to a LeRoy personal contract, is cast for the lead and will co-star with Joan Blondell. Edward Everett Horton also has a major role in *The King and The Chorus Girl*—that of the king's uncle.

Also in preparation for the coming year, Director LeRoy has purchased another sure-fire hit story entitled *The Great Crooner,* written by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

Now, back to the contest. First remember the closing date—December 20th. Next, take out your pencil and begin transcribing your trademark ideas to paper. And after you've done that, send them to Contest Editor, Movie Classic Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. DO IT NOW!

This same offer appears also in the January issues of Fawcett's affiliated film magazines — HOLLYWOOD, SCREEN BOOK, SCREEN PLAY and MOTION PICTURE. The winner of ideas submitted to any of these magazines receives a $50 cash prize and a chance at the $250 grand prize.

Read the following rules over very carefully and when you have finished, start immediately on the pleasant task of transferring to paper your trademark ideas. But —BE SURE THEY ARE ORIGINAL!

Here are the rules:

1. Contest closes December 20, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20, 1936.
2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or Mervyn LeRoy Productions.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.
5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Director of Publicity for Warner Bros.
6. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.
8. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.
9. Submit your entries to Contest Editor, Movie Classic Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Now put on your thinking caps! Your chance to win a $50 cash prize and the $250 Grand Prize is as good as anyone else's.

WHICH NUMBER WINS FOR YOU?
1
BEIGE
2
RACHEL
3
DARK BRUNETTE
4
NATURAL
5
BRUNETTE

Try Your Luck — and Be Lucky Ever After!

The Right Shade of Face Powder Will Add the Final Touch to Your Personality

By Lady Esther

All women and girls make *up.* But plenty of them need to be *made over!*

Yes, positively. They're hiding the loveliness Nature gave them and quenching the vital spark of personality with a drab, dull, *dead* shade of face powder.

What they need is a shade that flatters, that gives them the young, alive, *vivid* look that never fails to attract.

How sure are *you* that you're using the right shade of face powder? Even if you think you're satisfied—there may be another shade that would create a "you" no one has ever seen before!

You're An Individual, Not A Type!

Don't be old-fashioned and choose your shade by type or coloring. You aren't a type. You're yourself and nobody else. Choose your shade according to which is most *becoming* to you, before your own mirror. And the only way to do this intelligently is to try on all five Basic Shades, one after the other.

So new—so true is this new way of finding your true shade that I offer to prove every word at my expense. I will, therefore, send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays On For 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and how long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more without getting shiny.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (29) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

THE HITS TO WATCH FOR

FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

◆

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS
in REUNION

with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog

◆

BARBARA STANWYCK and **JOEL McCREA**

in BANJO ON MY KNEE

with Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

◆

WARNER BAXTER and **JUNE LANG**

in WHITE HUNTER

with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

◆

CRACK UP

with PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

◆

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE

with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

◆

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in STOWAWAY

with **ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE**

Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher, J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn. Directed by William A. Seiter.

◆

ONE IN A MILLION

with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

HAPPY NEW YEAR

from

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and MOVIE CLASSIC

What LOVE *to Dick Powell*

With Dan Cupid as director, love promises to give Dick and Joan, Hollywood's famous newly-weds, a new lease on life and a new reason for attaining even greater successes in their screen careers

Never was there a bride more lovely or more happy than Joan Blondell when she married Dick Powell aboard the S. S. Santa Paula in Los Angeles harbor on September 19

ALL HOLLYWOOD was happy when Joan Blondell said "I do" and became the bride of handsome Dick Powell. Somehow, Hollywood considered this an ideal match. There have been any number of "ideal matches" since Hollywood first hit the front pages as the movie capital and it is a sad necessity to admit that precious few of them have withstood the test of time.

But, for some reason that might be hard to explain in words, all Hollywood expects that this will be a lasting marriage. Surely, it is ideal in every sense of the word. It is the union of a couple of happy youngsters who are old enough to know what they are doing and young enough to enjoy in full measure the happiness that only marital bliss can supply. It almost seems as if Joan and Dick were born for one another and now that their year-long romance has culminated in marriage the curtain has been rung down on yesterday and the sun shines brightly on tomorrow's horizon.

For both Joan and Dick have known their darker hours. Both have suffered from unhappy marriages. They didn't plunge headlong into this one. For a year they were constant companions, in work at Warner Brothers' studios, where both are under contract, and at play. They were as eager for one another on the day they were married as they were on their first date.

To understand just what love has done to Joan and Dick, one must consider their backgrounds, their early lives—their struggles for professional success and for financial and social security. And, strangely enough, their careers bear a striking parallel, one for the other.

Let's take Joan first:

She is the daughter of two famous vaudevillians. Ed Blondell, her dad, was one of the stage's best known comedians. When she was only four months old, she made her stage début in New York. Before she was old enough to be a high school graduate, she had traveled around the world seven times and had crossed continental United States fifty-six times.

THERE came the day when her devoted family wanted her to have the same chances other kids her age had. They settled down on the farm they had always longed for and Joan—only in those days she responded to the name Rosebud—entered the Texas State College for Women at

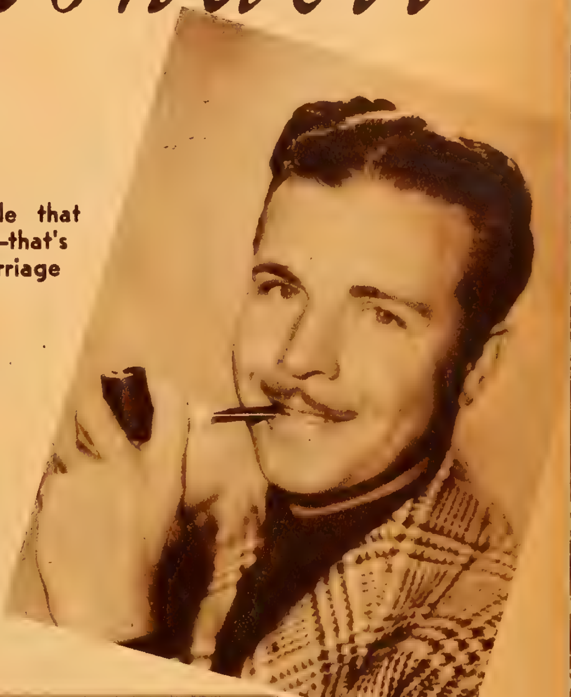
HAS DONE *and Joan Blondell*

by Murphy McHenry

Denton, Texas. All troupers dream of the day when they can "settle down." Usually, when the day arrives, they are sorry it has come and they live in the memory of those more exciting moments when they were in the public eye. The Blondells—all of 'em—were no exception. Joan had been used to performing for crowds, or enjoying the spotlight and the applause. College life was too dull. So she just quit and started out on her own, working as a model here, acting in a small stage show there, sometimes going into beauty contests and almost always winning title of Miss Something or Other.

Finally, she landed in New York and, in 1930, after a short session with the famous *Ziegfeld Follies*, she was playing in *Penny Arcade*. Another performer in the same show was James Cagney. Warner Brothers, who swept into power through their introduction of the talkies, bought the show for movie purposes and Joan and Jimmy were given contracts which took them to Hollywood, where they both made their film débuts in *Penny Arcade*, later released as *Sinner's Holiday*.

Press agents have a way of sensing talent. They made Joan Blondell a Wampas baby star and she was on the road to glory, riches and ultimate happiness. A year after her début, she was being billed in big type and all over the country her name was in electric lights. It is the simple story of the girl who had that something that Hollywood wanted. Fame didn't go to her head. With [*Continued on page* 89]

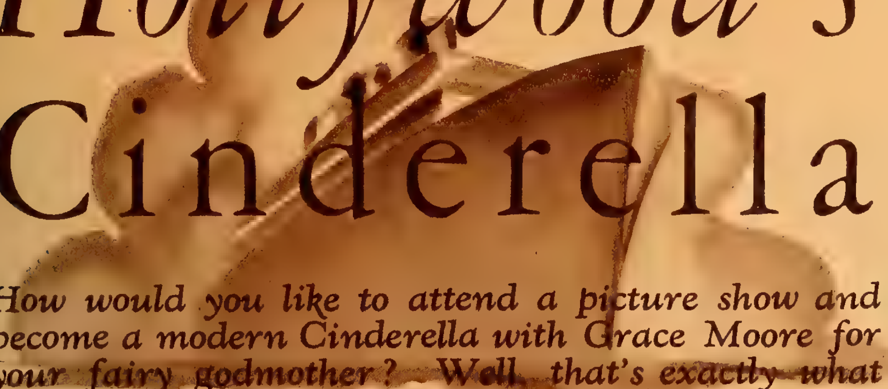


Wearing a smile that won't come off—that's Dick since his marriage

(Above) Dick cuts a piece of the wedding cake for himself and his bride. (Left) The popular screen couple in a scene from *Golddiggers of 1937*

JOHN BOLES

Portrait of a gentleman in repose. A striking study of the stalwart screen actor, John Boles, by Alfredo Valente



Hollywood's Cinderella Girl!

How would you like to attend a picture show and become a modern Cinderella with Grace Moore for your fairy godmother? Well, that's exactly what happened to the heroine of this story!

by Marian Rhea

THIS is a new kind of Cinderella story. It should begin: "Once upon a time, there was a young girl who went to see a moving picture called *One Night of Love*. . . . And it changed her entire life."

Then the ending: "And now, she is secretary to a famous singing star so she's living happily ever after!"

But, of course, there is more to the story than that—much more. There is, in fact, another of those stranger-than-fiction dramas which abound in Hollywood. The heroine is the slender, pretty, blue-eyed girl who went to the picture show in Winnipeg one night and so became a modern Cinderella. The fairy godmother is Grace Moore!

As I say, it all began on that night, in Winnipeg, when Betty Gardner went to the movie and saw *One Night of Love*. And that night, as she walked out of the theater, that gorgeous aria from *Madam Butterfly* that Grace sings at the end still ringing in her ears, she said a strange thing.

Betty Gardner, the alert and ambitious Winnipeg girl who wouldn't take a prima donna's "no" for an answer

Between scenes on the set Grace Moore, Columbia's golden-haired, golden-voiced prima donna, dictates to Betty Gardner, her new secretary

"I am going to be Grace Moore's secretary."

Of course the boy friend who had taken her to the show laughed a little.

"Granted you're a good secretary (Betty had been working for a group of physicians for some time) how'll you go about getting Grace Moore to give you a job? They say she's as exclusive as the King of England!"

"Never mind, I'll do it," Betty Gardner told him, quietly.

She started trying the next day by writing a letter to Miss Moore in her very best secretary-ish style and set forth her qualifications and her background (she is the daughter of a Canadian surgeon and has an excellent education). Then she finished the letter courteously with a statement something like this: "You perhaps will not be interested in me, now, *but I shall keep on trying*."

In due time—[*Continued on page 72*]

Meet — —
Bill “*Sir Walter*

JEAN HARLOW calls him “Daddy.” Carole Lombard used to call him “Pop.” His first wife, Aileen Wilson, affectionately spoke of him as “the Pater.” Which are three very good reasons why we say there is more to this ladies-man Powell than just ladies-man stuff!

There is something benign about the gent. Something tolerant and protective, something definitely paternal. It springs from his innate and childhood desire to be *gallant.*

“I have always thought all women were beautiful,” he told me once. “I have always thought of all women as damsels in distress. I have always thought of women as being the particular and very special problem of man. Of course,” he added humorously, “I know they’re not. That’s the bunk. Many of them are better able to take care of themselves than most men. But, anyway, I like to think it. When I was a boy Sir Walter Raleigh was my idea of a man with a mission in life—to make the byways of the world safe, and dry, for femininity.

“As a matter of fact, I suppose that’s why I wanted to become a lawyer. I never figured on having to defend hardened criminals. Oh, no, I’d leave that for someone else. My clients were all to be lovely women with tears in their eyes—lovely, abused women for whom I would right a wrong. Oh, dear, oh, me, oh, my,” Mr. Powell sighed elaborately in rememberance.

But be that as it may, and notwithstanding, Bill Powell has given reality to his boyhood dream. No actor, with the exception of Will Rogers, has gone to the aid of as many acting damsels in distress as Bill has. No actor has been more patient, more gallant, or more fatherly in helping actresses over tough career hurdles. No actor has ever had so many actresses looking up to him as children look up to their parental benefactors . . . with the same look in their eyes that children wear when they insist that their father is stronger than any of the other kids’ fathers on the block. You won’t get him to admit it, but he doesn’t have to. There are cases.

THERE is, for example, the fatherly shove that he gave to the careers of Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Margaret Lindsay, Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell, Luise Rainer, and Jean Arthur. In fact, name one girl he has worked with who hasn’t benefited by his kindness, and there’s where we’ll rush into the ring with you!

Everyone is talking of *My Man Godfrey* as the triumph of Carole Lombard’s career. Never before had she been so adorable and natural. Never before had she given such a magnificent performance. That picture brought forth the discovery of a new Carole Lombard and, believing that stars in love make better pictures, a lot of fans will credit this new Carole to the tip-toe vivacity which comes with a new love—her love for Clark Gable. But this is not the case. Carole was a success in that picture because Bill Powell willed it so.

My Man Godfrey was the realization of a four-year-old dream. Four years ago when Bill and Carole met and were married Bill had his idea of Carole’s possibilities on the screen. He said that someday, luck willing, he would find the perfect script for her. Came the seperation and the divorce, and Bill still went on looking. That it was a long look can be seen by the following.

Two years ago Universal was to do *The Great Ziegfeld,* and because this promised to be a big

Luise Ranier was new to American picture making when she appeared in M-G-M's *Escapade,* but due to Powell's friendly help it turned out to be her "discovery" picture

by
Katharine Hartley

He's much too modest to admit it, but Bill Powell takes a sincere delight in helping ambitious actresses over tough career hurdles—and here is a story that proves it!

"Raleigh" Powell!

production, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer agreed to loan Bill for the title role. Then came a low spot in Universal's history, money ran short, and that studio sold the rights to the picture to Metro; but stipulated that they should still have the rights to Bill Powell for one picture.

And it wasn't until *My Man Godfrey* rolled along that Bill got around to talking starting dates with Universal. Naturally Universal was planning to co-star him with Margaret Sullavan—their biggest and best leading lady. But when Bill read the script he knew it was the script he had always been looking for, for Carole, and here was their chance, at last, to appear together. Fortunately, Universal had a "borrowing" contract with Carole.

So, not only did he find the feather for his ex- [*Continued on page* 86]

In Universal's *My Man Godfrey* Powell saw to it that Carole Lombard got her first big chance to win the success she so well deserved

Joan Bennett's Ten Commandments

"BE HONEST with your children and expect them to be honest with you. This is the first and the greatest of the commandments."

Joan had come into the living room of her Beverly Hills home to greet me, looking like Alice In Wonderland—but an Alice who knows just where the Rabbit came from and where he is going.

Joan always makes me think of a very wise child. I never quite get over my preliminary gasp of amazement when I realize that "the child" has children of her own and that she does not "play dolls" with them. On the contrary, she gives them the thoughtful care and intelligent supervision of a woman of twice her years and half her cares.

She reads books on child psychology. She spends time with her children. She has nurses for them but she supervises the nurses. She always makes out their menus for them herself. There have been definite occasions when Joan has turned down a good part in a good picture because she has felt that she should be more with her children.

Joan has been making one picture after another picture. Phones ring incessantly. Agents and producers do a quick routine on her doorstep. Joan and husband Gene Markey are planning to build a new home in Brentwood. But with all the vivid and colorful strands that go to make up the life of this least Bennetty of the Bennett daughters it is not of her career of which she talked. It was of the children.

And as we talked I realized how interested other young mothers would be in the problems Joan has met and faced with her children. She doesn't like to talk about the children for the public prints. But I prevailed against her personal scruples by persuading her that she could really help other "little girls" who also have little girls of their own.

"I have certain commandments," she said, "I guess you'd call them, that I obey—and expect the children to obey. And the first of them is: *Be honest with your children and expect them to be honest with you.*

"A mother has simply got to be as honest with the child as she hopes the child will be with her. I certainly try never to shade the truth where the children are concerned. I answer every question they ask me as honestly as I know how to answer it. And if I don't know the answer I'm not ashamed to say 'I don't know.'"

by Gladys Hall

2. *Let your children share your life with you*:

"This commandment," said Joan, "is, in a way, an amplification of the first one. And to me its very important. So many parents are too busy or too worried or too indifferent to take their children into their confidence. And then when the children grow older and fail to take their parents into *their* confidence the parents feel abused and talk about 'ingratitude.'

"If you want your children to share their lives with you you've got to begin by sharing your life with them. You can't make them feel like little outsiders peeking at you through a crack in the door. If you have problems share them with the children. If the problem is a servant problem let them help. If it is a financial problem discuss it frankly with them, make them feel that they are a part of your life, a part of the home.

"ONE evening not long ago Diana came into the living room here and found me walking up and down, all but wringing my hands. I was in a state. I'd had an unpleasant day at the studio. She asked me what was the matter, and I told her. I told her exactly as I told Gene later on. I didn't attempt to 'talk down' to her. I explained that I had had a conference with a producer and why it had upset me. I told her I'd feel better about it after a night's rest but at the moment I was having a bad attack of the jitters. *And she understood.* She said that the producer was 'a bad man' to worry me. And then she went away, tactfully leaving me to myself—and I knew that we were warmer friends than ever before because I had treated her as a friend and not a little outsider to be pushed away."

3. *Correct bad habits before they "set"*: "Most children, being human, develop dozens of bad little habits. One of the most common of these is the little matter of tell-

Gene Markey and Joan Bennett, one of Hollywood's happiest married couples

So that other mothers may profit from her mistakes, Joan Bennett reveals the problems she has met and faced with her children

For A Mother!

Over the mantle in the Bennett home hangs this beautiful oil painting of Joan and her two lovely daughters — Milinda and Diana

ing fibs. Almost all small children tell fibs. That is to be expected. But what is to be avoided is allowing this habit to become a matter of long duration. For instance, there is a drawer in my desk where I always keep a supply of peppermints. I knew very well that Diana was helping herself. I questioned her. She roundly denied having taken them. And then I sat down and talked with her. I didn't scold her. I just put it on the grounds that it was all very silly, that fibs are always found out sooner or later and that no one has any respect for a person who tells fibs. I made it as clear as possible that *there is no advantage in telling fibs*—and every disadvantage. I stressed the fact of its being extremely silly.

"I have an easy time with her because she is very fond of me, especially so, I think, and very close to me. I know that it would really wound her unbearably to think that she had lost my respect, had hurt my great pride in her. And I think I made her realize that she would do just that if she persisted in telling fibs. I think I made her realize, first, that it is a very silly habit and also a very shabby one. And Diana is too sensitive to be able to bear a thought like that."

[*Continued on page* 70]

The Five Million *Over*

The stage is set for the greatest legal battle in the history of movie-making and all because a Montana cowpuncher rose from a twenty-five to a five-million-dollar box office threat!

Gary Cooper, the lovable, lanky riding cowboy from the Montana wilds who proved a gold mine in disguise

Gary and a young chetah he captured alive during a wild game expedition

The popular film star as he appeared in Paramount's *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*

THE most unusual damage suit ever recorded has been filed in the Superior Court in Los Angeles.

Paramount Studios are suing Sam Goldwyn, independent producer, for *$5,000,000* because he has appropriated their Best Box Office Bet. That lanky, lovable, ridin' fool from the Montana wilds who proved a gold mine in disguise. Gary Cooper.

It's a turn of the tables, so to speak. *Because just ten years ago Paramount took Gary away from Goldwyn by offering him twenty-five dollars a week more salary!*

There was no suit *then.* You could pick up tall cowpunchers for a dime a dozen. Only—this cowpuncher clicked. To the tune of five million dollars! That is five times the estimated insurance value of the President of the United States. But Paramount considers the premium for Gary Cooper's services worth every cent of it. They've employed the finest outside legal talent in New York and California to plead the case for them along with their own staff of lawyers. Never has Hollywood been so interested in such a case. And here are the points they're building it on (tenuous points that, if they hold, will change many a star's future!): The studio contends:

That they "made" the Cooper name.

That they were obliged to spend vast sums on him in the beginning when he was merely a gamble, another Producer's Worry. Why shouldn't they continue to reap the huge profits on that long-shot gamble?

Certainly they expected to the day those executives brought him a brand new contract to sign. In they walked—William Le Baron, who looks more like an English archbishop than a movie mogul, and Ernst Lubitsch, dark and with the inevitable cigar.

"Sorry, gentlemen," said Coop in that soft drawl of his. "I've already signed a contract that begins January first—when my present one expires. As a matter of fact, I signed it *last* January."

They were stunned. Questions poured out after a moment. Why was he leaving? Was it a matter of money? Coop shuffled uncomfortably. He liked the old lot and these men. They were personal friends of his. "It's just that I feel I've been around too long in one spot," he tried to explain. "Every-

Dollar *Battle* GARY COOPER!

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

The Paramount star and his wife, the former Sandra Shaw, are pictured at their home in San Fernando valley

Cooper as Wild Bill Hickock in his latest and greatest picture success, *The Plainsman*

body needs a change once in a while."

He might have added that he was bone-tired. In the last year he has done six Class A pictures, two of them, *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* and *The Plainsman,* of a road show scale, and all of them with exceptionally long production schedules. Most of the top ranking stars make three pictures a year. And that is what his new contract calls for.

A SALARY increase did not enter into the arrangement. After all, Gary has been making close to $10,000 a week on a forty weeks basis which is not exactly an amount to be shrugged aside. He is going to Goldwyn on a picture deal similar to the one Ronald Colman had at $110,000 a picture. Gary believes the whole thing (since it allows him more time for those hunting trips!) a great set-up.

From their point of view Paramount believes it a great setback—their point of view! Losing the man who, during these last ten years, has netted them around $45,000,000. Small wonder they're clearing the decks for action.

And back of all the brimstone and fire of battle is that strange, significant fact—*the rise of a single*

[*Continued on page 88*]

GLORIA STUART

Individual, beautiful, and happy!—a three-word description of the girl who firmly believes her career in pictures is just beginning

"Calamity" Jean

The gossips in Hollywood say that her screen triumphs have turned Jean Arthur's head to a point where she's the highest of the high-hatters—but this may change their views

By
Ted Towne

WITH Garbo talking right out loud in interviews, receiving the press and even welcoming an occasional chance to say her say in the public prints, the palm for elusiveness among screen stars now goes to Jean Arthur.

It is Miss Arthur, even more than the divine Greta, who wants to be alone.

Though she is still without aloofness, her fondness for solitude has become proverbial since her triumph as Calamity Jane in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Plainsman*.

She swims alone in the ocean at six a. m.—and, what we mean, these icy mornings she is alone! She eats a solitary luncheon. She is never home to the press, politely straight-arming most would-be interviewers. And, even on the set, she stirs from her canvas dressing room only when called for a scene.

So imagine this writer's surprise when her voice came rattling across the wires from Malibu not long ago, saying: "Why don't you ever stick your head in at our house?"

Quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, Jr., we were swinging out a curving beach road. On one side were tawny cliffs and, on the other, the tumbling green waves of the Pacific. Here, close by the ill-fated citadel where Thelma Todd lost her life, is a colony of houses built almost wall-to-wall, right on the ocean front.

At first, you're puzzled how to enter the Arthur domicile. Do you go through the garage whose doors yawn ahead of you, or do you try the tall wooden gate at one side? The gleaming brass lock on the door at the rear of the garage warns you that it won't give, so you try the gate.

Inside are steep wooden stairs, painted cream and green like the house. You descend these to a front door with a fan light, reminiscent of Cape Cod. There is no bell, but a cast iron hand serves as a knocker.

Knock, knock.

"Who's there?" comes a voice from above. There is only one voice like that—a little-girl voice with a mature, seductive inflection. It wins you with every crackle. Who could it be but Jean Arthur? You look up and see her with a red bandana around her head and a sunburned nose pressed against the window. "I'll come down and let you in," she says.

And she does.

No stopping to powder her nose. No looking to see if her lips are on straight. A thud of descending heels on the stairs, the door opens and she stands before you, the winsomest figure in Hollywood.

I can't forget how she looked that day. [*Continued on page 84*]

As Calamity Jane in DeMille's *The Plainsman,* Jean Arthur establishes herself as an actress of exceptional ability

Exquisite Jewel Compact by Primrose House

A Zest

by ALISON ALDEN

AS CHRISTMAS rounds the corner, human spirits quicken to the festive promise in the air and human hearts expand into the age-old gesture of giving. Unfortunately, this zest for giving must be accompanied by a talent for buying or one is likely to greet the eventful day with frazzled nerves and a whole new crop of worry wrinkles.

Nan Grey, Universal starlet, has made a discovery guaranteed to bring you up smiling Christmas morning—no matter how long your gift list or how varied its demands.

"Remember," Nan said laughingly, "how horrified we were, as children, when we read about old Scrooge who said, 'Merry Chirstmas, bah!'? In creating that character I believe Dickens must have envisioned a 20th Century Christmas shopper.

"I know I was becoming a bit Scrooge-like myself and, although I didn't say 'Merry Christmas, bah!' right out loud, I was something of a wreck by the time I had only about half my gifts purchased.

"Then, because I wanted a new lipstick, I stopped at the cosmetic counter—and that detour proved to be the finale to my Christmas shopping. Right there, in the smartest of holiday boxes, were gifts for friends of every age and taste. Furthermore I was confident they would be welcomed with honest delight because I gave each gift the test of personal approval. Would *I* like this perfume, that compact? The answer was invariably *yes!*"

No better test than Nan's could be evolved for Christmas buying. Beauty aids appeal to every girl and woman alert to the demands of perfect grooming and gracious living.

Right out in front among the choice holiday offerings this season is Kathleen Mary Quinlan's Rythm Perfume, just as new, gay and alluring as its name implies. This is a perfume for those competitive hours when a girl needs the confidence inspired by an aura of enchanting fragrance. Manufacturer's pride in this perfume creation is [*Continued on page* 83]

Kathleen Mary Quinlan's new Rythm Perfume

Lucretia Vanderbilt Powder and Perfume set

Scent of pine in Wrisley's bath ensemble

FOR GIVING

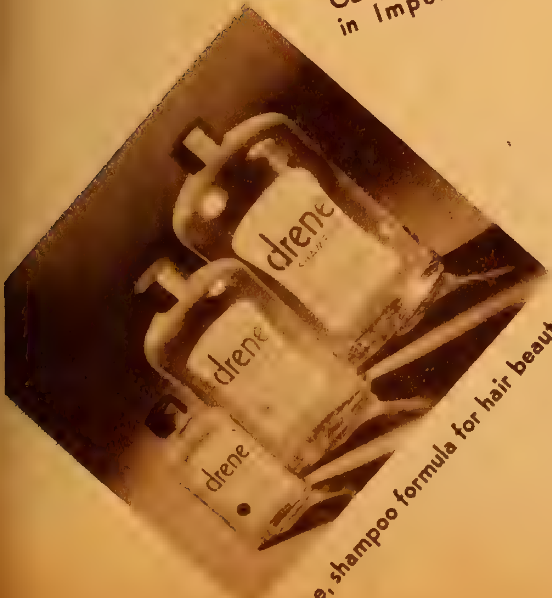
Colonial Dames' genuine leather manicure kit

"My Make-Up Secret" gift box by Max Factor

ITALIAN BALM
Campana's
Italian Balm

Campana's Italian Balm in Imperial Package

Nan Grey, in *Three Smart Girls* starts on her Christmas preparations


drene
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drene

Drene, shampoo formula for hair beauty

She *Tried to Dodge*

Believe it or not, seven years ago beautiful Jean Harlow was ready to run away from fame and fortune—only she was so terribly frightened she couldn't!

by Harry Hammond Beall

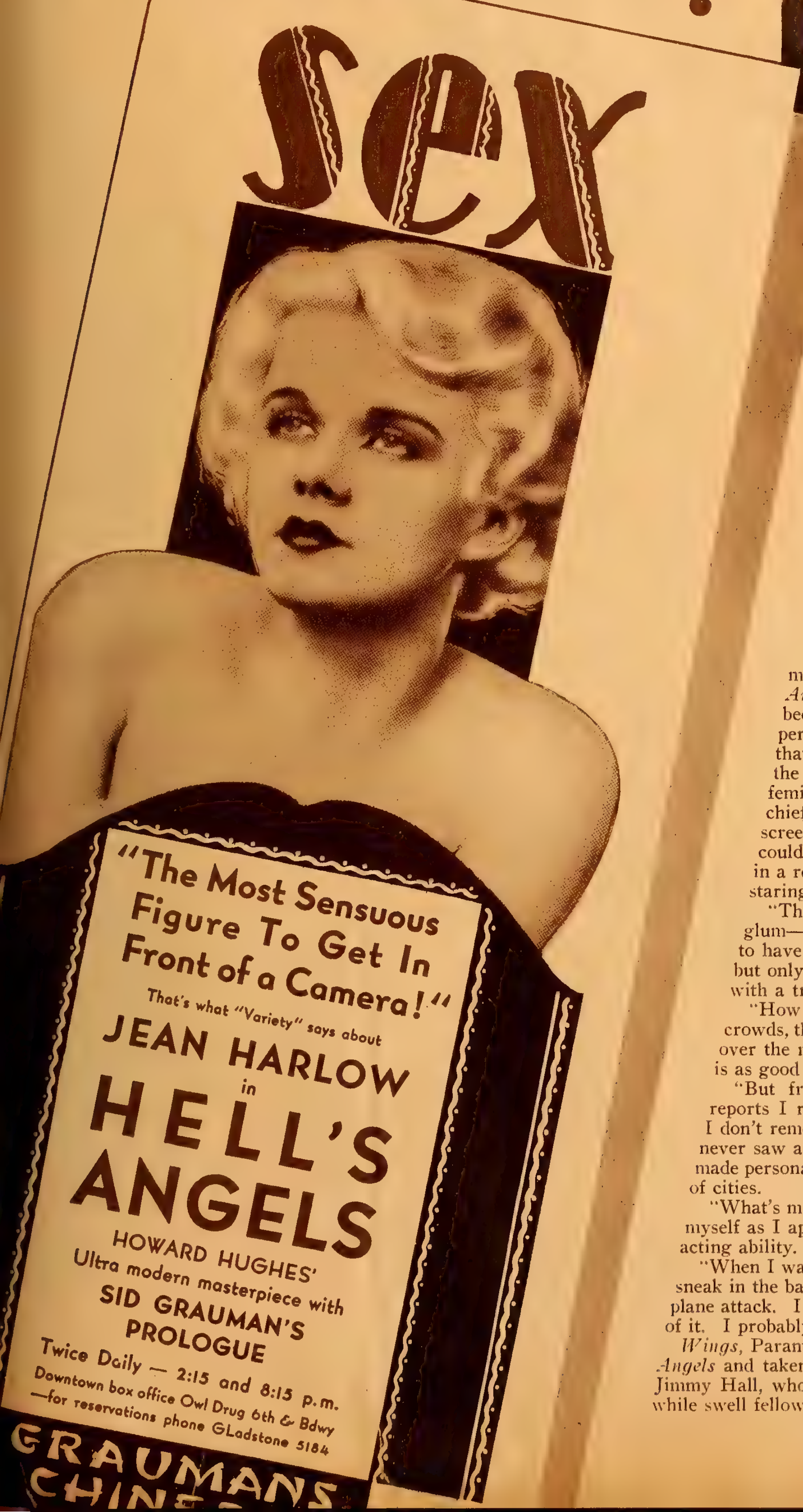
IT'S been almost seven years since Jean Harlow tried to run out on the night that was destined to be the foundation of her highway to stardom, but the tiara of success she has achieved as the result of those seven long years, and not altogether too happy years, has failed to make her forget the quaking knees and the shivers up and down her spine as the motor car inched its way through the heaviest traffic jam Hollywood has ever known to the world première of *Hell's Angels.*

With only her parents sitting beside her in the limousine, Jean experienced a stage fright almost unconquerable. If she could only grab a coat, pull it over her head and shoulders, leap from the auto and disappear into darkness of the night. Mentally she prayed for such a chance, but kept her prayers and fears to herself.

"It was the most horrible nightmare any girl could experience," Jean confessed. "It was stupid, foolish, inane and idiotic, I know, but I just couldn't help it. I should have been the happiest girl alive.

Stardom!

It was "Hamm" Beall who gave Jean Harlow her first big publicity build-up when he handled the world's première of *Hell's Angels* for Grauman's Chinese theatre on Hollywood Boulevard



SEX

"The Most Sensuous Figure To Get In Front of a Camera!"

That's what "Variety" says about

JEAN HARLOW

in

HELL'S ANGELS

HOWARD HUGHES'

Ultra modern masterpiece with

SID GRAUMAN'S PROLOGUE

Twice Daily — 2:15 and 8:15 p.m.

Downtown box office Owl Drug 6th & Bdwy

—for reservations phone GLadstone 5184

GRAUMANS

CHIN

A reproduction of one of the many newspaper ads that literally propelled the blond Jean into stardom

"Sid Grauman, the world's master showman, had arranged for a première of *Hell's Angels* in Grauman's Chinese that has never been equalled. Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall had persuaded Howard Hughes, the producer, that I, a comparatively unknown fresh from the 'extra' ranks, was the girl for the feminine lead. You, Hamm, as Sid's publicity chief, had given me the greatest billing any screen actress had ever received to date. I couldn't read a paper, pass a billboard, sit down in a restaurant, but what my own face would be staring at me. And it wasn't done with mirrors.

"Then like a big baby, I sat there silent and glum—like I was on my way to the dentist to have every tooth extracted with hedge shears, but only after each and every one had been drilled with a trip hammer.

"How I got through that night: faced the crowds, the cameras, the news photographers, talked over the microphone, I'll never know. Your guess is as good as mine.

"But from what my friends told me, and the reports I read in the press, I must have gotten by. I don't remember seeing the picture at all. In fact I never saw all of *Hell's Angels,* despite the fact that I made personal appearances with it in more than a score of cities.

"What's more, I never intend to. If I had to look at myself as I appeared in it, I'd lose all confidence in my acting ability. I'd feel there was no hope.

"When I was making personal appearances I'd always sneak in the back of the house to watch the Zeppelin airplane attack. I never failed to get a tremendous thrill out of it. I probably saw that scene hundreds of times."

Wings, Paramount's epic of the air had preceded *Hell's Angels* and taken the edge off sky-battles; Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall, who had the masculine leads in the Hughes, while swell fellows and popular [*Continued on page* 80]

Simone Simon *Explains Herself*

"I am not temperamental! I don't want to be a star! I don't like Hollywood men!" says Simone Simon, the screen's latest "find"

CHARMING! Just a dash of the gamin: Why not? Loosed at that raffish crossroads of the world, Marseilles, flung into the barbaric bypaths of Madagascar, swept along the challenging boulevards of Paris, it is only natural she should be nicknamed *La Sauvage Tendre*. Puzzling only is the real name of this tender savage of twenty summers and countless climes till she gaily explains:

"The family name it is Simon. Then my father he think it very smart if he name me Simone, so that the two they sound alike—Seemoan Seemoan—yet they are differ-rent."

Knowing this is to know that Simone Simon is smart as her name. Likewise as lively. In blue sweater and bluer slacks, her ruddy-brown hair sportive beneath a peaked soft hat Peter Pan might have flicked down from his eerie treetop, you see in her five-feet-three of French quicksilver.

Perhaps you saw her in the French picture, *Lac aux Dames*. If so, you glimpsed unblushing charms freed from cruelly imprisoning shoulderstraps. Since that first startling revelation of her in this country something, indeed much, has been left to the ever-moral American imagination. Yet in *Girls' Dormitory*, her first Hollywood picture, it is possible to guess at those hidden charms without guessing wrong. What she didn't hide, according to all accounts, in the making of this sheltered film, was her temperament. But, no matter, it made her a star.

Pretty good. Like her tennis game, from which she now has breezed into the room. She stretches contentedly on a couch. You see, "The skin on the heel it rub." But that temperament of which she has been accused—there's the real rub! You are sorry you mentioned it, for the effect is violently upsetting. She stares up. She sits up. She springs up.

"No!" she blazes, her lightning-blue eyes aflash. "I do not have the temper-rament. I am not *difficile*. It is only that they do not understand me. That is why they have the cold face. But I come with the warm smile on my face, and my arms are open."

Fair enough. A smile to melt ice, and arms inviting as a soft breath from the South.

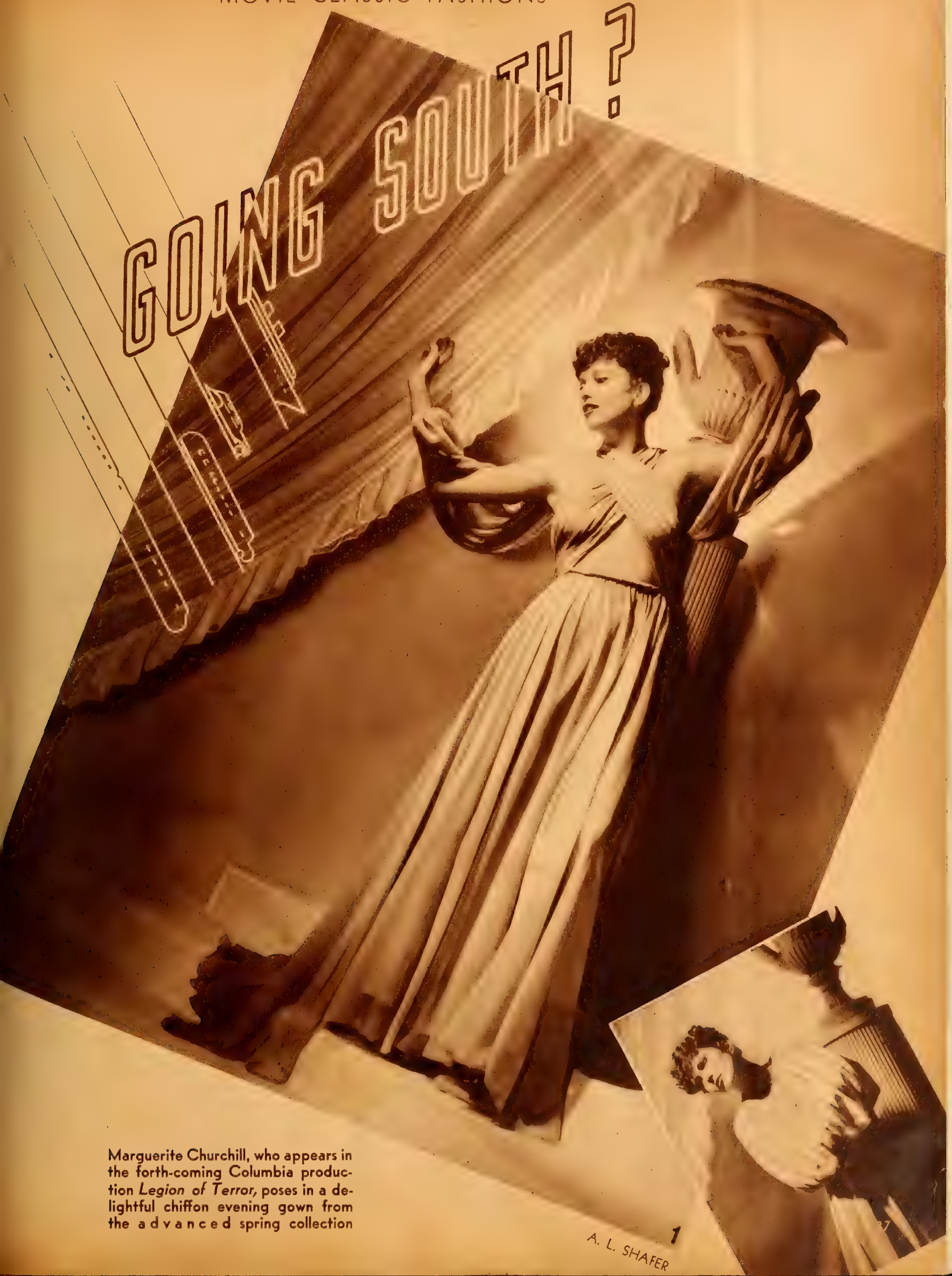
"Never would I be temper-ramental," and she looks so innocent you can almost believe her. "I be natural. But nobody gives me advices. People never try to help me at all because they think I am—oops! Then I become pretty mad when I think about that. What is this they tell me when I do something? Is it I have to be told what I do? Poof! When I come here I am not a beginner. For three years I am on the stage in Paris. Also I go in pictures. Now I go in them?"

She sits down beside you calmly, the storm over.

"A funny thing it happen. One day I am sitting a-lone on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix—nice there, yes? —when a man I never see before he sit down at my

[*Continued on page 82*]

by Charles Darnton

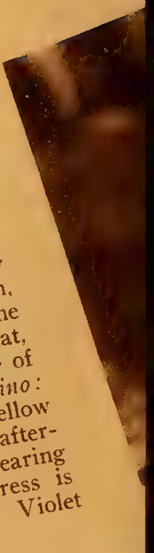

GOING SOUTH?

Marguerite Churchill, who appears in the forth-coming Columbia production *Legion of Terror,* poses in a delightful chiffon evening gown from the advanced spring collection

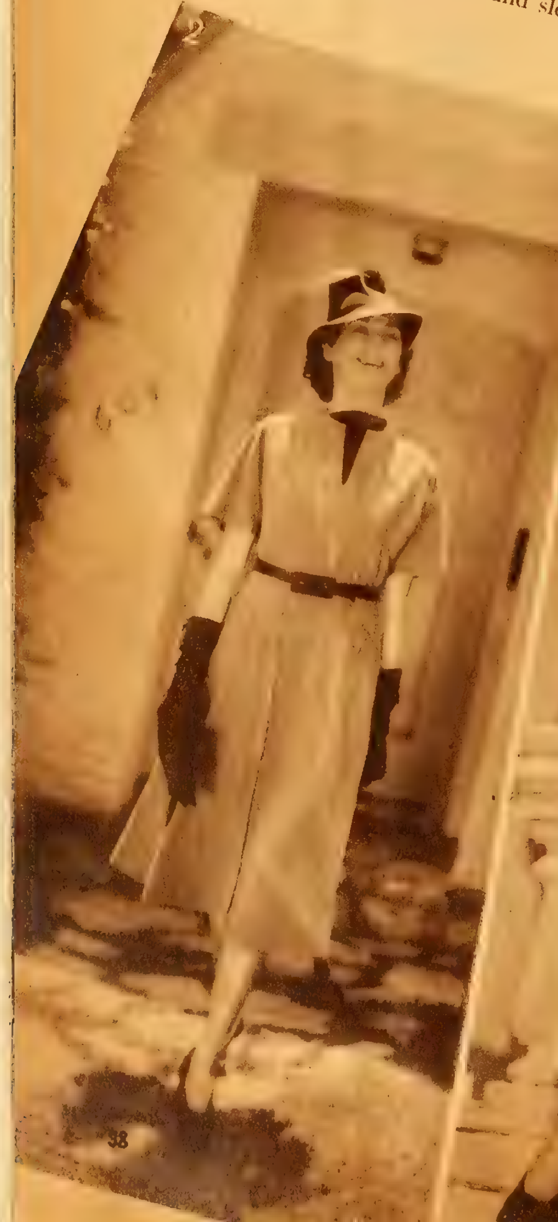
1

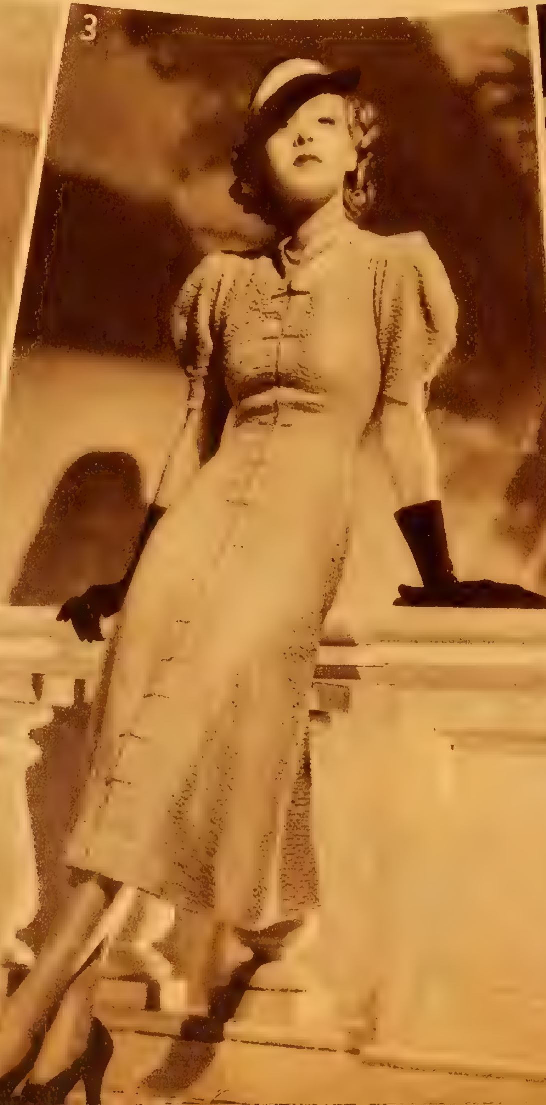
A. L. SHAFER

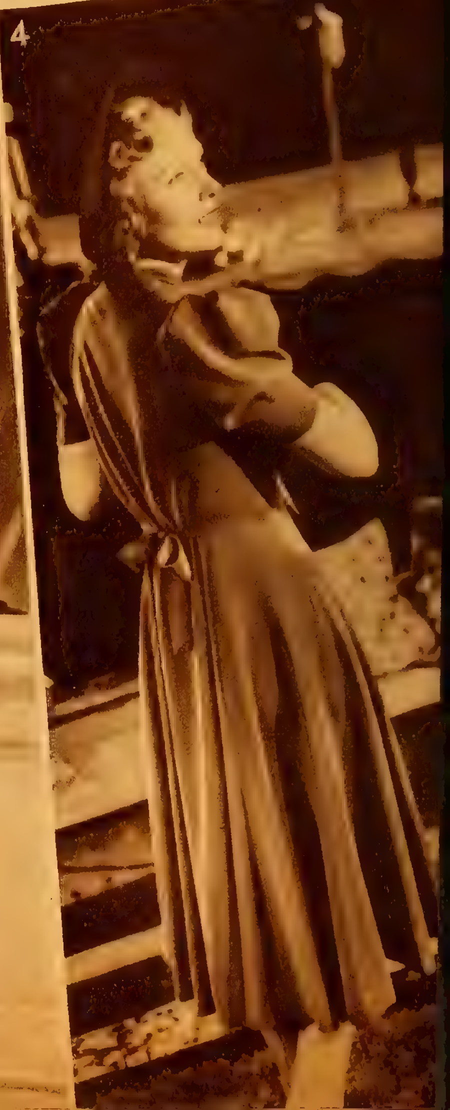
DRESSES ★ HATS ★ TEXTURES ★

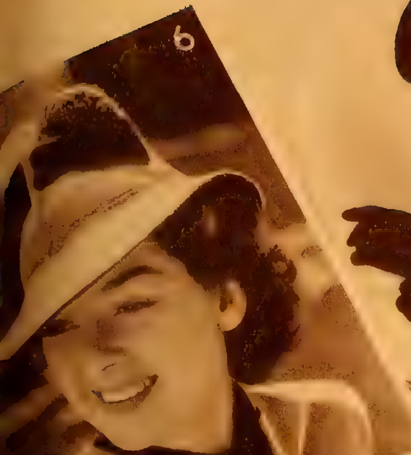


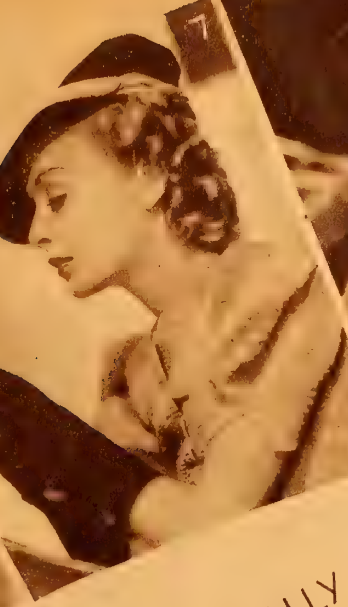
THE gowns pictured are the advanced cruise collection created by Ernst Dryden, Columbia designer in conjunction with Irene Bury, Violet Tatum, and Viola S. Dimmitt designer-manufacturers of the California market. The idea of so combining a designer-manufacturer and a studio designer is that the latter has lent his glamour and the manufacturer has given her practicality. All hats were designed by Rilla. (1) *Lady of Athens:* This gown created in conjunction with Violet Tatum for Marguerite Churchill, was inspired by the simplicity of early Athens. Its flowing skirt of misty rose chiffon, which falls softly over a matching slip of taffeta, and draped bodice and sleeves of pale grey typifies true Grecian beauty. (2) *Lido:* Well studied detail gives this simple sports frock of deep turquoise Ceda Londa with accent of dark brown a new style interest. This unusual costume worn by Rosalind Russell, appearing in the Columbia film, *Craig's Wife*, was in collaboration with Irene Bury. The costume is completed with brown hat, bag, gloves and shoes. The spectator shoes are of calf with novel trim of suede. (3) *Casino:* Stitched matelasse crêpe in a shade of golden yellow with center front panel of rose rust fashions this afternoon or cocktail frock worn by Joan Perry appearing in the Columbia picture *Shakedown*. The dress is contrasted with a black felt hat and accessories. Violet

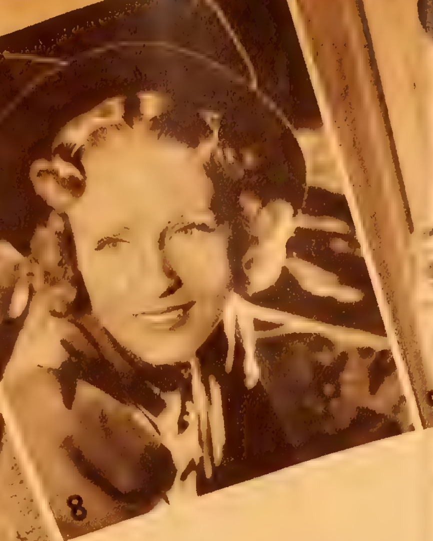


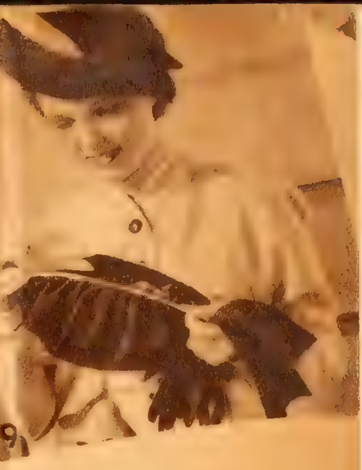


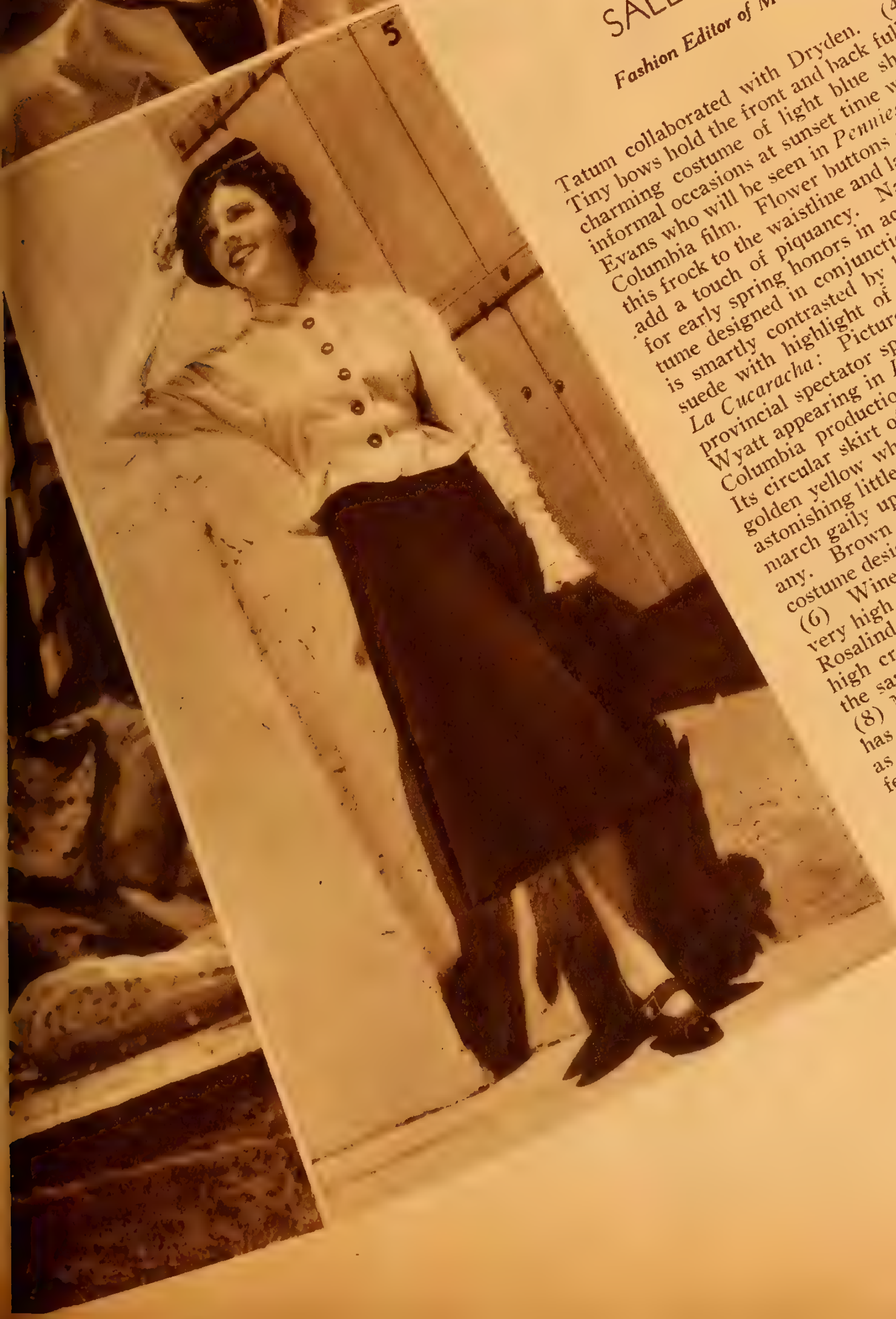












SALLY MARTIN

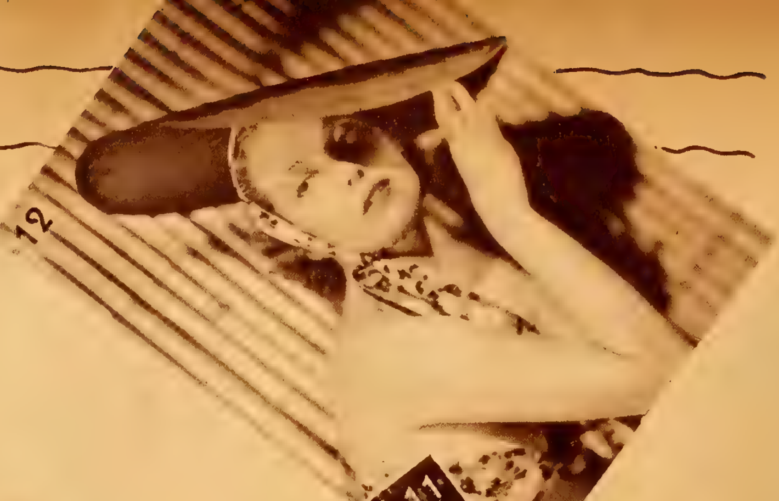
Fashion Editor of Movie Classic

Tatum collaborated with Dryden. (4) *Capri:* Tiny bows hold the front and back fullness of this charming costume of light blue sheer wool for informal occasions at sunset time worn by Madge Evans who will be seen in *Pennies From Heaven*, Columbia film. Flower buttons close the front of this frock to the waistline and large puffed sleeves add a touch of piquancy. Navy blue again vies for early spring honors in accessories. This costume designed in conjunction with Violet Tatum is smartly contrasted by bag and shoes of navy suede with highlight of matching kidskin. (5) *La Cucaracha:* Picturesque as old Spain is this provincial spectator sports frock created for Jane Wyatt appearing in *Lost Horizon*, a forthcoming Columbia production directed by Frank Capra. Its circular skirt of brown has a jacket blouse of golden yellow which is hand-sewn and boasts an astonishing little peplum. The brown buttons that march gaily up the front are of Mexican mahogany. Brown accessories complete this arresting costume designed in conjunction with Irene Bury. (6) Wine red and turquoise pom-poms top the very high crown of this brown felt hat created for Rosalind Russell. (7) A close-up of Joan Perry's high crown black felt hat which is draped with the same rose dust crêpe used to trim her frock. (8) Madge Evans' smart hat of greyed steel blue has a perky bow which emanates from the crown as a unique trim. (9) A draped turban of brown felt pierced by a painted quill of red and yellow completes the sports frock of yellow and brown worn by Jane Wyatt. (10) *Dawn:* Stripings of chiffon in shades of pink, beige, blue, peach, grey, turquoise and yellow fashion this rainbow-hued gown created in conjunction with Viola S.

[*Continued on page 40*]

Dimmitt for Dolores Del Rio soon to appear in the Columbia production *The Depths Below.* The soft panels are tucked at the shoulders and waistline to give form and feeling to this diaphanous creation. (11) Marguerite Churchill wears a coat of black Celanese taffeta over an arresting beach costume of gayly printed taffeta. The voluminous box-pleated shorts which reach to just above the knee are topped by a bias cut draped brassiere of matching taffeta which closes down the back with a row of tiny buttons and has no shoulder straps at all. Designed in conjunction with Irene Bury. (12) A huge cartwheel hat of black Celanese taffeta is worn by Marguerite Churchill. It is ingeniously fashioned so that the flat cartwheel effect is fastened to a gypsy bandeau which ties under the chin. *Style Flash of the Month:* Kidskin in shoes and accessories is going high fashion especially the new dull finishes that harmonize so well with smart cruise outfits as pictured.

12



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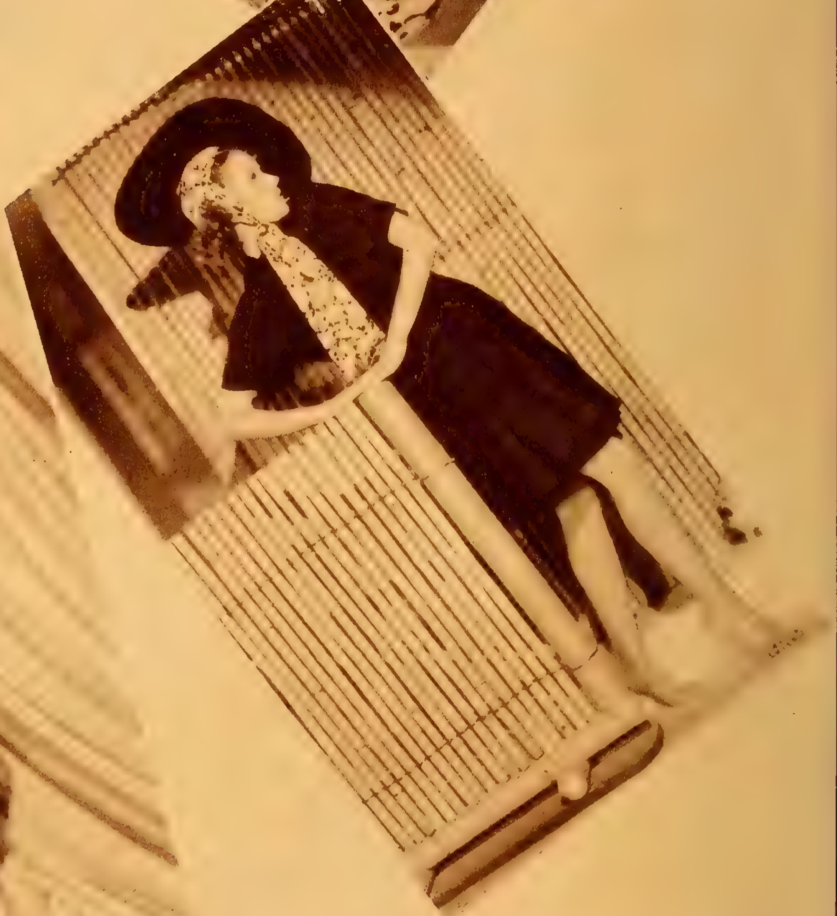

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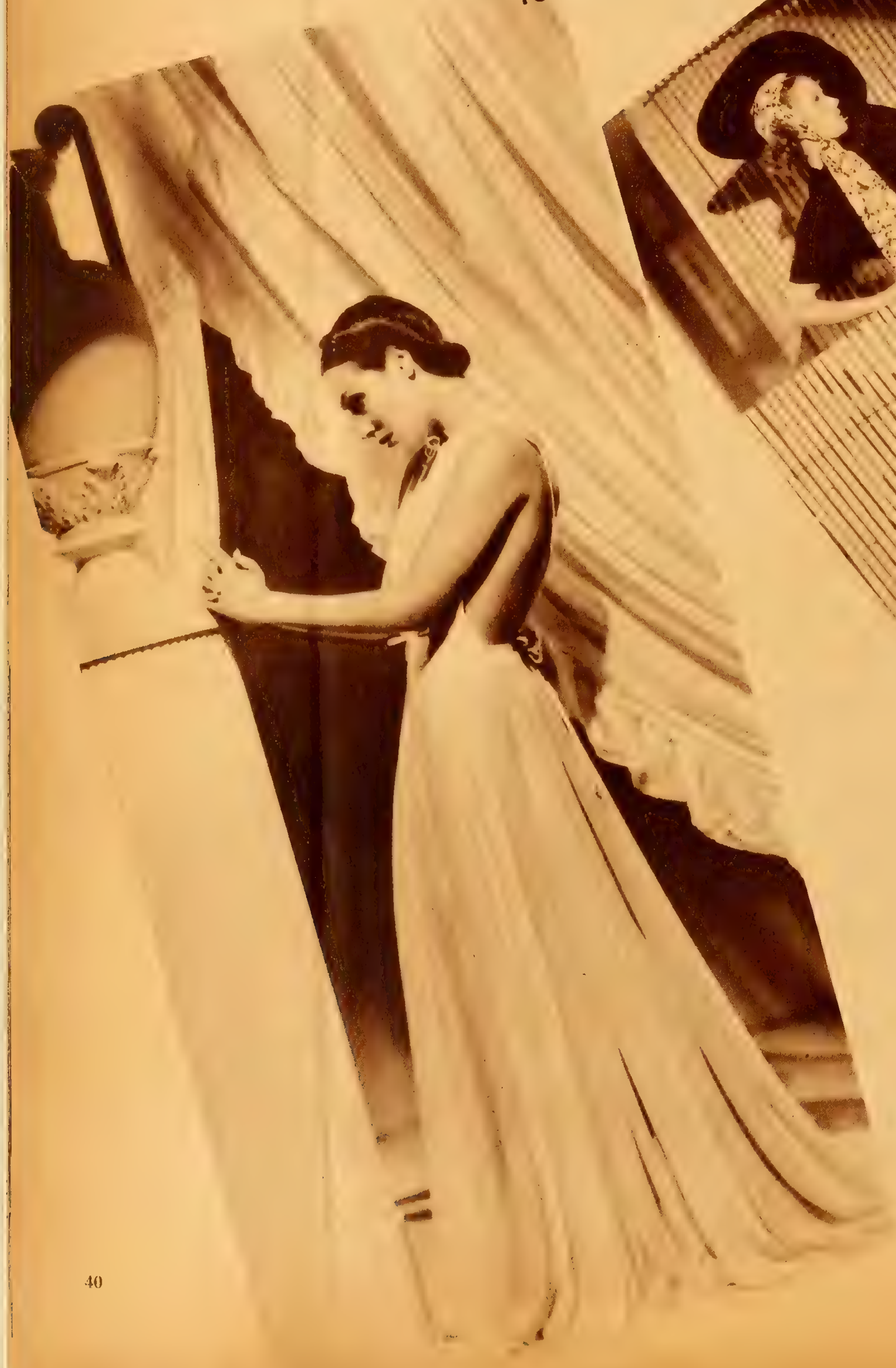
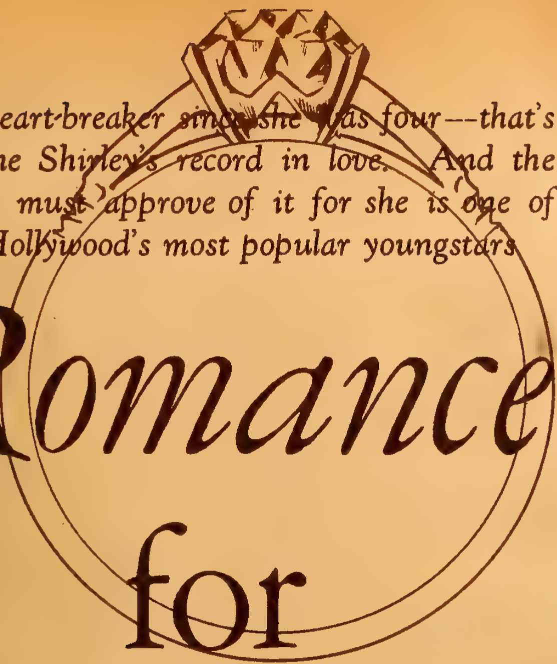




A heart-breaker since she was four—that's Anne Shirley's record in love. And the boys must approve of it for she is one of Hollywood's most popular youngsters

Romance for ANNE

by Arthur Janisch

Anne Shirley in a scene from RKO-Radio's *Daddy and I* in which she stars with Herbert Marshall

EVEN at the age of four Anne Shirley, the petite RKO star, thought life was real and earnest—so far as love and romance were concerned. You see, she became engaged to seven-year-old Byron Sage who somehow managed to slip a ring over her engagement finger! All of which should be proof enough that Anne always has been a heart-breaker, though if the truth were known, she didn't break Byron's heart and they are still very good friends. However, the pattern of Byron's life has been closely interwoven with Anne for fourteen years and while now she continues the merry, heart-breaking way of all eighteeen-year-old girls, who can tell what the future will bring?

The engagement, with the full consent and delighted approval of the childrens' parents, took place when Byron and Anne were working in *The Spanish Dancer* with Pola Negri. One of those friendships all too rare in Hollywood was developing between Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Lena Sage, Byron's mother. When picture engagements were few and far between and the Shirley larder ran low, Mrs. Sage could always be relied on to help out. And when fortune forgot to smile on Mrs. Sage, Anne's mother did her part.

They shared the joys and sorrows of trying to crash the movies and what Mrs. Shirley thinks of Mrs. Sage is no secret. Recently she had this tried and proven friend legally appointed as Anne's alternate mother. Desirous of protecting Anne's future welfare, Mrs. Shirley had legal papers drawn appointing, in the event of her death, Mrs. Sage as her daughter's guardian.

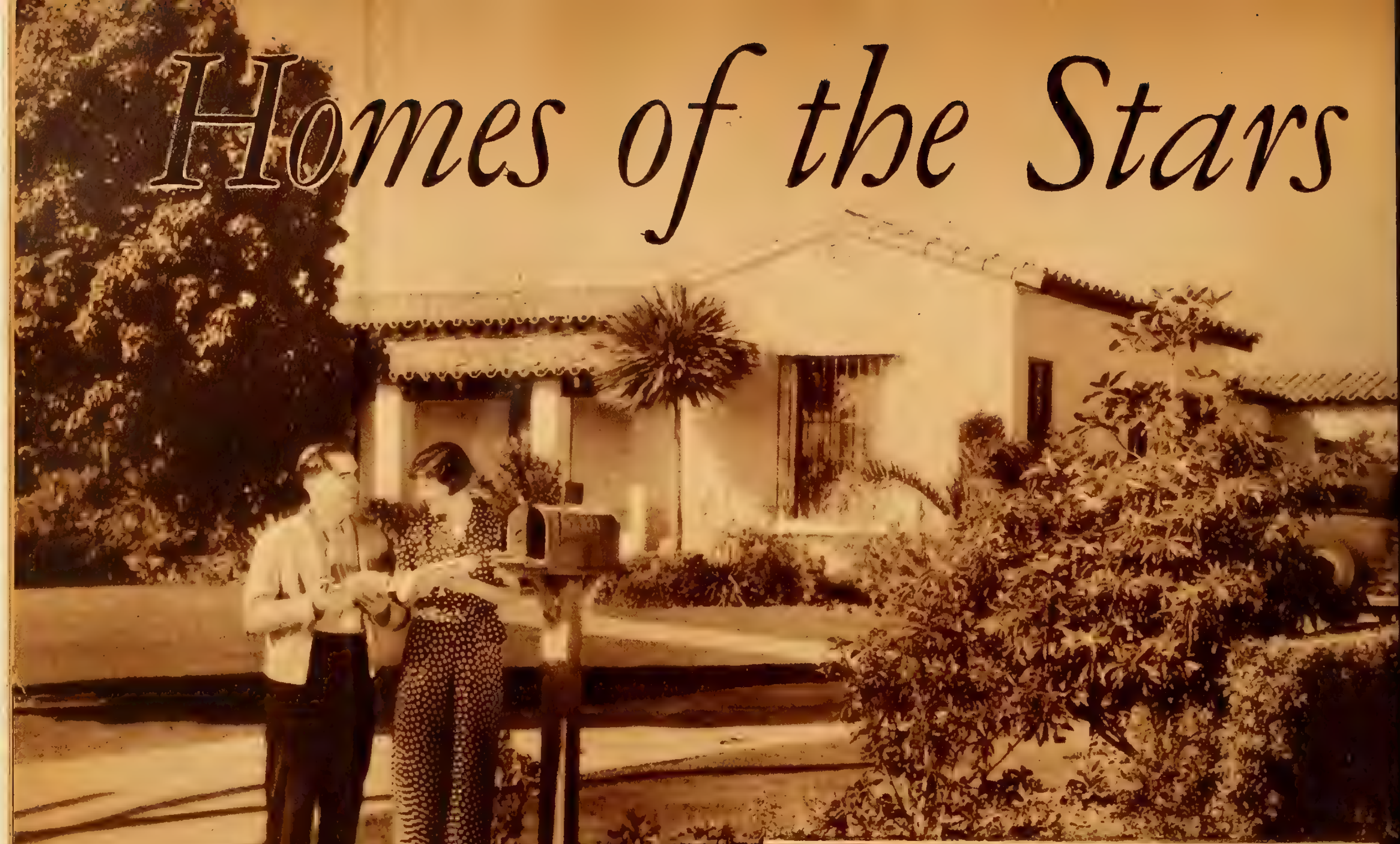
When Anne Shirley sky-rocketed to fame in *Anne of Green Gables* she was dubbed the "Cinderella girl," much to her dismay. And in considering the various constructions that can be placed on this overworked title, one can hardly blame her.

"To me," Anne said, "a Cinderella is a poor girl who has been deprived of normal happiness and pleasures. While I have been in pictures since I was three, my childhood was as happy as that of the average non-professional child. We were never wealthy and at times we were very poor but, thanks to my mother, I never realized just how poor we were. I always had plenty of food and there was never a noticeable absence of candy, ice cream cones and similar things dear to a child's heart. The only part of the Cinderella legend I'll agree to is that referring to the good fortune that brought me success in *Anne of Green Gables*. And that was the lucky break all actors pray for."

Mrs. Shirley was faced with the problem of earning her own living a few months after Anne was born in New York City. Getting a job was one thing and providing proper care for the tiny Anne was another. The outlook appeared desperate indeed to the worried mother.

[*Continued on page* 68]

Homes of the Stars



Comfortable, homelike, spacious, and hospitable—a four word description of the Santa Monica home owned by Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. star now appearing in *San Quentin*

The library of the O'Brien home is Pat's chief pride and joy and for good reason! It's a man's room from the beamed ceiling to the hardwood floor

Dignity and charm go hand in hand in the simplified furnishing of the living room in the Pat O'Brien residence

This shamrock-adorned and famous-initialed old tavern bar features the trophy room. Ye host is evidently awaiting customers

Signing Off!

If you're interested in autograph hunting, it will more than repay you to read this surprising story about Viola Seed, the Queen of the Autograph Hounds

by Lewis Allen

THREE things that annoy movie stars the most are: bad press notices, the income tax and Viola Seed.

The first two items are not so serious. For instance, a good performance in the next picture usually soothes the critics' wrath and the income tax man only comes around once a year. But the Viola Seed menace is not so easily dismissed. She is an ever present thorn on the rosy paths film idols tread, a daily shadow upon their lives, liberties and pursuit of happiness.

Viola Seed is the champion autograph hound of Hollywood. She has probably met more movie stars than any other girl in the world. She has several volumes of autograph books containing more than 1000 signatures of the great and near great of Hollywood to prove her claim to the title of Queen of the Autograph Hounds.

Viola is a pretty brown-haired St. Louis girl who came to Hollywood two years ago. Since her arrival in the film colony she has devoted at least eight hours daily, and often twelve and fifteen hours, to waylaying movie stars in a systematic quest for their autographs.

It's a strange life. Strenuous, too. She bears the scars of many battles—stubborn battles waged with Garbo, and Dietrich, and Hepburn, and Chaplin, and lesser gods, on the sidewalks of Hollywood.

VIOLA takes tremendous professional pride in her work, like any true craftsman. She simply adores movie stars. The fact that amazingly few of them reciprocate her admiration bothers her not at all. If all the film favorites who have publicly insulted Viola were laid end to end they'd extend from Hollywood Boulevard to Little America. But she glories in it. A snub to Viola is like a turkey dinner to a refugee. She just eats it up. Bejeweled hands have vainly tried to trust her 110 pounds aside. Masculine smiles that have fluttered a million hearts have become ominous scowls in Viola's presence. But she has remained undaunted, unsquelched. She knows all the soft answers for hard words. And she's as sharp-witted as she is persistent.

For example, one night she popped from the shadows outside a Hollywood radio station where she had been awaiting her prey and thrust an autograph book into Constance Bennett's dainty hands. Connie was hurrying to keep a broadcasting date. "I can't be detained now. My public is waiting," said Connie, attempting to brush past. "I'm your public," snapped Viola. "Sign here." Connie laughed, and signed.

On another memorable occasion Viola accosted Eddie Cantor outside the Hollywood American Legion stadium on a fight night. Cantor, accompanied by several of his daughters, was in a hurry. He wouldn't sign an autograph, and he was pretty decisive about it. Viola knew where his car was parked. After the fights Cantor and his daughters found Viola comfortably seated in the car.

"What's the idea?" Eddie asked.

"I want your autograph," Viola replied.

Cantor said: "Nothing doing." Whereupon Viola announced that unless he signed she'd remain in the car, make him take her home. And then he'd have another daughter.

"Stop!" screamed Cantor. "I'll sign."

THERE are about a dozen professional autograph hunters trailing the movie stars in Hollywood. Her gang, Viola calls them. Of course, there are hundreds [*Continued on page* 64]

Viola Seed with her autograph book at the gate of Paramount Studios

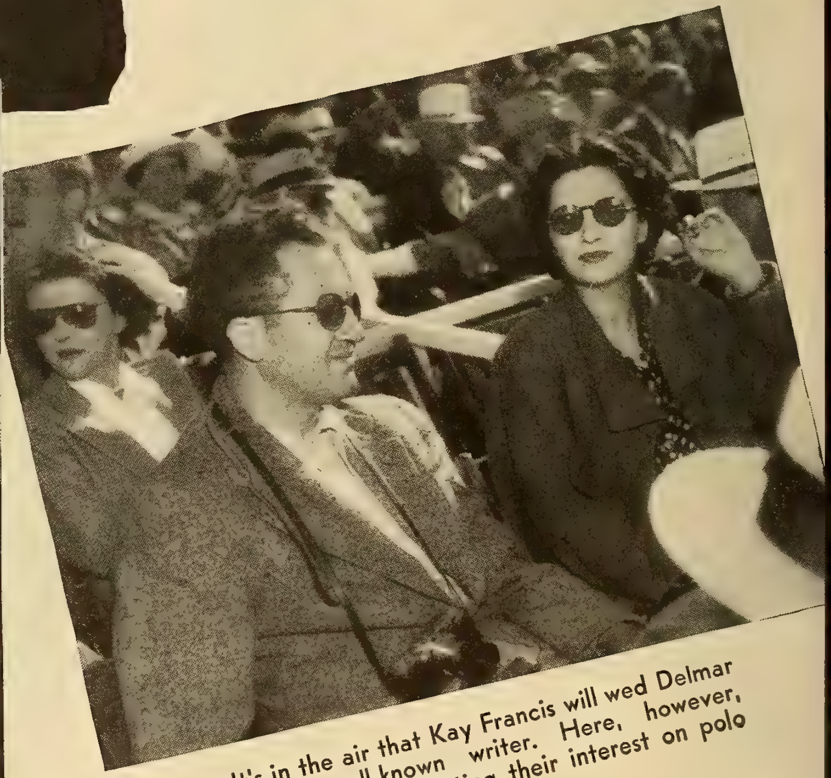
Hollywood's

Music! Laughter! and a gold ring for a prize keeps these romancers traveling at a dizzy pace.

Fawcett Photos by Rhodes

With Buddy Rogers as her escort, Mary goes round in a whirl of romance these days

Marie Wilson, Hollywood's longest-lashed lady, is shown here entering the famous Clover Club on the arm of Nick Grinde, ace director



It's in the air that Kay Francis will wed Delmar Daves, well-known writer. Here, however, they are concentrating their interest on polo

Unm

John King is waiting, (and not too patiently!) for Gail Patrick to name *the* day. The camera catches them while attending a famous Hollywood premier

A gay twosome headed for the game.—Tom Brown and Paula Stone stride merrily towards the entrance of the stadium to join the band in the "pom-pom" parade

Herbert Marshall

Herbert Marshall pictured in the grounds of the Beverly Hills Hotel where his spacious bungalow is situated. He is currently co-starring in the Radio Pictures Production, *Make Way For a Lady,* with Anne Shirley

She's A STAGGERING *Success!*

By Forbes Smith

Believe it or not, a 'drunk' routine in a New York night club, put Martha Raye, the new comedy sensation, in movies

"I STAGGERED into stardom," confesses Martha Raye, new screen comedy sensation. "Hiccoughs, wobbly legs, and a flair for publicly insulting strange gentlemen put me where I am today. And I don't mean in a police station."

Strange as it may seem, Martha has skyrocketed to the Hollywood heights along a rowdy route ordinarily taboo for girls aspiring to break into pictures. She's a staggering success, and the hangover is a long term contract with Paramount.

Of course, it was all part of an act. Martha's legs are not really wobbly, she doesn't make a practice of insulting persons, and her cheerful disposition belies her screen insolence. But for two years previous to her Hollywood arrival Martha supplemented her New York night club singing and dancing with a funny drunk routine. She weaved an uncertain path among diners, jerked unsuspecting gentlemen by their coat lapels, thrust her body menacingly close and sputtered insults and intimidations in their embarrassed faces. The patrons roared. It was a swell gag.

Martha jumped at the opportunity to play a four weeks engagement at the Club Casanova in Hollywood. Here was her chance to get a picture bid. She could sing hot numbers. She could dance. So she sang and danced. The engagement was extended to twenty-three weeks. The movie crowd dropped in and applauded. But no screen offers.

"They told me hot singers were a dime a dozen in Hollywood," says Martha. "And Eleanor Powell wasn't a bit jealous of my dancing."

Then the Club Casanova closed for the season. Martha wasn't any nearer to a movie camera. She decided to return east.

Martha's trunk was packed when the management of another famous night playground of the film celebrities, induced her to appear as a guest star in their floor show. Martha mischievously tried her old drunk routine on the distinguished cinema gathering. It proved a riot.

Among those who enjoyed Martha's plastered pranks was Norman Taurog, a Paramount director. He told Martha to go home and unpack her trunk and he'd use her in *Rhythm On the Range* which he was preparing to shoot.

"It was the nicest hangover a girl ever experienced," cracks Martha. "Drunk and disorderly the night before and waking up the next morning with a chance to play opposite Bing Crosby in a picture."

MARTHA was rushed into the picture without the formality of a screen test. Taurog knew she was good. And that same drunk routine proved a comedy high spot of the production.

Taurog has long been recognized as a keen observer of talent. That night at the night club he saw far more in Martha than ability to impersonate a bawdy inebriate. He saw the possibilities for remarkable facial expressions, particularly comedy expressions, in her prominent features and large, mobile mouth. He recognized Martha's extraordinary sense of pantomime. Her skill in accurately timing comedy lines and [*Continued on page* 59]

How Henry Fonda

One of the sweetest and loveliest romances Hollywood ever smiled upon is the love story of Henry Fonda and his new bride

by Denis Morrison

STARS, directors, executives—grips, juicers, wardrobe women—everybody on the United Artists lot will long remember the homecoming of Henry Fonda.

He burst into the cafe at the studio one noontime recently—and burst is the right word—radiant, smiling, burbling with the joy of living, so happy that he wanted all the world to be happy with him.

Could this be the moody young man who had departed only a few months previously with a dour look on his face? Standoffish, impatient sometimes, temperamental and "touchy" even with his best friends?

"What's come over you, Henry?" a studio executive asked him. "Never saw you feeling so happy in your life."

Henry Fonda grinned his boyish, engaging grin.

"There's only one answer to that," Fonda said. "Only one possible answer. Love. I'm in love. She's the most marvelous girl in the world! She's my miracle girl—and the next time anyone tells me that love isn't a miracle—well, maybe I won't punch him in the nose, but I'll look very superior and smile condescendingly. Because I *know!*"

Henry Fonda's new bride, as all of you know by this time, was Mrs. George T. Brokaw, of the very hoity-toity New York Brokaws. She was born Frances Seymour, of the no less hoity-toity Seymours, of Morristown, N. J., New York City, and Fairhaven, Mass.

And what very few indeed know is how they happened to meet and how Henry won her for his wife.

It is one of the sweetest and loveliest romances that Hollywood and the *haute monde* of New York and London ever smiled over, this love story of a handsome lad who had been scorched and embittered in his quest for happiness and the patrician beauty whose brief wedded years had been crowned with sorrow.

They met in London, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kane. It happens that Mrs. Kane, herself a famous beauty, is the sister-in-law of Sidney Kent, and that Mr. Kent is the president of Twentieth Century-Fox which had had Fonda under contract.

HENRY was a very emotionally distrait and torn youth when he received his marching orders to go to London and star in *On the Wings of Morning* with Kane producing.

Henry Fonda trains his socialite bride to be camera conscious on the grounds of their suburban estate near Hollywood

He had just finished making *The Moon's Our Home* for Walter Wanger in Hollywood and his co-star in that picture, you'll recall, was tempestuous Margaret Sullavan, who had been the first Mrs. Fonda.

Many there were who predicted, when these two ardent souls were cast together, that the old love would flare anew. Henry certainly was wildly in love with the blonde wisp of flame that is Miss Sullavan. He admitted as much to his intimates.

"She keeps me guessing every minute," he told a friend once. "Maybe that's why I love her."

Keeping 'em guessing is a way Margaret Sullavan has.

She kept Henry on tenterhooks the year they were married. At the end of the year she went from New York to Chicago to fulfill a stage engagement and sent him this terse message:

"This is to let you know that I am getting a divorce."

No wonder Henry was terrifically shocked. Who wouldn't have been? And Margaret went on to quarrel with her director, William Wyler, all through the making of her hit picture, *The Good Fairy,* and to marry him almost the minute the picture was made. She divorced him—and then almost immediately came her co-starring film with Fonda.

Small wonder that tongues wagged. But nothing came of it. And Henry went away to London a moody and morose young man. All set for the rebound, some will say. Well——

At the Kanes' house in London Henry found himself presented unexpectedly to a very lovely young matron, quiet of voice, evidencing high breeding, gowned in the most impeccable taste.

"Mrs. Brokaw—Mr. Fonda—I'm sure you two will get along splendidly—Mr. Fonda, you know, is in London making a picture for Mr. Kane——"

Something clicked. Henry told his pals about it afterward. Frances Brokaw was so *different* from Margaret Sullavan. Her voice was quiet, vibrant, her beauty of the serene, patrician type. Up to that moment love had meant nothing to Henry except hurt, pain, tornadoes, bewilderment—torment. He who had dreamed of love as a safe and sunny haven had found it only a raging tempest.

Frances Brokaw was blonde like Margaret but right there the physical resemblance ceased. Even on that very first evening in the Kane residence she and Henry hit it off. By the time they said good night they were on a comradely basis.

The very next Sunday the Kanes were host and hostess at a boating party on the historic Thames. That's quite the thing to do in London on summer holidays and Henry fell in with the plan with enthusiasm, looking forward to meeting the very fascinating Mrs. Brokaw again.

He knew by this time that she had been widowed more than a year, that she had a daughter, Frances de Villers Brokaw, who was nearly five years old, that she had been married as a lovely young debutante to the wealthy George T. Brokaw, considerably her senior and member of one of the oldest Knickerbocker families as she herself was. Brokaw had previously been the husband of the brilliant and vivacious Claire Boothe Brokaw, and after their divorce she became the wife of the brilliant young editor, Henry Luce.

ON THAT eventful Sunday picnic on the lordly Thames, he learned a great deal more about Mrs. Brokaw and she about him.

Before the day was over both knew that they were in love!

Won His Bride!

It was a day redolent of romance. The broad river that empties into the ocean just a few miles from the sprawling capital of the British Empire was dotted with gaily festooned barges and power craft. History has been made for countless generations on that river. From its gently rolling bosom one sees the vaulted towers of the Houses of Parliament; the dome of St. Paul's; the tall spires of Westminster Abbey; and there is in the very atmosphere the "feel" that here history has marched and men and women have marched with it to glorious or fateful destiny.

All this had more than a mere impersonal meaning to Frances Brokaw. She must have been thinking of her own ancestors and the parts they played in the rolling drama of events that unfolded in sight of the spot where she reclined on the deck of the boat. She must have been warmed by those memories as well as by the adoring devotion of the handsome youth at her side.

For nearly four hundred years ago her ancestor in the direct line, Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, perished under the headsman's axe for his temerity in plotting to elevate the lovely Lady Jane Grey—history's most pathetic heroine—to the throne of England.

And here was a young man from Omaha, Neb., in a country that hadn't been dreamed of in that distant day, making ardent phrases to a descendant of that Duke—hard by the famous Tower of London where he met his tragic end.

Much water has passed under London Bridge since that fateful day. Dynasties have fallen, wars have raged over the British throne, a new continent has pushed the frontiers of civilization back—but love is the same today as it was then, human hearts entwine, and sweethearts seek to read destiny in each other's eyes.

Dusk fell on the historic Thames. Bob Kane's boat nosed to its mooring again and the gay folk aboard left her decks. But one unseen passenger stole down the gangway caroling a song in the hearts of Henry Fonda and Frances Brokaw—and that passenger was Love. Love had wrought its miracle again.

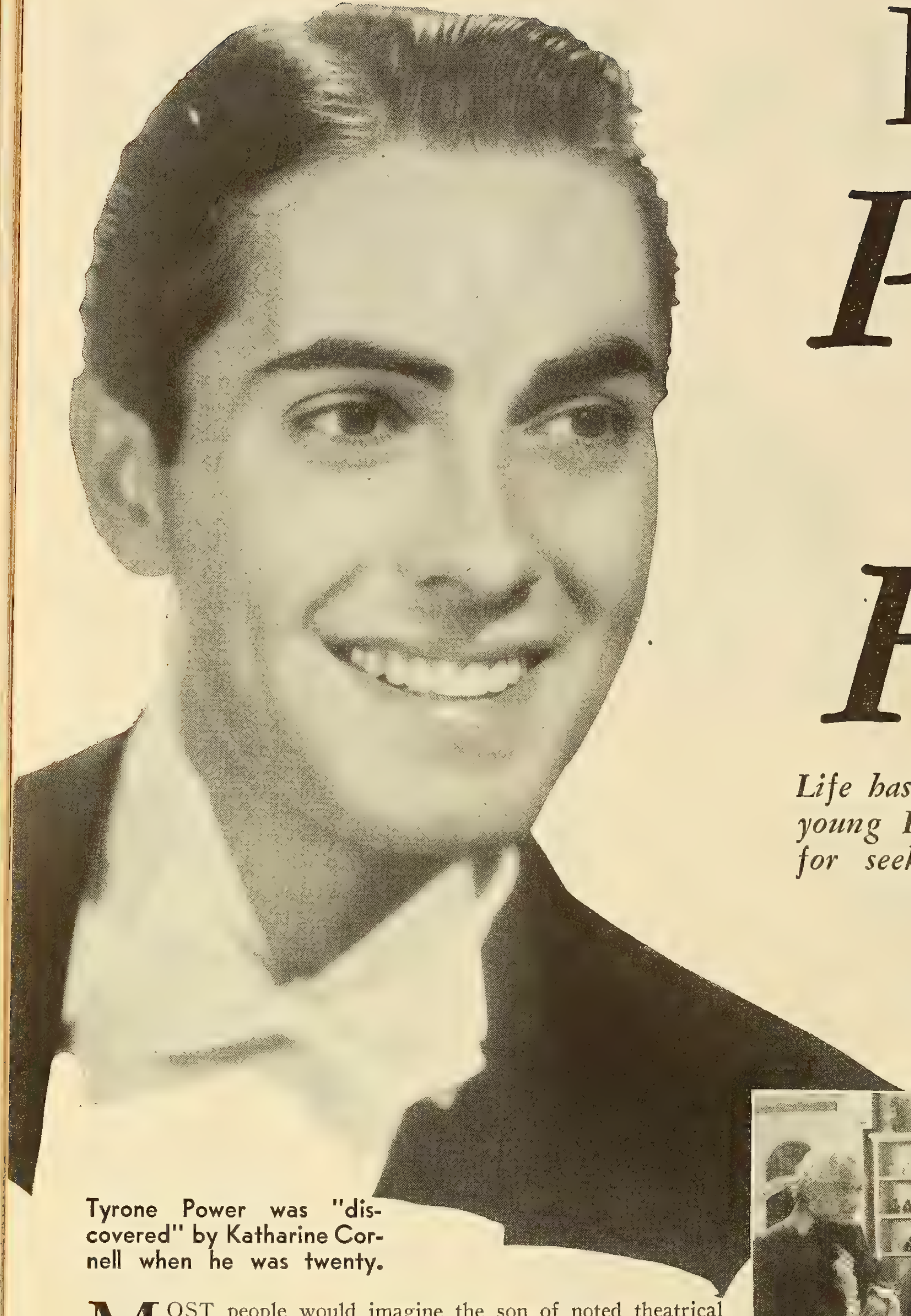
A merry summer season followed. Henry finished his picture work. A party was made up to go to Berlin for the Olympic Games. Henry and Frances were members of it. They were constantly thrown together. Their devotion became more and more marked. By the time the party came back to London, Henry and Frances knew they were going to be married.

The grand dames and dowagers of the clan Seymour may have been austerely shocked when they heard that Frances was going to marry an actor but if they were they didn't betray it.

HENRY wanted a very quiet marriage. Frances vetoed that idea. She wanted to be married in a New York church with all the fuss and furbelows of a society wedding. Who could blame her? She was proud of her handsome young man and wanted the whole world—and especially her world—to know it.

[*Continued on page 65*]

The Walter Wanger star introduces archery, one of his favorite sports, to his New York socialite bride



Tyrone Power was "discovered" by Katharine Cornell when he was twenty.

More *Power* to *Him!*

Life has been no bed of roses for this young Irishman who has a penchant for seeking trouble—and finding it.

by

William C. Walsh

As the romantic lead in *Lloyds of London,* Tyrone Power has made himself recognized as one of the rising young stars in films.

MOST people would imagine the son of noted theatrical parents—dark, straight and handsome, brilliant in studies, outstanding in athletics, and talented in his own right—found life a bed of roses from the very beginning.

But it didn't work out that way for Tyrone Power, Jr. Indeed, it seemed to be those very assets that got him into difficult and ticklish situations all the time. Or he may just have had the knack for getting into trouble.

But it was a life very conducive to "situations." He played Shylock in Shakespearean repertoire at thirteen . . . all prep school halfback at sixteen . . . soldier of fortune at eighteen . . . discovered by Katharine Cornell at twenty. Now, at twenty-two he is under personal contract to Darryl Zanuck . . . and with a romantic lead in *Lloyd's Of London.*

At the age of three months, Tyrone crawled off a sleeping porch and fell into a barrel of rain water. That was a typical beginning.

Born quietly in Cincinnati on May fifth, nineteen fourteen, Tyrone is the son of Patia and Tyrone Power, Sr., both players of note in the American Shakespeare theatre.

With the advent of their baby, these two established a home in the Ohio town. The father continued his career on the stage and Patia abandoned her own to provide a life for the child.

Tyrone, Jr., was a strong, wiry youth, and as his mother wisely made no effort to impel his interests toward the theatre, his boyish mind turned to athletics for diversion.

In the lower grades he was proficient in all the major sports and his name became something of a byword among the sand lots of Cincinnati.

At Purcell High School he was outstanding in football and basketball, achieving state-wide recognition in his senior year.

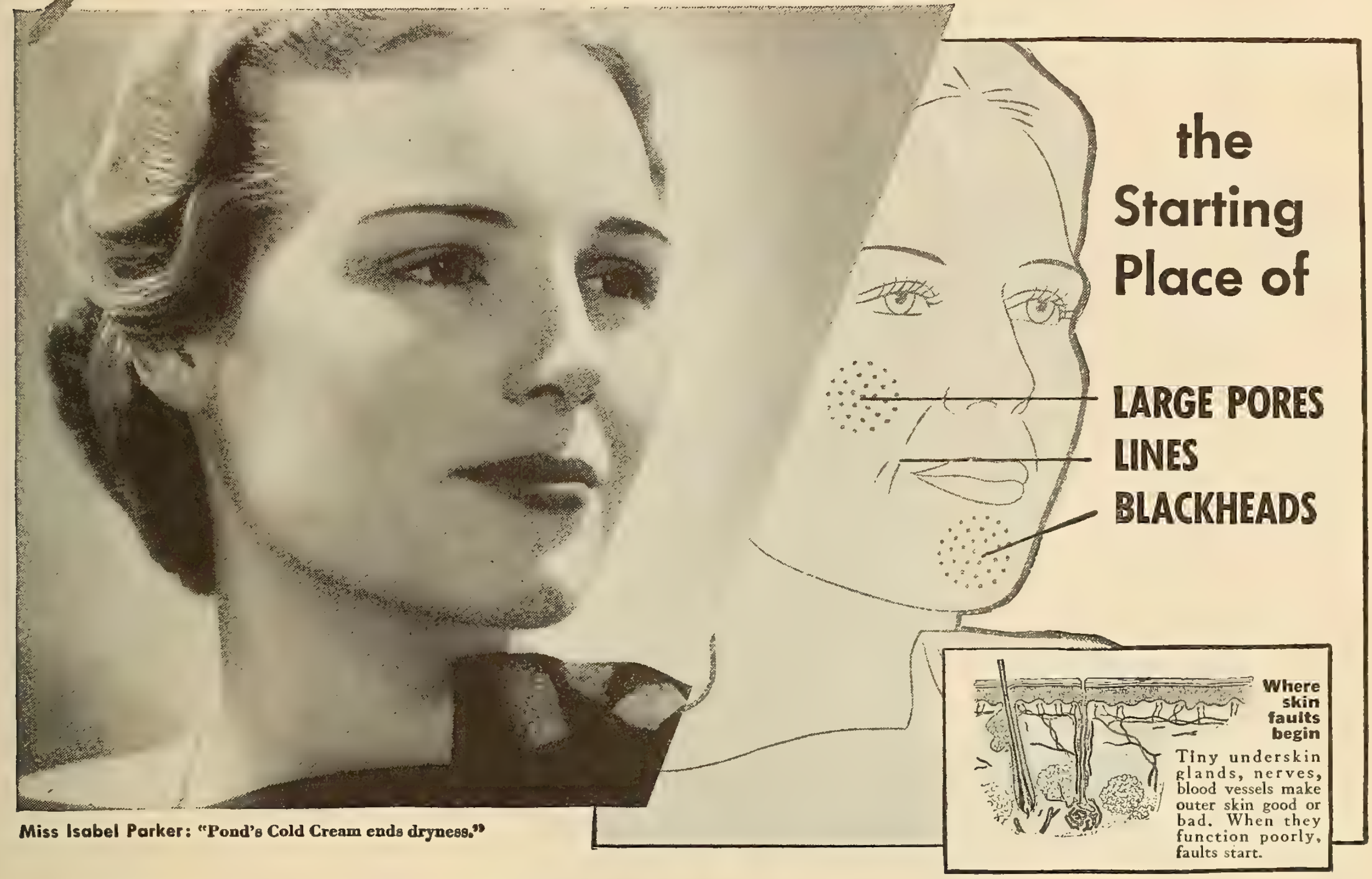
DURING the summer vacations he went with his father on touring companies and began to know and love the theatre this way.

At home learned self reliance and worked in a drug store at night.

The store bought a motorcycle for him to do delivery work and that gave him a great many bad moments.

"It was all right when you turned to the left," mused the young actor thoughtfully, "because the side car balanced it. But when your turned right, there was nothing to [*Continued on page* 67]

Get at that Faulty Under Skin


the Starting Place of
LARGE PORES
LINES
BLACKHEADS
Where skin faults begin
Tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels make outer skin good or bad. When they function poorly, faults start.

Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *under-skin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling,* because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—***briskly.*** Rouse that failing under-skin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City________________ State________

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On Location with the Maid of Salem

By Ted Magee

IF FATE could be reduced down to human conceptions, Director Frank Lloyd would be quite glad to take a poke at the fellow who handles the master switchboard of life. Two pokes, as a matter of fact. One of them would be to the snoot of old man Destiny in atonement for the grief that befell lovely Claudette Colbert. And he would like to slap the old coot's ears down for Fred MacMurray's misfortunes.

Chronologically, in telling you this story about Paramount's class picture, *Maid of Salem,* we should start with Fred's woes, up near Santa Cruz.

You see, when Director Lloyd was handed the script of this gripping witchcraft story, he cast about for a suitable location. Lloyd had to travel 500 miles north of Hollywood to find a New England background. He finally selected a spot in back of Santa Cruz, which is just south of San Francisco along the coastline.

We reached Santa Cruz at six in the morning, with the fog rolling down the cold, empty streets. At nine o'clock the Paramount troupe, occupying two of the city's nicest hotels, was ready to go to work. For the world we couldn't see why. The fog still sat like a dozen of Carl Sandburg's cats yowling at the city.

But still, here was the troupe chatting gaily, gulping down last cups of coffee before rushing out before the camera. My good friend, Billy Edwards, who was to be my guide as well as savior-in-chief from the witches, said we would have a five mile drive into the hills to the actual location scene.

Claudette Colbert and Director Frank Lloyd are caught by the cameraman as they look at a location scene

I shall never be able to describe the first three miles of the trip. Surrounded on four sides by a concrete wall of fog, we blasted our way through it, and then quite miraculously emerged into brilliant sunshine and blue skies. Around me, to my surprise, were giant pine trees, towering hills.

A few more twists to the mountain road and we were there, warm and comfortable in a shaded nook. Director Lloyd, Miss Colbert, and Mr. MacMurray had preceded us and already were at work, dancing the gavotte.

IF YOU saw Fred in *Texas Rangers,* it is not easy to conceive him doing this antiquated dance, but there he was, being as dainty as a pair of dusty boots and tight trousers would allow. They were rehearsing with the aid of a dance director, gliding across a floor of pine needles and oak leaves. Director Lloyd was asleep at the switch. He has an uncanny knack of grabbing off forty winks during a lull, then snapping his eyes open at the word "All ready now!" and pouncing into action.

A phonograph, with the gavotte previously recorded in the studio, was beating off measures with the precision of a cow switching her tail at flies. Billy Edwards informed me that the music, which sounded practically perfect to this uncertain ear, had been dashed off in a mere hour by Genius Ralph Ranger, the tunesmith, immediately after he snapped off a song or two for Paramount's *Big Broadcast of 1937.*

[*Continued on page* 74]

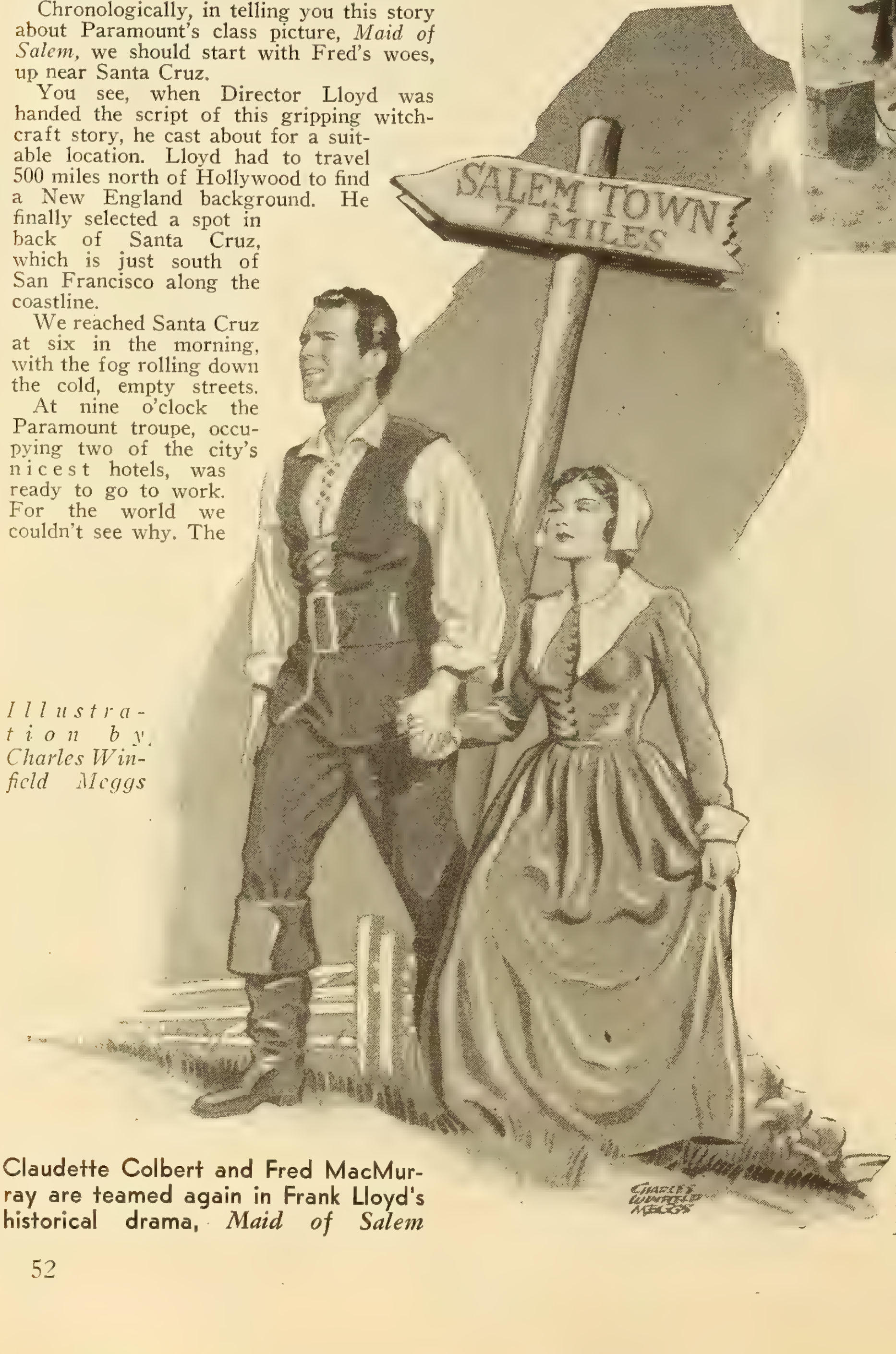


Illustration by Charles Winfield Meggs

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are teamed again in Frank Lloyd's historical drama, *Maid of Salem*

JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

THE SHOW WINDOW

[*Continued from page* 12]

stories going smoothly, and with proper suspense, was a difficult one—made easy, however, by Director Griffith's expert handling. Our advice—see this picture by all means!—*20th Century-Fox.*

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Mervyn LeRoy, Warner Brothers' ace director, has taken the highly successful Broadway stage farce about racetrack gambling and has given it a screen version which is just about the last word in movie entertainment so far as laughs are concerned.

Three Men on a Horse abounds in snappy, slangy dialogue and utterly absurd comedy situations all aided and abetted by Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Sam Levine, Teddy Hart and Joan Blondell. McHugh, as the giftcard writer whose secret hobby is picking winning horses, easily takes top honors in a rôle which fits him to the proverbial and well-known "T". Sam Levine and Teddy Hart as the unlucky gamblers run McHugh a pretty close race for second honors. Joan Blondell, as the dumb chorus girl sweetheart of Teddy Hart, does exceptional work. Her dance routine in McHugh's bedroom wins a gold star from this observer. Whether or not you like horses or horse-racing, you will thoroughly enjoy *Three Men on a Horse.*—*Warner Bros.*

Joan Blondell, Sam Levine, Teddy Hart and Frank McHugh in *Three Men on a Horse.*

COME AND GET IT—Transferred to the screen by Samuel Goldwyn, Edna Ferber's brilliant story of a lumber baron hungry for power and love, becomes one of the outstanding pictures of the season. Perfectly cast, and as perfectly directed by William Wyler and Howard Hawks, *Come and Get It,* from the opening scene to the last is worthy of the highest praise. Edward Arnold, as the ruthless lumber king who gets everything he wants but love, gives a performance that seldom has been matched on the screen by any actor. Frances Farmer as the dance hall woman definitely establishes herself in the top rank list of those who have distinguished themselves by notable contributions to the screen. Walter Brennan, Andrea Leeds, Mady Christians, Mary Nash, and Cecil Cunningham all deserve a world of credit for the roles they portray. *Come and Get It* is a picture that should be marked MUST on your movie calendar.—*United Artists.*

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE—Producer Edward Small and Director Christy Cabanne have taken the story David Lamson wrote in the death row at San Quentin Prison and turned out a product that should be one of the standout pictures of the year. The screen version, which is obviously fiction, is nevertheless a very convincing and authentic expose of the unscrupulous methods used by climbing politicians in their efforts to reach the top, and contains all the horror of Lamson's many months in the death cell, and the terror that goes through the mind of an innocent man condemned to die on the gallows. John, played by John Beal, is an innocent victim of circumstance who is used as a pawn by an ambitious district attorney, who has his eye on the governor's chair. The heartaches and pathos, the morbidness and humor of those men in condemned row who soon will die is very graphically put over by a combination of splendid direction and acting. Although the three leads, played by Preston Foster, Ann Dvorak, and John Beal, are very aptly portrayed, and lack nothing to make the characters realistic, special credit should go to Paul Hurst, who plays the part of Tip Fuller. His characterization of a "tough guy" who is really very human at heart, does much to lighten the picture. —*RKO-Radio.*

SAY MARGE- WHAT'S
— A PIMPLY SKIN ALMOST PUT A STOP TO MARGE'S "DATES"
I ALMOST FELL OVER WHEN DICK TURNED UP AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE INSTEAD OF YOU. MARGE, HAVE YOU TWO HAD A BUST-UP?
OF COURSE NOT, SILLY! DICK DOESN'T HAVE TO ASK ME TO EVERYTHING, DOES HE?
REMEMBER NOW - YOU'VE GOT TO EAT THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY. THEY'RE GRAND PIMPLE CHASERS - I KNOW - I'VE TRIED THEM
OH TRUDY - DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT - I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE GOING AROUND LOOKING LIKE THIS ...
GROCERIES
LATER
TRUDY - IT'S MARGE LISTEN DARLING - DICK'S ASKED ME TO THE DANCE NEXT WEEK - UH - HUH - JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE WOULD - ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?
I TOLD YOU THOSE YEAST CAKES WOULD FIX THINGS UP

LATEST REVIEWS

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937—A musical with a plot! A musical with sense and nonsense! A musical with symphonic and swing-time rhythm! You learn about radio from this, as a big broadcasting company is its background. Jack Benny, as the station manager, pouts and puns his way to another success. Gracie Allen is at her looniest and best. But then so is the rest of the cast who clown through this production scattering laughs, music and a bit of romance where they'll do the most good. Think of Benny, Gracie, George Burns, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, Ray Milland, Shirley Ross, Sam Hearn, Benny Fields, Frank Forest and a scintillating flock of dancers and entertainers, all let loose without their inhibitions. Benny Goodman's hot swing band is *GOOD!* The addition of a Bach number by Leopold Stokowski is wonderfully effective. The whole piece pokes fun at behind-the-mike activities. Bob Burns blunders through the studio speaking his piece on various programs without realizing he is on the air. Martha Raye scores again in a *big* way. Altogether it's a swell show of which Paramount should be proud.—*Paramount.*

IN HIS STEPS—This powerful drama, again co-stars the beautiful, blonde Cecelia Parker and wistful, idealistic Eric Linden. They are shown as the innocent victims of their wealthy parents' greed, narrow prejudices and animosities. As an aftermath of their elopement, made necessary by their respective parents' obvious desire to completely dominate and crush the lives of the romantic couple, criminal charges are placed against young Linden in accordance with a strict anti-abduction law.

While hiding from their parents and the police, the runaways learn the meaning of extracting a living from the soil. It is the man of simple faith and serenity of soul, their devoted friend, Harry Beresford (Davidson), who comes to the rescue of these two in their darkest hour of despair. His courage, kindliness and high standard of living regenerates those about him and saves the whole situation.

The Big Broadcast of 1937 offers Martha Raye and Bob Burns a chance for some grand comedy

These players are supported by an exceptionally capable cast. Henry Kolker, Charles Richman, Olive Tell, Clara Blandick, Robert Warwick and Roger Imhof deserve great credit for their splendid characterizations.—*Zeidman-Grand National.*

PIGSKIN PARADE—20th Century-Fox deserves a well-earned pat on the back for this football musical for it's just about the funniest, most mirth-provoking film of the year and we're not overlooking *My Man Godfrey* either. They say it took six writers to turn out the story. If so, let's hope it becomes a habit with other studios for these six writers turned out a scenario that really has a laugh in every line.

Pigskin Parade has much to recommend it besides the football angle. There's the Yacht Club Boys, for instance, who sing as only they can sing, four sparkling numbers that are worth the price of your theatre ticket. "Woo! Woo!" is undoubtedly the best of their musical numbers, but the other three are as pleasing to the ear as the most critical customer would want.

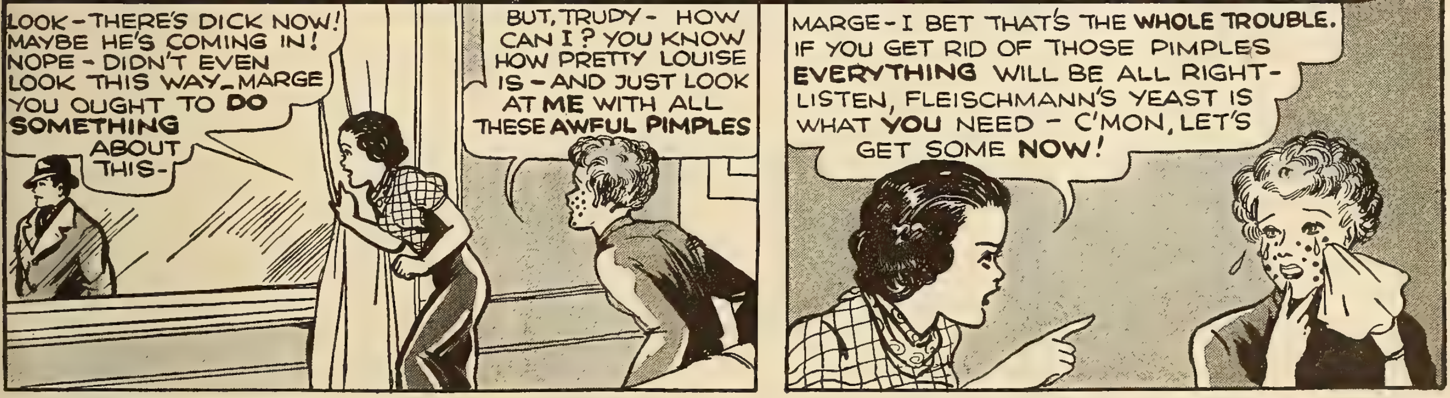
The film also marks the picture debut of Judy Garland, a sweet little miss who sings two numbers so remarkably well that you can safely mark her down as belonging in the select group of topflight songbirds from now on.

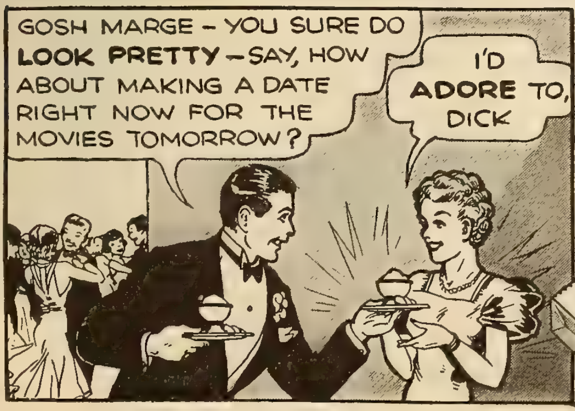
Stuart Erwin, always good, climbs to new altitudes in fun-making as the barefooted hillbilly, who is drafted into a jerkwater college because of his accuracy in tossing the pigskin.

Johnny Downs, Dixie Dunbar, Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Betty Grable, Arline Judge have rôles in which all score heavily.

See this picture even if you have to rob the baby's bank!—*20th Century-Fox.*

HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY


LOOK-THERE'S DICK NOW! MAYBE HE'S COMING IN! NOPE-DIDN'T EVEN LOOK THIS WAY-MARGE YOU OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS-
BUT, TRUDY- HOW CAN I? YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY LOUISE IS-AND JUST LOOK AT ME WITH ALL THESE AWFUL PIMPLES
MARGE-I BET THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE. IF YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT-LISTEN, FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED - C'MON, LET'S GET SOME NOW!


GOSH MARGE-YOU SURE DO LOOK PRETTY-SAY, HOW ABOUT MAKING A DATE RIGHT NOW FOR THE MOVIES TOMORROW?
I'D ADORE TO, DICK

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes *daily*—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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MINGLE WITH THE
MOVIE STARS
in the
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"The Host of Hollywood"
and America's Most
Colorful Nite Club

•

Seen dancing in the Bowl
recently:

JEAN HARLOW
DICK POWELL
NORMA SHEARER
JOHNNIE WEISSMULLER
JOAN BLONDELL
ad infinitum

$3.50 UP SINGLE • $5.00 UP DOUBLE

ROOM RATES THAT ARE RIGHT

FACING TWO GREEN PARKS
• DOWNTOWN •
LOS ANGELES

Going Gay with the Youngstars!

Hollywood's younger set work hard on their studio careers, but in their off-screen hours it's here today, gone tomorrow with games, party ideas—and even love

By Allan Carews

LIKE the jovial, fun-seeking younger set of any American community is the youthful element in the Hollywood film colony. Just a bunch of kids—crazy as the rest of them—dodging around, pranking, uproaring, and out to have the best of times.

What is known in the cinema capital as "the younger set" includes such youngsters as Pat Ellis, Mary Carlisle, Betty Furness, Anne Shirley, Paula Stone, Toby Wing and their handsome boy friends (order accidental) Jimmy Blakeley, Earl Blackwell; Tom Brown, Dick Cromwell, Owen Davis, Jr., and others.

The recently marrieds have such contributions as the Henry Fondas, the Warren Hulls, the Donald Woods', and the Frank Albertsons.

"Let's see how much fun we can have on how little money" is their aim, the same as it's the objective of most such groups. The fresh ingenuity of their "screwy" ways of entertaining themselves and each other is the talk of Hollywood.

California finds beach parties a favorite summer night sport. But this outfit likes 'em in winter, too—maybe a little better because then they have the beach to themselves. A little rough exercise is in order on the West's sprucy winter nights, with zestful recreation needed to keep the blood warm. After rendezvous in some pre-designated Hollywood home, the pleasure-seeking troupe drives to some Santa Monica beach spot where the hostess for the evening already has the fire roaring and the wieners sputtering.

Warren Hull started the beach business. He's a brawny lad who wears one of those mahogany tans all year round. "In winter," he tells you seriously, "the water's only a few degrees colder, and if you run around, play ball, or build a fire, you hardly notice the temperature anyway."

New romances are always developing to keep the others musing. A little handholding in the shadows of the fire makes everyone feel the touch of young love.

Roller skating on a rink at Culver City is another favorite way of passing the time. Afterward, they'll pass by the Trocadero with perfect savoir faire and "take over" some corner beer parlor that boasts a three-piece orchestra whose music may not be mellow but is good and loud.

One game which is often played when "the gang" convenes at Paula Stone's house is "Spoons." Try it sometimes, and see if it

[*Continued on page* 61]

←

On the left, reading from left to right: Paula Stone, Tom Brown, Toby Wing, Johnny Downs, Suzanne Kaasen, Don Woods and Dorothy Stone acquiring a tan on the beach of the Del Mar Club

The little red wagon is pretty crowded, but Nydia Westman, Paula Stone and Karen Morley don't seem to mind—and neither does Warren Hull who supplies the power

Alma Lloyd, Johnny Downs, and Tom Brown at the Rollerdome where they gave a benefit skating party for the Assistance League

CHARMING

Miss Ernestine Lollie—with her latest Permanent Wave by Bernord az Guro, New York City.

"I found my *whole appearance* improved after using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," *says Miss Ernestine Lollie of Vineland, N. J.*

WINNER of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH CONTEST for DECEMBER, lovely Miss Lollie admitted many of her friends commend her attractive appearance. "They all admire my golden hair," says Miss Lollie. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain added popularity. Glorious, sparkling hair will bring you, as it did Miss Lollie, the admiring compliments of your friends.

BLONDES—If your hair is dull, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's to bring back bright, sunny lustre of natural blonde hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash keeps your hair always the popular golden shade.

BRUNETTES—You will delight in a lovelier appearance once you rinse sparkling highlights into your hair with Marchand's. Or if you prefer, using Marchand's full strength you can completely lighten your hair to a golden blonde shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Worried over unsightly hair on arms—and legs? Women everywhere now use Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable.* Invisible through even sheerest stockings!

Start to benefit from this effective home beauty treatment today. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it on your hair—your arms and legs—tonight, at home.

Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York—FREE

Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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Address..............................

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Hold Open House on Christmas Day and follow Madeleine Carroll's recipes. The occasion will be momentous!

Food for Holiday Festivities

Follow the stars' advice—entice your friends with sugar and spice and everything nice!

by Dorothy Dwan

CAREFREE confusion is symbolic of Christmas Day. It's traditional that bright ribbons and gay wrappings litter the room, while amusing presents tumble out of boxes scattered under the lighted tree. Our feet trip over mechanical toys and red wagons while rushing to throw wide the door to welcome another happy group of friends who pop in at all hours to call out "Merry Christmas!"

We wouldn't have the day otherwise and I'm sure that you will agree it's the memory of impromptu "Happy New Years" ringing through the house—shouted by drop-in well wishers that we cherish most.

There is a way to be sure your friends will find your street while driving from one house to another—*choose one irresistible dish or drink, chock full of the holiday spirit, and serve it year after year!*

Chester Morris accidentally proved this suggestion to be true. I had heard of how friends from far and near gathered before Chester's hearth to drink his health with his famous "Holiday Special" and the actor was actually giving me his secret formula. He laughingly mentioned that last year he and Suzanne, his wife, received the following wire a few days before Christmas, from friends who had moved to New York.

WILL SLEEP UNDER YOUR HOSPITABLE ROOF CHRISTMAS EVE. HELD OUT AGAINST YOUR PLEAS TO MAKE A FLYING TRIP WEST FOR TWELVE MONTHS, BUT THOUGHTS OF YOUR INIMITABLE EGGNOG WERE OUR DOWNFALL. ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU, SUZANNE, AND THE YOUNGSTERS, BUT IF YOU ARE NOT PLANNING TO BREW UP A BATCH OF YOUR CHRISTMAS CHEER, WIRE IMMEDIATELY AND WE WILL POSTPONE TRIP UNTIL NEXT DECEMBER.

That is truly a testimonial for Chester's eggnog and as he has served it for years, small wonder that it is known from one end of Hollywood to the other and that the Morris home resembles the Grand Central Station on Christmas. Here is the cherished recipe for you!

HOLIDAY SPECIAL

1 dozen fresh eggs
3 quarts milk
1 quart cream
1 cup sugar
1 quart mellowed brandy

[*Continued on page* 78]

Beverly Roberts contributes a Yuletide tree made of an appetizing cheese mixture. Most appropriate and *very* tasty

Imagine Christmas without eggnog! Chester Morris obligingly offers his own Holiday Special to you

She's A Staggering Success!

[*Continued from page* 47]

business. The value of her husky, startling voice. Doing a drunk routine was but a crude stepping stone in the career of this potentially great comedy artist. Of this Taurog felt certain. Judging by her second screen triumph in Paramount's *Big Broadcast of 1937,* Martha is rapidly justifying the director's initial confidence.

Martha has no permanent home. Having spent sixteen of her nineteen years gadding about the country as a performer, Martha is completely free of home town prejudices. "I'm probably the only girl to enter the movies without a write-up in a local paper somewhere," Martha observes. This may seem unfair to her birthplace, Butte, Montana, where her mother quit the act for three days while Martha was ushered into the world. But it hardly qualifies Butte as a home town.

MARTHA remained in the vaudeville act with her parents until she was sixteen. Then she got a job in Chicago singing with Paul Ash's orchestra. She made good on her own immediately. She sang syncopated numbers and gradually injected comedy into her routine. A year later she jumped at a better offer doing an act with Benny Davis, the song writer.

Martha soon quit Davis to join an act which included Jackie Heller, Sonny O'Day, Hal LeRoy and Buddy and Velma Ebsen. Evidently Martha wasn't so good. Everybody in the act beat her to Hollywood. But those who know believe Martha will last longer in pictures.

Before heading west Martha appeared in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book" and a revue "Calling All Stars," also several New York night clubs.

Dances amazingly well, but never took a lesson in her life. Picked up the steps watching hoofers from vaudeville stage wings.

In the night clubs she worked from 11 p.m. to 4 a.m. Now she puts in from 12 to 18 hours a day working at Paramount, being fitted for gowns, recording songs, practicing new dance numbers and rehearsing for radio programs. Martha isn't complaining. When she becomes tired or discouraged she looks at her salary checks.

FANNY BRICE is her idea of a real comedienne. She believes that Bob Burns has a great future in pictures—providing he remains teamed with her. Bing Crosby told her that she's one of the three real comediennes in pictures, but he didn't mention the other two.

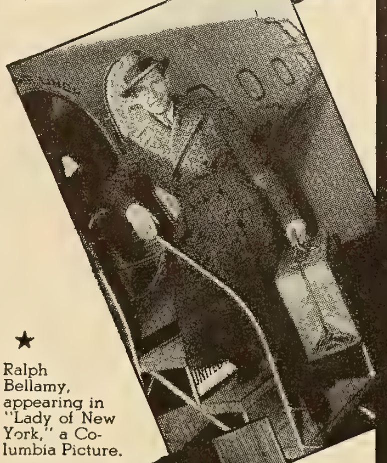
Simply can't help being noisy off the screen, too. That's why she can be heard all over the Paramount lot when the company isn't working. She says hello to everybody she encounters, even though she doesn't know half of them.

Martha has a very large mouth. She worried about it when she was a kid, figured she could never be romantic. Now, like Joe Brown's, the mouth is earning her a fortune. Romantically, she isn't doing so badly. A select delegation of Hollywood swains, headed by Cesar Romero, are competing for the few leisure hours her picture and radio work permits.

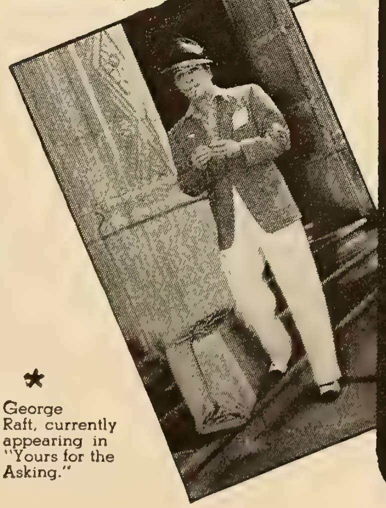
As for the drunk routine, which won her movie recognition, Martha picked it up watching a certain Park Avenue debutante in a night club. Proving that a dash of culture often helps a working girl get along.

★ Fred MacMurray, co-starred with Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem," Paramount Picture.

★ Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. star, appearing in "San Quentin."



★ Ralph Bellamy, appearing in "Lady of New York," a Columbia Picture.



★ George Raft, currently appearing in "Yours for the Asking."

A NEW TRAVEL PICTURE

Starring

★ FRED MacMURRAY

★ PAT O'BRIEN

★ RALPH BELLAMY

★ GEORGE RAFT

with VAL-A-PAK

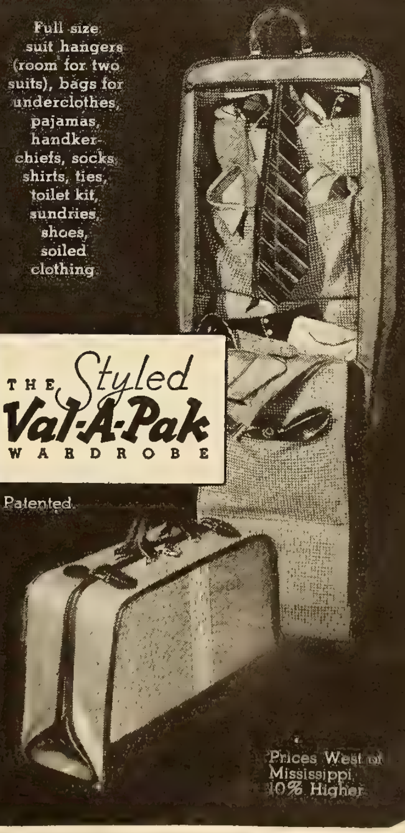
Significant, isn't it, that when these men of the films travel, whether it's for a week-end at Palm Springs or a transcontinental hop, they keep their wardrobes wrinkle-free with their personal Val-A-Paks?

Alert to everything that's new and practical, Hollywood has naturally taken to Val-A-Pak—the only piece of hand luggage that actually air-cushions clothes against wrinkling and mussing.

In the illustration of the open Val-A-Pak below, you'll get an idea of its roominess and carrying capacity. There are separate compartments for each article of apparel and regulation hangers for your suits—everything easily accessible without fumbling through the whole bag.

Val-A-Pak comes in a wide range of prices, leather and fabric models. On sale at leading department stores, luggage and men's wear shops. Atlantic Products Corporation, Trenton, New Jersey.

Full size suit hangers (room for two suits), bags for underclothes, pajamas, handkerchiefs, socks, shirts, ties, toilet kit, sundries, shoes, soiled clothing



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Prices West of Mississippi 10% Higher

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FEMININE HYGIENE

don't be-it is so easy, dainty the *modern* way

There should be no confusion about that intimate and important subject—feminine hygiene.

Yet how can women *avoid* worrying about methods they realize are old-fashioned—open to serious question? Do you ask yourself: *Must I stick to my messy and clumsy method? Is it efficient?* Do you exclaim: *My method is embarrassing, hateful! How—where—can I find the ideal method for feminine hygiene?*

Why just *hope* for the answers? Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, safe, effective, and, equally important—*dainty!*

Zonitors, one of the latest developments of modern science for feminine hygiene, offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snowy-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and *completely* removable with water, Zonitors maintain the long effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power yet freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

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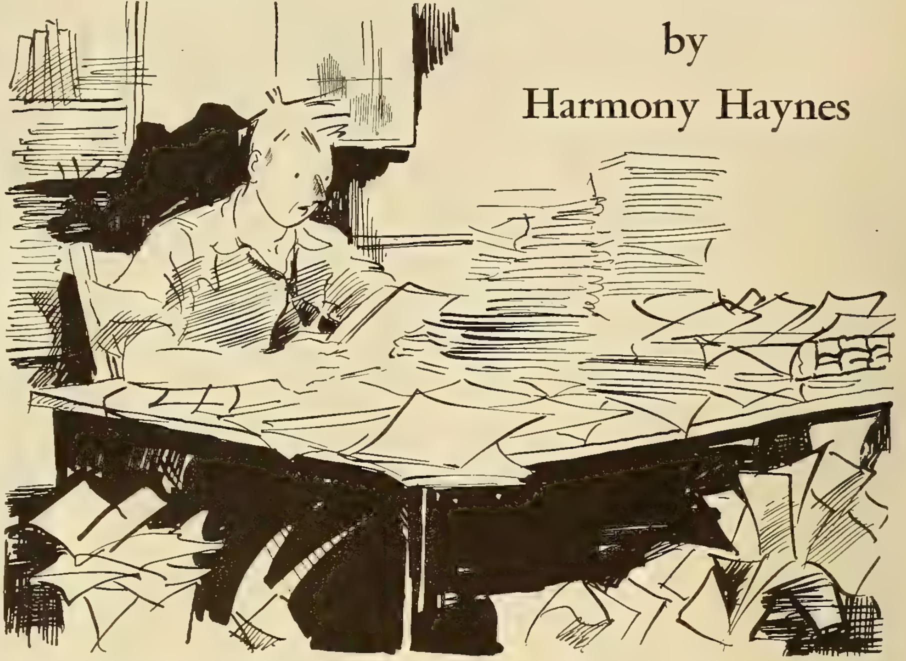
10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

Fans and Fan Clubs

by

Harmony Haynes



WE TOLD you last month that this department was created in an effort to bring the stars and the fans closer together. Distance always means hazards and some of them are not so pleasant. However, they are there right in the pathway leading to your favorite star and if you will reach that star you will have to recognize and overcome them.

I'll point them out to you and expect you to accept them for what they are worth to you. There is nothing personal intended, you must all understand that.

Naturally it has to do with your letters, your personal letters to a star. Be careful of the advice you give a star. Let your criticisms dwell on screen work, stories in magazines, publicity in general. Keep away from the personal angle as much as possible.

Would you be surprised if I told you that many stars receive letters from fans telling them NOT to write to, or see, other fans? I was surprised and so were the stars. They had hoped that if a fan were fortunate enough to reach Hollywood and visit a star, that the rest of the fans would be happy about it.

Naturally, such a letter does not stop a star from seeing her visiting fan and when she finds that fan a charming young person, she, quite naturally, has a very doubtful opinion about the writer of the warning letter. As one star said to me, "I'm afraid of such fans for if they can write such vicious letters against one of their own number, what else are they capable of doing?"

You must remember that, although you have received letters from a star, until you meet, personally, and became friends, you are, honestly speaking, a stranger to her, and she is not the least bit interested in your personal grievance against another fan, and will not be a party to that grievance.

That's the first hazard. It's a bad one but I know you can overcome it and be healthier, happier fans.

THE second has to do with "official" clubs. We find a lot of grief on that score. One fan will have a club for a certain star and in time the same star will permit another fan to also have a club. The first fan, or the second, will be hurt because he or she hasn't the "official" club, feeling that there cannot be two such clubs.

Isn't that a bit foolish and a bit selfish? One star may have several million fans. Is it possible for one club president to handle that many members? Oh, I know you work hard and you don't want someone else to have "all the credit." Don't worry, you'll have the credit due you no matter how many "official" clubs a star may have.

And you can have more fun in a small club made up of local members than you can if your members are scattered all over the world. A perfect example of such a club is the one Lucile Carlson conducts for Alice White. Lucile placed her membership at 150, mostly local. They have parties every month and make what few who do not live near enough to attend, blue with envy.

All clubs for the same star should be friendly—you are working in a common cause and your interests should be mutual. Competition and rivalry only adds a zest of flavor and should make you happier than if you had no other club to compete with.

Chaw Mank, Junior, and John Garrison both have clubs for Craig Reynolds. They are rivals and have the most fun seeing who can get the most members, who can put out the best club paper, who can get the most publicity for their star. John has the edge on Chaw a bit because John lives in Hollywood and whenever a fan comes to town, he can assure that fan of a personal meeting with Craig. In order to make up for that little edge, Craig is inviting Chaw to be his guest next summer.

Club News

Loretto Schultz, who heads all Nelson Eddy Clubs in Canada, is to be congratulated and envied. Since she took over the membership of the Eddy Club, formerly sponsored by Ruth Sperling of Brooklyn, her club now boasts of over 500 members. Not bad, Loretto!

And while we are envying Loretto, she is envying Ethel Hennig, who heads the

[*Continued on page* 76]

Going Gay with the Youngstars!

[*Continued from page* 56]

isn't as delightful as it is simple. For a dozen guests, ditch eleven spoons in various hidden spots throughout the house. The sloth who fails to grab a spoon the first round is "out." The next time one spoon is eliminated, and so on to the winner. They say it's quite a game, with the advantage of not requiring mental concentration.

KAREN MORLEY gave a bicycling party at her Palos Verdes place, and this turned out to be even more athletic than planned, for the bicycles were a bit rusty (tsk! tsk!) and several broke down completely. Whereupon these lads and lassies proceeded to use their thumbs in the "It Happened One Night" manner—nothing if not self-reliant.

Tom Brown introduced the feather game because he likes to turn in early. Each guest holds on to the edges of a sheet in the center of which is a feather. All blow and the first to be touched by the feather loses. Tom reports that fifteen minutes of this makes everyone ready for the hay.

Treasure hunts, of course, are a favorite evening's play—unless you'd call it work!—and Lilian Emerson's in honor of Earl Blackwell still holds the four-star record for originality. She turned on the radio at 8 P.M. and the first clue was announced by one of our popular stations. Half a minute later and "Maggie" Sullavan, Rosalind Russell, Eleanor Whitney, Michael Bartlett, Henry Fonda, Dick Cromwell and half a hundred others were racing all over the landscape in search of a "castle tower on a high flown ledge." Four other clews kept the searchers busy until almost midnight, ending up at the Emerson home for dancing.

Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck Jones, the western star, gave another unusual party aboard her father's 85-foot yacht. Guests were solemnly handed paint buckets and brushes—and the yacht was entered in the trans-Pacific races with every foot hand-painted by a movie star!

NICKNAMES go over big here, too. Mrs. Warren Hull is "Pretty Puss." The gang knows Pat Ellis as "Toots." In other respects this gay and limited throng of partiers is quite small-town, and they have initiated many of the silly stunts which have agogged members of the same strata through all America. For instance, Knock-Knock, Handies, Did-you-evers, and other passing gags of the fun world were adopted and discarded by them before spreading through the land.

Sometimes the boys and girls really pour it on. Simone Simon, whose build-up wowed the nation, was almost forced to move when a scavenger hunt required personal trophies from her. The door bell was buzzing half the night. But she took it with a smile.

They can do serious things, too. Now a musical comedy is in the air, with proceeds to go to their favorite charity. Organization of the little show at least affords swell excuses for their chattery get-togethers.

The kids may show powers of concentration on their careers at the studios—and that's necessary to get anywhere in film work!—but in their off-screen hours it's here today and gone tomorrow with games, party ideas, and even love.

We're Saving a Chance

JEANE MEGERLE,
Fort Thomas, Ky.,
August "Search for Talent" winner.

...FOR YOU!

There s still time to enter HOLD-BOB'S "Search for Talent" —Still a chance to win a FREE Screen test . . . $50.00 in cash and an opportunity for a motion picture contract.

THE popular "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, closes December 31, 1936. Don't overlook this chance—you may be one of the lucky girls for whom Hollywood is searching.

It's easy to enter. Just fill out the entry blank printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and mail to "Search for Talent" Headquarters. Your nearest HOLD-BOB dealer has full particulars...and HOLD-BOBS are sold *everywhere*. And remember, when you are buying your card of HOLD-BOBS you are getting the finest bob pins made—the favorites of Hollywood—with so many exclusive features such as: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match every shade of hair.

Don't delay—get a card of HOLD-BOBS today.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-17, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD-BOB
SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
Curved Shape Style

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Enter my photograph in the "Search for Talent"
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Age..............Height..............Weight..............

Clip coupon to HOLD-BOB card (or facsimile)—attach your photo and enter the "Search for Talent".

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

● When old-style laxatives fail to bring relief from the headaches constipation causes—it's time to turn to FEEN-A-MINT. Because FEEN-A-MINT is *different;* it's the delicious *chewing gum* laxative, and what a difference that *chewing* makes! FEEN-A-MINT acts gently, yet thoroughly, in the lower bowel—*not* in the stomach.

● Your life can be so different when you're free from the chains of constipation! FEEN-A-MINT, the *modern* laxative brings relief so easily and pleasantly. No griping or upset stomach. No weakening after-effects. No disturbance of sleep when taken at night. Forget old-fashioned methods and join the 16 million people who have changed to FEEN-A-MINT, the *modern* laxative. Write for a free sample to Dept. M-1, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Blondes, Browns!

Wash Sunlight Into Your Hair with New Shampoo and Rinse!

Bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair with New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex keeps hair and scalp healthy and is absolutely safe, for it contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Try it today. The new combination package—SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE—now also in 10c size at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

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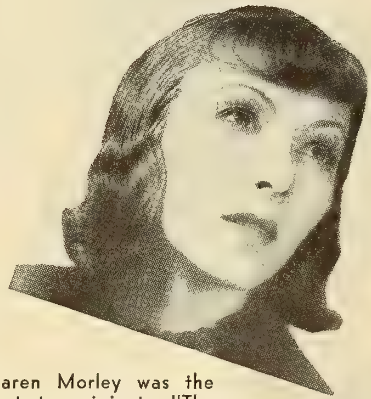
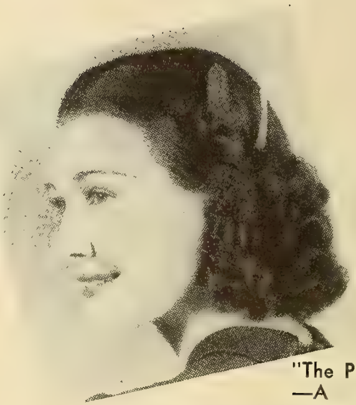
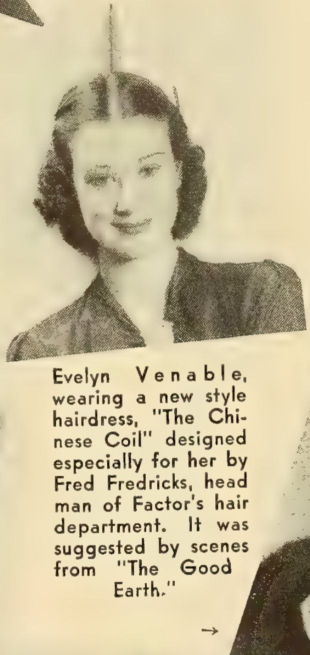
Brushing Up COIFFURE



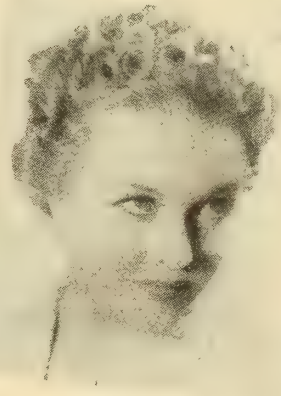
Karen Morley was the first to originate "The Juliet Bob". Taken from the page boy styles of Juliet time, this latest hair style emanating from Max Factor's famous beauty salon, is establishing popularity throughout the world.



"The Pocahontas Bob"—A charming and youthful evening coiffure, is worn by Dianne Cook. Miss Cook selected this style after viewing the Indian hairdresses displayed in "The Plainsman" and "Last of the Mohicans".

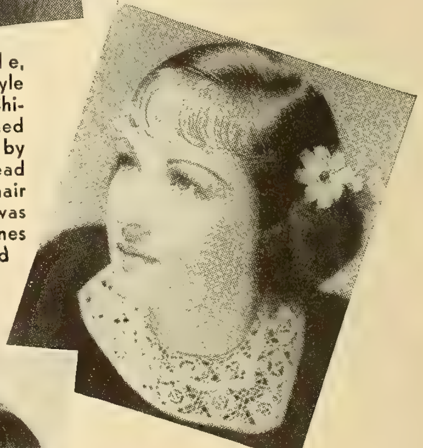


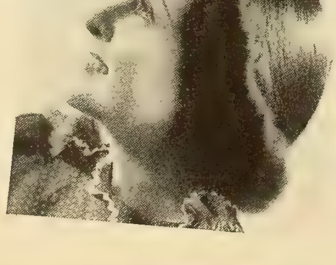
← You don't have to wear a feather in your cap these days—just weave it into your hair, as shown by Dianne Cook in the version of The "Pocahontas Bob".



Evelyn Venable, wearing a new style hairdress, "The Chinese Coil" designed especially for her by Fred Fredricks, head man of Factor's hair department. It was suggested by scenes from "The Good Earth."

→





"Queen's Coiffure" is the official title of this regal hairdress worn by Patricia Ellis. Having always adored Mary Queen of Scots, she chose this modernized version of the styles of Mary's day.

It would take more than an earthquake to disturb the well-groomed appearance of Marion Schilling while wearing this sleek hairdress inspired by the pompadour style seen in "San Francisco."

On *Your*

The above handsome young man is Fred Fredricks, the man who designs most of the wigs and hairdresses for the stars.

DO YOU wish to be up to the minute in selecting your coiffure for your next party?

Then study the hair styles worn by motion picture stars in their latest pictures—I mean *made* latest, for the real styles now popular among smartly dressed women, are suggested by the current costume films, or those depicting life long ago.

The Max Factor Studio prepares the wigs and hair pieces for most of the good motion pictures going out of Hollywood. Also, they design hairdresses for celebrities, working with the individuals to make them as attractive as possible. Where does Fred Fredricks, head of this huge hair department, get his ideas? Factor has volumes of colored prints from all ages, from which portraits of famous ladies of the past he designs wigs for such films as "Romeo and Juliet," "San Francisco," "Good Earth," and other period productions. "The day after the preview of such motion pictures, some famous star usually calls us to request a new coiffure, suggested to her by the picture seen the night before," says Fredricks.

For instance, Evelyn Venable saw some scenes from "The Good Earth." She knew that Factor's designed all the wigs and hair pieces and hairdresses for this film, so Evelyn went to Fred and asked for a Chinese type coiffure for her personal use. The result—! The "Chinese Coil," for Evelyn. Braid the hair over the ears, and twist the strands into flat coils—tuck your favorite flowers in the coils, and you will look as cute and charming as the actress does in her new style hair.

Karen Morley wears a long bob, and she became desperately tired of it—always the same, she complains. The night she saw "Romeo and Juliet" she thought, "Ah—that is the way to do my hair—I'll steal the page boy's bob. So the following day, Karen strolled in to see Fred Fredricks, and told him she had a new idea for her coiffure, taken from "Romeo and Juliet."

"But your hair is not long enough to wear it like Juliet," said Fred. And then Karen explained—she wanted to copy the bob of the little page. So together they waved her hair in loose waves, allowing the ends to touch the shoulders softly. They cut her bangs and brushed them flat, and Karen went out of the shop a changed

[*Continued on page* 81]

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"Mother always said I would be a good cook if I got a Kalamazoo. She had one for over 30 years."
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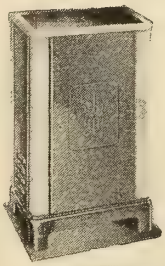

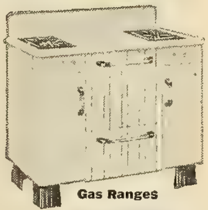

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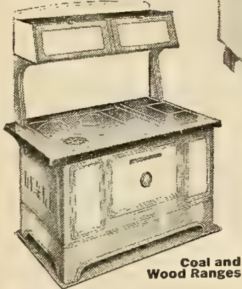
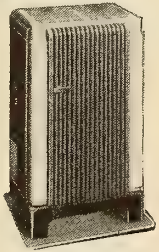


Coal and Wood Ranges



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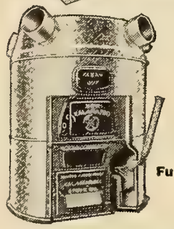

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Signing Off!

[*Continued from page* 43]

of amateur signature chasers who prowl the restaurants, night clubs, studio gates, radio stations, and other haunts of the film famous, but they are interlopers who gather a few autographs and then retire from the field to rest upon their flimsy honors. They are not versed in the niceties of approach or deftness in retort that distinguishes Viola and her clique.

Viola begins her working day at 11:30 a.m. The noon hour is usually spent patrolling the entrances to restaurants where the stars eat their noon day meal. Afternoons are devoted to picketing the studio gates. Evenings find the signature collectors clustered about theatres where stars appear to witness previews of their pictures, boxing and wrestling stadiums, night clubs, radio stations and even private homes where social functions are held. These veteran star chasers finally close their books about 2 a.m. Sure, it's a crazy occupation. But Viola claims the thrill of landing a star's signature makes it all worth while.

Viola says the three hardest autographs to capture are Greta Garbo, Charles Chaplin and Katharine Hepburn. She hasn't secured them, but she's still trying. Only six persons in Hollywood have Garbo's autograph. They are personal friends of the elusive star, and not autograph hounds.

Late one recent afternoon Viola spied Garbo alighting from a car. With pounding heart, Viola begged the celebrity to spare an autograph. For a moment la Garbo seemed about to accede. Then she pushed the book aside. "I tank I don't sign," she spoke with a coldness that froze Viola's spine.

Hepburn is temperamental and fiery in her denunciation of autograph hounds. Once she flung Viola's book into the gutter and stamped on her pencil. And it was a very nice pencil, says Viola.

Chaplin is poison to the signature snatchers. Viola once followed him for several blocks on Hollywood Boulevard using all her prize tricks to win him over, but it was a futile task. Chaplin was good natured and had to admire Viola's resourcefulness. He just wouldn't sign. An amused crowd watched the encounter.

Joe E. Brown is a cinch for the autograph mob. Viola has landed his signature six times. She says he's a dear. On the other hand, the jovial Bing Crosby is hard to get. It took Viola four months to add his handwriting to her collection. She had to cling to his overcoat and be dragged down a muddy alley to a parking lot where his car was waiting before he melted and signed the book.

Mae West was corralled by a bit of strategy. Several attempts to approach the "come-up-an'-see-me-sometime" lady at the fights and studio had failed. Then Viola learned that Mae visited a certain hair dressing establishment at a regular hour each week. She had Mae all to herself, and got the signature. Mae even complimented her on the neat arrangement of the autograph book.

TACTFULNESS often wins where audacity fails. For example, last spring Viola approached Norma Shearer entering a theatre where a Hollywood premiere was programmed.

"Please sign my autograph book, Miss Shearer."

Norma paid no attention.

"You look beautiful tonight, Miss Shearer."

"Thank you."

"Now will you sign, Miss Shearer?"

And Miss Shearer signed, graciously.

Max Baer once pulled a fast one. When Viola got his autograph the prizefighter also promised to mail her a personal photograph. A few days later she received the photograph and a razor blade. There was a note from Max reading: "Here's the photograph. Use the razor blade to cut your throat."

Viola used to hop the running boards of movie stars' cars to get signatures. She doesn't anymore. Most of the stars have their cars specially wired so that anyone hopping on while the car is in motion receives an electric shock. It is a precaution against stick-up men—and perhaps Viola.

Joan Crawford is Viola's favorite star. All of the autograph hounds adore her. Joan signs willingly at all times. Carole Lombard is just the opposite. She has no patience with them.

—*Eugene Robert Richee*

Helen Burgess, who makes her screen debut in *The Plainsman*, gets right into the Christmas spirit

Viola accosted Dolores Costello (Mrs. John Barrymore) coming out of a Hollywood restaurant late one night. She asked for an autograph. Dolores refused.

"I'm retired," she explained, softly.

Viola misunderstood. "I'm tired, too," she snapped at the ex-screen star. "I've been standing here for hours."

THE Cocoanut Grove, where the stars dine and dance, is an ideal spot to get autographs. Recently a special police officer was assigned to chase the autograph hounds from the entrance. It looked like a complete rout for the gang until Viola got the bright idea of asking the cop for his signature. He was so flattered that he let her slip inside. She got fifty signatures that night—a record coup.

Viola has Gracie Allen's autograph, but says it wasn't worth the trouble. Gracie talked so much that Viola had a time getting rid of her. As for Lupe Velez, none of the autograph hounds want her signature. She's too annoying, they claim.

Stan Laurel signed readily, but Oliver Hardy resisted the usual advances. Viola had to bear down on him to collect.

Harpo Marx is the pet hate of the autograph hounds. He trips them and plays all sorts of pranks, but will not sign. Once they cornered him in a garage and beat him with their books. Groucho will sign most anything but a dinner check.

Jean Harlow always makes excuses, but will sign if caught in the proper mood. Incidentally, most of the stars scribble their signature so that they are not quite genuine. This is to prevent forgeries in case the autograph books get into unscrupulous hands.

Viola finds new stars easy picking. They are anxious to please and consequently more approachable. Those who are established are often indifferent to their followers.

May Robson, the grand old lady of the screen, isn't so grand about giving away her signature. Viola waited outside the studio gates for her one day from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. The venerable star finally took pity upon her nemesis and signed.

Alison Skipworth signed, but told Viola that she ought to be home raising a family.

Marlene Dietrich isn't so hard to get. Viola anticipated a tough struggle, but Marlene was very sweet about it. George Raft is easy. So is Wally Beery.

Clark Gable signs but few autograph books. Viola accosted him outside the fights the first night she arrived in Hollywood. She had to tell a lie to get his signature. She told him that she was leaving for St. Louis. It's a trick Viola has employed profitably many times since. If you tell a star that you are leaving Hollywood they will frequently sign, figuring that you'll bother them no more.

HAROLD LLOYD is probably the hardest male star to capture. He doesn't frequent the usual Hollywood places. Oddly enough, jovial Al Jolson is an obstinate signature giver. Viola won him over by telling him about the time she played hookey from school in St. Louis to see one of his stage shows.

Dick Powell is very amiable. Viola has his signature six times. W. C. Fields once rescued her from the path of an auto while she was soliciting his signature. James Cagney didn't shove the autograph book in her face. He signed with a smile. Ned Sparks is grouchy about it, but will sign if properly approached.

Viola worked a smart one on Kay Francis. She accosted Kay at a premiere and told about having a wonderful dream in which the Warner's star signed her autograph book.

"Give me the book," Kay grinned, "and I'll make your dream come true."

Edna May Oliver signed, but kept her nose in the air. Charles Ruggles is suspicious. Viola says he once signed a blank check thinking it was an autograph book.

Many of those who put their signatures in Viola's books ask her what she intends to do with the collection. What's she getting for all the time and energy she is investing? Viola explains that it is purely a hobby and the thrills of meeting the stars compensates for everything.

"I wouldn't sell my collection of movie stars autographs for $1,000," says Viola. "But—oh—make me an offer."

How Henry Fonda Won His Bride!

[*Continued from page* 49]

So that's how it was done. Last September 16 at Christ Episcopalian Church in Park avenue, with the Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman pronouncing the words. Joshua Logan, a boyhood chum of Henry's from Omaha, stood up with him. The maid-of-honor was Marjorie Seymour, Frances's sister.

Only one circumstance kept the occasion from being flawlessly perfect for Henry. His mother and father both died within a few months of each other just as he stepped over the threshold of screen success.

Marriage has transformed Henry Fonda as it does few men. The change in him since he found his new love is so remarkable that you believe him when he says: "Love is a miracle—and no mistake about it." He means it.

Courtship — love — marriage — why are these three things the most interesting of life's milestones, the endless themes of novels, plays, stories, gossip? Because they represent the most important steps that human beings take in their search for happiness—and what is life itself but the search for happiness?

Henry Fonda thought, when he married Margaret Sullavan, that he had a right to hope for happiness in love. Instead he reaped a harvest of disillusionment. His sensitive nature was in danger of becoming permanently warped.

Now that danger is definitely past. No flamboyant or cyclonic personality himself, he has found his true mate in the daughter of a family whose roots are deep in the conservative soil of America. Frances Seymour's maternal ancestors, the Fords, have lived in one house for nine generations—a rambling, colonial mansion at Morristown that once served as headquarters for General George Washington. She is "early American" to the core. Her New York cousins include the Pells, the Stuyvesants, the Costers, the Stoutenburghs, the Anthons, the Howlands, the Fishers—all sturdily entrenched clans dating from Knickerbocker times.

Both Henry and Frances love children. Fathering a family is a vital part of Henry's dream of wedded bliss—and Frances's.

So—who knows? Perhaps the wise old Thames, Father of Waters to every true Briton—was an accessory-before-the-fact in spinning the web of Hollywood's Perfect Marriage!

—*Clarence Bull*

Clark Gable cleaning his rifle in the captain's cabin on Allan Jones boat, *The Alrene,* during a recent cruise

NEXT MONTH

Be Sure to Read

Mae West Gives All the Answers—

The First Story This Famous Star Has Written for Any Movie Magazine

and I thought college would be fun!
NOBODY IN THIS WHOLE COLLEGE LIKES ME... SO I'M GOING HOME!
YOU'LL HAVE TO LET THE DEAN KNOW, RUTH
RUTH, BEFORE YOU LEAVE COLLEGE, PLEASE SEE A DENTIST. I'VE NOTICED THAT OFTEN BAD BREATH...
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS!
THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
...AND TODAY JIM ASKED ME TO THE PROM!
NO WONDER YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LEAVING COLLEGE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE, MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now-NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
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As an extra precaution also rub Mentholatum vigorously on the chest and on the back between the shoulders at night to stimulate sluggish circulation, and so you can breathe its soothing vapors while you sleep. You will be delighted with the comfort that Mentholatum gives.

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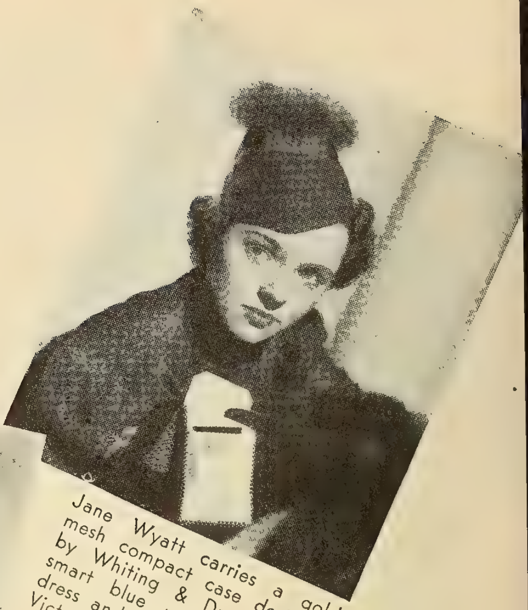
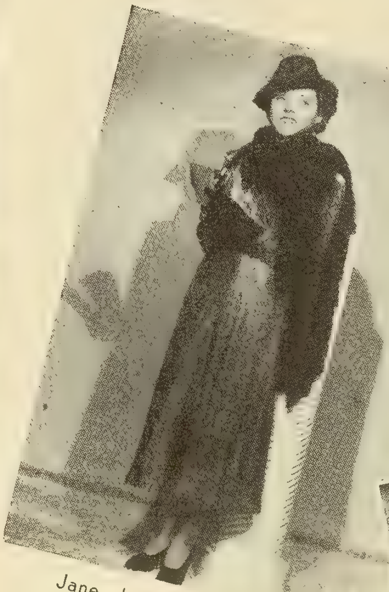
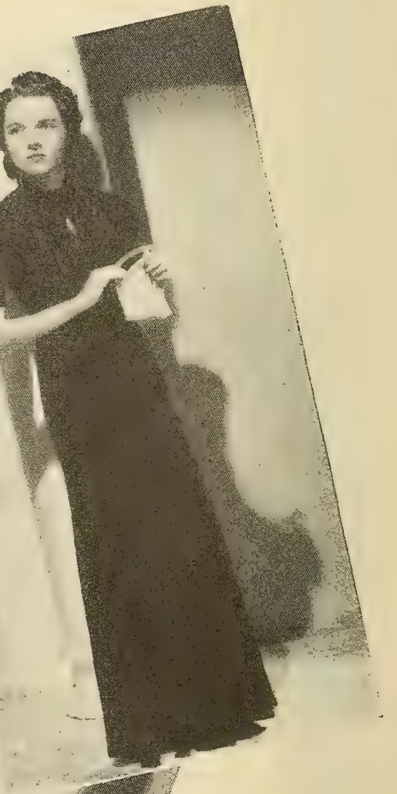
Bits of News



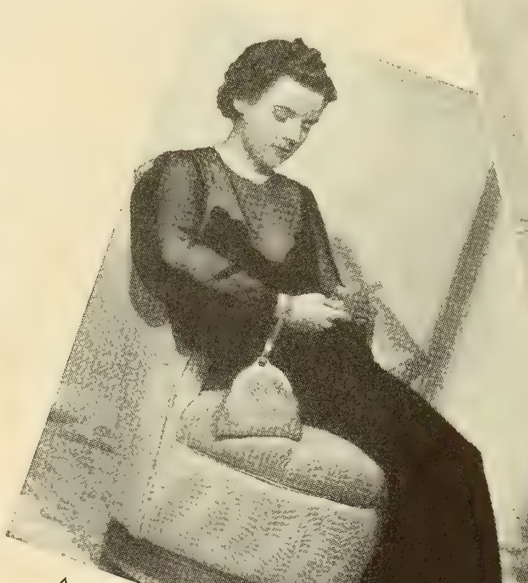
Jane Wyatt carries a gold mesh compact case designed by Whiting & Davis with a smart blue metallic cocktail dress and a high crown Sally Victor hat of the same shade trimmed in wine marabou



Jane shows the latest in cigaret cases, a gold mesh case from Whiting & Davis. Her frock of gold lame is completed by a mink tail scarf from Willard George and a Sally Victor hat trimmed in mink



To complement a black crepe dinner gown studded with gold stars, Jane Wyatt appearing in the Columbia production *Lost Horizon,* selects a lovely gold mesh evening bag from Whiting & Davis



A black chiffon dinner gown with pearl necklace is completed by Jane's Whiting & Davis evening bag and gold mesh comb case. Gowns J. W. Robinson Co.

by
sally martin

More Power to Him!

[*Continued from page* 50]

hold it upright and invariably you went flying over the side with the machine tumbling after you."

After graduation from high school, talent scouts from various universities came flocking about with various propositions for their colleges.

But for the first time young Power was deaf to the vision of a great athletic career in college. The blood of the theatre in his veins began to make its presence felt.

When Fritz Leiber proffered an opportunity to go with his company, he hesitated no longer. He appeared with that worthy gentleman for the better part of a year, during which time his father also joined the company.

His father telegraphed him one day to come to California to celebrate his birthday and the first starring rôle which the elder had received. It was the title rôle in the talking picture version of *The Miracle Man*.

When the picture was only four days in production, the senior Power died of a heart attack with Tyrone at his side. The film was made with Hobart Bosworth in the starring rôle instead.

Now in Hollywood, Tyrone cast about in a haphazard way for a part, but the minor gods who control the movie gates had no place for him.

Heading back east through Chicago, Tyrone met a stage manager he had known for three years. They were casting the play *Romance* with Eugenie Leontivich as the star, and young Power received a tidy little rôle in the production.

Thus fortified with a bit of money and a new wardrobe, he felt confident to try Broadway. But Broadway was difficult, too.

One day he entered a theatre for an interview with Guthrie McClintoc, distinguished producer and husband of Katharine Cornell, the actress.

Entering through the stage door from the bright sunshine into the darkness, Tyrone failed to notice a huge line of scenery stacked near the door. He lunged into it, stumbled into more, and in a moment, scenes, flats, backgrounds and side walls were tumbling and crashing all over the stage. McClintoc, alarmed, came hurrying up to find young Power alarmed but unwavering standing there amid the carnage like some ancient Greek hero astride the blood soaked field of Thermopylae.

For some unaccountable reason this entrance amused the great McClintoc. He called his wife, Miss Cornell, and she was taken with the young aspirant. They told Tyrone he would hear from them and he departed sadly from the theatre, kicking himself for his clumsiness.

One morning then, as he was brooding by the window, he received a telephone call from McClintoc who urged him to report immediately. Tyrone was assigned the understudy part to Burgess Meredith in *Flowers of the Forest.*

Unfortunately, Mr. Meredith, being a hale and hearty youth, appeared in every performance and Tyrone had completely nothing to do.

But Cornell and McClintoc had not forgotten him. In their fine production of *St. Joan* he received an excellent part. After trouping all through the country, *St. Joan* opened in New York and early next morning wires went flying back to Hollywood relating about a vivid young man, who appeared with Miss Cornell in the first scene of the first act.

More wires flew and a week after, Tyrone found himself under personal contract to Darryl Zanuck, dynamic production chief of Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

Mr. Zanuck placed him in *Girl's Dormitory* for a tiny bit opposite the Gallic firebrand, Simone Simon.

Welford Beaton, gruff, far visioned editor of The Spectator, conservative trade paper, vouchsafed this remark: "A young man, whom I have never seen or heard of before was on the screen for less than a minute. His name is Tyrone Power, Jr. and this time next year, he will be one of Hollywood's greatest stars."

But the studio had already anticipated Mr. Beaton's remark. Tyrone was cast for the rôle of Jonathan Blake, the acting plum of the year, in the million dollar production of *Lloyd's of London,* and he was off in a cloud of glory.

Power liked charred bacon and his eggs just so. He likes rain and arguments and lots of flowers everywhere.

Having steeled himself for a long drawn out fight to stardom, he is disconcerted by his comparatively hasty rise.

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Romance for Anne

[*Continued from page* 41]

MRS. SHIRLEY decided that if Anne was to survive those perilous years she must find her a job and put her to work. The problem was solved when a buyer for a New York department store asked Mrs. Shirley to permit Anne to work as a model!

The thought of a professional career for Anne had not occurred to Mrs. Shirley although the beauty of the baby at 14 months had lured a commercial artist to hire her to pose for him. And so Anne became a children's clothing model when she was three years old. It was this work that led to her film debut in a picture directed by the late John Francis Dillon and before long she played her first important role in the William Farnum feature, *The Miracle Child.*

Encouraged by this success, Mrs. Shirley and Anne boldly set out for Hollywood with little Anne laboring under the handicapping name of "Dawn O'Day"—a name one would assume was the creation of a writer of fiction writing with tongue-in-check about Movieland.

The move to Hollywood seemed wise for Herbert Brenon, who had directed Anne in *The Miracle Child,* was directing *The Spanish Dancer* and needed a child of Anne's talent for an important role in the picture. Anne, of course, got the role and her career seemed definitely launched but the following 12 years were anything but a rose strewn path for the Shirleys.

TO digress a moment, Anne's career as a film star might easily have ended at the age of five, following her role in *The Spanish Dancer.* Herbert Brenon and his wife fell madly in love with the beautiful child. They offered Mrs. Shirley $50,000 in hard, cold cash if she would permit them to adopt Anne.

Not in her most forlorn, panic-stricken moments did Mrs. Shirley ever consider accepting the offer. And now, to recompense her mother for the sacrifices and privations endured for her sake, Anne is buying a $50,000 annuity for her.

As Anne has said, she knew little of the heartaches and discouragements of those days of battling for screen success. At one time Mrs. Shirley had to live within a budget of $10 per week but Anne never knew what that meant. She never knew the heartbreak of futile calls at casting offices day after day, or why days, weeks and months would slip by without a call to work in a picture. Life was a glorious game to her with Mother continually devising schemes to keep the reality of their life from her.

But when Anne did work she appeared with many of the most famous stars of the period, including Adolphe Menjou, Betty Compson, Wallace Beery, Lois Wilson, Tom Mix, Edward Everett Horton, Marian Nixon, Bebe Daniels, Anita Stewart, Madge Bellamy, Myrna Loy, Barbara Stanwyck, Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor and Ann Dvorak, to mention but a few. Many of these famous stars gave her dolls to celebrate their work together and until flood waters ruined them, Anne had a collection of 85 dolls to serve as a unique record of her advancement in pictures.

During this time, Anne had to secure her education as best she could, attending classes at the studios when working and augmenting these lessons with attendance at Hollywood schools while between pictures. And during all these trying times, Mrs. Shirley's only true friend was Mrs. Lena Sage.

Few child players can survive the transition from childhood to adolescence and maturity. They flare for a brief period as a child player and then, when they reach the gangling awkward stage, their career is ended. Few ever come back to win further success after entering their teens but Anne was different. She is one of those rare, fortunate persons who never had to go through the gangling, awkward stage.

Things were pretty bad, though when her chance came. In fact, things were so desperate that Mrs. Shirley tried to get her a job as an extra in *Finishing School,* though she knew there was a role perfectly suited to Anne and had tried to get it for her. She knew, too, that according to Hollywood legend a bit player who accepts extra work is through—except as an extra. But Mrs. Shirley was desperate—so desperate that she had to tempt this relentless dictum.

But somebody else also knew the role in *Finishing School* suited Anne. That somebody else was a young screen director by the name of George Nichols, Jr., who had been a cutter, or film editor, for years and was well acquainted with Anne's talents and work. He tested her for the part, she won it and made good to the extent that she was acclaimed as an exceptionally promising ingenue. The picture, incidentally, was Nichols' first directorial assignment.

WHEN she followed this success with another hit in *Bachelor Bait,* even the skeptics were forced to admit a new star was in the process of creation. Nichols was selected to direct *Anne of Green Gables* and naturally chose Anne for a featured role. So tremendous was her success in this film that studio officials pronounced her a star—a star at the age of 16!

It was then that Dawn O'Day became Anne Shirley, with Anne personally choosing this name because of her admiration for the character she portrayed in the picture.

Since her elevation to stardom, Anne has appeared in *Chasing Yesterday, Steamboat Round the Bend, Chatterbox, M'liss,* and *Make Way for a Lady.* Her next picture will be with Ginger Rogers in *Mother Carey's Chickens.*

And what has become of the little girl who became engaged at the age of four? You would have your answer if you could sit quietly by watching while Anne Shirley lunches with other young players at the studio commissary. Fresh-faced, jolly kids—a dozen or more, perhaps, grouped around a table intended for four or six at the most.

These are the young people you know in your high school and junior college circles with but slight difference. Perhaps you would notice a poise, a straight-forward sureness of an ability to meet life on its own terms not possessed by those who have not had to battle for a career. They make no pretense at sophistication, though they know all the answers. They are unspoiled for life has not had time to baby and humor them. Quick-witted and keen, they lead a merry chase for elders who try to keep up with their quips and repartee.

Anne's social set is that merry group of youngsters that includes, among others, Phyllis Fraser, Tom Brown, Paula and Carol Stone, Alan Curtis, Anita Louise and Owen Davis, Jr., son of the famous playwright. Ah, yes, Owen Davis, Jr.

"What about Owen Davis, Jr.?" I asked

Jack Benny's daughter, Joan, is the Paramount comics' tiniest and most rabid fan

knowingly. "And what about Byron Sage?"

"Byron is just a very good friend—a big brother," Anne replied, her eyes twinkling gayly.

A typical Hollywood answer!

"Uh, huh. And Owen—"

"He's awfully nice, don't you think?" said Anne, again in the manner of all stars answering questions pertaining to romance. Anne and Owen were together constantly before he went east to appear in his father's new play. But while he was away did Anne go into seclusion pining for him? Yes, she did—like any fun-loving 18-year-old, filled with the joy of living and beseiged for dates by the nicest young fellows in Hollywood.

If you visit Hollywood and look for Anne and her "gang" out for a good time, you won't find them by visiting the popular night spots. Of course, once in a great while they like to dress and go to the Trocadero or Biltmore Bowl but those occasions are few and far between.

Their idea of a good time is a soiree to the beach, spending an evening playing all the concessions and enjoying all the amusement devices from merry-go-round and fun house to roller coaster. A round of hectic gayety to be topped off by a delectable hot dog eaten in a rumble seat on the way home.

They are too smart to spend money on swanky clothes and swanky pleasures; they know the uncertainties of the future and are content to enjoy the simple, wholesome pleasures of the present. Very often Ginger Rogers, who is practically their age, accompanies them on these fun excursions.

Anne Shirley is typical of these youngsters on whom the future of Hollywood rests. Sweet, wholesome and real, she is the sort you'd love to have as a chum or schoolday sweetheart.

When Owen Davis, Jr., Byron Sage or some other young Hollywood lad dashes up to the Shirley front door to breathlessly ask for Anne a scene typical of sweethearts and beaus the world over is being enacted.

And Anne still cherishes the tiny engagement ring as her most treasured keepsake! When, where and how it will grow up to be a big diamond is a secret only Fate knows and Fate won't talk.

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Joan Bennett's Ten Commandments

[*Continued from page 27*]

4. *Never scold your children:* "That is certainly one of my commandments—for myself. And I obey it, scrupulously. For if you scold a child you succeed in doing one thing and only one—driving the very fault you are trying to correct, like a nail, into the child's brain and heart. He will always remember the scolding, the harsh ugly words. And in connection with the scolding he will remember the fault you were trying to correct. And because you hurt him he will, being humanly obstinate, try to retaliate by hurting you. And the best way he can hurt you, he'll figure, is to keep on doing that very thing!"

5. *Give your children self-assurance:* "Perhaps I lay more stress on this than is necessary in all cases—because I suffered so badly from the lack of self-assurance, the lack of self-confidence when I was growing up. Even now I haven't any too much. I have to force myself to hold my own in an argument.

"I SUPPOSE," laughed Joan, "I suppose Constance has a great deal to do with it, she was older than I. I admired her extravagantly. I was convinced that she was beautiful and popular and glamorous and that I was—just the opposite. Being the eldest she was, of course, the one to get most of the clothes and attention. I wore whatever happened to be considered 'suitable' whether it became me or not. It usually didn't. I hated to go to parties. I didn't think I looked as nice as the other girls. I was shy in school because I suffered from the conviction that all the other girls were better dressed, prettier, smarter than I.

"I made up my mind, when Diana was born, that she would never suffer as I had suffered—I made up my mind that she would have everything. I determined that she would never step foot out of the house unless she was charmingly and attractively dressed, her hair 'fussed over.' I made up my mind that she would always be able to hold her own with other children, have as nice dresses, have as many toys.

"I don't mean by this that a child must have ridiculously expensive clothes. I don't mean that a child should be drowned in toys. But I do mean that they should have at least as much of everything as the children they play with, the children they go to school with. They should never be allowed to feel inferior to their playmates in any way whatsoever."

6. *Give your children a sense of responsibility:* "I do believe," Joan said earnestly, "in teaching children to know that they must be responsible for their own affairs, their own life. I can explain what I mean by telling you about a problem I had with Diana. For Diana was the forgettingest child! She had a habit of forgetting to tell us about the things she needed for school until the very evening before she needed them. This kept up and *kept* up. She would be told, weeks in advance, that she must have gym clothes for such and such a day, a costume on some certain date. She'd 'forget' to tell us about it. And I would work myself into a lather getting costumes and things ready for her on twelve hours notice.

"AND so, recently, she breathlessly informed me that she *had* to have a costume the very next morning for a very important school play. I phoned her teacher and found out that Diana had known about this for over two weeks. I felt that the time had come to squash the 'I forgot' habit. *I made her go to school without a costume.* She was the only child in the class who didn't have one. It was a drastic lesson, probably as painful for me as for her. I was in misery all that day! I almost felt that I should go on the set without any make-up on, too! But I went through with it and I have a very good idea that she will not 'forget' again so easily."

Bobby Breen, the little lad with the big voice, rehearsing a song number for *Rainbow on the River*, an RKO-Radio release

7. *Give your children work to do:* "This is, in a way, another form of making your children shoulder their own responsibilities. For I do believe that children, no matter what their present circumstances in life, should be taught to use their hands. It's a very uncertain world we are living in" said Joan "and we certainly *are* liable to be here today and gone tomorrow, in more ways than one.

"I see to it that Diana makes her own bed every Saturday morning. She also has to straighten up her own room, clean her desk, run the carpet sweeper over the rug. And then we have 'Doll House Inspection.' I make this inspection in person, very thoroughly. I inspect every room, every article of furniture and see to it that all is spic and span and in good order.

"Diana and little Melinda know that they must pick up and put away their toys. If either one of them leaves a toy lying about in the garden or on the floor it is picked up all right and—*taken away from them.* They either keep their toys in order or they don't have the toys, that's all."

8. *Know your children's playmates:* "I think this is very important. After all, early associations shape the child for life. You can't, of course, let your child know that you are standing about like a sentinel or a school monitor. You can't eavesdrop. You wouldn't want your child to develop craftiness. But you can manage, adroitly, to join your children and their friends at a tea party or in the garden. You can sit with them while they are playing. Children play so wholeheartedly that they will soon forget you are there and go about their business in the normal way. And you can manage to observe what kind of games they play, what they seem to talk about. You can and you should know the parents of the children your children play with."

9. *Be fair with your children:* "Children," said Joan, "have such a strong sense of fair play. Haven't you heard them, often, calling 'That isn't fair—that isn't fair!' Almost from infancy they seem to detest injustice, anything that isn't fair and square. Why should parents be the exception?

10. *Expect the decent thing of your child:* "You'll usually *get* it," smiled Joan, "for I believe that what is expected of us is what we usually give. I know that when I'm working with a director whom I know believes in me, I'm far more apt to come through than when I'm working with a director who doesn't, perhaps, have very high hopes of me! If people expect us to play cricket that's usually just the game we play. And I think that the parent who *expects* her child to be truthful, honest, fastidious, courteous will find that her child *is* truthful, honest, fastidious and courteous.

"The real truth of the matter is" laughed Joan, as we started to go in for luncheon, "that our children bring *us* up! We try so hard to measure up to what we want our children to be. Sometimes we almost succeed!"

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Hollywood's Cinderella Girl

[*Continued from page* 23]

and because this story has its ironical twists—Miss Moore's secretary wrote to Betty. She could have tossed the letter in the waste basket, without ever mentioning it to Miss Moore, but she didn't. Rena Askin is not that kind of a person.

Instead, the note was acknowledged—to the effect that at the moment Miss Moore was not contemplating any change in personnel, but the letter would be kept for reference.

But true to her promise, Betty didn't give up trying. She wrote four more letters to Grace Moore that winter, each one courteously but firmly saying some day, some way, she intended to be the diva's secretary.

THEN came the time when, *Love Me Forever* having been completed, it was announced that Grace Moore would leave Hollywood for Europe to make her debut at the great Covent Garden Opera in London. This was in the summer of 1935. Betty Gardner, far away in Winnipeg, decided it was time to do something about that. So she sent a wire. "Won't you please let me see you in New York?" she begged. Promptly came the answer. "I really shall be too busy. Sorry."

But, of course, as you are beginning to see by now, Betty Gardner is a very determined young person. So she called up Miss Moore over the long distance telephone. That is, she tried to and, although she didn't talk to Grace direct, the famous star knew this little Canadian girl had put in the call.

"It must have intrigued her," Betty said the other day, in Hollywood, when she was telling me the whole story, "because after I had sent another wire asking her to reconsider, she did, and wired me that she *would* see me in New York."

Meanwhile Betty had made plans to go to London that summer and—you've guessed it—those plans included passage on the same boat that was to take Grace overseas.

Betty arrived in New York in due time and called Miss Moore's hotel. "I'm ready to keep my appointment," she told the secretary then on the job. But there was a hitch. Despite Miss Moore's promise—and she always tries her level best to keep her promises—she simply couldn't find the time to see the young girl from Winnipeg before she sailed.

Betty promptly did the next best thing. She bought a ticket to the Academy of Arts dinner, where Grace Moore was to be given the Gold Medal Award of Merit for her contribution to the art of America. And Betty managed to be introduced to the guest of honor.

"I am that girl from Winnipeg who is going to be your next secretary," she told Grace, demurely.

"Good Heavens, you *are!*"

"Yes, and I am sailing for England on the same boat that you are," Betty hurried on. "Perhaps you'll have more time, then."

Grace smiled that famous, sparkling smile of hers, and completed the sentence—

"Perhaps I'll have time to talk with you. Yes, I shall. And this time, I shall keep my word. You'll hear from me before the voyage is over."

So they sailed for London on the *Ile de France* and once safely on the high seas, Betty Gardner did not pursue her quest. Smart girl that she is, she let Miss Moore take her own time to summon her.

"I'll admit it was difficult just to wait," she reminisced.

However, she didn't have to wait long. About the second day out there came a call. "Miss Moore will be delighted to have you to luncheon."

So Betty went to luncheon, there to find her hostess more charming than she had dreamed. They talked of many things before they got down to the business at hand, because that is the kind of a gracious hostess Grace Moore is. But finally, she said:

"So you want to be my secretary?"

"Yes, I do," Betty answered her, directly.

"Are you qualified?"

"Yes, I think I am."

THE next question was disconcerting, however. "Do you know French? My secretary must speak French fluently."

That was a cropper, but Betty answered honestly. "No," she said, "I don't know a word. But I can learn."

"When?"

"This summer. Immediately."

Miss Moore considered a moment.

"All right," she said. "You win—at least temporarily. You may work with my secretary, Rena Askin, as assistant, this summer, in London. And we'll see about a permanent position after you've learned French and know something of serious music."

So that's the way it was. And Betty's introduction to her duties as Grace Moore's secretary's assistant was far from easy, for the diva's first London appearance that season was her debut at Covent Garden.

Betty reminisced excitedly about that event. "It was the most thrilling experience of my life," she told me, her blue eyes glowing. "All day long the undercurrent of excitement, the terrific amount of work, the responsibility of protecting Miss Moore from the least disturbance. How happy I was to be only an assistant at that moment!

"The air of expectancy and breathless excitement when we arrived at the Opera, the thousands of people surrounding the doors, and the thrill of being backstage. Then out in front with a capacity audience. The tense moment, like an electric shock through the audience, when the first notes of Miss Moore's glorious voice rang out. Then the curtain at the end of the first act and the moment when the audience rose to their feet as one man and cheered! You know, there is no applause allowed at Covent Garden during the acts—only at the end. For once realization by far exceeded every anticipation!"

Betty worked for the great star all summer and at the same time studied French. How?

"I took lessons, of course," she explained, "and I lived with a French family." In six months, she learned the language. A remarkable feat? Well, Betty is quite modest about it.

"It wasn't so difficult," she told me. "I just kept at it, that's all." Just as she'd "kept at" the business of getting in contact with Grace Moore!

When that summer was over, the job was over, too, for the time being. Miss Moore went back to Hollywood to make *The King Steps Out.* But Betty remained in Paris studying. And the next summer (the summer of 1936) Miss Moore again went abroad and Betty joined her for the Albert Hall concert in London. She remained with the diva for her Holland tour and was then invited to Cannes.

And then, when Grace Moore again

Lily Pons plays a peasant girl role in RKO-Radio's musical, the tiny diva's second starring film

turned her face toward Hollywood, Betty Gardner, the ambitious Winnipeg girl who wouldn't take "no" for an answer, had reached her goal. Because her "tryout" had been fairly sound, she was to be Grace Moore's permanent secretary, assistant to Mrs. Askin, and she, too, was headed for Hollywood.

NOW she's living in that lovely big home on Palm Drive, Beverly Hills, which Miss Moore has leased for the season while she's making *Interlude* for Columbia. Betty gets up every morning (about 8:30, she says) and goes for a plunge into the big pool at the rear of the house. She breakfasts on the most delicious food imaginable. She opens mail, answers the telephone, always using her judgment as to what letters and what calls should go through to the diva herself. She sometimes goes driving with her employer, or to the studio when Grace is working. She greets guests, writes letters, performs the countless duties which any star's secretary must do before that backdrop of glamour with which Hollywood endows all of its great.

And she loves it. What girl wouldn't? Because, although the work is heavy and the situations in which she finds herself often trying, there is never an hour that isn't interesting—as you can well imagine.

Why did Betty Gardner suddenly decide to become a screen star's secretary and, specifically, Grace Moore's?

The answer is matter-of-fact. Not the raving of a too-ardent fan, but the judgment of a person given to straight thinking.

"I realized that, with her, life would be interesting, worth while, and happy," she said. "To me Grace Moore, the star, and the woman, symbolizes the best and the finest type of person talent and success can produce."

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NEXT MONTH

Be Sure To Read

Mae West Gives All the Answers

The First Story This Famous Movie Star Has Written For Any Movie Magazine

On Location with the Maid of Salem

[*Continued from page* 52]

Fred and Claudette talked to each other as they practiced. "I can't get that dip just right. Let's try it once more. I think I am hurrying too much," confessed Claudette.

They completed the dance to the expert's satisfaction. Lloyd was on his feet instantly. "Let's go," he said. "Hills or no hills, the sun's hotter than a firecracker. Fred, don't forget to reprove her when she makes a mistake. It's in the script."

Director Lloyd wastes no time, but neither does he travel 500 miles twice in a week or two to re-take a scene. So Claudette and Fred, sun or no sun, gavotted all over the place until high noon. When they were through Fred yanked off his shirt and tossed it among the bushes, sank down on the sod gratefully. He was to regret it.

Lunch took only an hour. Director Lloyd was by way of washing up the last few scenes and scooting the whole troupe of 150 back to Hollywood. Two weeks of location trip runs into big cash, big enough to make most of us sigh. So Lloyd took a tip from our comical friend, Barney Google, and lived a philosophy of "Time's awastin'. Russle yore bones outa here."

They had just started scenes after lunch when Fred began to get a worried look on his face. Presently he stopped the camera and yanked off his shirt. His left arm was covered with welts. One of the technical crew, who had found out from a personal experience a few days previously, took one look at Fred and shouted, "Poison ivy!"

LLOYD dropped his demeanor with a plunk and ran to Fred's side. With one glance he confirmed the verdict, shoved Fred into a waiting studio car, and ordered it in all haste back to Santa Cruz and the local hospital.

"We'll get the rest of Fred's scenes in the studio," he said without hesitation. "Set the cameras up on Salem Square and shoot those final scenes of Claudette. Then we'll go home."

Casting one eye at his watch and the sun now in the west, he sank down into his chair for another catnap. Presently all was ready. Lloyd took a look around with a snort.

"I give you this whole country to shoot at!" he exclaimed, waving off toward a few thousand evergreens. "And what do I get? One single, lonely fir tree! Only one! Let's improve the background."

The orders were carried out. The scene called for Claudette, on the lookout for her doctor friend (Harvey Stephens), to run down a steep hill and meet him as he returned on horseback from Boston. Running toward Harvey was all right enough, but Claudette did not show any especial enthusiasm for the uphill return after four takes by the cameraman.

"Get a car ready to haul her back up," Lloyd suggested. But Harvey had a better idea. Hoisting her into the saddle, they would ride back up the hill together. Then he would gallop on down and around the bend, presently to return so Claudette once more could run out to meet him.

By three o'clock the scenes were all completed. We walked back with Lloyd to Salem Village, a replica of the original New England town which he had built on that farm near Santa Cruz. Approaching it from the rear you could see that with the exception of the church, the thirteen or so colonial homes were just movie sets, complete across the front but only one room deep. The church itself was "practical," capable of being used for congregations a month or a year in the future.

Another valuable contribution by the studio was three miles of hard-surfaced highway, laid to state specifications. It was cheaper to build an all-weather road than to take a chance on a destructive rain storm. As I have hinted before—time comes valuable on location.

By nine o'clock that night the whole troupe was on a fast train, moving back toward Hollywood where *Maid of Salem*, had old man Fate been kind enough, would have finished up in another eleven days.

But before I tell about the next mishap, you should know something about the story itself. Back in the tail end of the 17th century, when America was not even yet a gleam in Father Washington's eye, the persecution of witches was the number one colonial pastime.

Enterprising film writers, delving back into the musty records of 1692 or thereabouts, discovered a stormy period of persecution in the old New England town of Salem. During this brief spell some nineteen alleged and asserted witches were put to death. Not by burning at the stake, as we might imagine, but by the much more kindly method of hanging.

Grasping at this, the film writers turned out *Maid of Salem*. They created a rôle especially for Claudette, who becomes the New England girl in love secretly with a Virginia cavalier (hah! of course it's Fred MacMurray!). She is having secret trysts in the forests with her lover when the witch scare really gets under way. Inevitably Claudette is accused of being a witch, and is brought to trial.

The script calls for a sensational last minute rescue of Claudette from the gallows by the gallant Fred. And that's where the rest of Director Lloyd's beef against Fate comes in. Lloyd had hired a thousand and more extras 24 hours ahead of time, and arranged for their transportation to Paramount ranch for this gallows scene. With eleven days shooting to do in ten days, he needed immediate action. He thought he could make it. And then Claudette bumped her head.

She was a passenger in the back seat of the car. Jammed up in traffic, the machine was banged sharply from behind. Claudette went home complaining of a bruised head. When she failed to show improvement the doctors diagnosed it as concussion of the brain with possibly a tiny fracture. So Claudette's husband, Dr. Pressman, rushed by airplane back to Hollywood from New York and the actress herself remained strictly a patient in bed.

Meantime Director Lloyd, casting maledictions on the course of human events, attempted to "shoot around" her while Claudette was recuperating. But he ran out of scenes to take long before the doctors would pronounce the lovely star well enough to resume safely her work again.

Keep an eye on this director-star team. *Maid of Salem* should prove to be a very unusual film. For, after all, both members of the team are Academy winners: Lloyd for his direction of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Miss Colbert for her acting in *It Happened One Night*. And they both like to work together. They liked the idea of *Maid of Salem*, and had a great time making it. In Hollywood that usually spells success for competent stars and directors—in spite of an adverse Fate!

Who Discovered Deanna Durbin?

[*Continued from page* 8]

national sensation at her first appearance on the air. A studio upset and a picture celebrity before her first sequence is entirely filmed. Slated for stardom before her first picture is released.

Already Universal is hailing Deanna Durbin as the motion picture sensation of the year—and not only because of her singing, but on account of her natural talent as an actress and her striking personality.

Given a start in a small part in *Three Smart Girls*—just to "camera break" her, so to speak, her appearance in the rushes was so amazing that production was stopped, and, with the cast on salary, the picture was held up until the story could be entirely rewritten to give this youngster the main part. Special songs were also written for her—so that the public might have a sample of her voice.

And now as to who discovered this amazing little song-bird, and where she came from and who she is.

DEANNA Durbin was born in Los Angeles, December 4, 1922, and, aside from singing in a local choir seemed to exhibit no indication of the amazing things that were to happen to her in the late summer and fall of 1936.

An older sister, who danced professionally, was the first to feel that Deanna, known then as plain Edna May Durbin, the younger daughter of a structural steel worker that the depression had hit rather hard, was possessed of any exceptional talent.

Fortunately, this sister had the courage of her conviction, and offered to furnish the financial aid necessary for Deanna, or Edna, to take lessons from a local vocal teacher.

Soon thereafter, Jack Sherrill, one of Hollywood's legion of theatrical and movie artists' agents, reached the conclusion that pictures needed a youthful singer who was as good in her line as Shirley Temple is in hers, or as Fred Astaire is in his.

A rather difficult order to fill, but Hollywood agents are prospectors at heart, and natural gamblers by instinct. A hundred to one shot is a certainty in the eyes of their enthusiasm.

"With Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Jeannette MacDonald, and the others making great hits in pictures," explained this agent, "and with youngsters a natural attraction to the movie going public, I figured a child with exceptional voice talent would be a natural. So I started out to find one."

And now comes one of those peculiar quirks of fate that make life worth living through to the last drop—just to find out what might happen.

Jack Sherrill asked a friend if he knew where he could find a girl with a wonderful voice—a young girl. The friend said no, but why not put the names of a lot of voice teachers in a hat, shake 'em up and draw one. Maybe he would have just what the doctor ordered.

So, picking out a teacher, Sherrill visited him that very afternoon. It happened to be Ralph Thomas, the teacher the Durbin family had decided on for Edna.

"I'm looking for a young girl with a world-beating voice," confided Sherrill. "Have you anything here like that?"

"Well; it's pretty late in the day," explained the teacher, "and there is only one girl left. But she has an amazing voice. Would you like to hear her?"

Jack would—and twenty minutes later the Durbin family was on its way to fame and fortune, though the startled, and somewhat frightened girl couldn't quite follow the campaign he outlined for the conquest of pictures, radio, theatre and the opera.

But a few days later, when her newly acquired agent called to take her and her mother out to the studio for her first picture and voice test, she was ready and waiting.

THOUGH future writers may describe the turmoil and trials this girl went through to crash the movies, the truth is that, after an hour wait in the car with her mother, following this test, she was presented with a studio contract.

Nothing more happened to indicate that Fate had written this youngster's name in her book of surprises, to be pulled out of her bag of tricks to confuse music critics and cause movie moguls to sit up nights coining adjectives to describe her.

That is, not until the New Universal gave its Talent Parade Party. Then Deanna (for Edna was much too simple a name for the movies) sang, and some ten thousand movie folk and boulevard scouts hailed her as their individual discovery.

Eddie Cantor signed her to go on the air with him, and her name echoed in studio reception rooms, trade paper offices and wherever film or opera aspirants gathered.

Newspaper articles on her made their appearance—and writers began to haunt sound stages in search of her. Hollywood was getting ready to crown a new queen.

Deanna sang at important banquets of moviedom—and Hollywood's hardboiled reporters forgot their "Oh Yeahs" and "knock-knocks" and sharpened their pencils.

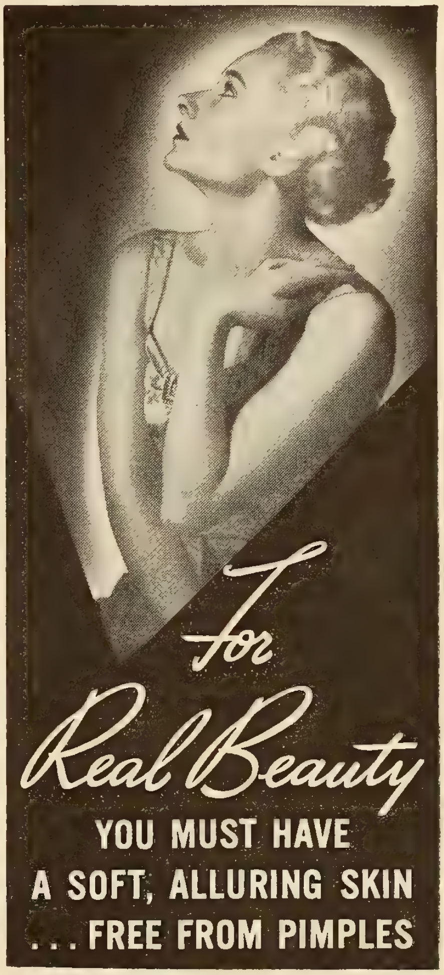
And what has happened to Deanna Durbin these past two months since she has soared from obscurity to Hollywood limelight, and to national popularity on the air?

Just this: a little more thoughtfulness and a little weariness have taken some of the dancing light from her eyes. Otherwise she is still Edna May Durbin, plain American kid.

School as required by the state, movie rehearsals, the study of lines, hours with make-up artists, hairdressers, and photographers, singing lessons, radio rehearsals, and broadcasts and the daily shooting of picture scenes.

A strenuous program for child or adult—but one which has not changed Deanna an iota. She is the same friendly, quiet, understanding and perfectly natural girl—the kind of a lass you'd unhesitatingly ask to do an errand or tend the baby.

Hollywood ballyhoo and praise have left her untouched—unspoiled. We can only hold our thumbs and hope she will be as impervious to national adulation and commercial exploitation. Fortunately, as a glance at her picture will prove, hers is an equilibrium that is not easily toppled, and her surprisingly mature judgement and keen sense of humor are ballast many a so-called sound business man would be glad to possess.



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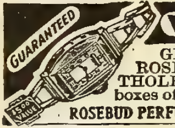

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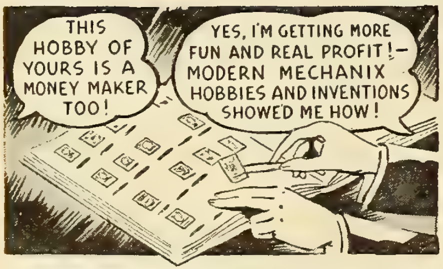
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Fans and Fan Clubs

[*Continued from page* 60]

San Francisco group of Eddy-minded boys and girls. That group is going in for social activities in a big way—they have teas, luncheons, card parties, movie dates. Ethel's address is P. O. Box 1681.

Louise A. Baldwin, president of one of the Brian Donlevy clubs, is an interesting young lady. She writes "Star Gazing" for the *Mount Vernon (Indiana) Democrat* under the by-line of "L. A. B." (Never mind how we found out—we're telling you and we pride ourselves on being right most of the time.)

Do you know Sid Vousden? Well, you should become acquainted because he's the world's most ambitious lad. Besides conducting a very successful Joe Penner Club, he ushers in a theatre up until midnight, then he has what he calls "a little job" from 6 to 8:30 A. M., then goes to school for the rest of the day. And what does he do with his "spare" time? He didn't say, but I'll bet he just frits it away.

Elaine Poliment has an interesting and unusual club for Preston Foster. She writes: "When I first started this club, I intended making it an athletic club because all of my 13 Brooklyn members were athletes. Therefore, for about five months, my club went on outings, competed with other teams in punchball, baseball, volleyball, and many other games. The games we played turned out to be all successful, winning money to supply ourselves with the necessary equipment for all these outdoor sports.

"This went on until one day I began speaking about my club to some of my teachers, mainly my journalist instructor, and he asked me why I didn't make it universally known. I told him my reasons and he thought them very silly and explained to me that if I made it international I would have to put out a club paper and that would help me in my journalism.

"Then I asked a journalist and cartoonist about it, and they assured me it was the thing to do. So how about it, Harmony?"

Well, Elaine, I agree with your friends—such a wonderful club should be international. Good luck to you!

Bunnie Hill, a club girl living in North Charlestown, New Hampshire, has always been a sincere admirer of Clara Bow. Last summer, Bunnie wrote Clara a letter. Time went on and Bunnie was pretty disappointed because Clara did not reply. I asked her to be reasonable because Clara was at the time a patient in a Santa Monica hospital. Then one day an airmail special came for Bunnie—Clara had written her a nice long letter and now Bunnie will start a war with anyone who hints that Clara doesn't love and appreciate her fans.

Glenna Riley's club was organized in the first place for both Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier, and although the latter has not been making pictures in the United States for some time, the club is still anxious to hear from those who admire him.

A word about the clubs listed for Francis Lederer. Although they are listed as separate clubs, they are really all one big organization with branches in London, Chicago and San Francisco. These clubs work to promote Mr. Lederer's World Peace program rather than his motion picture career, and their members number more than *half a million!*

Their club paper "Czechago" is something of which to be proud. It is a slick paper magazine, filled with news and pictures.

Elsie Moser tells me that for the time being, her Madge Evans Club is "inactive." This due to the fact, that after three years of activity, Elsie needs a rest. The club will be continued some time later, because "Madge Evans is such a wonderful girl to have a club for." We'll let you know when Elsie is ready to go!

Arthur J. Brodbeck, who has Movie Stars Fan Club, tells us that his club is not for any one star in particular, that it is for all stars and their clubs. They issue two papers, "Starlight" and "Star-Gazer," both are given over to news and contests.

Will Virginia Gilliland and Adelle Yanow, both of Chicago, get in touch with us? Mail sent to their present address is always returned.

Lorraine Mason, former editor of the Irene Dunne club paper, enters the hospital soon for a very serious, series of operations. Letters will be appreciated and the address is: 112 N. 6th St., Vineland, N. J. A rapid recovery, Lorraine!

Fan Clubs Roster

(Continued from last month)

FRANCES LEDERER—Joan Drummond, 67 Hodford Road, N. W. 11, London, England.

NICK LUCAS—Charles Afflitto, 76 4th Ave., Newark, N. J.

BELA LUGOSI—Julia Jozefa Skrupska, 318 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

MYRNA LOY—Arlette Johnson, 549 East 5th St., Galesburg, Ill.

ELISSA LANDI—William Eves, 1649 St. Nicholas Ave., New York, N. Y.

ERIC LINDEN—Dorothy Gleason, 41 Matthews Ct., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BEN LYON—Violet Platzer, 523 Schiller Ave., Trenton, N. J.

JEAN MUIR—Anita Weber, 9025 Keith Ave., West Hollywood, Calif.

JOAN MARSH—Irving Gross, 189 East 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

UNA MERKEL—Dorothy Barkdall, 350½ West Stocker St., Glendale, Calif.

MOVIE FAN FRIENDSHIP CLUB—Chaw Mank, Jr., 226 East Mill Road, Staunton, Ill.

GRACE MOORE—Josephine W. Lowery, 2200 Harrison St., Wilmington, Del.

MODERN MOVIE CLUB—Margaret Carpenter, 1012 West 5th Ave., Lancaster, Ohio.

DOUGLAS MONTGOMERY—Molly Lewis, 53 Ash Street, Floral Park, Long Island, N. Y.

JEANETTE MacDONALD—Glenna Riley, 149 S. 7th St., New Castle, Ind.

JOEL McCREA—Helen Moltz, Route 3, Sheboygan, Wis.

GERTRUDE NIESEN—Mildred Krueger, 566 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RAMON NOVARRO 1—Evelyn Cronie, 701 Gorsuch Ave., Baltimore, Md.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN—Alice M. Kelly, 813 Greenwood Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

VICTOR ORSINI—Marian Rose Thompson, 77 Charlotte St., Fitzroy SQ., London, W. I., England.

MERLE OBERON—Muriel Aldcraft, 8 Downes Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.

GALE PAGE—Vivian Bretz, 417 N. 3rd St., Lehighton, Pa.

DICK POWELL 1—Chaw Mank, Jr., 226 East Mill Road, Staunton, Ill.

JOE PENNER—Sid Vousden, 34 Strathmore Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

GENE RAYMOND—Eva Highsmith, 213 S. Everett St., Glendale, Calif.

RUTH ROLAND—Lillian Conrad, 4822 N. Meade Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BUDDY ROGERS—Marilyn Bonnell, 3410 West Lisbon Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

GINGER ROGERS—Marion Hesse, 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J.

BODIL ROSING—Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus St., Los Angeles, Cal.

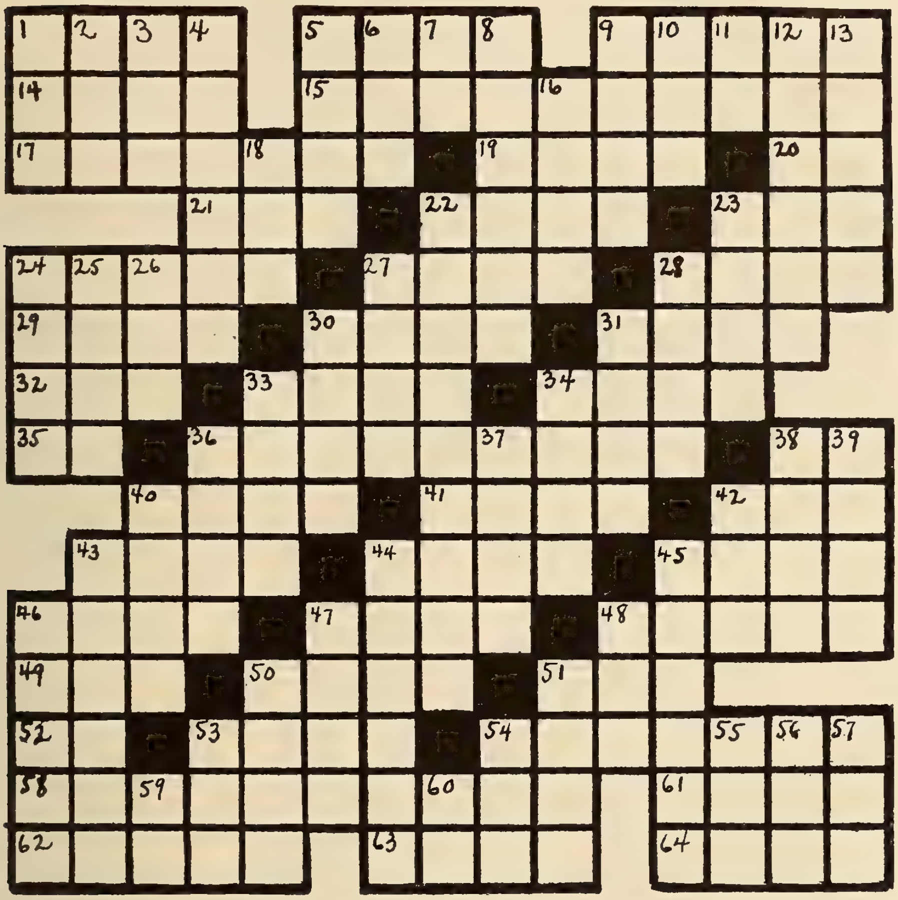
LANNY ROSS 1 LEAGUE—Dorothy White, North Bennington, Vt.

LANNY ROSS 2 LEGION—Mildred Buck, 400 East 57th St., New York, N. Y.

LANNY ROSS 3 MELODY—Marjorie Brettman, 25 Home Place, Greenwich, Conn.

LANNY ROSS 4—Mary Munger, 23 Harvard St., Pittsfield, Mass.

Movie Crossword Puzzle



VERTICAL

1. Edward Arnold played the title role in *Diamond ———*
2. Comedienne in *We Went To College*
3. He often plays reporter roles
4. Her first name is Raquel
5. The ex-Mrs. Bruce Cabot
6. Man of 1000 faces
7. *Murder By ——— Aristocrat*
8. *——— Me Pink*
9. Actor's part
10. Joan Bennett's role in *Little Women*
11. Mervyn ———Roy directed *Anthony Adverse*
12. Father in *Every Saturday Night*
13. Feminine lead in *Yellow Dust*
16. Fiance of Jeannette MacDonald
18. An age
22. The old maid on *Timothy's Quest*
23. *First A ———* starred Jessie Matthews
24. Chinese war-lord in *The General Died At Dawn*
25. ——— Basquette, widow of Sam Warner
26. A grassy plain
27. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*
28. *Flirtation ———*
30. Young man in *Klondike Annie*
31. *Three Blind ———*
33. Mack, the Killer, George Raft's bodyguard
34. *Three ——— Guys*
36. Gangster boy in *Absolute Quiet*
37. *No Place Like ———* M.G.M. comedy
38. Bubble dancer
39. Russian actress to appear in *The Witch*
40. Spoil
42. Dull brown color
43. Comedienne who sings *My Man*
44. Star of *Enter Madame*
45. Dudley ——— had a role in *Mutiny On the Bounty*
46. Sends by post
47. *——— and Dance Man*
48. Mary ——— Dix
50. *——— With the Wind,* best seller to be made into a movie
51. *——— Turn Em Loose*
53. *The ——— of Madeleine Claudet*
54. Allesandro in *Ramona*
55. Strong alkali
56. Given name of Mr. Acord, hero of Westerns
57. *The Captain Hates the ———*
59. Pet name of Miss Kemble-Cooper
60. French personal pronoun

HORIZONTAL

1. *——— My Luck* stars Charles Ray
5. Exclamation of sorrow
9. Christian name of Heather Angel's husband
14. *Go ——— Your Dance*
15. *Piccadilly Jim*
17. Bride of John Farrow
19. Depend
20. Initials of the Countess Albani
21. Nickname of the actress who has the title role in *Craig's Wife*
22. *Trail of the Lonesome ———*
23. Fleshy part of the jaws
24. Wife of George Burns
27. This was Ann Sothern's name
28. *The Nit ———*
29. Real name of Margaret Lindsay
30. Repetition of words
31. America's sweetheart
32. Given name of the former Mrs. Jack Gilbert
33. Ida Lupino's name in *Yours For the Asking*
34. Lovable star of *Judge Priest* now deceased
35. Lucille Gleason is this to Russell
36. Surname of Senora Moreno in *Ramona*
38. Sun god
40. *——— To Glory* with Warner Baxter and June Lang
41. *So Red the ———*
42. *The Calling of ——— Matthews*
43. Movie based on the novel *Mob Rule*
44. ——— Percy plays a bit in *The Amateur Gentleman*
45. Leading man in *Don't Get Personal*
46. *——— of Salem* stars Claudette Colbert
47. Fruit of the blackthorn bush
48. ——— Perry, new player in *Two Against the World*
49. First name of the beautiful blonde star of *The Witness Chair*
50. *——— To Town* with Mae West
51. Rin-Tin-Tin
52. *Two ——— A Crowd*
53. *——— O'Guns,* laugh sensation with Joe E. Brown
54. Male lead in *And So They Were Married*
58. Mrs. Paul Whiteman
61. Virginia Bruce plays the title role in *Jane*
62. River in Lili Damita's country
63. *Charlie's ———* featured Syd Chaplin
64. A coarse rigid hair

(turn to page 81 for solution)

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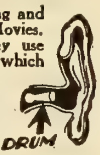

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Food for Holiday Festivities

[*Continued from page* 58]

1 pint Jamaica rum
1 tsp. fresh grated nutmeg

Beat egg whites and yolks separately. To the yolks add sugar and beat until light and creamy, then add brandy, rum and nutmeg. Blend well and add milk and cream. Cover punch bowl with stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Serve cold if preferred, but in cold weather it is delicious if warm.

Madeleine Carroll is another film star who believes in "specializing." True, we all can't have a charming playroom with a huge fireplace at one end, balancing an attractive bar at the other, at which sparkling glasses beckon to those who wish to imbibe of liquors gathered from all over the world by the British actress.

However Madeleine Carroll's recipes for which her friends clamor are quite simple and just the type food to make your abode crowded every holiday season, be it a shack or an estate.

Hors D'oeuvre

Stuffed olives
Spiced anchovies
Chopped parsley
Grated lemon rind
Toothpicks

Wrap one anchovy around each olive and secure with toothpick. Roll in lemon rind, then in finely chopped parsley. (Be sure the anchovies are spiced and not those packed in oil.)

Whipped Cream Cake

½ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
4 egg yolks
3 cups flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
¾ cup strained orange juice
¼ cup water
1 tbls. grated orange rind
1 tsp. orange extract
4 egg whites

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly, adding a little of the water. When beaten light and fluffy, add the beaten egg yolks and as quickly as possible, add the flour, baking powder, and salt, (which have been sifted together several times) with the liquid. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in carefully but thoroughly with the rind and extract. Bake in oiled floured pans at 350 degrees, increasing to 400 degrees by time cake has risen. This will make two very deep layers, or three medium ones. Set together with the following filling.

1½ cups stiffly beaten whipping cream
3 tbls. sugar
½ tsp. vanilla
½ tsp. grated orange rind
½ tsp. orange extract
½ cup chopped nut meats

Whip cream, add sugar, extracts and rind. Spread generously between layers and on top of cake after it is thoroughly cooled. Sprinkle generously with chopped nuts.

Vivacious Beverly Roberts, whose work in *God's Country and The Woman* has placed her far up the ladder of film fame, can look back on her Paris days where she became known for her individual type of singing and thank the French nation for her ingenuity at Christmas time.

Her Yuletide Scrape Tree is brimming over with the spirit that comes with Christmas. Folks drope in for a minute and stay for "Just one more scrape." You have heard of the fabulous moon made of green cheese, but Beverly produces a Christmas tree made of just that!

1 large grapefruit
1 orange
1 lemon
5 pkgs. Philadelphia Cream Cheese
½ lb. Roquefort cheese
Cream
Green vegetable coloring

Wash and dry fruit well. Cut tiny slice from each piece of fruit so there will be a flat surface and build one on top of the other, pinning into place with toothpicks. Grapefruit makes foundation of tree, orange is placed next, and then, the lemon. Mix cheese, cream, and coloring together well, beating until light and fluffy. Separate into two bowls and add a little more coloring to one bowl in order to have two shades of green in the tree. Spread cheese mixture on fruit, building in here and there to form the shape of a tree. Place on doily, and decorate top of tree with sprig of mistletoe, holly, or lighted candle. Surround base of tree with squares of various cheeses. Everyone helps themselves, scraping the tree with small knives to spread the mixture on crackers.

Good News! A New Set of Film Stars' Recipes!

DUE to the fact that our former leaflets had such nationwide appeal, we have collected another set of delectable recipes—autographed by the stars—which you may have for only fifteen cents! If you have our former recipes—by all means augment your Stars' Cookbook by ordering these listed below. However, the present offer alone will prove invaluable to you in planning tasty menus.

Printed on heavy stock, size 8½ x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf notebook cover, every recipe, of which there are many, has been kitchen tested and found worthy of your approval.

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Dick Powell's Favorite Pies
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Address your letters to Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COINS!

RUBBISH—that's what Olsen thinks of Johnson, evidently while clowning between scenes of Republic's "Country Gentlemen"

She Battled Her Way to Stardom

[*Continued from page 6*]

that isn't all. For three days before the finish I couldn't eat a thing. Once in a while a swallow of water would stay down —but nothing else. That was carrying Carrie a little too far, if you ask me. So from now on, it's going to be comedy rôles, I hope."

And that was precisely what we hoped, too, we told her, having in mind her sensational success in the stage play *Personal Appearance* which ran for 698 performances during 85 weeks, 62 of which were on Broadway.

In her own words Gladys is a "Duke's mixture," being a combination of Irish, French and English.

Her parents were appearing on the road in stock when she was born and three years later she was hoisted on the stage to take the part of "Little Tommy" in *Back Among the Old Folks.* She kept on playing "Little This" and "Little That" until she was ten. At fourteen she was the doll in *The Dream Doll;* at fifteen a part in *The Betrothal;* and then a jump to the coast for silent films that included starring parts in *Homespun Folks,* with Lloyd Hughes, *Red Hot Dollars* with Charles Ray, *The Easy Road* with Thomas Meighan—just to mention a few.

It was at this time, 1920, that a gas stove exploded in her home and she was hospitalized for more than a year. Recuperating, Gladys started a round of stock engagements that took her into about all of the theatres in the country.

Then, in 1934, the girl got a break! In fact two breaks. The first came when, hurrying to catch a taxi in New York, she slipped and fell heavily on the pavement—result one broken nose. Like the good trouper she was she kept on with her work in stock. Then came the second break—her meeting with Hal Skelly who immediately placed her in *Queer People* then casting for a Broadway opening. Sensational in this play she was even more so in *The Milky Way.*

Gladys was traveling fast now. Her name was one to reckon with along Broadway and points North and South, not to overlook points East and West. A motion picture, *Straight Is the Way,* followed and then back to Broadway for her greatest success in *Personal Appearance* which later won her the big rôle in Paramount's *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.*

Frank, honest and thoroughly human, Gladys George has been married three times. Her first marriage, to Ben Erway, then her leading man in stock, endured eight years; from 1922 to 1930. Temperament tipped over their marital cart.

Her present husband, Leonard Penn, whom she married in 1935, is, she is sure, to be her last. She claims to be ethereally happy. Penn, wealthy heir to a beauty aid manufacturing fortune, is a graduate of Columbia University where he later taught French. He is a concert pianist and amateur actor. His accomplishments as a student and musician are bringing to her much of the beauty her busy life had denied her, she asserts.

Chock-full of humor, the impressive Miss George recounts with chuckles those many days when 25c a day had to feed her parents and herself; of those weeks and months when she would crouch down in day coaches to beat full-fares and, the very same nights, portray ladies of 20 and older, although at the time she was in her early teens.

She'll tell you further of kid days when, before the curtain time in tank towns, she paraded the main streets with sandwich signs reading: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight in such and such a play at such and such a theater?" Yes, and ring up the curtain, take several parts in the play, count the cash and pack up for the next stop.

Even later, when things were apparently on the up, there were times when she would nonchalantly offer cigarettes to her producer and actor guests, only to gather up what remained of the unsmoked portions for morning use when the guests had departed. She early learned the show-world "must" of keeping up a front.

She has no such worry today, however.

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Los Angeles, Cal.

She Tried to Dodge Stardom

[*Continued from page* 35]

actors, were not tremendous box office magnets, and so Sid and I had to find an angle. We found the angle in Harlow's curves, and the billing we gave her made Sheba's Queen comparable to Edna May Oliver, and the Venus de Milo just a prototype of Polly Moran.

I don't believe Jean was any too pleased when we came out with her photo in the rather low cut gown she wore in the picture in a daring newspaper ad with the letters SEX at its top and gave the impression that here was the girl to whom Havelock Ellis should dedicate his life and literature, and that should Freud ever write a novel, here was the ideal heroine.

Whether Jean liked it or not she was the same good sport then that she is now, and figured that probably the main object of the game was to start immediately to help recoup some of Mr. Hughes' bankroll for him.

At any rate these ads brought to the engagement a record breaking run at top prices, and into every hamlet and crossroads of the nation spread rumors of this brand new screen sensation, Jean Harlow, platinum blonde.

The Movie Classic office in Hollywood, where this is being written, is in the same structure, the Hollywood Professional Building a block west of the far-famed Roosevelt hotel on Hollywood Boulevard, where Sid Grauman had his executive, advertising and publicity offices.

Never having been featured before, Jean used to get a real kick visiting the Grauman-*Hell's Angels* offices, particularly the art department, where she was thrilled by watching "grandpa" George Holl, the Teutonic art director, weave her photos into ad layouts or marvel at the dear old soul paint torrid love scenes of the production in oil for the famous Grauman forecourt. That same forecourt that boasts of footprints of every notable Hollywood star.

Because Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall had spied Jean by chance one day at the old Christie studio on Sunset boulevard, and taken her to Howard Hughes suggesting she play the feminine lead that Greta Nissen essayed in the silent unreleased version, Jean in gratitude was always battling for these two lads to be given top billing.

"Listen! Ben and Jimmy have been in pictures for years. They've got a big following. Play up their names in your advertising, use their pictures oftener in the papers. I'm nobody much, forget about me."

That's what Jean would say, and *mean* it.

But where editors would give Ben or Jimmy (who is leading an orchestra now, I believe) a half column cut, they'd play Jean's photo for four.

Her popularity overnight caused Hughes to send Noah Dietrich, his general manager, and Jack Marshall, his business manager, to Jean's door with a long term contract.

Loaning Jean to other companies helped pay some of the production costs on *Hell's Angels*, but it was rather tough for her. She was always "sold down the river" for siren rôles, more hardboiled than the depot lunch counter egg.

Outwardly she took it like a major. Inwardly she sighed for a chance to show what she could really do playing either a bad little girl with a few redeeming traits, or a good little miss with a few minor vices. But there was no light and shadow for her. It had to be all shadows until Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw the light and hired her.

Signed for *The Secret Six* with Wallace Beery and that rising young actor of the day, Clark Gable, she clicked.

Came *The Red-Headed Woman*, in which her platinum locks took on the titian hue.

Then *Hold Your Man* and *Dinner At Eight*.

Once again she packed her bags for a transcontinental personal appearance tour, and found even a greater welcome than on that journey when she lent her flesh and blood personality to key city showings of *Hell's Angels*.

Jean for many recent months has been seen about a lot in the night spots with Bill Powell, and she admits they are marvelous friends. Of late visiting firemen and mid-western tourists making the rounds in Hollywood haven't had a chance to be thrilled by hearing the waiter in anticipation of an extra big tip, say:

"Don't look now, but there's Jean Harlow and Bill Powell over there in the corner."

It may be that both Miss Harlow and Mr. Powell, like scores of other cinema celebrities, are fed up on the night clubs and cafes and prefer their fun "far from the maddening crowd." To check up on this theory, I visited the Trocadero one Sunday night not long ago, and found the scattering of stars and near-stars outnumbered by actors' agents, song writers, scenario writers, assistant directors, insurance solicitors, and others who had something to sell to the stars.

And if they are dodging the "Troc", long the ace playground of the elite of the silver sheet, there can't be such a lot of stepping out going on.

But to return to our heroine. Jean's latest released picture at this writing, *Libeled Lady*, a four-star constellation in which she shares honors with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Spencer Tracy, is a laugh hit guaranteed to transform any "sour-puss" into a grinning Cheshire cat. It abounds in abdominal risibilities, if you know what I mean, and bonny Jean is at her very best as a comedienne.

Let the dialogue writers put satirical, ironical, caustic, and semi-caustic wisecracks in the Harlow larynx, and she'll have any audience in more stitches than can be turned out in 24 hours by a battery of sewing machines in an east side garment shop.

Best of all, Jean's millinery bill may have increased as each salary raise in each new contract took effect, but whether it's turbans or toques; berets or bonnets; tams or Tyroleans, the crown has the same old diameter as that night seven years ago when Jean wanted to run out on that memorable premiere of *Hell's Angels* in Grauman's Chinese theatre.

Chic Sale literally "goes to town" with Doris Nolan in the comedy scenes of the New Universal picture, *The Man I Marry*

Brushing Up On Your Coiffure

[*Continued from page* 63]

personality, for nothing gives a woman a new outlook on life like a freshly designed coiffure. Hence "The Page Boy Bob," is sweeping the country.

Patricia Ellis devours history books, particularly those dealing with the lives of fascinating women like Mary, Queen of Scots, so when Pat saw her favorite character on the screen, she decided she could copy the hair styles of that time with her own medium length bob. Again Fredricks, who did the hair styles for the film, was called into conference and they designed "The Queen's Coiffure"—worn by Pat Ellis. It is simple—just cover your head with tight curls, such as the actress wears in this picture.

Marion Schilling thought the pompadours of mother's day much more intriguing than the less exotic coiffures of today, and after "San Francisco" opened, Marion asked Fredericks to do her hair in pompadour style. It is modified of course for today. Just part it on one side, and roll your hair softly all around the head, brushing it well off the forehead, and you will have Marion's "San Francisco Pompadour," as she calls it.

Nydia Westman decided she wished to appear taller in her latest Paramount film, "Rose Bowl," so she divided her hair as tho' a saucer were laid flat on top of her head. She did the curls on her neck just as of yore—such as you probably wear every day if you have a medium length bob. The center top part, Nydia brushed forward, and then from the forehead back again. Then she rolled the ends in curls and let them fall toward the face, softening the effect by dividing the curls a bit.

Indian pictures a plenty we have now, such as "Last of the Mohicans," "Daniel Boone," "Plainsmen" and others. Pretty Dianne Cook, of MGM studio, sat through these films and decided her own dark hair would be pretty dressed to suggest the Indian. She went in to see Fredricks and told him her idea. He divided the hair in two pieces off her forhead, and braided these sections, blending them into the curls on her neck. Then he struck bright colored feathers in Dianne's dark hair for evening wear, and she was the belle of the ball.

Crossword Solution

J	U	S	T		A	L	A	S		R	A	L	P	H
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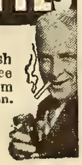

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Simone Simon Explains Herself

[*Continued from page* 36]

table and say, 'Mademoiselle, you are beautiful.' 'Thank you,' I say, 'goo'bye.' But he say he is a film director and that I look like the girl she should look in his next picture. *Voila!* I am a film actress. But I am not beautiful."

You protest like a gentleman who has truth on his side, but:

"N-no, n-no!" As she again flings herself on her back, her small feet shoot out and inadvertently kick you in the stomach. "When first I go on the stage they laugh and say, 'You are a comic little girl with a turned-up nose,' and they put me in comic parts. But pretty soon they don't laugh so much. I like to play str-range parts, and sometimes I do. Also in pictures when I go to Berlin and Budapest, but always I play in French. It is here for the first time I speak English. Never have I studied it. I don't study much at all in one place. My education it jump around. It start pretty good in Marseilles, where I am born. But when I am ten my mother she take me to Madagascar, then to one place on top of the other. In Paris I study sculpture, and something in me comes out. To express myself I do not have to act. It is—what you say?—the impulse."

WITH the word, it goes to her feet, but this time she misses you.

"Before I think I be in American films people they tell me to come here. They think it is the best place to go. So when I come I think acting it is better here than any place. But I am not easily as-tonished," she complacently assures you, drawing up her knees. "There is here only one thing I find that really as-tonish me. It is the man and the woman. From the French they are much differ-rent. There the man he have a friendship for the girl, but the woman they fight each other. You know, jealous, and their hands they are claws. Always I felt I must be on my guard against them. But the man, no. In Paris I have only one girl friend—much older than me—all the others they are boy friends. But here it is something else. The woman they like each other. I never have so many girl friends as here. They are so much sweet they make me sweeter. But with the man in Hollywood I cannot have the friendship. I do not have with him a pal. He has no time for it. Why is that?"

Well, really you can't say. Perhaps they're so busy with one girl and another they haven't time to be pals.

"Per-r'aps," pensively considers Simone. "Anyhow, one thing I know, they have no time for me. But I have a good time with the girls, and I don't have to dress up so much. In Paris I don't care how I look. But here I must not be so carefree—no, careless. American girls are more beautiful than the French—like beautiful animals of a healthier race—and they dress more beautifully."

Paying this surprising compliment seems almost as unbelievable as paying the French war debt.

"Oh, yes, the figure here it is much better. And up on the toes. When the American girl walk she walk with all of her. She is what you call streamerline, eh? This is good because it makes her good for the clothes. But till I come here this I do not imagine."

Just what, you wonder, did she imagine Hollywood to be like?

"Now I tell you," she merrily laughs, sitting close with the confidence she is to make. "I never imagine Hollywood with shops. I do not think the people here have to live like other people, that they buy everything like every other. I think there is nothing but stars, and I am surprised I do not meet Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in the street. I do not know that they and the other stars live in houses and don't come out much to walk around in Hollywood. It must be, I think, they go up and down on the boulevard so that everybody see and admire them. But to me they are not so much the curiosity. In Europe I work with stars in pictures, so I know how they are, what they are. No one could tell me they are gods and goddesses—just stars."

YOU assume Simone had hoped to be the star she has become.

"First of all," she stoutly informs you, "I don't like that word 'star,' and if a woman she is one it make me dislike her. It is too standard, an old-fashioned thing, just a sign hung out in front of you like a sign in front of a shop. You want to be free and get away from that. Many times I try. But sometimes the joke it is on me. One day in Paris a man he raise his hat and say, 'You are Simone Simon?' 'No,' I say. Then he say, 'I am sorry, I had a box of candy for her.' He walk away—and I *love* candy! In Hollywood I come out from the Vendome when someone with a book and pencil he is holding out to me say, 'Are you a star?' 'NO!' I tell him. He walk off and don't care who I am."

Still, you feel it humanly possible that at least one or two Hollywood luminaries may have made some slight impression on her.

"This is so," admits Simone. "Garbo I have seen in only two pictures, *Queen Christina* and *Anna Karenina*, but I am not yet tired of her. She has everything required of the actress. She is so deep, so true. This is why she is far, far above all others, the goddess of pictures. And there is yet another who stands alone. You know who it is that now I mean? Charlie Chaplin. As a little girl I was very unfair to him. I thought he was a clown. I do not know he is suffering. Every time now I see his pictures I am unhappy. He makes me see the sadness. This is like me, for I am sad inside."

In her happy presence you can only observe she doesn't seem sad outside.

"But inside much so," she gravely declares. "Per-r'aps this is wrong for me, I do not know. If always I am gay the people like me better. I want them to like me just for what I am, hu-uman, and not consider me as a star with a feather in my head. I love humanity, and humanity it is sad, oh, yes! This is why I like to play parts which are to life true. Most of all I want to play Saint Joan. I think I'm typically looking like her, our own Jeanne d'Arc. I look like a peasant girl. I'm the product of the earth. I feel like that. And I think I could play her because I am big and strong."

Not so big, even as she rises to her full height. But the hand she gives you is firm and strong. Pressing it, you remark it has been charming to talk with her.

"I like it, too," responds Simone, with her man-killing smile. "You are easy to speak to."

These French!

A Zest for Giving

[*Continued from page 32*]

evidenced in the modish crystal bottle and smart container. The gift size bottle of Rythm is priced at $10.

For the holiday trade, Max Factor of Hollywood has assembled a gift box to delight the heart of every girl lucky enough to find one beneath her Christmas tree. On the top of the box is the inviting legend "My Make-Up Secret" and on the inside cover is a large photo and personal autograph of a star of the color type you select —Ginger Rogers for the redheads, Jean Arthur for the blondes, Ann Dvorak for brunettes, and Ruby Keeler for the girls with brown hair. The set contains large box of Max Factor's Face Powder, rouge and lipstick, all blended in color harmony, and the price is $2.50. The girl who receives this gift assortment will know that she is using the very same cosmetics as the star whose photo adorns the cover.

In a zipper case of genuine leather, Colonial Dames have fitted as neat and complete an array of manicure equipment as you could hope to find. The case opens flat and up pops a row of five bottles containing cuticle oil, cuticle remover, polish remover, and two shades of nail enamel (one for daytime and one for evening wear). File and other implements are secured by loops attached to one side of the case. This attractive accessory for the traveller or the girl at school is offered in red, white, black, brown, and blue leather at $2.50.

Christmas just wouldn't be a success for many a girl if someone didn't remember to add a compact to her store of treasures. The Jewel Compact offered by Primrose House and pictured with the orchid, is an exquisite, wafer-thin case of 24 karat gold plate. The jewel catch and motif add a further note of luxury to make this compact a fitting accompaniment to an evening of romance. Any girl will appreciate, too, the generous loose-powder compartment and French beveled mirror which gives perfect vision. The price for this concentrated elegance is $5.

Wrisley's, famous old house of soaps and perfumes, have put out for Christmas a Pine Set containing two amusing Soap Cones, Bath Oil, Cologne, and Sachet—all spicily fragrant with the scent of pine forests and all cool green in color to match the attractive box. Even the most conservative of women would revel in the soothing unguents of this bath ensemble. Priced at $1.

In a gayly-checked Christmas box is discovered that ever popular gift combination of powder and perfume. It's from the Lucretia Vanderbilt line, which has recently undergone many beneficial changes in formula. This particular gift set will prove an exciting experience for the girl who demands the very latest in beauty aids. A thoughtful addition is the atomizer top which can be fitted into the perfume bottle. Lucretia Vanderbilt preparations are identified with butterfly motif on a cream and gold box and this complete package comes at $1.59.

The big, little, and medium sized bottles of Drene marshalled impressively in line are reminders that there *is* a beauty gift for the girl whose hair is her special pride. Drene is that famous shampoo formula which is so easy to use and which adds new life and luster to one's tresses. The three sized bottles have three prices, of course, all within the scope of modest pocketbooks.

Dressed up for Christmas in the Imperial Package is the square-cut bottle of Campana's Italian Balm. This would make an ideal family remembrance and is an answer to the need for a small but useful gift. Campana's Italian Balm is at home any place—on a girl's dressing table, on the bathroom shelf, beside the kitchen sink, or on the beach when summer rolls around. Its simple mission is to protect and soften the skin and the vast popularity of this lotion attests to the thoroughness with which its task is performed.

Additional information on any of the items described in this article may be had by writing Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. You may also consult Miss Alden, free of charge, on your personal beauty problems. Kindly enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Photo by Carroll Photo Service

Sigmond Romberg, noted composer, and Billie Burke stage an impromptu concert

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Calamity Jean

[*Continued from page* 31]

Besides the red bandana, she was wearing blue denim overalls and jumper, washed and worn pale. Bright socks and sandals. Lipstick, no powder. But never, in satin, was the Arthur silhouette set off to fairer advantage.

From now on, denim is one of the daintiest of fabrics, to me.

"How about all those new pets I hear tell of your adopting?" was my first question.

"New pets? Well, there's only Satan, the canary, and that nice white mule we used in the Deadwood, South Dakota, scenes of *The Plainsman.* I didn't bring the mule home with me because he was too bulky. I only feed him at the studio. And I have Satan only over weekends. He's the bird who did the famous bird bath scene in *Madam Satan.* Mr. De Mille wants to keep him."

I didn't bring up about her three dogs, and the other birds, fish and game to which she has given haven from time to time, because the idea of Satan intrigued me.

"I love Satan because he made friends for me," she declared. "When I started work in *The Plainsman,* I didn't know a soul on the picture except Gary Cooper and Mr. De Mille. It's not my home studio and I felt strange the first day, walking out on a set where there were five hundred people. Mr. De Mille was preparing to do a riverboat arrival scene. There were stevedores and frontier characters everywhere. The catwalks overhead were alive with electricians and reflector men. The 'old guard' of a studio is sometimes hostile to a newcomer on the lot. They act distant and indifferent to you—as, I suppose, you do to them. I felt like a mote in a dust storm—until I saw Satan.

"In his dome shaped cage, he had been left by a property man right in the sun. I took him into the shade and gave him some water. Right then, I decided to make him my special charge. Pretty soon, people were smiling at me, and I was smiling back. Grips and electricians exchanged remarks with me about the bird. The actors made their friendliness evident. So, you see, Satan broke the ice for me."

Of course, I don't know about that. Seems to me the entire credit for winning over that crowd shouldn't go to the bird. If you can imagine Jean in a blue Union cap, buckskin jacket, tight leather trousers and high boots, tiny and shy as she is, wandering out onto that set like a small stranger in a strange land, you'll see what I mean.

IT doesn't take long for her to establish that she is not distant, whatever you may be. She is retiring. She shrinks from many Hollywood contacts like a burnt child from flame. Because no girl of Jean Arthur's calibre has ever been so severely "kicked around" in pictures. Denied recognition for years, she hung onto the fringe of the industry, begging for a break. She was shunted into small releases, driven out of town by the indifference of producers, returned to hope and gamble forlornly on her chances. If she is still a little hurt and bitter, if she still bears the psychic scars of that experience, who can blame her?

But once you pierce that outer reserve, once you make the first overture of friendliness, you feel her barriers go down. She is appealingly anxious for your friendship. In return, she offers frankness, trust and reliance.

Because Jean has no delusions about herself. She is absolutely without airs.

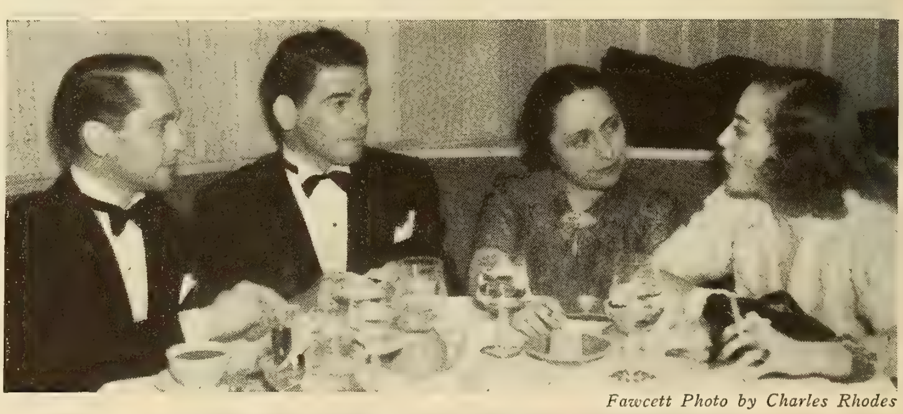
When I asked her what she does to pass the time, she said: "Well, I don't look like an actress, so I can go almost any place I like without being bothered. I put on a coat and a pair of dark glasses, and I can go into any of the shops in Los Angeles without being recognized. So I go shopping, often with my husband."

It was the first time Frank Ross, the handsome young New York real estate broker Jean married four years ago, had been brought into the conversation. He's out here now, and you gather that they are great pals.

"We hike, too," she said. "Or maybe I should say that we trespass. Malibu is a community of restrictions, you know. You can't go on everybody's land. But we both have an adventurous streak. I love adventure—when I'm rested. So one morning, after a good night's sleep, we started out. As you drove out here, you probably noticed the big stone castle over on the hilltop toward the canyon. That's been a landmark for years. They say it cost almost a million dollars to build, and it has never been occupied."

"I hear that the owners have rangers on the property to keep trespassers off," I said.

"We'd heard it, too. But we crossed through the open fields and right up to the house without anybody bothering us. From



Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

Franchot Tone, Paul Muni and his wife, and Joan Crawford enjoying themselves at Irving Berlin's party

Joe E. Brown and his wife are ardent football fans. They are seen here watching Loyola defeat Pacific

the foot of the hill, it looks like an ancient palace of King Arthur's time. You confidently expect to find a moat and a drawbridge when you get up to it. But it's really Spanish, with many patios and pergolas. And from the top of the hill you see down into a golden valley, thronged with orange trees and looking as if its a magic new world where no one has ever been."

"So it's new worlds you want."

She paused. "Yes, it's fun to find new horizons. There's no adventure without mystery. And why do you struggle up the hill? It isn't the peak that lures you. It's what's beyond."

I knew that here Jean was phrasing her entire outlook and philosophy, and encouraged her to go on.

"Of course, my future has always been obscured," she said. "As a little girl, back in New York, I planned to be a teacher of foreign languages. Instead, I became a commercial model because the opportunity came along, and the work paid better. Then, just when I had become resigned to a career of posing for advertisements, I found myself with a movie contract.

"For a while, things looked pretty bright in the movies. I played opposite Richard Dix and William Powell. I had an important part in an Emil Jannings picture. My friends said, 'You can't miss now, Jean'—but I missed!

"Pretty soon I found myself in pictures I was ashamed of. And next, there weren't any jobs at all.

"I went back to New York, so bewildered and bruised by everything that I thought I would try something far away from the theatre or films. I know I would have done something, might have become a designer—at least would have sought some career. But I have always been attracted to the theatre—always, that is, since people first began to show some interest in me as an actress. A chance to do a play came along and I took it. After that, though none of the plays I was in ran very long—I was in eleven of them in two years—I was happy. And I knew that I would never again be happy in any other career but acting.

"However, the screen didn't seem my metier. I was resigned to concentrating on the stage. When an offer came along from Hollywood I asked for a very elastic contract, thinking I would go directly back to the stage. I didn't go back, and don't know now that I ever will.

"So you see, I never know about the future. I only try to know."

And by "trying to know," she means that she makes acting, and all that pertains to it, a serious business. I know that because I know her schedule when she's working. Up at six a. m. for a dip in the ocean, a brisk drive to the studio, an intense day's work during which she tries to make every second she is before the camera count, home for a late dinner, an hour or so with her hairdresser, and she retires.

That sort of schedule she keeps up for days on end, while she is in a production, never going out at night and rarely speaking to anyone but her husband and the people with whom she comes in direct contact at the studio. It is easy to understand where she gets her reputation for solitude.

But it's Jean's code to be earnest.

"I can't stand still," she says. "I must go ahead and try to accomplish whatever I can accomplish."

SHE adores Katherine Cornell and Helen Hayes, and spends hours analyzing their technic, discussing her conclusions with others. Director Frank Capra and Jo Swerling, writer, are her near neighbors, and they often take part in her discussions. She has a definite longing to do a great play on Broadway, something with an extended run. "Because people have told me," she says, "that the longer you play a part the more you learn about it—and yourself. You really get under your own skin, they say. And I want that experience."

As for the screen, her prayer is for more vital roles that are not routine romance.

Calamity Jane she considers her greatest.

"Because the screen has never had anybody like Calamity," she avers. "The girl is completely free and unhampered. She doesn't know what conventions are and she wouldn't care if she did. I had to learn to use a bullwhip, because Calamity was a two-fisted bullwhacking beauty. Practicing on De Mille, I cut him across the wrist with it. He's been so splendid. He wouldn't let me strike an extra he had hired to be struck until I had first practiced on *him.*

"And another thing I like about Calamity, she doesn't dress like anybody else you've ever seen on the screen; she doesn't talk or think like the average heroine. She's in love with Wild Bill Hickok—our Mr. Cooper—and she has healthy, generous human instincts. And that's all she knows."

Meanwhile the sun had been sinking into the red mid-Pacific. We had tea in Jean's glass sun house on the beach, and she walked to the door with me. We went out through the garage.

"I only wish I'd given you something to write about," she said, as she shook hands at my car. "But that's me. You'll have to take me or leave me."

I left her, to set down the things she had said to me. And these are the notes I have written.

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DID YOU KNOW THAT Adolph Zukor's 25th anniversary in pictures with Paramount will be honored through all of 1937 beginning with his birthday on January 7—and that production efforts throughout the year will be dedicated to him, the first being *Champagne Waltz?*

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Meet "Bill"—Sir Walter Raleigh

[*Continued from page* 25]

wife, but he put it right in her hat for her, too. Throughout the picture he made himself the background against which she might shine. In countless ways, throwing the limelight in her direction. A most obvious example was the scene of the party when Bill was passing food, and Carole was emoting in the background. He was bent low, so that the camera might shoot over him at Carole, as he proffered the tray to Gail Patrick. His back was directly to the camera, and he did not once turn around. Few people even realized that that figure in the foreground was Bill until Gail mentioned that her sister was "having servant trouble" and looked pointedly at him.

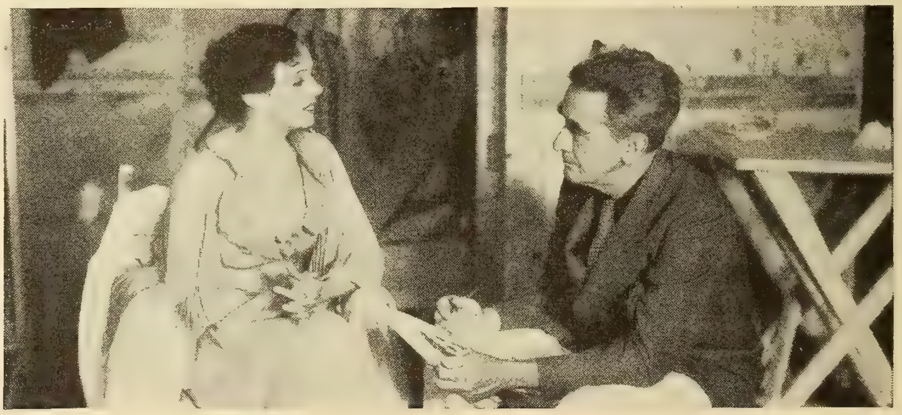
And so it went all through the picture. In their scenes together those wise to the methods of picture making could see that Bill was figuratively holding out his hands, urging her on, helping her over hurdles, handing her each scene on a silver platter. Not that she was not adept in the reaching. Naturally Carole is no novice. But it was Bill's help that put her on a new high pedestal, a pedestal that she might not have reached so safely and so surely, had an out-to-get-his actor been playing opposite her.

But Bill has helped novices too. It was against his broad shoulders, as a matter of fact that Margaret Lindsay first leaned her troubles—we hasten to add, figuratively, not literally, because there was no love between them. But they were friends, and they did go dining and dancing together back in the days when Hollywood was still laboring under the delusion that Maggie was English. Bill Powell, too, believed it. She had made *Cavalcade* with Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, and Frank Lawton, and her accent had stacked up with the rest of them. But after that, nothing happened—nothing very good, that is. Universal talked of borrowing her for a picture, then decided that the part should be played by an American. Several parts came up at Warner's which she finally lost because of her accent. The accent that had gotten her into pictures was now threatening to keep her out of them. Margaret didn't know what to do. She didn't know whom she could trust. If she admitted her hoax and reverted to the American that she was, the bigwigs *might* feel it necessary to punish her. Then there was the added strain of the deception itself. Remembering her broad A's nearly drove her crazy at times. Finally she just couldn't stand it anymore and it was Bill Powell she turned to . . . told him the whole story . . . begged him to advise. Not only did he advise—he told her to give up the game and confess all—but he himself put in a strong word for her at the studio. Her career received a new spurt, and it's to the man with the kid-glove manner that she says she owes much.

IT was at the same studio that he did even more for Kay Francis. Kay was not suffering from a lack of work, but she was suffering from too much of the same kind. When many another actor would have been worrying about his own parts, Bill was constantly egging Kay on to something besides those efficient, but unromantic, uniformed women she was always playing. "Now that's a becoming thing," he used to say in his best sarcastic manner, when he'd meet her on the lot clad in a plain dark serge for one of her secretary roles. "Such a rich satin, it does something to you, Kay." Or when he'd see her in a white doctor's uniform for another typical Kay Francis part—"Good morning, Dr. Kay. That lovely antiseptic scent you're wearing is really entrancing. So romantic, Doctor dear, it makes my head swim. For heaven's sake, Kay, when are you going to put your foot down on these mental-giant roles and become a wilting woman for a change? Don't you know these stiff-collar parts are going to bury you some day?"

Of course, Kay did know it, but as she told him time and time again, what was she to do about it? She had fought. Long and often, and hard. Her agents had fought. Now would he please not kid her any more about it, and leave her to her own sad fate in peace!

Which is exactly what Bill Powell has never been able to do under any circumstances. Kay Francis might be the master of her own fate, or the master of the fate of hospitals, orphanages and big business, on the screen, but to him she was just a stranded youngster who must be taken by the hand and led home. He did it by the simple device of putting a bug in the publicity department's ear. That bug buzzed to the effect that Kay Francis is the Best Dressed Woman in Town! The word spread, and photographers caught Kay in her own personal wardrobe to prove it. There were feminine fur-trimmed suits, alluring and decollete evening gowns, exotic hats. Newspaper editors reached for these



James Montgomery Flagg persuades Jessie Mathews, noted English star, to pose for him

Whatever the argument is between Walter Huston and Edward Arnold it looks like a dead heat

pictures instead of the set stills which showed Kay "in uniform" for her pictures. "Kay Francis, the best dressed woman in town." The slogan spread and took hold.

"Well, why don't we let her wear some fancy clothes in a picture some time?" said one of the Warner executives. Whereupon Mr. Powell stepped up. "No feminine lead has been assigned yet to *One Way Passage*, that new picture of mine."

"No, that picture is not her type," came the verdict. "The girl is ill and frail and feminine and clinging. No, definitely, not a Kay Francis part."

But in the end, Bill, and the publicity angle he had suggested, gained his point. Bill Powell and Kay Francis made *One Way Passage* together, and that picture marked a turning point. Kay still does uniform parts occasionally (Florence Nightingale, for example), but now there is nothing in the movie bible which says she can't do the other, too.

Other front-office moves which Bill Powell made in behalf of beauty involved the now-famous casting of Myrna Loy in *The Thin Man*. Never before had Myrna Loy been cast as a comedienne, and it was only due to the combined efforts of Bill and Director Woody Van Dyke that she was assigned to this picture. But his helping hand wasn't pocketed at that point—it remained out and gently encouraging all through the actual shooting. Much of the "business" was actually worked out on the set, and there were a number of scenes which appeared in the picture which were *not* in the script. These added scenes were all Myrna's, amazingly enough. Instead of hogging the picture as he might have done Bill Powell insisted on sharing it. The result is history.

BUT there is even a greater example of his unselfishness and his give-the-little-girl-a-hand-ishness in what he did for Luise Rainer when she was suddenly thrust into *Escapade*, in the part that Myrna Loy, in a money tiff with the studio had vacated. Here was Bill Powell, an old timer. Here was Luise Rainer, a newcomer. Not only was she new to American picture-making, but America's language was new to her besides. How Bill Powell could have walked off with that picture! Instead, it turned out to be Luise Rainer's "discovery" picture.

It was a number of years ago that a struggling young girl by the name of Jean Arthur worked with Bill Powell in a now all-but-forgotten picture, *The Green Murder Mystery*. Jean had worked in pie-strewn comedies and in Westerns and in an occasional feature, but she wasn't getting any place. This fact had robbed her of enthusiasm, spontaneity, hope. She wasn't kidding herself that her little bit of fame was amounting to anything. Friends and employers, too, tried to convince her that all that was needed was for her just to hold on. But along came Bill Powell who advised her to do just the opposite . . . to let go . . . and for the first time Jean heard a voice that she could believe in, listen to. It was he who advised her to look for love and happiness first . . . and then, if she must carry on with her career, to go back to New York, get on the stage, start all over again along the new road to movie success, via the stage. That Jean followed his advice and found it good is an established fact today—with her career in a better state than it ever was.

IF you have read a great deal the last year or so about the turn-about Jean Harlow has taken in her own ambitions, you can be sure that this, too, is the result of that famous Bill Powell guidance. For a long time Jean had wanted to take the glitter out of her platinum reputation and become a dramatic actress but she never knew exactly how to go about it until Bill came along to lend an attentive ear. "You'll have to dramatize your change—make other people realize it. Have a different kind of publicity, really strike out for different parts." *Reckless* followed—the first really dramatic part of her career. She made it with Bill Powell. He gave her the best support she had ever had. While the critics and fans were buzzing about that, he encouraged her to strike while the iron was hot, to do something that would clinch the idea that she had changed. On his advice then, Jean blossomed forth in a new and milder shade of hair.

And so it goes, on and on. Advice, you may say, is cheap, but not the kind Bill Powell gives. For his is not flip or routine. It springs from a real human interest in the situation at hand. In each case it is made-to-order, tailored-to-fit. Nor, as we have shown, is it only advice that he gives. As Kay Francis said once, "He can't help helping—it's his gentleman's code of honor." But it is even more than that. It is his mania for cape-spreading-over-puddles and for guiding beautiful wanderers. It is that quality in him which is best summed up by his nicknames of Daddy, Pop, and Pater. It is his urge to consider all women as the very especial problem of man. Of this one, in particular.

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has been the subject of much gossip. Now you can learn the truth about the strange way in which the handsome actor wooed and won the famous beauty. *'Raye for Our Side,* is a sparkling and witty story about cavern-mouthed Martha Raye, whose popularity has taken the nation by storm. She's amazingly frank—and you'll love it! Read

JANUARY SCREEN BOOK

Jean Arthur is being called *Blonde Dynamite*—and for very good reason! The story of her temperamental outbursts will astonish you. All Hollywood is buzzing with talk about them. Read January SCREEN BOOK and get in on the fun!

Adventure in an Insane Asylum is a hair-raising story of a famous blonde star's night of horror in a mad house. Don't miss it!

"Beauty Isn't Important," says Joan Crawford. She tells how loveliness and success may be attained by any girl. Her advice is inspiring!

The latest news, the choicest gossip and candid camera snaps fill the pages of January SCREEN BOOK.

AT ALL NEWS STANDS 10c

SCREEN BOOK

The Five Million Dollar Battle Over Gary Cooper

[*Continued from page 29*]

individual from a twenty-five to a five million dollar box office threat . . .

What part did the studio play in it? What part do they actually have in the creating of any big star? Let's see—

Supposing *you* had just stepped into the "star clinic." Somebody has seen screen possibilities in you. (In Gary's case, nine producers saw it in him at once! That was the time he walked unannounced into B. P. Schulberg's office at Paramount and found a pow-wow going on. During the next minute and a half he blushed violently, stammered his apologies and managed to get out without dropping his hat. But in that minute and a half they'd caught a glimpse of Something. The Something in him that made them outbid Goldwyn for his services, get his John Henry on the dotted line, and usher him into the "clinic.")

You head for the makeup "doctor" first. He's a valiant man of mighty muscle as a rule, and quite literally he takes your face in hand. When he's through sometimes you recognize yourself and sometimes you don't! "What've you done to my mouth for Pete's sake?" Gary asked.

"It's got a twist in it. I had to fix that up so the camera wouldn't register it," the other explained.

"I don't think that's a twist," grinned Coop. "That's where the old bull registered with his hoof!"

After that, it's the Wardrobe "Doc," and the Drama "Doc" in the person of the test director. Coop's first three tests ran around $4000. Initial expense. After that more people talked to him and got his background. And pretty soon they cast him in two-fisted roles where he was a wild man ahorse and a demon on the draw. Coop was at home with that stuff. It was his meat. But when Esther Ralston wanted him for the romantic lead in her picture, Coop got the worst case of camera jitters ever seen in these regions. That was in *Children of Divorce* and Frank Lloyd was the director. I don't know how much money the studio lost but it was plenty on the way Gary "held up production!" It took them three days to "shoot" the first kiss alone.

"It was supposed to be a torrid love scene and I died a thousand and one deaths," Gary said afterward. "You couldn't blame Esther for laughing at me inwardly. I knew a lot more about horses than loving! I handled her like a man trying to pass a hot dish at the dinner table. I was as hammy as a Virginia smokehouse. I knew it by the way the director began tearing his hair."

And that night Coop started back for Montana and the wide open spaces. He'd never set foot in Hollywood again. That's what *he* thought. The studio, with their cost sheet mounting like a thermometer in Hades, thought differently. They took him off the train. Coop would be a screen Lover—*or else!*

THEY required forty-eight "takes" for the second kiss. And Coop wilted twelve collars. But in the end he got the idea. Every feminine star on the lot began asking for him. The publicity department got busy with a terrific build-up. They sold Cooper steadily to magazines and news syndicates. They splurged him on twenty-four sheets throughout the country. In all, the studio invested around $150,000 in the man before he became an actor.

And he has netted them a thousand per cent profit and then some. Of all the stars who have come and gone at Paramount, Gary has received the largest amount of fan mail and the most varied. It comes to him from smart young tyros and gentle old ladies; from thatched Maori huts and Sicilian castles and Park Avenue penthouses.

Gary has struck deep roots at Paramount. Every corner of the lot is filled with old associations. There's the little table in the commissary where he used to eat noon after noon with Clara Bow. And the turnstile at the entrance where Clara fought with him one day and kept shoving him around and around in it.

And there's the same old bootblack who shined his shoes for his first important part and gave him that sage piece of advice: "I always tell de young fellas nevah to part der hair in de middle and *nevah* put no water on it so dey can have dry thoughts. Yas suh!"

Yes, and there's the spot where the old billboard used to stand. In the days when Coop was searching for work as an extra, many a time he'd devour a loaf of bread behind it for want of a dining room.

Over there is the stage (greatly transformed since then) where Lupe Velez stormed at him. It was the first day on the set of *Wolf Song* and they had just met. "He is too *beeg* to play opposite me. Too *beeg,* I tell you!" she cried.

Gary Cooper has written some exciting pages of Hollywood history there at Paramount. Written them all unconsciously and with the abashed earnestness that is part of him. Perhaps one should start a fresh chapter every so often.

He is, of course, taking his "gang" with him to Goldwyn's. Coop would be lost without the Invincible Three. Jack Moss, Cracker and Slim. With the guns of the court battle booming about them, they're as steadfast as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Jack Moss used to be an assistant director at Paramount's Long Island studio. When Gary went back there to do *His Woman* Jack rescued him from Greater Feminine Manhattan and the two of them went fishing. They've been buddies ever since and Jack is now the Cooper business manager.

Cracker (the *Uptown* Cracker) is Gary's man Friday. (His brother, the *Downtown* Cracker, is Jack Oakie's.) Just why he is called that is still a mystery. And Gary will draw a bead on anyone who pulls that "Polly wants a *Cracker!*" stuff.

Slim Talbot who has been Coop's stand-in for the past six years, was a boyhood pal back in Montana. They've ridden the range together and gone bear hunting. They've been snowed in on the same trail and been pinochle partners on fifty location trips. It's all right with Slim if the Big Shots fight *over* Gary. But not *at* him. Because in that case he'd have to begin oiling those .45s.

Souls At Sea is to be the next Cooper picture under the old regime. Then he and his wife, the lovely Sandra Shaw, are going to rent a houseboat on the Nile or plane to Bali. Anyway, they're going a long, long way from here where all is peace and quiet!

What will 1937 hold for Coop? It's the start of new adventure, it means sinking new roots. But nothing that could ever happen to him will be as dramatic as this last ten year period, which began with a $25 advance, and ended in a $5,000,000 battle!

What Love Has Done to Dick Powell and Joan Blondell

[*Continued from page 21*]

plenty of money in the bank, Joan's first thoughts were of her family. And in Hollywood they'll all tell you she was and still is a mighty fine daughter and sister.

Being a beautiful, vivacious, normal young girl, Joan had plenty of admirers and plenty of ardent suitors. It seemed only a question of time before she would say "yes" to one of the many who popped the question of marriage. The winner was George Barnes. Handsome, well thought of in the industry as Samuel Goldwyn's ace cameraman, he had been married three times before. On January 4, 1933, they made the trip up the middle aisle.

NOW, as a rule, vaudevillians are an extremely superstitious lot. Apparently Joan thought that superstitions were just a lot of nonsense. Because, after her marriage, she made her home in a house on a high hill, overlooking Hollywood and Beverly Hills. It is called Lookout Mountain and to get there you must drive through Laurel Canyon. The thing that would have deterred many others was the fact that the house formerly belonged to the Shelby family, of which the unlucky Mary Miles Minter is a daughter. Another point is that in Hollywood many think that Laurel Canyon isn't such a lucky spot for motion picture people. Call it hooey, if you will, nevertheless that superstition does exist. Joan laughed the whole thing off. She was happy in her Cape Cod cottage high on the hill—happier still after little Norman Scott Barnes arrived on November 2, 1934, to bless the union.

What happened to mar this happiness? Nobody knows. Neither Joan nor George Barnes ever talked about it. The divorce was a formal affair. Joan and George continued to be good friends—were even seen out in public together on a couple of occasions. But from the day that she sued George for divorce, which was some time after the separation, Hollywood just took it for granted that she would ultimately marry Dick Powell. And Hollywood was right.

Which brings us to another part of the story. It concerns the background of Dick Powell.

He was born in Mountain View, Arkansas, and was christened Richard. Like Joan, he had to work hard when he was a kid. After his family moved to Little Rock, which is a metropolis when compared with Mountain View, Dick had to help buy the family groceries. And the telephone company will tell you, if you take the time to ask, that he was a darned responsible, hard working lad who would have gone far with the firm if he hadn't decided to be a musician. In those days, though, his only musical activities consisted in singing in the church choir.

When the day came for Dick to hit the hard, cruel world beyond the city limits of Little Rock, he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and joined a band. By that time he could play every known instrument and could sing a sweet lullaby as well. He was a handy man for any orchestra and it wasn't long before he was the talk of the town.

Then it was on to bigger and better things and Dick found his way to Pittsburgh. For three years he was master of ceremonies as well as singer and soloist at the Stanley Theatre. There it was that Warner Brothers discovered him and his charm. With his name inked into a big money contract, he headed for Hollywood to make his screen debut in *Blessed Event* and he shared honors with the fast talking Lee Tracy. Picture followed picture and Dick Powell's stock hit an all time high.

GIRLS the world over were clamoring for more of him. He had that something that goes for cinema greatness. With his acting, playing, singing, dancing, and love making talents, he was a five way threat to all the other lads of the screen. But a man who was working as hard as Dick in those first years, had little time for girls. Most of his love making was done on the screen.

Besides, he was just getting over one match that had taken him to the altar. She was a non-professional girl he met in the east. The marriage didn't last long. They just weren't suited, Dick would explain on those rare occasions when he would mention it all. They agreed to go their separate ways and Dick was quietly divorced.

Like Joan, his first thoughts after his success were for his family. His mother can—and will, if she gets the chance—tell you what a fine lad Dick has been. She came out to visit him in California and would spend her spare time putting up preserves in the massive kitchen of Dick's Toluca Lake home and wouldn't feel just right if she didn't tuck her boy in bed at night. And when she had to say goodbye and go back to Arkansas, there was a tear in Dick's eye. He's that kind of a son.

And, so, don't you agree with Hollywood that Joan and Dick are an ideal match? They both like to work hard and to enjoy the surroundings of a comfortable home. Dick has disposed of his old Toluca Lake bachelor estate and they're moving into one that will give them a new start in life. There'll be a swimming pool and tennis courts, because they have a common fondness for those sports. And on top of these, Dick will have his polo ponies, for he swings a mean mallet.

Love has given them each a new lease on life, a new reason for attaining even greater successes on the screen. So, the next time you see the famous Blondell and Powell smiles, you'll know they're genuine, just as Director Dan Cupid ordained they should be.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Bob Taylor used his gasoline scooter recently to make the 30 miles from studio to his home, then skinned his arms and legs in a spill almost at his doorstep—and that his bosses have forbidden him to ride his new motorbike?

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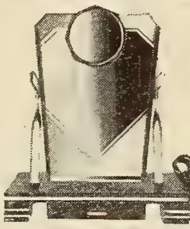
When rouge or lipstick looks too heavy or uneven . . . or powder shows . . . or lashes are too dark . . . 9 times out of 10 it's because the light threw shadows as you applied your makeup. Sad but true . . . one defect in makeup spoils your entire appearance.

THE SECRET OF HOLLYWOOD STARS

Emerge tomorrow . . . glamorously perfect! Follow the stars. . . use Hollywood Makeup Mirror. The *non-glare* light clearly reflects your features without shadows, permitting natural, uniform makeup. The *optical magnifying mirror* makes possible true line work on brows, lashes, eye shadows and lips. Thrill at the flawless *professional* beauty you are hiding today. At leading stores everywhere. An ideal gift.



Hollywood
MAKE-UP MIRROR

De luxe model illustrated . . . Solid walnut and golden metal inlay . . . with automatic cosmetic drawer . . . **$3.50**

Utility model **$1.95**

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.
530 Throop Street, Chicago, Ill.

boyer **MYSTERY CLEANSING CREAM**

● The basis of all beauty is a clean skin. Try this smoother, softer, more penetrating cream, which removes all surface dirt and pore secretions. It's pink-tinted, alluringly scented. 50c at dealers or send for test jar. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.

ELEANOR HUNT
Co-Star with Conrad Nagel in "Yellow Cargo."

BOYER, *Society Parfumeur*
2702 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

The Crossroads of Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD
VINE

by Harry Hammond Beall

Managing Editor MOVIE CLASSIC

IN NEW YORK it's 42nd and Broadway. In the cinema capital it's Hollywood and Vine.

Vine Street leads a double life. A mile or so south of Hollywood boulevard, its name changes to Rossmore, as the exclusive apartment skyscraper dwellings of such celebrities as Mae West and George Raft rear aloft their penthouses. And as Rossmore it invades Los Angeles' fashionable Wilshire district.

On the southwest corner is the Broadway Hollywood, a more or less swanky offshoot of the Broadway Department Store in downtown Los Angeles.

A few doors west is the studio of Sergis Alberts, world-renowned celebrity photographer,who like the marrying M'Divanis migrated to movieland from the steppes of Georgia.

Closeby is the Hollywood office of Western Union, where the young manager Bruce McLeod surely must have his tickers and teletypes equipped with extra ciphers to handle daily messages concerning million, billion, and trillion dollar productions.

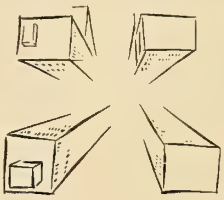
On the northwest corner is a squatty building owned by Carl Laemmle and his brother-in-laws, Abe and Julius Stern. Abe and Julius were the lads years ago sponsoring Century comedies. They antedated Sam Goldwyn with Mrs. Malaproprieties.

"Century comedies are not to be laughed at" was credited as one of their bonnier mots.

When *Puddinhead Wilson* was suggested for filming, both are said to have patriotically exclaimed, "Why insult our president?"

Julius, tradition has it, on hiring a scenario editor demanded, "So you're a scenario editor, are you? Well, spell me a big word."

The Coco Tree, an attractive and well patronized restaurant, occupies the street floor. The roof has as its unique decorative motif a battery of billboards.



Not far west is Eddie Brandstatter's latest venture; "Sardi's." He has named it after the famous Manhattan refueling station for writers, artists and theatrical folks.

It is Al Levy's Tavern and the original Hollywood Brown Derby, however, that lure the stars to the Vine and Hollywood locale.

Al started with a tamale wagon when the Angel City was a *pocito pueblo*, and there was no Hollywood. His maitre d'hotel, Alex Montoya, is known to every notable who ever visited Agua Caliente. His chief bartender, Jack Marsh, is the mixologist whose advice is sought by celebrities when their own cocktails taste like hair tonic, and their Planter's Punches resemble essence of well-brewed boxing gloves.

It was in the Hollywood Brown Derby that the late playwright Wilson Mizner used to let down his hair, telling of Alaskan adventures when the late Alexander Pantages and Sid Grauman mushed through the trail of '98.

The site of the Hollywood Plaza where many MOVIE CLASSIC contest winners have been royally quartered, not so long ago was an orange grove, before the Sterns, father and sons, decided more hostelries were needed here. Tommy Hull, lessee of the Roosevelt, now operates this, too, as a part of his California chain.

Across Hollywood boulevard toward the hills is the Hollywood Playhouse, built by a man at this writing in San Quentin for looting the Guaranty Building and Loan, costing many stars, directors, writers and executives their life savings. Seldom housing a successful engagement, the Playhouse has sheltered varied offerings from Clifford Odet's communistic comedies to Minsky's strip teasers.

And there you have a more or less hop, skip, and jump voyage on roller skates, as it were, hitting highspots in the vicinity of Hollywood's best known crossroads.

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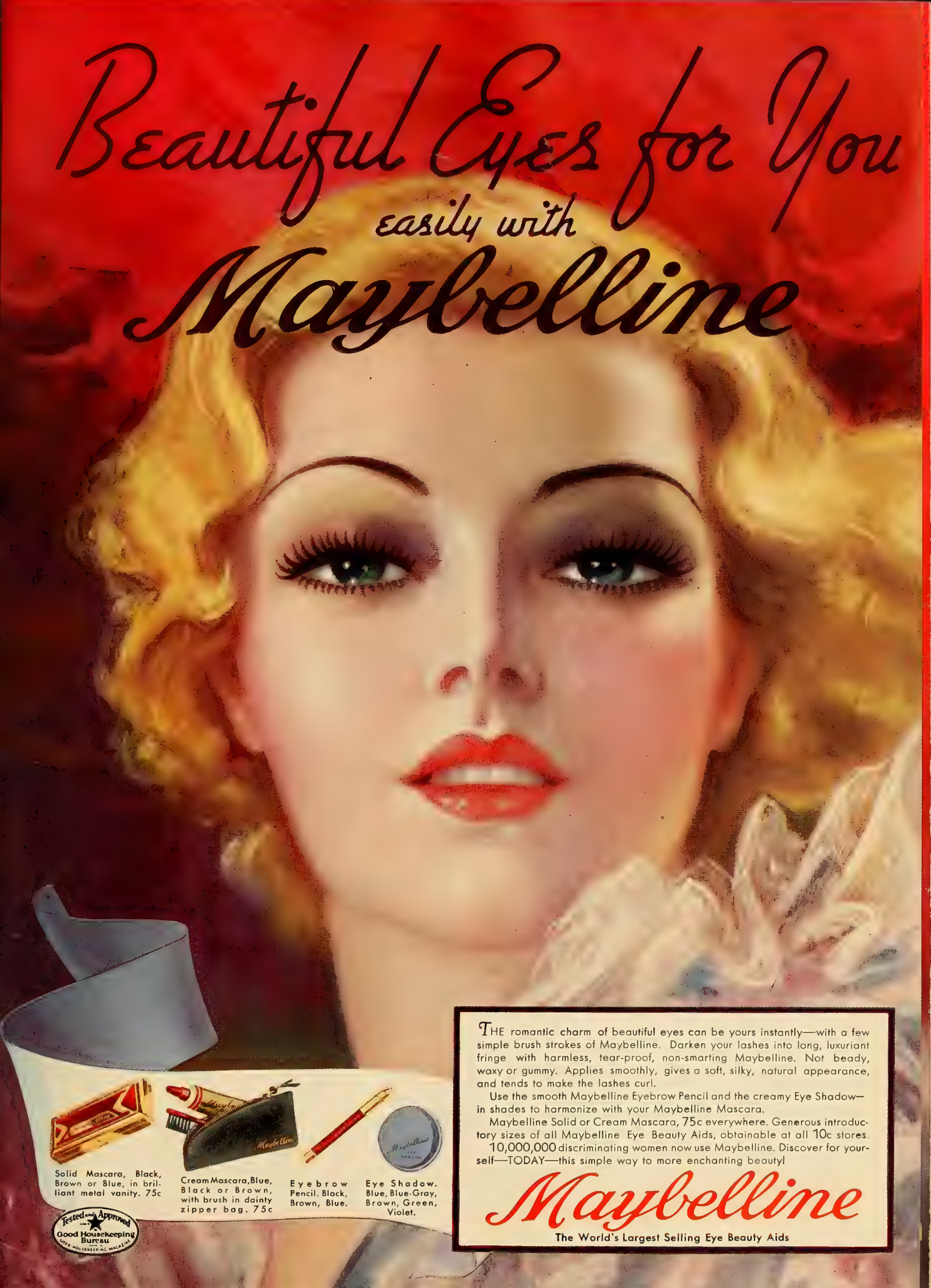


Solid Mascara, Black, Brown or Blue, in brilliant metal vanity. 75c

Cream Mascara, Blue, Black or Brown, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c

Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

THE romantic charm of beautiful eyes can be yours instantly—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline. Darken your lashes into long, luxuriant fringe with harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting Maybelline. Not beady, waxy or gummy. Applies smoothly, gives a soft, silky, natural appearance, and tends to make the lashes curl.

Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and the creamy Eye Shadow—in shades to harmonize with your Maybelline Mascara.

Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara, 75c everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, obtainable at all 10c stores.

10,000,000 discriminating women now use Maybelline. Discover for yourself—TODAY—this simple way to more enchanting beauty!

Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

A GIFT OF PLEASURE

My spirit—the spirit of Christmas-giving—is abroad in the land. A gift that expresses that spirit, and brings pleasure to every home, both great and small, is rare indeed. Such a gift, my friends, is LUCKY STRIKE.

Santa Claus

Luckies—a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

Movie CLASSIC

NSC

FEBRUARY

MOVIE CLASSIC 10¢

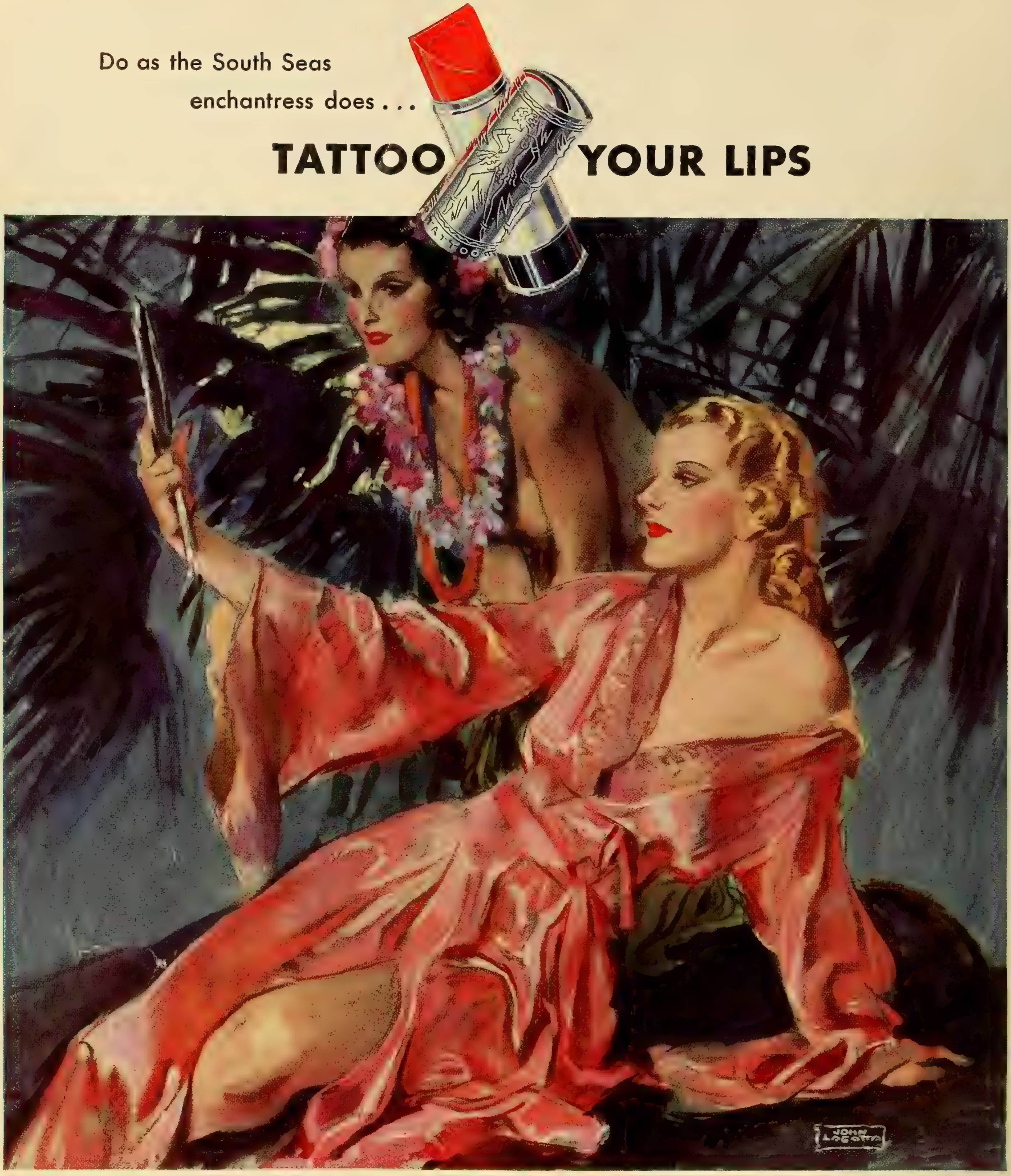
ANN SOTHERN
Natural Color Photo

Director Doomed Norma Shearer to Oblivion

MAE WEST GIVES ALL THE ANSWERS

Do as the South Seas
enchantress does . . .

TATTOO YOUR LIPS



The New TATTOO gives them exciting South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible . . yet keeps lips moist, shimmering, smooth . . actually softens them!

* * *

Stolen from the bewitching little South Seas maiden was the idea of permanent, pasteless, transparent lip color; lasting, loyal *stain* for lips instead of temporary, "pasty," fickle coating! Now this same enchantress has revealed her way of keeping lips soft, smooth, luscious and moistly shimmering too. • We offer it to you as the *New* TATTOO . . . an entirely new kind of indelible lipstick . . . the *only* lipstick that can give your lips the irresistible witchery of transparent, pasteless, South Sea color . . . the *only* lipstick containing the magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like the moon-path o'er an iridescent tropical sea . . . at the same time keeping your lips youthfully smooth, wrinkle-free . . . caressingly soft. TATTOO your lips . . . with the *New* TATTOO! One dollar everywhere.

FIVE SHADES . . CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN

Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums

—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.

She'll sit by the hour for the latest finger wave, spend dollar after dollar on beauty aids, and fret and worry over the first sign of a skin blemish. But her friends and even strangers seldom notice these things. They only see her smile—a disappointing smile—a smile that is *dull, dingy* and *unsightly*—a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile *still* could be attractive—with teeth sparkling, white and brilliant. But not until she does something about her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the *meaning* of that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of "Pink"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*go to your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble—*but let him decide.* More than likely, however, he will lay the blame to our modern menus—to the soft foods that rob our gums of necessary work. And usually he will suggest more work for those lazy, tender gums and the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and massage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll notice a new life and firmness as circulation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier gums, how appealing your smile will be; how *brilliant, sparkling.* Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today, and help make your smile the lovely, attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK

IPANA
Tooth Paste

The fragrance of her camelias intoxicated his senses . . .

"Crush me in your arms until the breath is gone from my body!"

She had known many kinds of love, but *his* kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before . . . The glamorous Garbo — handsome Robert Taylor — together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta **GARBO**
LOVES
Robert **TAYLOR**

IN **CAMILLE**

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
ELIZABETH ALLAN • JESSIE RALPH
HENRY DANIELL • LENORE ULRIC
LAURA HOPE CREWS

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture, based on play and novel "La Dame aux Camelias" (Lady of the Camelias) by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by George Cukor

JAN -4 1937
©CIB 325119

On the Cover

Posed exclusively for Movie Classic, this beautiful natural color study of Ann Sothern was photographed by Edwin Bower Hesser.

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

February, 1937

VOL. 11 No. 6

E. J. SMITHSON
Executive Editor

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W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

Go to your favorite newsstand for March MOVIE CLASSIC. You will find it on sale on January 30th.

HARRY HAMMOND BEALL
Managing Editor

Published monthly by Motion Picture Publications, Inc., *(a Minnesota Corporation) at Mount Morris, Ill. C. W. Fuller, Advertising Director; General Business offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial Offices, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Mount Morris, Ill., under the act of March 3, [illegible]. Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn.* *Copyright 1937 by Motion Picture Corporation, Inc.,* *Harry Hammond Beall, Managing Editor; E. J. Smithson, Assistant Managing Editor.* *Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publishers. Trademark registered in the U. S. Patent Office.* *Address manuscripts to the Hollywood Editorial Offices. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos. Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the United States and possessions; $1.00 in Canada; Foreign subscriptions $1.50. Single issues 10c. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions to our office at Greenwich, Conn. Advertising forms close on 20th of the third month preceding date of issue. Printed in U.S.A.*

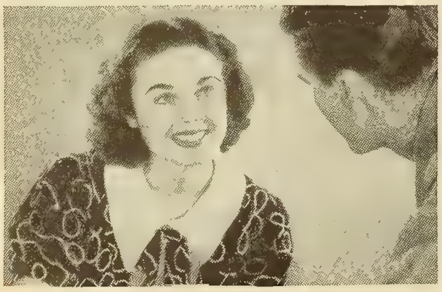
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.



● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

WE'RE TELLING YOU

So many inquiries have flooded MOVIE CLASSIC'S *editorial desk that we are opening a new department for the convenience of our readers. If you are curious about anything in Hollywood—from what is Margo's favorite color for shoe laces to the latest picture to be produced by Pan Berman—we will find out about it and enter the answer in this column. Any questions?*

WHAT ARE THE EXACT WEDDING PLANS OF JEANETTE MACDONALD AND GENE RAYMOND? asks H. R.

Both stars have applied for 60 days leave beginning June 1. The wedding on June 17 will be followed by a leisurely honeymoon and final preparation of their own home, probably about one hour's drive from Hollywood in San Fernando Valley, home place of many stars.

IS THERE ANY CHANCE ERROL FLYNN WON'T RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD? queries V.T.

He not only will definitely return, but it's virtually a cinch his next picture will be *Robin Hood.*

WHAT SIZE ARE MAE WEST'S FEET? O.L. wants to know.

They are size 4-B, perfectly proportionate to her height and weight. Among Hollywood's most perfect feet, they are without a blemish of any kind.

IS IT TRUE THAT GLADYS GEORGE IS THE DAUGHTER OF SIR ARTHUR CLAIRE, WHO WAS KNIGHTED FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN INDIA? inquires C.B.

Yes, it is true.

HAS VERA STEADMAN, THE SILENT SCREEN STAR, ANY RECENT FILM ROLES? interrogates L.E.

Her most recent is a bit rôle with Charlie Ruggles and Alice Brady in *Mind Your Own Business.*

IS MARY BOLAND MARRIED? questions E.R.

No, and she never has been.

IS FRANCES FARMER A COLLEGE GIRL? H.L. asks.

She worked her way through the University of Washington as an usherette in the very picture where her vehicle to stardom, *Come and Get It,* was premiered.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS ABOUT ROBERT CUMMINGS' RISE TO WEALTH? queries B.C.

He found that supposedly worthless stocks left by his father had a market value of $1,600,000. Later he discovered that other investments of his sire, a Joplin, Mo., physician may net him another million from interests in a sisal syndicate.

HAS FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW HAD ANY LOVE AFFAIRS? asks A.D.

Well, not exactly, but he has received a proposal of marriage. Eleven-year-old Marian Althouse, of Chicago, wrote she loved him very much and would like to marry him "as soon as I am old enough."

WAS JOAN CRAWFORD'S REPLACEMENT BY MYRNA LOY FOR THE *PARNELL* FEMININE LEAD AN INDICATION THE STAR IS LOSING HER GRIP? questions S.A.

On the contrary. She traded with Myrna, gaining the fem lead in *The Last of Mrs. Cheney.* Joan's motive was an escape from the steady succession of "costume pictures" in which she has been cast of late.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF FREDRIC MARCH'S SEPARATION FROM HIS WIFE? H.P. wants to know.

Simply that Florence Eldridge had to keep a stage engagement in New York. The Marches are very much in love, and Freddie will fly to Gotham as soon as he finishes work on *A Star is Born.* They will co-star in a Broadway stage play this September.

WILL CECIL B. DEMILLE PRODUCE ANY MORE OF HIS PAGEANT-SCALE EPICS? queries V.M.

His next will film the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, which bids fair to be his most magnificent and spectacular film.

WHAT DID JAMES STEWART DO BEFORE ENTERING PICTURES? asks B.S.

He was a magician's stage assistant.

IS WALTER HUSTON MARRIED? inquires C.L.

Yes, to Nan Sunderland. His first marriage to Bayonne Whipple ended in divorce.

[*Continued on page* 90]

Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style

The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)

The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"

S. R. O.—Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys

Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number

Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world . . Veloz and Yolanda

Gladys Swarthout
and Fred MacMurray
in
"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"
A Paramount Picture with
Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda
Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Hollywood Highlights

by The Boulevardier

While the cold winter blasts nip around the corners of the East, America's favorite dancing daughter, Ginger Rogers, basks in the sunshine in front of her Malibu Beach cottage

FEMININE admirers of Robert Taylor and Jimmy Stewart are hereby advised that they can still go on admiring Bob and Jimmy for it will be a long time before wedding bells will toll for either.

Taylor is in circulation again and is seen in the night spots with Ginger Rogers and other de-lovelies and Jimmy does not confine himself to Virginia Bruce.

Incidentally Barbara Stanwyck is confining herself to her career and has said so, repeatedly and forcibly.

In the case of Stewart, Jimmy has told all and sundry that, socially, he is promiscuous in his dates and will never marry, if and when he does, a cinemactress.

In the Bob Taylor case underground rumor is that his new contract with Metro has a non-marriage clause covering quite a period.

So go on girls, keep adoring, it's okay.

Saving His Pennies

JOHN BARRYMORE has gone economical. Following his marriage to Elaine Barrie, the famous John placed for disposal with realty agents his famous mansion in Beverly Hills and also his very expensive yacht "Infanta." With the new Mrs. John Barrymore he is living quietly in a modest rented home in the film colony and working harder than ever at his studio assignments.

Sign Here!

AT A recent football game, a lot of people got the impression that Jean Harlow and Bill Powell were accompanied by a bodyguard of fifty or so. And all because Jean and Bill, munching on hot dogs and looking very happy, suddenly decided to leave before the end of the game, hoping to avoid the crowd, no doubt. So what happened? So immediately all the autograph hounds near them, who had probably been plotting it for a quarter or two, leaped to their feet and followed.

Singing Janet's Praises

THE argument about whether blondes or brunettes have the edge, when it comes to color photography, has been going on for a long time out here. But from what we hear, the new color rave will be a redhead who was always plenty beautiful in black-and-white, too. None other than Janet Gaynor. Practically all you hear these days on the lot where she's making *A Star Is Born* for Selznick, is: "Have you seen the way color makes those brown eyes sparkle?" etc., etc., AND etc.

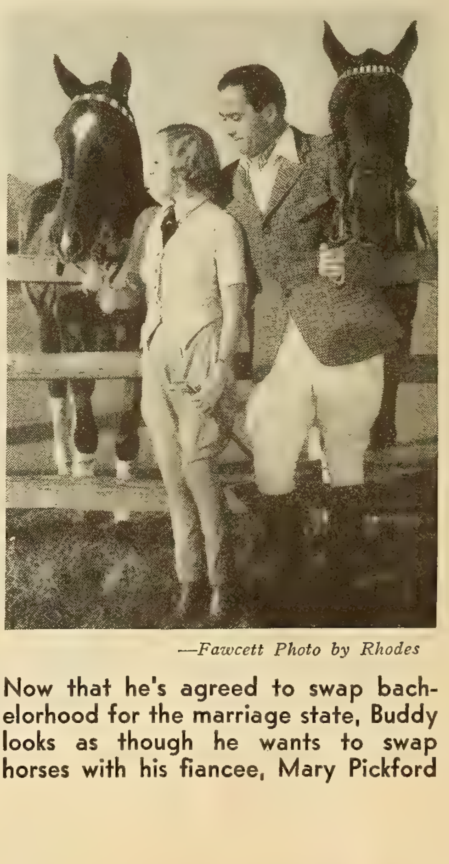
Wisequack

JOE PENNER has informed his wife and the architect who's plotting their new home out Beverly Hills way, that they can go as far as they like and he'll pay the bills. The only thing he asks of them is that they find room for a baseball diamond somewhere on the place. What, Joe! No duck-house? Don't forget, on a big place like that you'll need some place to keep your watch-duck.

Not a Proud Papa

JOHN QUALEN is a quiet little fellow and in real life about as shy as the characterization of the papa that he gave in *The Country Doctor* and more recently in *Reunion*. That's why he is blushing over the fan mail he has been receiving from ladies who admire the father of quintuplets. Frankly, Qualen doesn't enjoy it, because he's happily married, which makes the many proposals quite impossible.

[*Continued on page* 10]

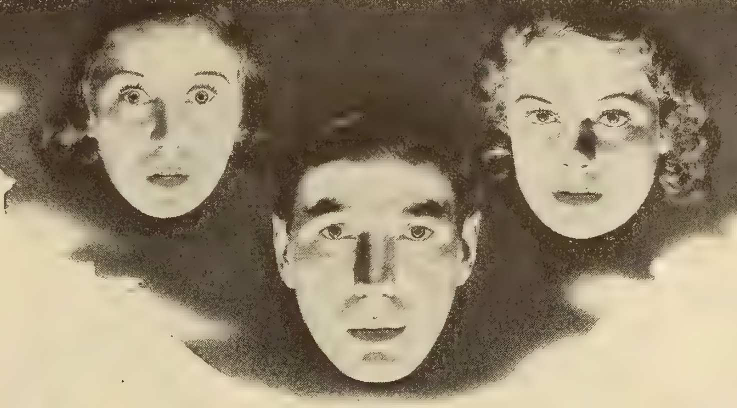


—*Fawcett Photo by Rhodes*

Now that he's agreed to swap bachelorhood for the marriage state, Buddy looks as though he wants to swap horses with his fiancee, Mary Pickford

The Screen Brings America's

INVISIBLE TERROR Right Out Into the Open!



"BLACK LEGION"

DEATH TO SQUEALERS!

That's the law of this devil cult—the body and soul pledge made by every man who *for thirty pieces of silver* buys the privilege of killing his neighbor!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to be the first to bring to the screen the *whole* savage, terrible behind-the-scenes story of these Midnight Marauders of the Midwest! All of it—every bullet-riddled paragraph—hurled across the screen with the dramatic fury of another "G-Men" or "I Am A Fugitive".

To producers, to director and to a great cast—brilliantly headed by Humphrey Bogart in a role even more intensely dynamic than his "Killer" of "Petrified Forest"—alike are due the plaudits of a million fans for making this thrilling indictment of the *world below the underworld* this month's tops in cinema excitement!

BLACK LEGION OATH

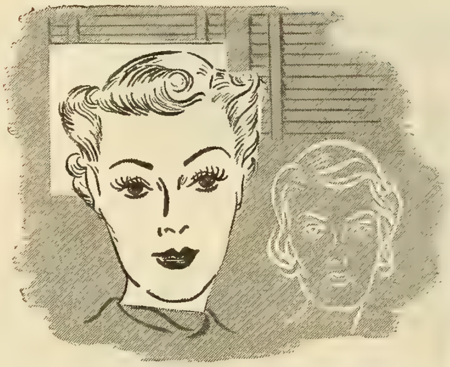
In the name of heaven and hell, by the powers of light and darkness. ¶ I pledge my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs to executing the orders of my superiors. ¶ I will show no mercy and will submit to all the tortures man can inflict and suffer the most horrible death rather than reveal a single word of this, my oath...

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Warner Bros.

HUMPHREY BOGART

DICK FORAN · ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE
ANN SHERIDAN · Helen Flint · Joseph
Sawyer · Addison Richards · Eddie Acuff
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO



DON'T BE A DROOP!

SAYS
Jane Heath

Do you know the difference between a "Droop" and a glamour girl? Nine times out of ten it's her eyes! And glamourous eyes are easy to have . . . just slip your lashes into Kurlash, and in 30 seconds they'll be curled back in an entrancing sweep. Kurlash is that handy little beauty necessity that curls your lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. $1 at all good stores.

• The worst kind of "Droop" is the one who is a "Beetling Droop," with heavy, sinister eyebrows, or a fringe of unwanted hair ruining her hairline. But you don't have to be one! Use Tweezette, that clever little automatic gadget for painlessly removing unwanted eyebrow and face hairs. $1 everywhere.

and then this

• But curling and grooming aren't enough. You must color those sweeping lashes. Lashpac is your purse-size mascara in a neat lipstick shape, with a tiny brush, all ready to use, popping out of the other end. Comes in brown, blue, green and black. Only $1.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY
To: Jane Heath, Dept. FW-2
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N.Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3
Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.
Eyes______ Hair______ Complexion______
Name______
Address______
City______ State______
(please print plainly)

Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 8]

American Airlines Photo

Hold on, here we go! Kay Francis and Delmar Davis look just a wee bit startled as their plane leaves the ground

Jean Fools 'Em

STUDENTS at the University of Southern California got a thrill when they discovered that the pretty little co-ed registered under the name of Jean Fullerton was really Jean Muir. Jean wanted to complete some courses she couldn't take up when she attended school in the east, so she quietly registered under her real name and started attending classes unrecognized as a movie star. It was a month before anyone got wise to her real identity.

Still Dot-and Dashing

PARAMOUNT has, under contract, perhaps the most talented list of writers of popular songs.

They also have on the lot a telegraph operator named Lyle Tomerlin whose hobby is writing words and music.

Lyle turned out a little ditty which he took to Bing Crosby for criticism. Bing thought it a good song, so much so that he plugged it on his radio program.

The song is currently one of the outstanding hits of the country. You must have heard it—"South Sea Island Magic"?

Lyle Tomerlin is still a telegraph operator at Paramount. Nights he is playing around with another ditty.

Har! Har! Har!

APPROXIMATELY 400 extras worked in *Parnell* and they all had to wear beards. Only a few of them could raise their own so the makeup man had to supply the false whiskers.

Then came trouble. When the call for lunch came the boys just couldn't keep the beards out of the soup.

So a parking space was provided where the boys could hang up the beavers while eating.

A few mixups after lunch but no real casualties.

Really Serious

THIS studio publicity does not always work out the right way.

Per example.

In the build-up of Sonja Henie at Twentieth Century-Fox the famous skater was told to get into circulation while making her picture.

To step out, that is, at the dine and dance places, etc.

They selected Tyrone Power for an escort and now see what happened.

Tyrone and Sonja are really carrying on a heavy romance and have eyes nor ears for any one else.

Very very serious—their intimates say.

Trailer Fan

BARBARA STANWYCK has solved the portable dressing room situation. Barbara went out and bought herself a trailer, fitted it up to her own satisfaction and comfort, had it hauled to her studio lot and uses it as a dressing room. She has slept there nights when she worked late.

A little Neon sign on the trailer indicates that it is "Stanwyck's Shanty."

Ain't Love Grand!

THAT Dick Powell and Joan Blondell were truly happy honeymooners was illustrated a few days after their return from New York where they spent the first part of their honeymoon.

Dick and Joan, Joan very cute in blue slacks, crossed Hollywood Boulevard and Vine streets hand in hand, breathlessly heading for luncheon.

[Continued on page 12]

There she sat . . .
TENSE...SILENT...WATCHING!

The most vividly emotional role in the entire career of this great dramatic star you love! . . . Not even in "The Dark Angel" nor in "These Three" did she approach the excitement and power of this never-to-be-forgotten role . . .

◆

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

MERLE OBERON
BRIAN AHERNE

in

Beloved Enemy

with

HENRY STEPHENSON · JEROME COWAN
DAVID NIVEN · KAREN MORLEY

Directed by H. C. POTTER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

DO THIS FOR YOUTHFUL LIPS

Use Tangee every day—see it change to the one shade most becoming to you... from orange in the stick to natural blush-rose. *Only* Tangee has this Color Change Principle. Tangee *isn't paint*—can't give you a "painted look". Paris says, "*Look natural*". Use Tangee. On your cheeks, use Tangee Rouge, with same Color Change Principle for natural youthful color.

Just Before Bed, use Tangee—feel it smooth and soften your lips. No more faded "morning look"... Do not confuse Tangee Natural—whose special cream base *soothes* lips—with cosmetics you must remove at night. Try Tangee. Two sizes: 39¢, $1.10. Or send coupon for 24-Hour Miracle Make-up Set.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name______________ (Please Print)
Address______________
City__________State__________ F27

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 10]

—Fawcett Photo by Rhodes

W. S. Van Dyke, Jean Harlow, Bill Powell, and Wesley Ruggles took time out from their screen activities to dine and chat at a popular night spot

And they never stopped until they landed right at the door of Sardi's, a favorite eating place of theirs and others of the film colony.

But, to Dick's dismay, they could not get in.

Reason—Sardi's had been gutted by fire three days previously. They evidently had not heard of it.

And if you don't call that living in a world of their own—then what!

Bob Burns Tells This One

BOB "BAZOOKA" BURNS of Van Buren, Arkansas, has decided to reveal a secret which he had nourished to his breast for 18 years.

Bob admits he won the World War, thus settling for all time controversy as to just who did win it.

Let Bob tell it:

"The boys of my detachment were in a dugout and feeling mighty low. I decided to cheer them up a bit and got out my old Bazooka which I always toted with me. I played the whole night long and the very next day came the Armistice. So me and my old Bazooka fixed for the boys to go home and won the war. And if we didn't, who did?"

House on a Hill

OUT on Beverly Boulevard, the swanky highway which leads through Beverly Hills to the Pacific Ocean, stands untenanted on a hill side, a beautiful home which has never been occupied during the several years it has been built.

It represents an investment of close to $100,000, is owned by Rudy Vallee and was bought to be the home of Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

She never occupied it. Recently she died after a long illness.

They say, when she was strong enough to do so, the pretty girl whose life was so saddened used to stop by and wander through the place.

Close friends of the family say that Fay

[*Continued on page* 14]

Smiling sophisticates! Adolphe Menjou and his lovely wife (Veree Teasdale) are snapped by our lens expert as they attended a recent preview

DON CORRADO ROMANO
founder of
ROMANO'S
COIN SHOP

OLD MONEY WANTED

WE PAY THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PRICES

UP TO $5000.00 EACH

Amazing Profits
For Those Who Know
OLD MONEY!

Big Cash Premiums
For Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for. Don't sell your coins, encased postage stamps, or paper money to any other dealer until you have first seen the prices that we will pay for them.

WE WILL PAY FOR 1909 CENTS UP TO $10.00 EACH

1860 Cents **$50.00** — Cents of 1861, 1864, 1865, 1869, 1870, 1881, 1890, **$20.00** each—Half Cents **$250.00** —Large Copper Cents **$2000.00**—Flying Eagle Cents **$20.00**—Half Dimes **$150.00**—20c Pieces **$100.00**—25c before 1873, **$300.00**—50c before 1879, **$750.00**—Silver Dollars before 1874, **$2500.00** — Trade Dollars **$250.00** — Gold Dollars **$1000.00** — $2.50 Gold Pieces before 1876, **$600.00** — $3 Gold Pieces **$1000.00** — $5 Gold Pieces before 1888, **$5000.00** — $10 Gold Pieces before 1908, **$150.00**—Commemorative Half Dollars **$60.00** —Commemorative Gold Coins **$115.00.**

PAPER MONEY—Fractional Currency **$26.00** Confederate Bills **$15.00.** Encased Postage Stamps **$12.00.**

FOREIGN COINS—Certain Copper or Silver Coins **$15.00.** Gold Coins **$150.00**, etc.

Don't wait! Send Dime Today for Our Large Illustrated List Before Sending Coins

Address your envelope to:

ROMANO'S COIN SHOP

Dept. 161 **Springfield, Mass.**

CUT FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY !

ROMANO'S COIN SHOP, **Dept. 161**
Springfield, Mass.

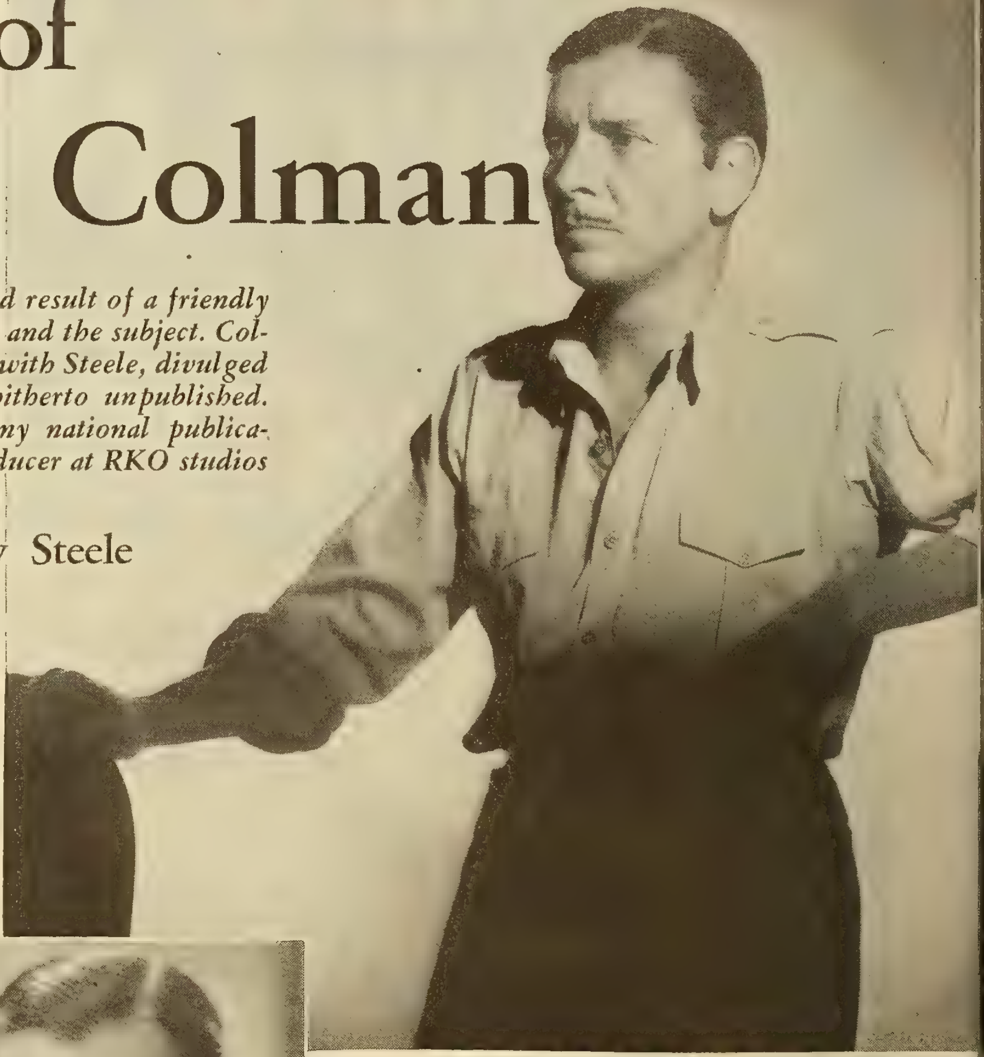
Gentlemen: Please send me your large illustrated list for which I enclose 10c in cash carefully wrapped.
(Please print plainly).

NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY ____________ STATE ____________

A "Steele-Point" Etching of Ronald Colman

This revealing story is the unexpected result of a friendly chat one evening between the author and the subject. Colman, because of his long friendship with Steele, divulged many facts and facets of his life hitherto unpublished. The author has contributed to many national publications and has been an associate producer at RKO studios

By Joseph Henry Steele



Colman's impersonation of Conway in *The Lost Horizo* soon to be released by Columbia is regarded by critic as the finest work he ever has done before the camera

HIS eyes are penetrating, clear and brown.

In conversation his jaws close decisively, his lips firmly, and his sentences sharply. He likes women and approves of marriage which he considers the ideal state. He brands as false his reputation as a woman-hater.

His name is Ronald Charles Colman.

He taught himself the piano. He plays it indifferently and only when alone. He never wore a moustache until he went into the movies.

He has a bass voice. He was born at Richmond, Surrey, England, on February 9, 1891. He wears no makeup in pictures. He has a very great affection for Erich Remarque's *The Road Back* and Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero.*

He wants security; beyond that he has no interest in accumulating a large sum of money. His employers do not understand this. He prefers biographical novels. He wears high-ankled shoes when playing tennis, which he plays rather well.

His first professional appearance was at the age of seventeen as a banjo player at a Masonic smoker. If he had to spend the rest of his life on a desert island and had the choice of only two authors he would choose Dickens and Shakespeare.

Joseph Henry Steele

SPASMODICALLY he becomes very systematic and then reverts to an innate dislike for rule and order. He is not considered a wit by his close friends. He has a keen appreciation of satire and broad burlesque. He is especially fond of French and Italian dishes.

His attitude towards life was influenced strongly in his youth by the essays and letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. He does not play golf. He has very rare periods of depression and is usually cheerful and philosophical. He does not like fancy shirts.

He would rather have been a writer or singer, if he could have excelled in these arts. He does not like to go shopping. He is very familiar with the poems of Byron, Shelley and Keats. He does not betray his British origin except under stress of great excitement when all manner of characteristic British idioms and epithets burst out.

He seldom goes to Hollywood parties and when he does he is the last to leave. He is very punctilious. He has never owned a Rolls-Royce. He is not a good swimmer. He subscribes to *Vanity Fair, Time, London Sketch,* and *National Geographic.*

He is an exceedingly poor after-dinner speaker. He wears no jewelry. He considers Greta Garbo a great actress. In formal attire he likes to go without a hat.

He loves leaving a port but hates arriving at one. He has a wire-haired terrier. He never wears spats. He enjoys a prize-fight and a football game about once a year. His hair is brown. Every four or five years he reads *David Copperfield.*

He thinks London the most interesting city in the world. He has never had a physical trainer. His clothes are made wherever he happens to be. He considers William Powell the most amusing person he knows, about four o'clock in the morning.

HE CONSIDERS *Beau Geste* the best picture he has ever made. He never wears a cap. He is a fatalist. He thinks "good breaks" have had a greater influence in his life than premeditated plans.

He thinks the experience of his first year in the United States taught him the most. He thinks good health and a decent philosophy the most important things in life. He does not like personal appearances.

His favorite silent picture was *Intoler-*

[*Continued on page* 94]

NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

THIS BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL . . ONCE WORN AWAY . . NEVER GROWS BACK — NEVER!

be safe—

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

Pepsodent contains NO GRIT NO PUMICE. *—Utterly Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

Pepsodent contains NO SOAP . . NO CHALK. Gently floats film away, instead of scrubbing it off.

—Utterly Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

Pepsodent tones up gums and promotes free-flowing saliva.

—Utterly Refreshing!

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

Protect precious enamel. Once lost, it's gone forever. Be safe and win flashing new luster with absolute security!

Nature restores skin, hair, nails—but never tooth enamel. Those precious surfaces, once worn away, are gone forever. Beauty goes with them . . . decay attacks teeth . . . the days of enchanting young teeth are over.

Guard those precious surfaces! Now science brings you the *utterly safe* tooth paste. One that cleans by an entirely new principle. That uses no chalk or grit or harsh abrasive.

Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM

Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flashing luster to teeth—cleans them immaculately—freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free flowing saliva—yet does so with the *safest action ever known in tooth pastes.*

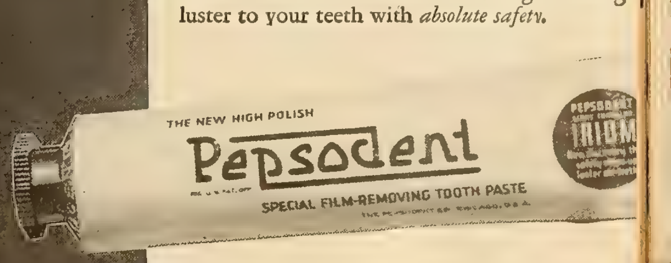
Because IRIUM—the thrilling new dental ingredient—removes film without scouring or scraping. It *lifts* the clinging plaque off teeth and washes it gently away. It leaves the enamel surfaces *spotlessly clean*—then polishes them to a brilliant luster you never even *saw* before!

It's an *amazing* advance in tooth beauty and safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle with alluring brilliance that everyone *notices.* Buy a tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin *now* to use this new method that brings flashing luster to your teeth with *absolute safety.*

be safe—

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**

IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM



Women

HERE'S SPECIAL WORK OFFERING YOU • • •

UP TO $23 IN A WEEK

and all of your own Dresses FREE of a penny cost

DRESS AND SHARKSKIN JACKET $3.98

No Experience or Investment Needed

This offer is open to all women—single or married—who need money and are ambitious enough to accept this easy way to get it. You just represent the world's leading dress-making plant—Fashion Frocks, and show the gorgeous new 1937 spring dresses to friends and neighbors. It is interesting, pleasant work because all women love to look at the smart new dress styles and will be glad to give you their orders—especially when you save them real money. You can earn up to $23, and even more, in a week for yourself, besides you can get your own dresses without a penny of cost, to wear and demonstrate. Send no money. Just mail coupon for amazing free offer.

Send for Style Portfolio 126 LOVELIEST Spring DRESSES many as low as $2.98

Fashion Frocks styles this new Spring Season are more exquisite than ever. They are last minute styles direct from fashion headquarters in Paris and Hollywood, and are worn and approved by some of the best dressed Movie Stars. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised in all the big women's magazines and are endorsed by leading Fashion Editors. They are never sold in stores, but by authorized representatives only.

3 PIECE NAVY TAFFETA SUIT $5.98

New Home Plan Starts You No House-to-House Work

Get details of our Special Plan that enables you to get started easily and quickly, without canvassing house-to-house. We will help you build up a successful, permanent dress business—working full or spare time—that pays you a good regular income.

Send Free Coupon

Mail coupon at once for this marvelous free opportunity. Get the whole story how you can make up to $23 or more in a week and get your own dresses free of any cost. No obligation and no money necessary. Rush coupon today.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. PP-225, Cincinnati, Ohio

SAMPLE DRESSES YOU CAN WEAR FREE OF ANY COST

Send no money Just mail COUPON

Fashion Frocks, Inc.
Dept. PP-225, Cincinnati, O.
Tell me how I can represent Fashion Frocks—make up to $23.00 in a week and get sample dresses free to wear. I wear Size.......

Name ....

Address ....

City ....State ....

Meet Irene—A Hollywood Queen

Irene Colman—Right in the swim as a "gold digger" in Warner Brothers' *Gold Diggers of 1937,* and now ready to plunge into bigger and better screen rôles

IRENE COLMAN is a dark, coal-eyed brunette of the Kay Francis type. A wealth of experience has been crowded into her twenty-three years of adventurous living. She has been college co-ed, trained nurse, artists' and photographers' model, and stage and screen player. She got her start appearing in amateur theatricals at Goodman's Theatre in Chicago, following that with stage appearances on Broadway and with Earl Carrol's show at Palm Island Casino, in Miami.

As one of the "Gold Diggers" in the Warner Brothers' musical, *Gold Diggers of 1937,* Irene recently finished touring the country with twelve other beauties to give people in every section of the nation a taste of the glamour that is Hollywood. This stage to stage transcontinental railroad hegira of a stream-lined troupe of charmers is noted in Hollywood as the biggest studio advertising stunt ever pulled.

You look at her jewel-like sparkling eyes and understand right away why she won the Los Angeles Examiner's contest for the most beautiful eyes of Hollywood in 1935. But her eyes are not her only attraction. This shapely actress has a personality which is the epitome of appeal and charm.

Tragically hard breaks at important times have not stopped the ebony-tressed actress in her quest for stardom. Laryngitis struck her while she was grooming for her biggest part in Broadway's *Say When.* But she is coming along fast in Hollywood, where her beauty is opening all eyes.

A distinguished accomplishment of which few people know is her flawless handwriting. She says it comes natural to her, that she has never worried herself over the study of penmanship.

Among the important pictures in which she has appeared since answering the siren-call of Hollywood are *Gold Diggers of 1937, Anthony Adverse, Suzy, Three Men on a Horse* and *God's Country and a Woman.*

No wonder..
we can make this amazing offer
IF YOU DO NOT *Reduce* AT LEAST 3 INCHES *in* 10 DAYS
...it will cost you nothing!

"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" Says Miss Healy

● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet". —Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Ave., New York

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce their waist and hips *more* than 3 inches in ten days . . . we know we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The letters below are but a few examples chosen at random.

Massage - like action reduces quickly!

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then comfortably, quickly . . . without effort on your part . . . the massage - like action *actually* reduces you at just those spots where excess fat first accumulates.

Read these amazing unsolicited letters!

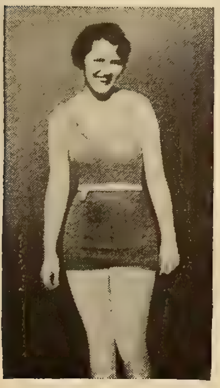
"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I have reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and lost 60 pounds! I can't thank Perfolastic enough."
Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. And I reduced 26 pounds."
Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

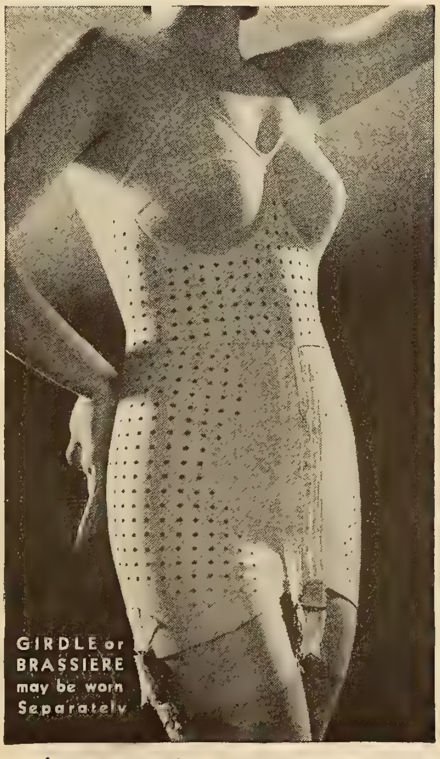


"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic".
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.
Deborah Teraga
Notary Public



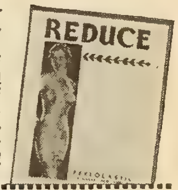
GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn Separately

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

"LOST 47 POUNDS"
"When I first got your girdle my hips measured 51 inches and I weighed 215 pounds. Now I measure 42 inches and weigh 168 pounds."
Mrs. E. M. Riggins, Memphis. Tenn.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body . . . hear the admiring comments of friends.



SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET!
Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 72, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... *State*..........

"I kept on losing weight ... what did I do?"

"I found an easy, grand way to get back those precious pounds"

TO regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal.

Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat...and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells ... just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel ...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC

JUBILEE

—and a silver one at that, in honor of Adolph Zukor, motion picture pioneer

TWENTY-FIVE years ago three leading stage artists had the courage to sneer at the prejudices of Broadway and risk their reputations by temporarily deserting the stage for the screen.

This willingness to pioneer gave strength and dignity to an enterprise which was in its infancy and the subsequent growth of which makes possible the celebration this month of Paramount's Silver Jubilee for Adolph Zukor, commemorating his 25 years of activity as a maker of stars and screen entertainment.

The three players and their billings on Broadway at the time were: James O'Neill, in *The Count of Monte Cristo,* James K. Hackett in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and Minnie Maddern Fiske in *Tess of the D'urbervilles.*

Early in 1912 Adolph Zukor was ambitious with plans for his newly formed production company in association with Daniel Frohman.

The company motto, "Famous Players in Famous Plays," was based upon his conviction that the public was ready for films of greater length and with more important stars than the current two-reelers.

He reasoned there was no better way to give the screen dignity and to erase the contempt in which the "movie" was then held than to present established players in plays of established merit.

If he could only win over the leading lights of the stage, the public would follow. But the theater did not care to acknowledge even a nodding acquaintance with its young and uncouth cousin, the "movie."

JAMES O'NEILL, father of playwright Eugene O'Neill had played the popular *Count of Monte Cristo* for thirty years. On tour much of the time, he had not become imbued with Broadway's antipathy towards the new medium—a circumstance which perhaps played no small part in his being the first to follow the lure of the cinema.

With O'Neill on his side, Zukor was ready to go ahead. If ever he lacked confidence in the idea all doubt had been dispelled by the success which he met upon showing the four-reel *Queen Elizabeth* starring Sarah Bernhardt, which he had imported from France a few weeks previously.

He placed *The Count of Monte Cristo* in production with the highest enthusiasm.

Immediately after this James K. Hackett turned a receptive ear to Famous Players' proposition and agreed to the filming of *The Prisoner of Zenda.*

Elaborate arrangements were set for the release of *The Count of Monte Cristo* as the company's first picture when a serious obstacle arose. A Chicago company was ready with another *Monte Cristo* picture, filmed from the unprotected novel from which the play had been adapted, in three reels.

Although it was felt the other picture was an inferior product, Zukor's determination that nothing should jeopardize the success of Famous Players' first American release caused it to be placed temporarily in storage.

Adolph Zukor has been identified with the making of pictures for the past twenty-five years

Zenda was rushed to completion, and released as the first picture, which proved to be a decided hit. And *Monte Cristo* duplicated its success at a later date.

By now the new producer had overcome his biggest hurdle. The names of Bernhardt,

[*Continued on page* 89]

"HOW'S FOR A DATE MY FAIR ONE?"

Pretty, popular—on top of the world—the girls who guard against Cosmetic Skin

YOUNG THINGS have a way of knowing what's what in beauty care. Thousands of them everywhere are keeping skin exquisite—guarding against Cosmetic Skin—with Lux Toilet Soap.

The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks *deep,* carries away from the pores every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. No dangerous pore choking—no risk of the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap. Keep your skin clear—smooth—*young.* You'll find it pays!

DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES!
I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT I NEVER LET THEM CHOKE MY PORES. I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP
LORETTA YOUNG..

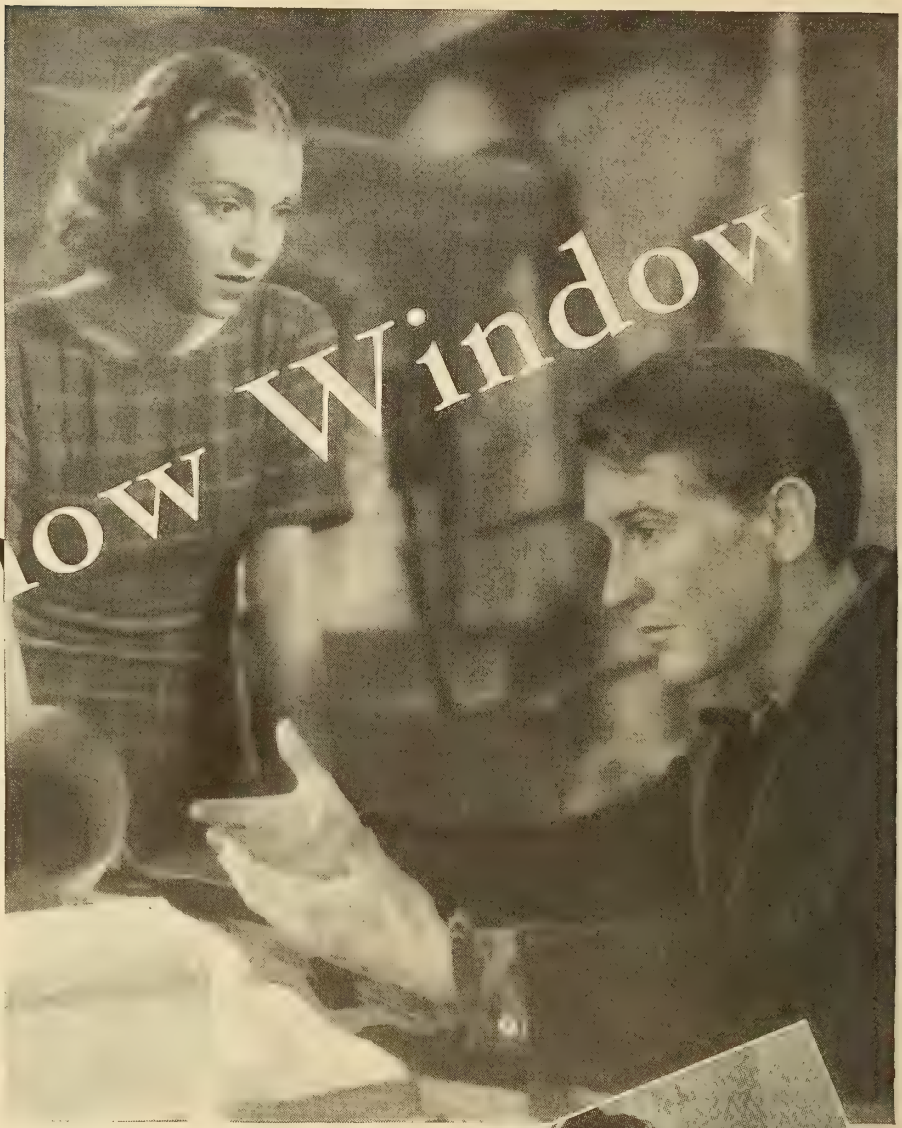
Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production "Love Is News"

Presenting herewith unbiased reviews of the latest screen offerings

The Show Window

by

E. J. Smithson



Margo and Burgess Meredith repeat their Broadway triumphs in RKO'S picturization of Maxwell Anderson's sensational play, *Winterset*

WINTERSET—A daring experiment is undertaken with striking success in this picture. Maxwell Anderson's blank verse play, powerfully rewritten for the screen, builds its story of miscarried justice to a startling ironic climax.

It took courage by the studio to import an unknown though highly talented stage cast for a major picture along such unconventional lines of questionable mass appeal. But the outstanding merit of the picture is overwhelming and the sterling performance of every member of the cast should win for all of them an enviable niche in pictures. A heavy vehicle designed for thinking, cultivated audiences, *Winterset* will gain momentum as more and more people see it and talk about its tremendously convincing story. We nominate it as the best picture of the past three years!

Burgess Meredith captures the heart with an impelling portrayal of the young man driven by hatred and bitterness to establish the innocence of his idealistic, radical father, who was electrocuted in Meredith's babyhood for a murder of which he was innocent.

The son's search for the real murderers leads the young man into the slums of New York. There he eventually finds them and there, too, he falls in love with the lovely sister of one of them.

Margo plays the sister rôle and gives the best performance of a career that is dotted with successes.

Eduardo Ciannelli is the cold-blooded, sinister Trock who committed the murder and superlatives would be weak words to describe his interpretation of this difficult rôle.

Every player in the cast deserves special mention for meritorious performance. The nicety of plot structure and beauty of language should gain for *Winterset's* author an immortal spot in literature. Every possibility in the written work is fully brought out in the picture, which thinking audiences will rank as exceptional.

The play's cynical irony and unconventional sociological and psychological implications mark it as an extreme innovation in pictures. It initiates a trend which will be welcomed by movie fans.—*RKO Radio.*

LLOYDS OF LONDON—To Darryl Zanuck should go a world of credit for his courage in tackling what appeared to everyone to be an impossible task—that of building out of the title *Lloyds of London,* a story that would have box-office appeal. But the Twentieth Century-Fox topman has done it, and movie fans are due for one of the finest film treats they can ever hope to enjoy. *Lloyds of London* is really a noteworthy picture and a distinct addition to the few great pictures of this or any other year. Under the expert direction of Henry King the picture never loses balance as it successfully encompasses a whole era of British history when England was fighting Napoleon for the supremacy of the seas; nor does it lose sight of the bright thread of romance that weaves in and out of the plot. No picture has ever received such careful and adroit treatment than this considering the magnitude of events it has to portray. Tyrone Power, Freddie Bartholemew, Madeleine Carroll, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, Virginia Field, Montagu Love and others contribute the best performances of their respective careers. Tyrone Power, after playing little better than bit parts in two previous pictures, will rate top billing in any film in which he appears from now on. His acting in *Lloyds of London* is as fine as the most critical could wish. By all means

Tyrone Power, co-starring with Madeleine Carroll in *Lloyds of London* establishes himself as a star of the first magnitude

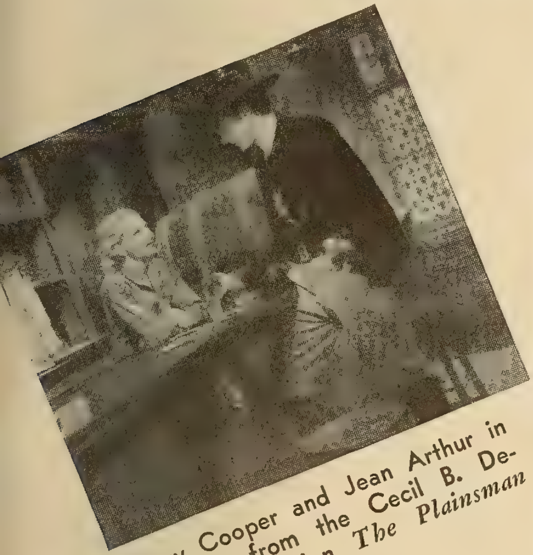
see this picture.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

THE PLAINSMAN—It is unfair of the critics to call this a "horse epic" or a "super western." It is neither. *The Plainsman* is a motion picture saga. It is a gripping, outstanding historical drama taking rank even above *The Covered Wagon* as a top-notch story of the American West.

Cecil B. DeMille presents probably his strongest picture. Woven around the plot of smuggling repeating rifles to the hostile Indians, the story has human drama which in many DeMille spectacles is submerged beneath a lavish and unconvincing pageantry. Gary Cooper has never been better than as Wild Bill Hickok. Jean Arthur is superb as Calamity Jane. Outstanding support is contributed by James Ellison as Buffalo Bill, Charles Bickford as the villain who imported the rifles, Helen Burgess as Mrs. Lew Cody, and Victor Varconi as Painted Horse.

Costuming is colorfully appropriate down to the smallest item. The dramatic surge of the picture has a terrific and unrelenting punch right through to the finish.

Added to its intrinsic appeal as a *Cavalcade* of the American West, the picture's stirring action appeal makes it a splendid film for every member of the family. It will be one of the year's best box office hits.—*Paramount.*



Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in a scene from the Cecil B. DeMille production *The Plainsman*

BORN TO DANCE—A sparkling filmusical that leaves nothing to be desired in the way of songs, dances, and comedy situations. Eleanor Powell proves her right to be called the world's greatest woman tap dancer. It's worth the price of ten admissions just to watch that girl hoof, and so far as this reviewer goes he wouldn't trade her off for two Fred Astaires—and that's what Aunt Lizzie would call a genuine Powell fan. The girl really *was* born to dance if ever a girl was! And while we're raving over Eleanor we want to put this in the record—she's tops too, when she sings and acts.

But after all, Eleanor isn't the whole show. James Stewart's acting is above par and his singing of "Hi, Babe" above that. Frances Langford's warbling of "Swinging the Jinx Away" and "Easy to Love" is a delight to the ear. Virginia Bruce, prettier than ever, takes care of her rôle in a way [*Continued on page 24*]

Gentlemen don't talk about it... but

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The Show Window

[*Continued from page* 23]

that leaves no room for criticism. Buddy Ebsen hoofs and sings in the typical Ebsen manner—and that's plenty good enough for anyone's money. Sid Silvers and Una Merkel steal the show whenever they appear. Raymond Walburn as the testy skipper, provides his share of laughs. In passing out bouquets, we've reserved an extra large one for Director Roy Del Ruth who is really responsible for making *Born to Dance* click, in big league fashion. Don't miss it!—*M-G-M.*

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN—With the alluring Mae West heading the cast and ably supported by Warren Williams, Lyle Talbot, Alice Brady and Randolph Scott, this screen version of the sensational stage success, *Personal Appearance,* loses none of its entertainment value. In fact, with Mae West taking full advantage of her comedy lines and gags, the screen version is even better.

Impersonating an actress who is handicapped in romance by a no-marriage clause in her contract and likewise by the vigilant guardianship of her "public relations advisor," Warren Williams, the glamorous Mae is at her best—and Mae at her best leaves nothing to be desired.

Henry Hathaway deserves a world of credit for his sparkling direction.—*Major Studios.*

GARDEN OF ALLAH—Beyond argument this screen version of Robert Hitchers' desert romance is one of the most beautiful color pictures ever made. The photograph effects, the exceptional musical score, and the splendid direction afford an unusual background for the romance itself. Charles Boyer as the renegade monk gives an unforgettable performance and one that is certain to win him high and well-deserved praise. Marlene Dietrich, co-starring with Boyer, has a rôle perfectly suited to her talents and she, too, will find a public eager to give her acclaim. Included in the supporting cast are such screen notables as Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, Joseph Schilkraut, Lucile Watson, Alan Marshal, John Caradine, and Charles Waldron. Tilly Losch, famed European dancer, contributes a memorable dance number in her rôle of dancing girl. *The Garden of Allah* is a MUST picture. See it by all means.—*Selznick.*

THEODORA GOES WILD—And so will you when you have an opportunity of enjoying one of the best pictures in months. Irene Dunne, as the prim, reserved New England miss who writes a best-selling sexy novel and who then, through circumstances over which she apparently has no control, has to live the life of one of her gaudy characters, has a rôle that fits her like the proverbial "T." You'll see a different Irene Dunne in *Theodore Goes Wild,* and you'll like her even better than you did in Showboat. Co-starring as the "man in the case" Melvyn Douglas takes over the duties of his difficult rôle in faultless style. If ever an actor deserves high ranking it's the same Douglas fellow who has been climbing the success ladder faster than any other actor in Hollywood. Adding much to the fine quality of *Theodora Goes Wild,* is the supporting cast consisting of Mary MacLaren, Thomas Mitchell, Elizabeth Risdon, Margaret McWade, Robert Greig, Spring Byington, Leona Marule and Frederick Burton.—*RKO Radio.*

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN—Catchy songs sung in typical Crosby style (which is plenty good enough for anyone's money), a plot that lacks nothing in the way of comedy situations, and with a cast that includes Madge Evans, Edith Fellows, Donald Meek, Louis Armstrong, John Galladet, Nydia Westman, Tommy Dugan and William Stack definitely tag this picture as the best of the Crosby productions. Crosby fans are due for quite a musical treat when the famous crooner sings "One, Two, Button Your Shoe," "Let's Call It a Heart," *"Pennies from Heaven"* and "So Do I." Sharing top honors along with Bing are Madge Evans and Edith Fellows both of whom deserve high praise for the excellence of their work. *Pennies From Heaven* is one of those pictures you mustn't miss.—*Columbia.*

CAREER WOMAN—A well-balanced picture as to story and cast and one that will prove to be a better and bigger box office draw than 20th Century-Fox expected. Dealing in satirical comedy with courts and lawyers and the circus stunts employed to impress moronic juries, *Career Woman* attempts—and succeeds—to show why justice is so often a mockery. Acting honors go to Isabel Jewell whose portrayal of the small town girl whose love affair has aroused a narrow-minded community in which she lives. Claire Trevor as the young girl lawyer, Michael Whalen as the city lawyer adept in courtroom showmanship, also deserve honorable mention for the effective manner in which they handle their difficult rôles. Included in the cast are Eric Linden, Virginia Field, Gene Lockhart, Edward S. Brophy, El Brendel, and Charles Waldron Sr. You're missing a film treat if you pass up *Career Woman.* —*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

LOVE ON THE RUN—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone keep *Love on the Run* in this gay story of two rival European correspondents for American newspapers, vieing for the attentions of a million-heiress. Joan gives her "no count" fiancee a royal run-around and leaves him waiting at the church while she departs for parts unknown. As a fugitive from headlines, reporters become her pet hate. Clark Gable's gesture in rescuing her from his persistant rival, Franchot Tone, gives him top billing in Miss Crawford's favor *UNTIL* she discovers that he, too, is a noted news gatherer—*then the fun begins!* The resulting adventures are exciting and excruciatingly funny.

In the supporting cast, Reginald Owen, and Mona Barrie stand out as a scheming pair of scoundrels. Ivan Lebedeff, William Demarest and Charles Judels portray their parts convincingly. The perfect timing and reckless comedy pace engineered through W. S. Van Dyke's direction, is a potent contribution to the success of the picture.—*M-G-M.*

Next Month

be sure to read

"Bedtime Stories of the Stars"

"DIRT POCKETS" IN YOUR SKIN!

When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out!* Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores!* Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

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Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

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Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

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With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

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with

ADOLPHE MENJOU

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DON AMECHE

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ARLINE JUDGE

BORRAH MINEVITCH

and his gang

DIXIE DUNBAR

LEAH RAY

SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S SPECTACULAR MUSICAL SMASH... SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR!... "One in a Million" "Who's Afraid of Love?" "The Moonlit Waltz" "We're Back in Circulation Again" "Lovely Lady in White"

You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!

20th CENTURY FOX

DARRYL F ZANUCK in charge of production

IRENE DUNNE

As the hoyden in Columbia's *Theodora Goes Wild,* Irene Dunne forgets her patrician poise and blossoms into one of the screen's foremost comédiennes

DOOMED

It takes a lot of courage to admit that if he had had his way the world would have been deprived of Norma Shearer, one of its most outstanding stars—but this noted Hollywood director does this in the following amazing confession

by Reginald Barker

Reginald Barker

I OWE the motion picture fans of the world a confession. I almost deprived them of the outstanding dramatic star of the screen today, Norma Shearer. In fact I almost doomed her to oblivion.

It was in spite of myself that I had the honor of starting on her motion picture career the girl whose *Juliet* of the silversheet is ranked far in advance of the stage portrayal of Shakespeare's best known heroine by such footlight favorites of yesteryear as Julia Marlowe, Mary Anderson, Katharine Cornell, Fannie Kemple, Mrs. Sarah Siddons, Helena Modjeska and others.

It was at the old Mayer-Thalberg studios. Louis B. Mayer had been producing independently for First National release, in the days when First National was really a combination of big-time theatre owners to finance independent releases.

The late Irving Thalberg had resigned as general manager at Universal to join Mr. Mayer in production activities in studios adjoining the world famous Selig Zoo. It was at Selig Zoo, by the way, that Col. W. N. Selig made his memorable wild animal serials.

At the time I was at the crest of a career which included direction of many outstanding screen epics of the silent picture days. My

rving Thalberg and Norma Shearer aboard he *S. S. California* at the start of a sea ourney that took them to Europe in May, 1933

Here *Juliet's* eyes seek *Romeo,* who worships from afar during a dance sequence in the Bard of Avon's immortal *Romeo and Juliet*

to Oblivion!

judgment of cinema ability and promise was highly respected and I had the reputation of being an exacting task master.

A pretty young Canadian girl was being considered for the ingenue part in *Pleasure Mad,* a hit prospect of that day storying a newly-rich family which emerges from a rural life of hardship into a wealth-bestowed pleasure whirl only to discover that real happiness is back on the old home place and not in the vortex of urban social currents.

Norma at that time was merely a Montreal beauty contest winner struggling for a place in Hollywood. There have been thousands like her both before and since that time, and the great majority of them are swallowed by the yawning jaws of obscurity. Norma had done her best with crumbs and bit parts, but she had caught the Thalberg eye. Irving Thalberg's eye had a record for the number of unknowns it brought to the top of motion picture fame.

Neither the shy young star-maker nor the ambitious, pretty little girl whose sparkle attracted his attention had any idea at that time that a few years later they would fall in love, marry, and become

[*Continued on page* 78]

In her rise to fame Norma Shearer played many parts. Here she is in *Lady of the Night,* produced in 1925

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Three Weeks With GARBO

An intimate close-up of the incomparable Garbo written by a man who knows her better than any writer in Hollywood

by
Leon Surmelian

"Look! I found a four-leaf clover!" Garbo exclaims to Robert Taylor in this pastoral scene from *Camille*

AFTER twelve years of entertaining the public as the screen's No. 1 glamour gal, my and your weakness, the incomparable Garbo, remains the same elusive shadow, the same lovely enigma to the world that worships her at her feet. Sure, an enterprising fan magger met her on her train as she was returning to Hollywood after an absence of several months and accomplished the hitherto impossible feat of having her talk for publication—but what did she say that helped clear the great Garbo mystery? Nothing. Just a few weary words, that's all.

Now I'm going to let you in on a secret that's been bothering me since 1932. It so happens, believe it or not, that I'm the only scribbling mug in the enchanting land of the cinema who has not only breathed the same air with Garbo, seen her in flesh and blood, but has actually cavorted before the cameras with her—not for an hour, for a day, but for three whole weeks! It was during the filming of the memorable *Queen Christina*, when Katharine Hepburn tried to crash Garbo's stage as an extra but failed, while I succeeded. And now, I'll give you an intimate close-up of the Swedish sphinx out of my own personal observations, brought up to date by some reportorial digging I did recently.

Of the countless stories you have read on Garbo only two or three have been written by people who have as much as caught a fleeting glimpse of her in real life. The vast amount of verbiage printed on Garbo has been, in a large measure, nothing but silly patter, hashed and rehashed for a public suffering from Garbomania, hungry for any information that might bring her closer to them.

Opinions might differ on this point, but I still consider *Queen Christina* the best picture Garbo has made up to now. She has just finished *Camille*, with the current romantic rage of the nation, Bob Taylor, emoting opposite her. In *Queen Christina*, you will remember, her leading man was John Gilbert, her one-time lover, doing his last important stint for a comeback on the screen which he once ruled as the cock of the walk. In that elaborate saga of her native Sweden Garbo was intensely interested; she had spent a whole year doing research work to insure its authenticity. She helped Adrian design the court gown she wore in the palace scenes and on which sixteen Spanish seamstresses had worked six weeks. She inspected the costumes we attaches of

[*Continued on page* 91]

Why I Married

Here it is—what, you hoped but never expected to read—an exclusive story on the recent Elaine Barrie-Barrymore marriage, by the one who really knows—Elaine Barrie!

"WHY did you marry John Barrymore?"

I asked Elaine Barrie the question the day after her sudden marriage in Yuma, Arizona, which made her Mrs. John Barrymore, the Fourth.

We were seated in the Barrymore honeymoon suite in the Beverly-Wilshire, fashionable film colony hostelry. Slender, dark-eyed Elaine, ravishingly beautiful in brown polka-dotted lounging pajamas, took time out before answering the question to bestow a soft connubial glance upon her famous bridegroom.

Mr. Barrymore, attired more formally in a brown tweed suit, deflected his handsome profile from the evening newspaper and favored Elaine with a sly bridegroomish wink.

Mrs. Edna Jacobs, the bride's mother, beamed on the lovers. Golden-hued lounging pajamas emphasized her own youthful appearance. In an adjoining room Mr. Aaron Sapiro, the Barrie family attorney, rattled legal documents as though grimly determined to preserve the domestic tranquility.

"Oh, yes, about why I married John," Elaine began, as though snapping out of pleasant reverie.

"The answer goes back to my childhood. I've been in love with him ever since I was old enough to attend a theatre. I dreamed of marrying him years before he knew

Left—John, Elaine, and Mrs. Edna Jacobs, Elaine's mother, willingly "pause for a pose" at the request of MOVIE CLASSIC'S staff photographer

Right—Autograph seekers crowded past the ushers at the Grauman Chinese theatre, demanded—and got—signatures from the famous couple

John Barrymore

by Elaine Barrymore

(as told exclusively to Lew Garvey)

I existed. Now my dream has come true. It's a real love marriage. I'm going to be the last of the Mrs. John Barrymores."

"You might say," interrupted Mr. Barrymore, "that I married Elaine to save her from a life of shame."

A strained silence descended on the room. Mrs. Barrie looked uncomfortable. Elaine stared bewilderedly at her husband. Mr. Sapiro stopped rustling his documents.

"You see," Mr. Barrymore explained, "if I hadn't married her Elaine planned to become a newspaper woman. I saved her from that disgrace."

EVERYBODY seemed relieved and laughed. Mr. Barrymore laughed the most of all. He enjoys injecting a bit of drama into conversation. It peps things up. That's why he's such a good actor.

"I am a native New Yorker," said Elaine, beginning at the beginning, while Mr. Barrymore resumed acquaintance with the evening newspaper. "My parents have always been successful. They gave me every educational advantage a girl could desire, but my earliest ambitions leaned toward a stage career. They disapproved, but I was determined to follow my first love, the stage.

"John Barrymore was my girlhood idol. Before I had taken a dramatic lesson I studied his acting. Whenever he appeared in a New York theatre I attended matinees. I sat as near the stage as possible, analyzed his talent, absorbed his personality. Afterwards I would stand before a mirror imitating his gestures, speaking his lines. I played scenes visualizing him beside me. I kept a scrap book of every article I could find pertaining to him. I guess I was pretty much in love with him, too."

A message from the Beverly-Wilshire desk clerk temporarily suspended Elaine's girlhood memoirs. A gentleman was in the lobby with a play written to co-star Elaine and Mr. Barrymore. It was the third gentleman with a play who had called that day. Mr. Barrymore didn't care to see him. Neither did Elaine.

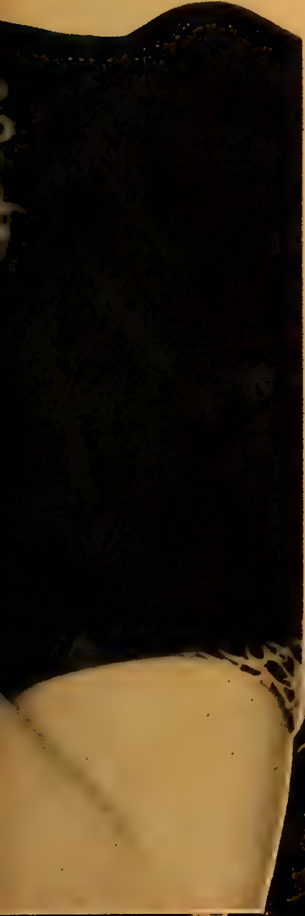
"I was heartbroken when John abandoned the stage for Hollywood," Elaine resumed. "Watching him on the screen wasn't half as satisfying as being in the same theatre with him. More than ever it fired my ambition to become an actress and enter his glamorous world. I took dramatic lessons. I studied hard. I assumed the stage name Barrie. It was close to Barrymore. I was on my way."

Mr. Barrymore shifted uneasily in his chair. As becomes a modest bridegroom, he was embarrassed by so much flattery. "Tell him about the time we met in the hospital," he suggested. "It's more interesting."

"I was coming to that," Elaine smiled, with a reproving glance at her impatient bridegroom. "I learned through the newspapers that John was back in New York and seriously ill in a hospital. I had never met him, never written him a fan letter as so many girls have done. I was a total stranger, yet something unexplainable urged me to visit him. I phoned him, expressed sympathy and hope for a speedy recovery."

"That's right," Mr. Barrymore nodded. "Elaine was the only person in New York thoughtful enough to phone, aside from newspaper reporters. I was lonesome. She asked permission to call on me and bring some

[*Continued on page* 80]



Left—Frankly, and in a manner that will surprise MOVIE CLASSIC readers, Elaine Barrie explains why she married the famous star

Why *I Married* John Barrymore

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by Elaine Barrymore

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"Oh, yes, about why I married John," Elaine began, as though snapping out of pleasant reverie.

"The answer goes back to my childhood. I've been in love with him ever since I was old enough to attend a theatre. I dreamed of marrying him years before he knew I existed. Now my dream has come true. It's a real love marriage. I'm going to be the last of the Mrs. John Barrymores."

"You might say," interrupted Mr. Barrymore, "that I married Elaine to save her from a life of shame."

A strained silence descended on the room. Mrs. Barrie looked uncomfortable. Elaine stared bewilderedly at her husband. Mr. Sapiro stopped rustling his documents.

"You see," Mr. Barrymore explained, "if I hadn't married her Elaine planned to become a newspaper woman. I saved her from that disgrace."

EVERYBODY seemed relieved and laughed. Mr. Barrymore laughed the most of all. He enjoys injecting a bit of drama into conversation. It peps things up. That's why he's such a good actor.

"I am a native New Yorker," said Elaine, beginning at the beginning, while Mr. Barrymore resumed acquaintance with the evening newspaper. "My parents have always been successful. They gave me every educational advantage a girl could desire, but my earliest ambitions leaned toward a stage career. They disapproved, but I was determined to follow my first love, the stage.

"John Barrymore was my girlhood idol. Before I had taken a dramatic lesson I studied his acting. Whenever he appeared in a New York theatre I attended matinees. I sat as near the stage as possible, analyzed his talent, absorbed his personality. Afterwards I would stand before a mirror imitating his gestures, speaking his lines. I played scenes visualizing him beside me. I kept a scrap book of every article I could find pertaining to him. I guess I was pretty much in love with him, too."

A message from the Beverly-Wilshire desk clerk temporarily suspended Elaine's girlhood memoirs. A gentleman was in the lobby with a play written to co-star Elaine and Mr. Barrymore. It was the third gentleman with a play who had called that day. Mr. Barrymore didn't care to see him. Neither did Elaine.

"I was heartbroken when John abandoned the stage for Hollywood," Elaine resumed. "Watching him on the screen wasn't half as satisfying as being in the same theatre with him. More than ever it fired my ambition to become an actress and enter his glamorous world. I took dramatic lessons. I studied hard. I assumed the stage name Barrie. It was close to Barrymore. I was on my way."

Mr. Barrymore shifted uneasily in his chair. As becomes a modest bridegroom, he was embarrassed by so much flattery. "Tell him about the time we met in the hospital," he suggested. "It's more interesting."

"I was coming to that," Elaine smiled, with a reproving glance at her impatient bridegroom. "I learned through the newspapers that John was back in New York and seriously ill in a hospital. I had never met him, never written him a fan letter as so many girls have done. I was a total stranger, yet something unexplainable urged me to visit him. I phoned him, expressed sympathy and hope for a speedy recovery."

"That's right," Mr. Barrymore nodded. "Elaine was the only person in New York thoughtful enough to phone, aside from newspaper reporters. I was lonesome. She asked permission to call on me and bring some

[*Continued on page* 80]

Left—Frankly, and in a manner that will surprise MOVIE CLASSIC readers, Elaine Barrie explains why she married the famous star

Left—John, Elaine, and Mrs. Edna Jacobs, Elaine's mother, willingly "pause for a pose" at the request of MOVIE CLASSIC'S staff photographer

Right—Autograph seekers crowded past the ushers at the Grauman Chinese theatre, demanded—and got—signatures from the famous couple

The Bazooka Boy from Arkansas travels in high-toned company these days. Here he plays his instrument for Leopold Stokowski, symphony orchestra conductor

From *Rags* to *Riches* with BOB BURNS

Within a year Bob Burns has tooted his Bazooka to the tune of a $400,000 income—but it hasn't changed the size of his hat—he's too swell a guy for that!

by Murphy McHenry

THE Burn family of Van Buren, Ark., had one of those old-fashioned, unabridged copies of the Bible. It was that kind of a family. One morning in 1896 the father, after a sleepless night, opened up the page reserved for such inscriptions and in his finest penmanship wrote the fact that on that day, at 4:30 a. m., Robert Burn, weighing ten pounds, had been born. The only prior entry had been made two years before when a first son, Farrar, had cried his way into the world.

About the only time that the proper name of the new individual was ever used was on that page in the family Bible. Robert was a very formal cognomen. The little lad was not at all formal, despite the fact that as he went into those early stages, he was less a boy and more a girl in the manner of dresses. Of course, that was in a day when the juvenile masculine mind ran to such things as long dresses and those very pretty curls.

So a fond mother called him Robin and soon everybody in Van Buren knew him by that name, because every time his mother would take him down town to buy the groceries, she would be stopped every ten feet or so by some admiring friend of the family who wanted to chuck little Robin under the chin and remark about the beauty of those curls.

That sort of thing went on for four and a half years. One day an energetic merchant, Cy Cordell, said it was about time he grew up and he utilized that correspondence course in salesmanship to sell Mrs. Burn a new suit or, to be more exact, a pair of pants. Thus did Robin Burn graduate from dresses to trousers.

You will note that the family name is referred to as Burn and not as Burns. This is correct. The name Burns came much later—and so did the Bob. At this point in life he is still

[*Continued on page* 64]

Men, *Stay Away* from My Door!

Beautiful Olivia de Havilland could be the most popular young woman in Hollywood. In fact, she could be a sensation. But Olivia does not chose to "date"—and here's the reason why

by Virginia T. Lane

ROBERT TAYLOR took her in his arms. His voice was tender, impassioned. Then he kissed her.

A million people sighed simultaneously. Aunt Agatha's sigh was wistful; she was remembering the warm young romance those words evoked. Carrie was frankly crying; slowly she tore up her ticket to Reno and slipped her arms around her husband's neck. Dana's sigh held longing; if Ted would only say things like that! A million little life dramas going on at the *receiving* end of the radio. . . .

And then the announcer's voice, clear and impersonal: "You have been listening to the Lux Radio Theatre production of *Saturday's Children* starring Olivia de Havilland and Robert Taylor."

As they came away from the microphone Bob held out his hand. "You were great, Olivia." They smiled at each other. A nice, matter-of-fact smile. Then Olivia came over to where we were standing. "I'm starving by inches," she declared. "Come on, let's go get some fried chicken."

I gasped and said severely: "Child, have you no romance in your soul?" You play a love scene with Robert Taylor—and you want fried chicken!" I was thinking of all the other girls I knew who, in her shoes, would still be up there fluttering at Bob Taylor. But Olivia is strictly not a flutterer.

She giggled. She has, to be quite truthful, the most engaging giggle on two continents. "Don't you worry," she said. "There's plenty of romance in my soul. But I [*Continued on page* 62]

Mae West Gives

Deluged with a thousand-and-one questions by Mae West fans, the Editor of MOVIE CLASSIC finally selected a score of the most pertinent ones and asked the famous stage and screen star to answer them personally. This she graciously consented to do—and here they are—answered as only she could answer them!

ALMOST every day I receive letters from readers of your magazine. Not exactly fan letters because most of them ask intimate questions which demand replies. I enjoy these letters. I'd like to answer each one personally. Unfortunately, I haven't the time.

The editor has made the happy suggestion that I write a blanket reply covering some of your more pertinent queries. So sit back and relax. It may contain the answer to your letter. I hope so. Well, here goes.

What is your family history?

I'm glad somebody brought that up. Just because I was born in Brooklyn some people figure the West family tree a rubber plant. A genealogist recently traced the West branch of our clan back to Alfred, the Great. That makes me a descendant of an English king which proves that the Wests were doing all right by themselves even in those days. The genealogist describes it as "an ancient family of knightly rank," and I notice he didn't spell it "nightly."

The genealogist goes on to say further that "the Wests were connected by ties of marriage and descent with royal lineages and other families of peerages and among the landed gentry of the oldest type throughout the kingdom."

Why do you prefer to live in an apartment?

That's an easy one. I like to live high up, and hear people moving about, and listen to traffic noises. Makes me feel alive and part of things. A quiet country estate would bore me. I'm a city gal and I like rackets—and I don't mean what you think. Besides, my apartment in the heart of Hollywood is close to the studio, the shopping center and amusement places I patronize.

Am I on a diet?

No. I eat what I like and whenever I feel like it. Broiled steaks are my weakness. Occasionally I drive out Ventura way for a spaghetti dinner at Jack LaRue's Italian restaurant. Or slip down to Los Angeles Chinatown for chicken chop suey at Tom Gubbins' chink joint. Never worry much about my figure and take very little exercise. A noted sculptor is doing my figure in marble and says I'd have made a perfect stand-in for Venus. Flattering, of course. But maybe not. That dame was cold and didn't have any arms. Anyhow, I don't diet. Whenever I get a bit overweight I work it off making a picture.

Why do you attend prize fights?

Oddly enough, they are my chief form of relaxation. Watching boys in action takes my mind off studio and business problems. Furthermore, my father was a good boxer. Guess its in the blood.

Will you continue to play sexy roles?

This question recalls what the late Will Rogers once told me. He advised: "Keep giving the public what you believe they want. If they get tired of it you'll find out soon enough." So I'll

All the Answers

continue playing good bad ladies until the public wants something else. Thus far they seem satisfied.

What is your ideal type of man? There's no such thing. No man is perfect. And if he were perfect he'd be uninteresting. I always advise girls to pick a good companion. Homely men make good husbands. They usually have more S. A.

Is a clever woman more dangerous than one who is beautiful and dumb? They're both dangerous with a man around.

Do women with pasts interest men? Always. These men hope history will repeat itself.

Why do you build yourself up to appear hefty? Because anaemic women have to live alone and like it.

What time do you get up in the morning? About 11:30 a. m., when I'm not working.

Do you own a race horse? I do. My brother Jack has my stable of horses entered for the Santa Anita meeting. They'll race there and will be in the money.

Do you drink or smoke? Only on the screen. And I'm no angel.

What is your favorite book? Any one dealing with [*Continued on page* 60]

An off-stage shot of the glamorous Mae and Randolph Scott. Director Henry Hathaway coaching the two for an intimate romantic moment in the new West picture *Go West, Young Man*

Mae West Gives All the Answers

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Learn to Dance the CHAM

Here's your chance to take a step in the right direction in this unusual dancing lesson. Veloz and Yolanda, America's foremost dancing team, introduced this beautiful new waltz in Paramount's *Champagne Waltz,* starring Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout. It's yours for the practice!

1 Feet together. Man's left foot sideways, draws feet together, then left foot extended. Repeat, quickly, and turn to left.

2 Man's right foot sideways, draws left foot, right foot. Right foot extended. Repeat. Feet together at finish position.

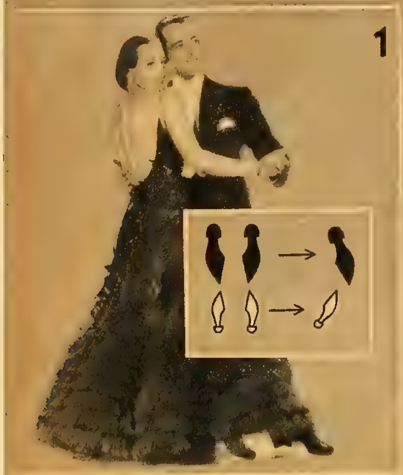
3 Man's left foot backwards, followed by right foot in circular movement. Right foot sideways, crosses left foot front, right foot extended.

4 Man lifts girl slightly to bounce her on each beat. Three times right, three times left, making a semicircular movement.

5 Repeat first step, with man bending knee on second, fourth and sixth beats. Girl bends knee on alternate beats.

6 Man revolves in circular pivot on right toe, followed around with left foot to make series of circles around right toe as pivot.

7 Man steps forward on left foot, forward on right, and then back on left foot. Girl follows same steps, with other foot.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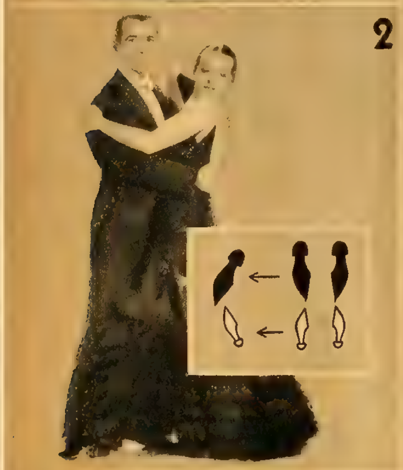
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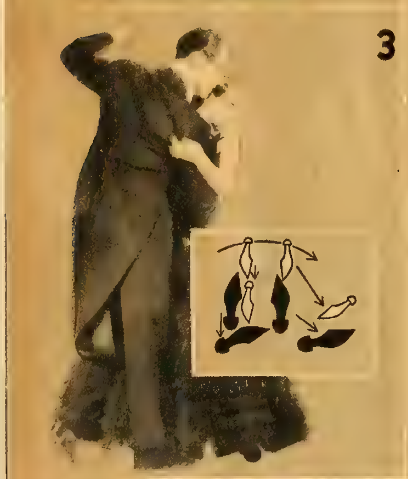
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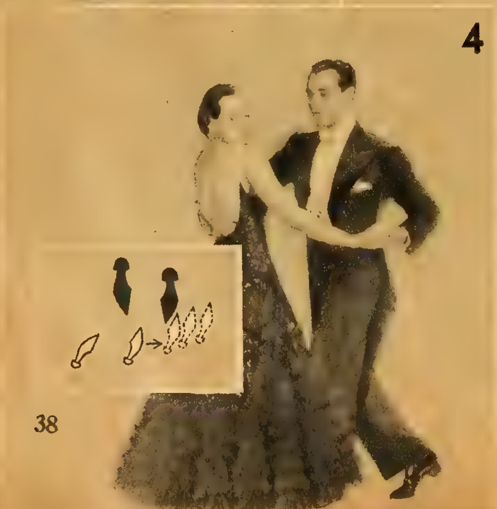
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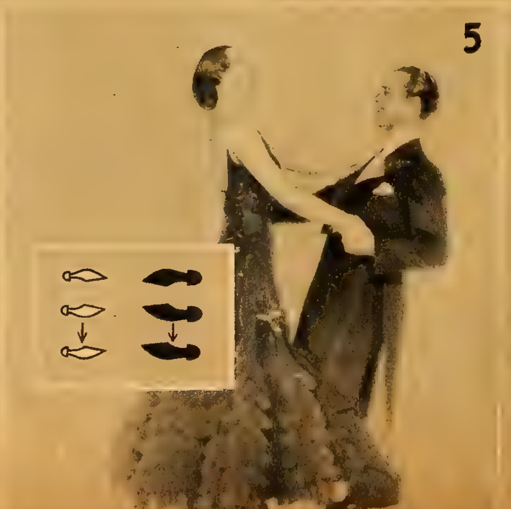
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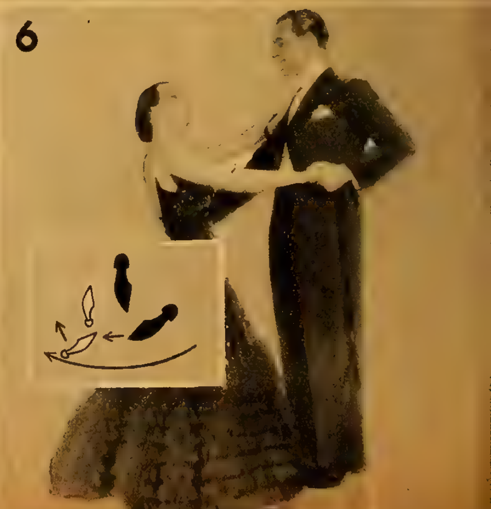
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PAGNE WALTZ

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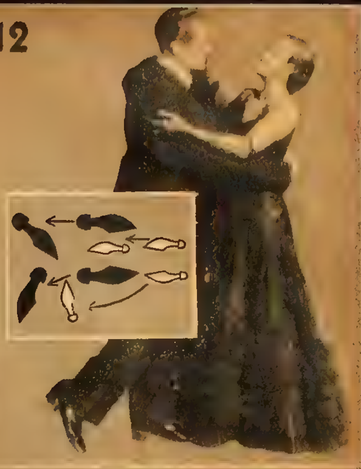

8 Man steps once on right foot and once on left, followed by three very short steps done to double time. Turning motion to right.

9 Step forward on left foot, on right foot and then on left foot. Run three steps forward. Can also be done on a turn.

10 From last position, girl makes half turn to man. In this position, repeat first step, in double time. Repeat, starting to right on right foot.

11 Both step forward on left foot, hop three times on left. Forward on right, raise left foot back. Hop forward on right three times.

12 Pivot on left foot. Turn with three whirling short, fast steps. Step forward on left, hold. Whirl, with three short quick steps.

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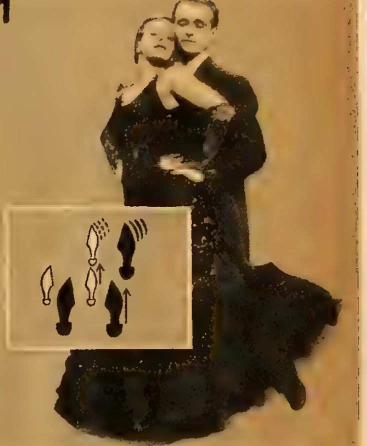

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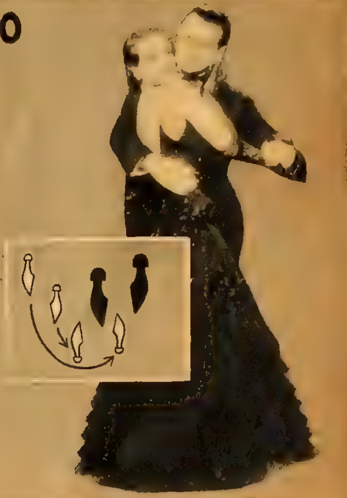

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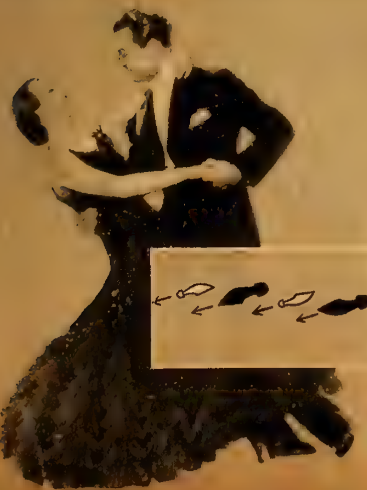

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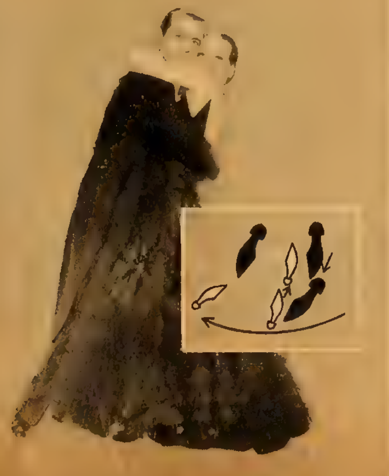

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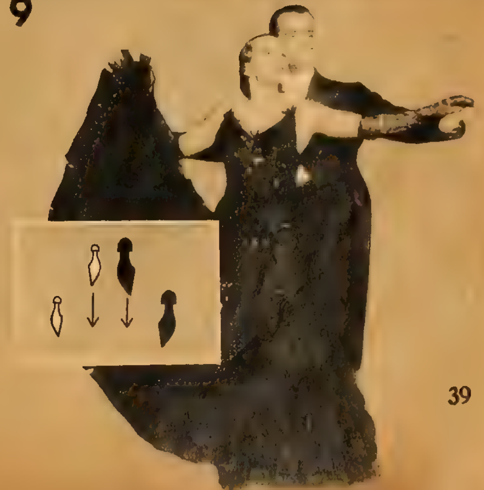

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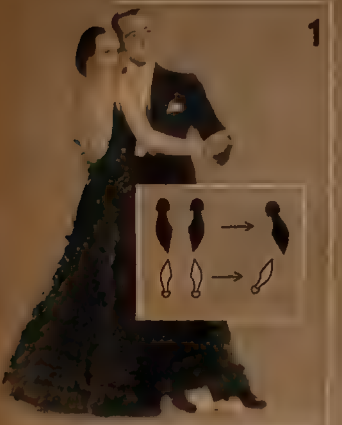

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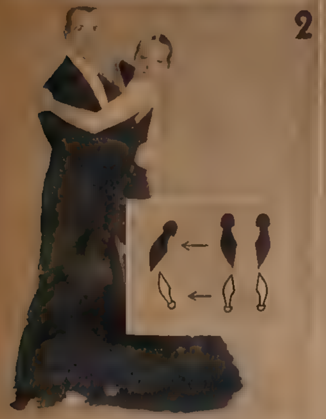

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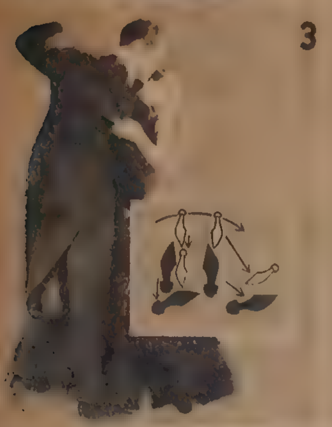

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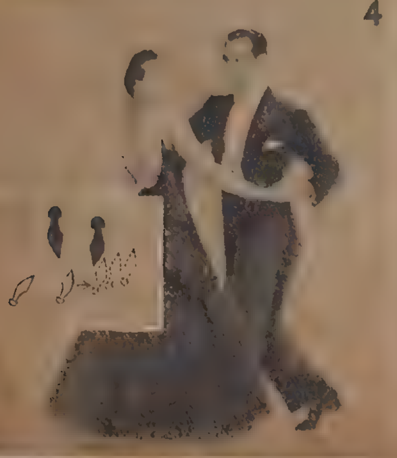

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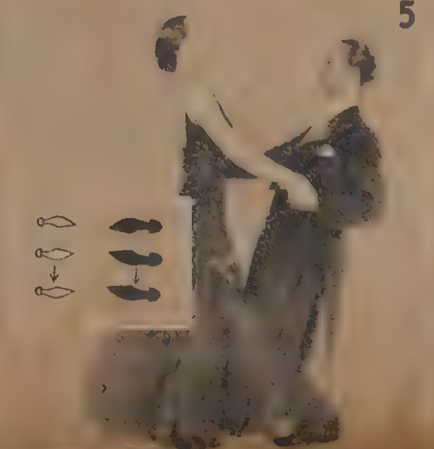

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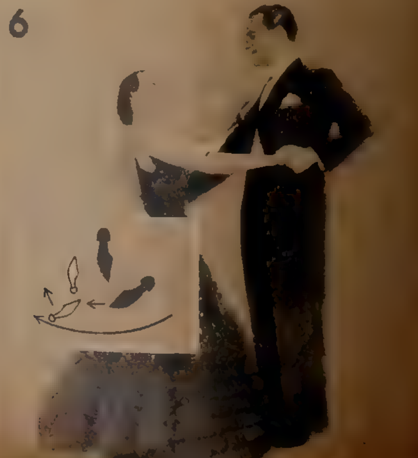

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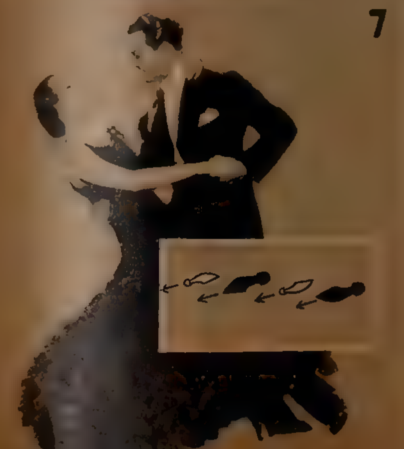

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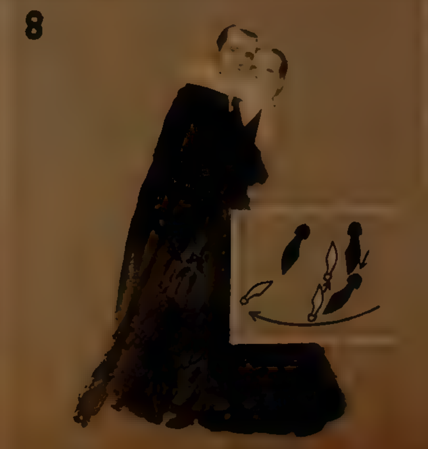

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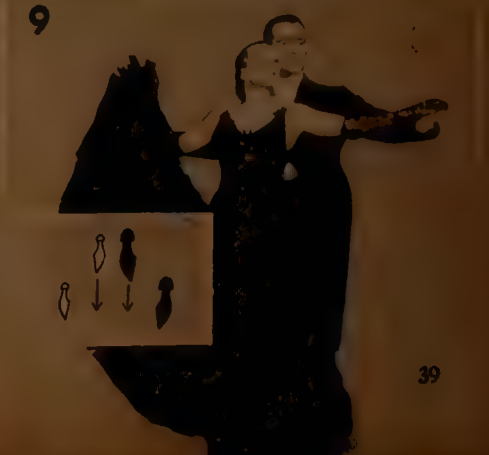

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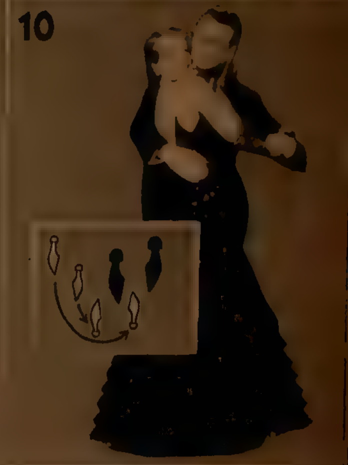

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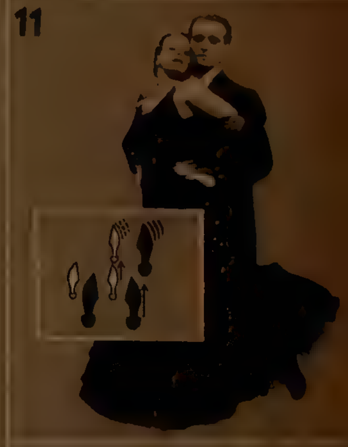

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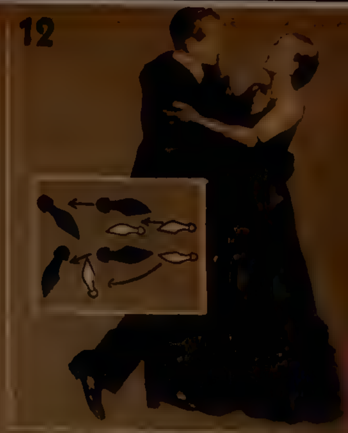
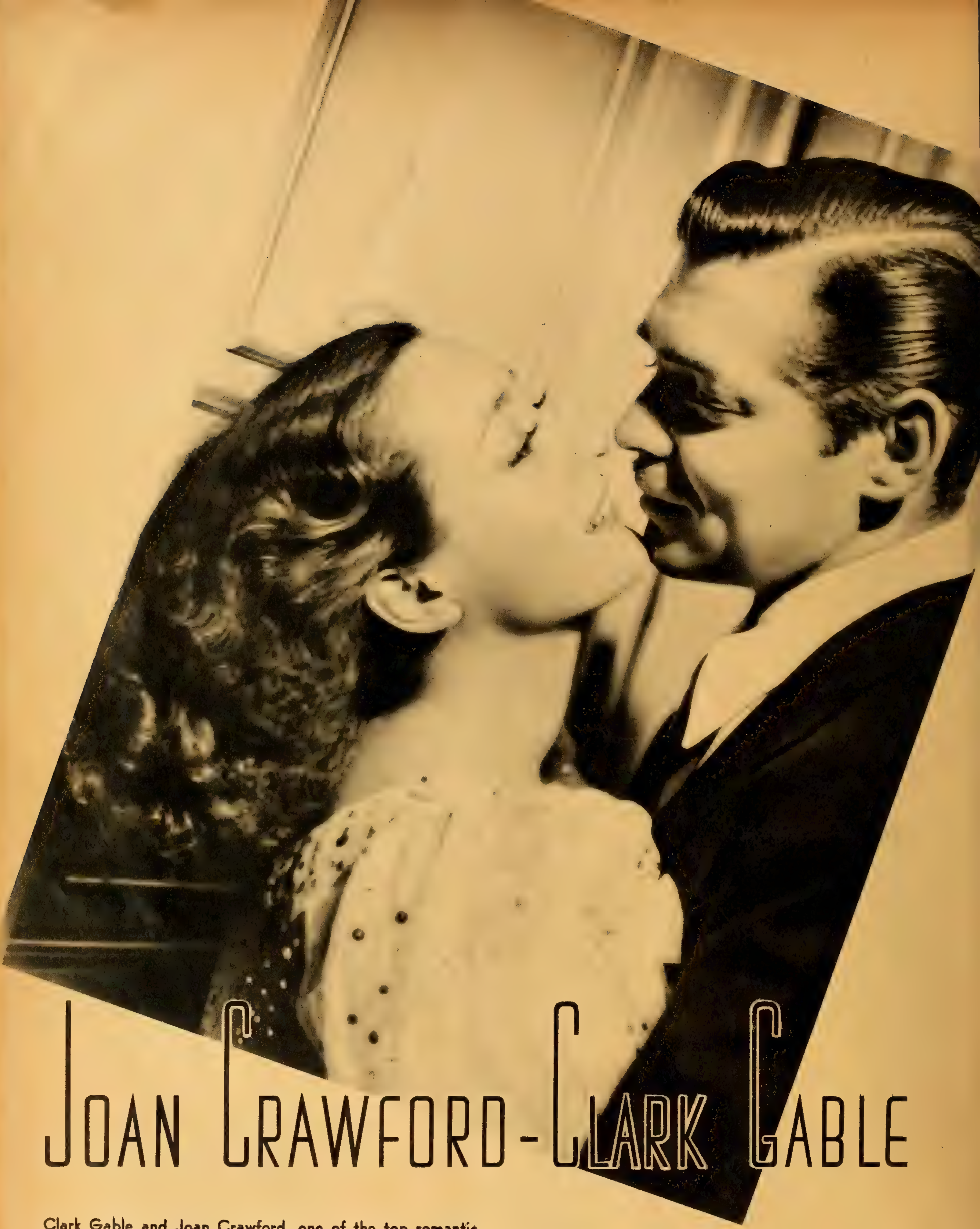




JOAN CRAWFORD-CLARK GABLE

Clark Gable and Joan Crawford, one of the top romantic screen teams, hold this pose for a scene from *Love on the Run,* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's hilarious comedy melodrama

Mae Clarke Laughs Last

Once they're down in Hollywood, they usually stay down —but this rule doesn't apply to Mae Clarke who has been traveling at a fast rate along the come-back trail that will again lead her to stardom

by
Jack Stevens

Mae Clarke and James Cagney first co-starred together in *Public Enemy*. Now they're together again in Grand National's *Great Guy*. Happy returns!

YOU'VE heard about the business of climbing the ladder of fame in Hollywood. Everybody who has ever amounted to anything in the picture business has had to go the same route. It consists of starting at the bottom and climbing upward. Some go far, others hardly get started, still others get half way up and topple off into oblivion. Some get another chance, but few ever succeed on the second climb. You can count on the fingers of one hand the number of stars who have succeeded in a comeback. And if you're doing that, you'll have to save one of the fingers for Mae Clarke.

Not only has Mae climbed the ladder, slipped, and then climbed back up again. She's done it several times and if you ask her, she'll laugh and tell you that if she happened to slip again she would start right out and climb back. For Mae Clarke is a very determined individual. And on top of this she is possessed of all the requirements for success in pictures. She has beauty and charm. She has a personality that makes itself felt wherever she happens to be, a personality that literally glows from the screen. And on top of all this, she has a mentality that is far above the average, making her one of Hollywood's most intellectual young women.

The day Mae started work for Grand National in *Great Guy,* in which she shares starring honors with James Cagney, I happened to be on the set. As Mae came through the stage door, I saw Cagney's face brighten and then saw him rush over and greet Mae in the warmest fashion. Then I remembered. They had played together, years ago, in a

[*Continued on page* 68]

That GIRL

Small wonder that Lily Pons occupies a place in the heart of the world—she is one of the few prima donnas who go out of their way to meet the public and insists upon being one of them

by Whitney Williams

LILY PONS, looking for all the world like a vivacious gamin of the Paris streets—she was clad in a short black skirt and white glossy waist that set off her petite figure to perfection—cupped her pink chin firmly in the palm of her right hand, rested the weight of her small shoulders in the movement and spoke from the depth of her chair.

"I am so vairee happee to be back in Hollywood once again and to see all my vairee good friends."

A quick smile, born in her dark, expressive eyes, flashed swiftly over her face. It needed no seer to interpret the genuine pleasure Lily felt in returning to the studio and those she held close to her heart.

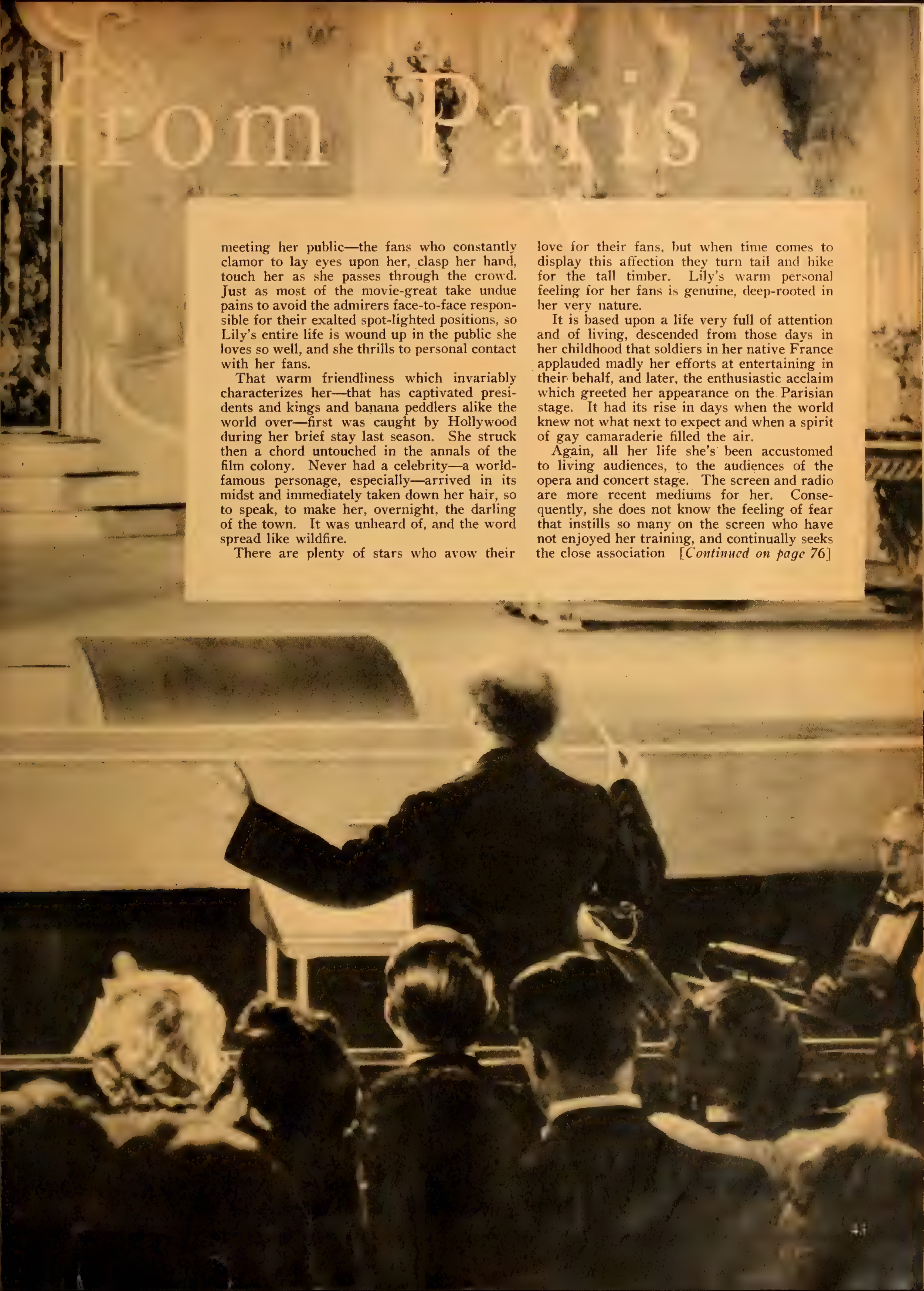
We sat, the two of us, on the set of her latest picture, *That Girl From Paris,* it's called, and the scene was a cheap little cafe. About us, heavy lights were being shifted, with all the accompanying confusion of a new camera set-up, and out on the floor Director Leigh Jason was rehearsing Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Herman Bing and Mischa Auer in a piece of comical nonsense.

Like a small girl Lily leaned back, but her vivacity could not long lie dormant and she broke into that charming accent that at once sets her speech apart from all those stiffly-cultivated accents one hears so frequently in the film colony.

"Hollywood is vairee dear to me. I see my friends and all those others who would see me. Yes, I am vairee happee to be back here."

All unconsciously, Lily uttered the keynote to her whole nature in those few words. For Lily, unlike the majority of stars, looks forward to

rom Paris



meeting her public—the fans who constantly clamor to lay eyes upon her, clasp her hand, touch her as she passes through the crowd. Just as most of the movie-great take undue pains to avoid the admirers face-to-face responsible for their exalted spot-lighted positions, so Lily's entire life is wound up in the public she loves so well, and she thrills to personal contact with her fans.

That warm friendliness which invariably characterizes her—that has captivated presidents and kings and banana peddlers alike the world over—first was caught by Hollywood during her brief stay last season. She struck then a chord untouched in the annals of the film colony. Never had a celebrity—a world-famous personage, especially—arrived in its midst and immediately taken down her hair, so to speak, to make her, overnight, the darling of the town. It was unheard of, and the word spread like wildfire.

There are plenty of stars who avow their love for their fans, but when time comes to display this affection they turn tail and hike for the tall timber. Lily's warm personal feeling for her fans is genuine, deep-rooted in her very nature.

It is based upon a life very full of attention and of living, descended from those days in her childhood that soldiers in her native France applauded madly her efforts at entertaining in their behalf, and later, the enthusiastic acclaim which greeted her appearance on the Parisian stage. It had its rise in days when the world knew not what next to expect and when a spirit of gay camaraderie filled the air.

Again, all her life she's been accustomed to living audiences, to the audiences of the opera and concert stage. The screen and radio are more recent mediums for her. Consequently, she does not know the feeling of fear that instills so many on the screen who have not enjoyed her training, and continually seeks the close association

[*Continued on page 76*]

HOMES OF

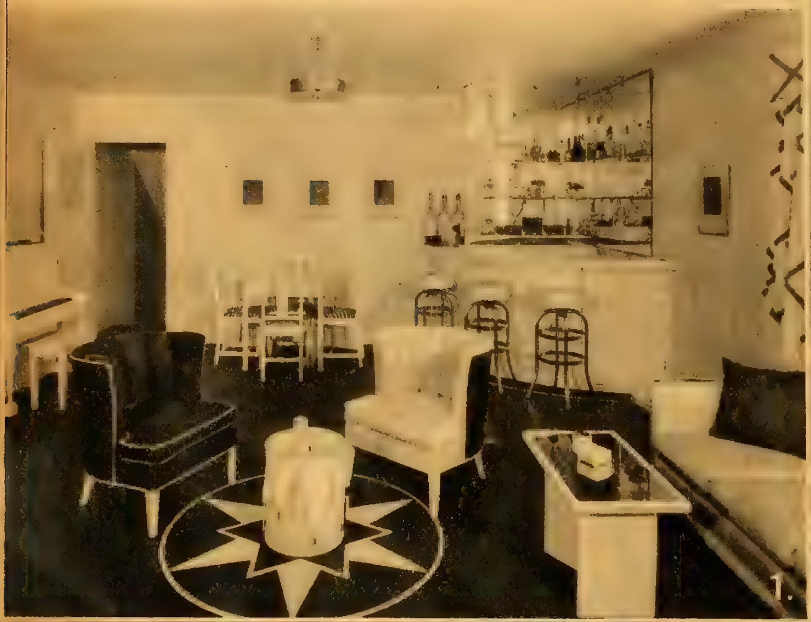
FOR years, from the time she was a child actress, Glenda Farrell has cherished one ambition—to have a home, "a place to call her own."

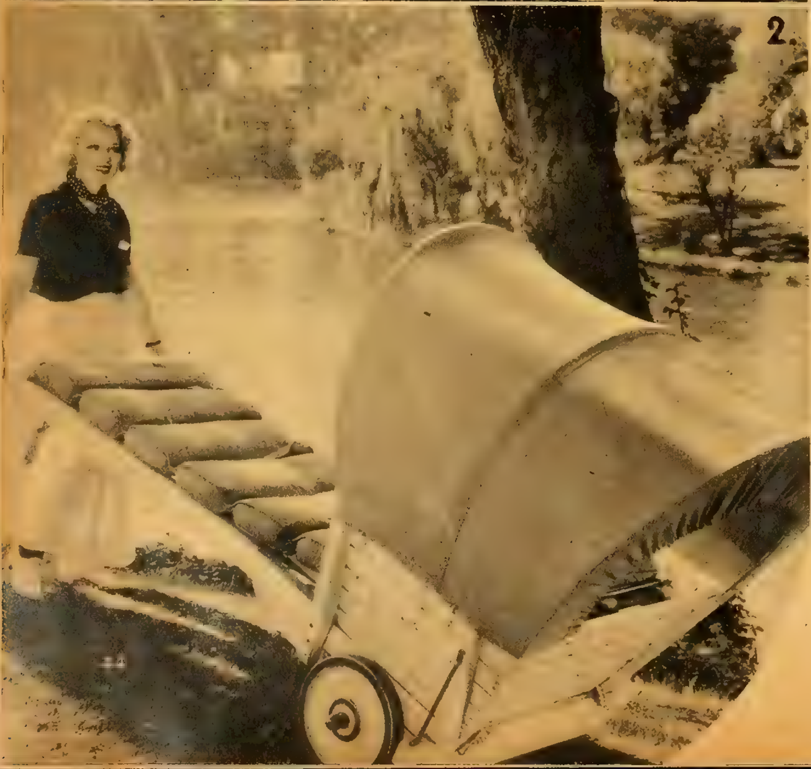
Today, Glenda has satisfied this ambition—she owns a beautiful home in Laurel Canyon. While the exterior of the house conforms to the climate and California background, the interior just suits the Farrell personality. It is constructed in typical western ranch-house style, with a modest, cream-colored exterior, a wide front porch, colorful window boxes, and high brick wall.

The entire decorative scheme is Glenda's own. Each room has it own, distinct and charming flavor. The prevailing air is one of complete comfort.

Exquisite porcelains and jades and La Laique are so placed as to show themselves off with the greatest distinction.

Yet, with all this she is doing her house over all the time! First one room and then the other. She adds a room and tears another out, so there is always a brand new





1. PLAYROOM—The walls of Glenda's playroom are done in ivory with the floor of an inlaid composition in brown, copper, and white. The sofa, chairs, and the tops of the bar stools are also in white. The rounded bar has a mirrored back. The chairs at the small table are upholstered in brown and white leather

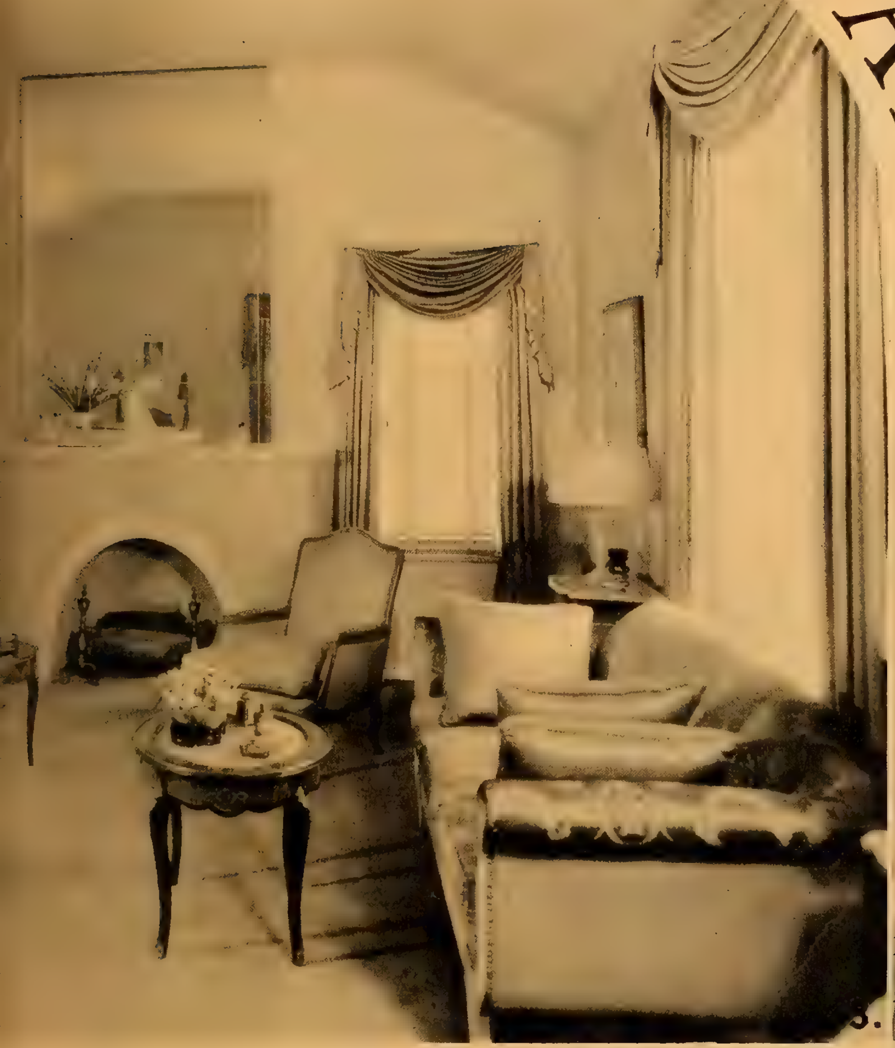
2. GARDEN—When Glenda comes home tired from her work at the studio she invariably seeks a quiet spot in her spacious garden for an hour of relaxation. To make it easier to travel from place to place she has put rubber-tired wheels on her garden furniture

THE STARS

room to see when you visit her. As a matter of fact, many a visitor has been surprised into helping rearrange the furniture of a room.

"It's so much, much more than a house," says Glenda. "There is nothing inanimate about my home. It's something that grows and changes. Like a child. And since I've wanted a home all my life, what if I can't seem to let it alone?"

Well, since everyone who has seen Glenda's home unanimously agrees that each change she makes is decidedly for the better, and since Glenda herself derives so much pleasure in her redecorating experiments, there's really no reason why she should let her beautiful home alone.



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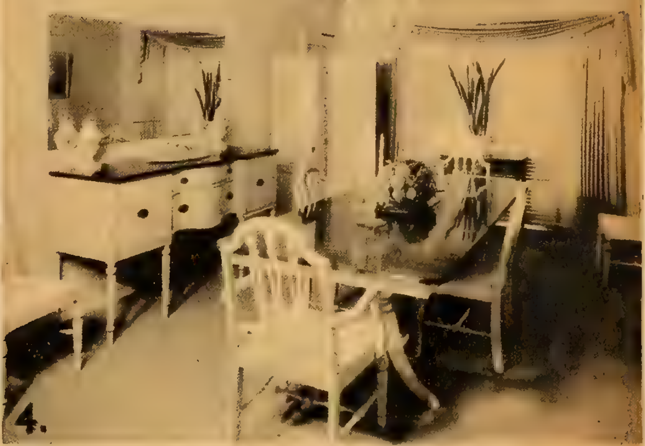

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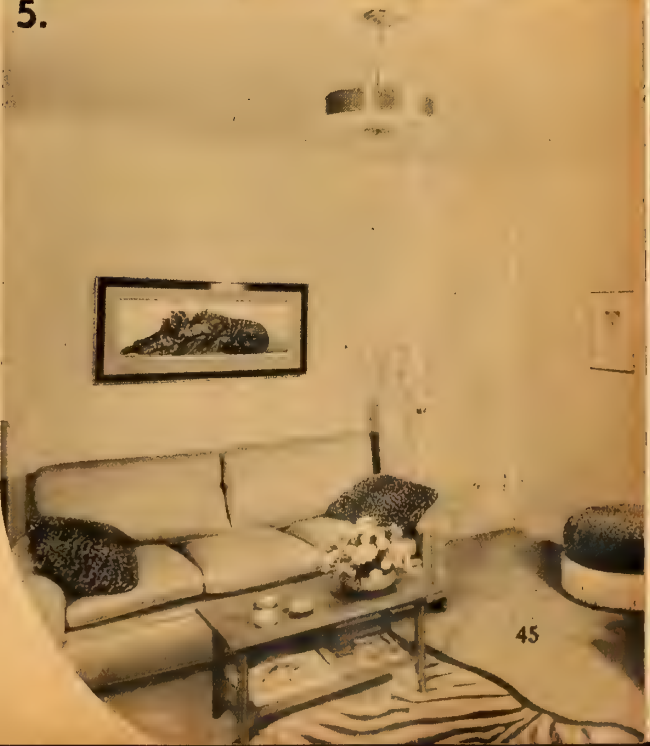


3. LIVING ROOM—The walls are in white while the carpet is of a Nile green color. The draperies are of Nile green and pebbled satin. The coffee tables are made of rosewood while the console tables, with white lamps, are of fruitwood. On the fireplace mantel stand a pair of Dresden figures

4. DINING ROOM—The walls are done in white and the draperies in Nile green pebbled satin. Dining set is Duncan Phyfe in antique ivory and mahogany. The carpet is Nile green broadloom

5. DEN—The walls and woodwork are in ivory. The carpet is beige broadloom. The throw rug is zebra skin. The sofa and large chair are of tan corded fabric that lends itself harmoniously to the general color scheme. The two end cushions on the sofa are made of leopard skin. The large ottoman has a leopard skin top

PUTTING on the RITZ!

You know the Ritz Brothers—well, here they are, and, believe it or not, crazier in this story than you ever saw them on the screen!

by Harry Lang

(Written from the psychopathic ward of a Hollywood hospital)

WELL, they've given me a nice, cozy, little room here—all to myself. To be sure, the walls are padded, but that's very comfortable whenever I feel that irresistible urge to rush and wham my head against the wall while I yell: "Ritz! *Ritz!!* RITZ!!!"

But every now and then, one of the doctors looks in through a hole in the door, and tells me that I'll be all right again in a week or two, if I just stay quiet and try not to think about the Ritz Brothers any more. You see, that's what got me in this spot—the Ritz Brothers. I went to interview them. That's the last thing I lucidly remember—going to interview them. It was all because the editor asked me to. With a wild gleam in his eye the other day, he said to me: "Look here; why don't you interview the Ritz Brothers, out at 20th Century-Fox?" Well, I'd interviewed the Marxes, and Joe Penner and even Eddie Cantor, and survived. So I said: "Sure, I'll interview the Ritz Brothers."

And that was my fatal mistake. I took the fatal assignment and drove out to 20th Century-Fox, where the Ritzes were making *One in a Million.* You remember them in *Sing, Baby, Sing,* don't you? The crazy fools!

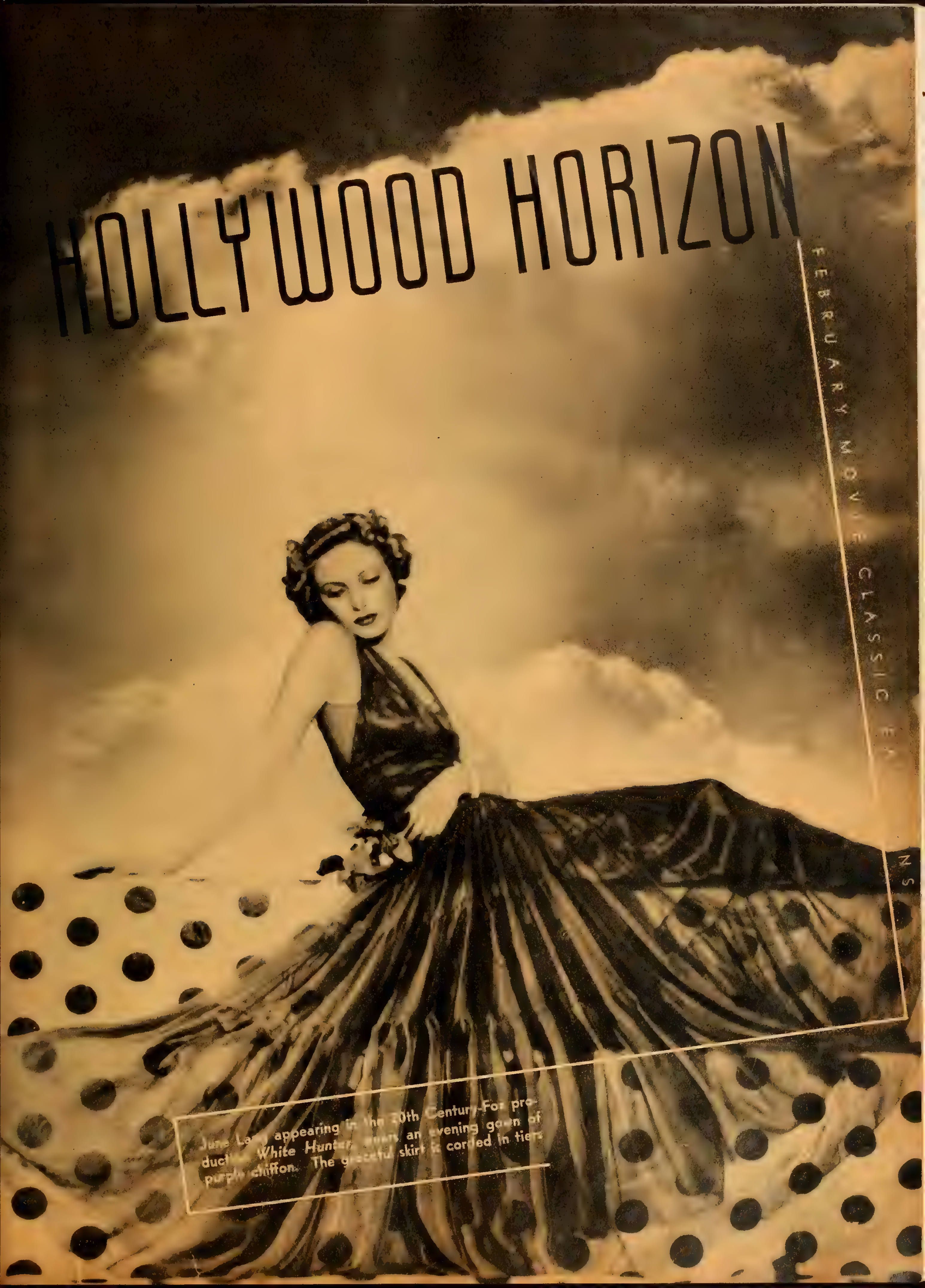
"Where," I asked, "will I find the Ritz Brothers. I'm gonna interview 'em."

Compassion glowed in the eye of Harry Brand, head of the press department at the studio. Harry's a friend of mine. "Look," he said, "take my advice and don't interview 'em."

"But I promised to," I insisted. "Where are they?" [*Continued on page* 86]

HOLLYWOOD HORIZON

FEBRUARY MOVIE CLASSIC FA NS



June Lang appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production White Hunter, wears an evening gown of purple chiffon. The graceful skirt is corded in tiers

by SALLY MARTIN
FASHION EDITOR MOVIE CLASSIC

Evening fashions, the first to appear on the Hollywood Horizon for Spring, will follow almost any silhouette. They will be slim sheaths which mould the figure closely or they will follow flowing lines with as much as six or seven yards of material in the skirt alone.

The gowns of Directoire inspiration have obtained great popularity. This type of gown follows a general pattern of a low-cut neckline, a tightly fitted bodice with a normal waistline and a swirling skirt with the fulness concentrated in the back. The hips frequently are defined by a peplum or basque and of course the short puffed sleeve.

Studio stylists predict a great future for gowns of first Empire inspiration. These are high-waisted with an off-the-shoulder neckline and a rather straight skirt falling in gathers from the waist.

Classic evening dresses are the preferred type chosen by some designers. They are made with high necklines in front with a backless decollete that clings closely to the body to the floor. The skirts often extending into a train in back, are usually so tight that walking is difficult and dancing impossible but they are nevertheless stunning when worn on the screen.

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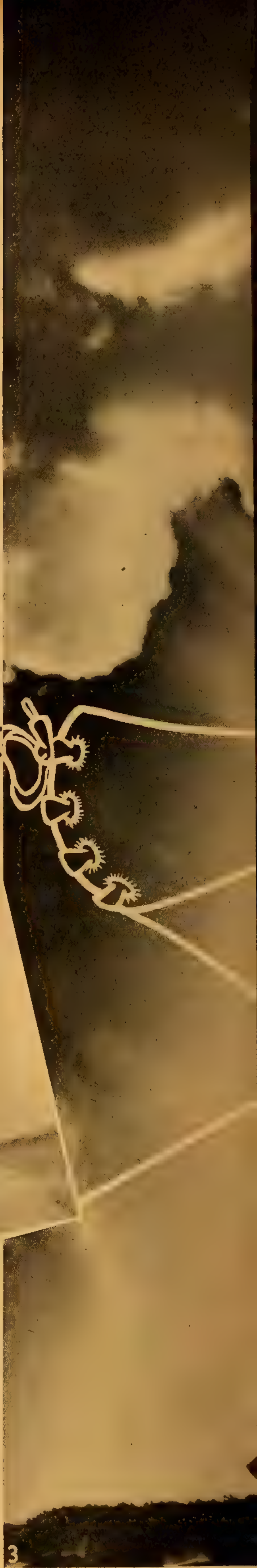

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CLOTHES BY HOWARD GREER

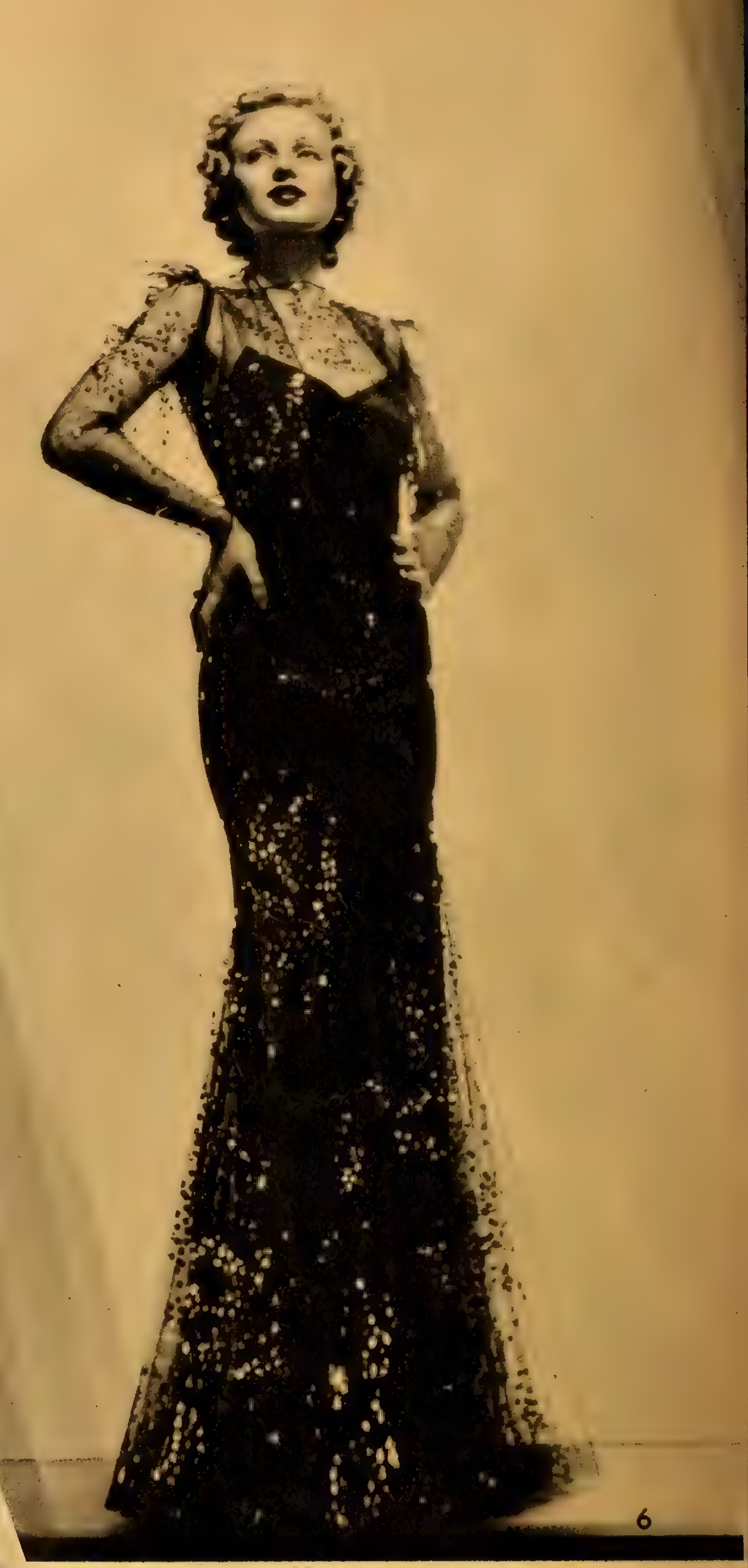
4

1) Navy blue sheer makes this attractive tunic dress with unusual back interest worn by June Lang. Narrow velvet ribbon set across the back ends in small cartridge pleats below each shoulder. A navy felt hat is trimmed with flame chiffon ending in bow and streamers. 2) Heavy black crepe makes this charming cocktail costume. Velvet is used to cord the front placquet on the bodice and skirt sections. Voluminous quilted sleeves of the velvet are reminiscent of the styles of Mary Stuart. A small velvet hat with veil and luxurious silver foxes add the finishing touch. Furs from Willard George. 3) Green light weight wool makes this extremely smart street frock with small pointed pockets on skirt and bodice. Tortoise shell buttons are interesting. A smart high crown leather hat is trimmed by crossing two feathers center front. Brown kidskin shoes from Wetherby-Kayser ride high over the vamp and lace up the back. 4) This attractive woolen street ensemble worn by June is a brown and white striped pattern.

The dress offers an unusual jabot effect bound in Kelly green. The full-length coat has interesting pockets and sleeve treatment. A brown felt hat with jaunty feather trim, brown bag, gloves and shoes complete the picture. 5) Heavy navy blue woolen makes this stunning princess line evening coat. Tremendous leg-of-mutton sleeves in velvet are intricately quilted. 6) Black net over a satin slip makes an attractive evening gown sprinkled with tiny mirrors that reflect the light. Cut on princess lines the gown flares below the knees. A short bolero jacket features tight sleeves puffed at the shoulders.

Current events always have an important effect on fashions. Last year the Italo-Ethiopian war brought about the Renaissance influence and later a military trend.

It is then, a safe bet, for the Czars of screenland fashions to predict forthcoming style trends will be strongly influenced by two of the most important happenings in the world today, the Spanish war and the coronation of King Edward VIII.



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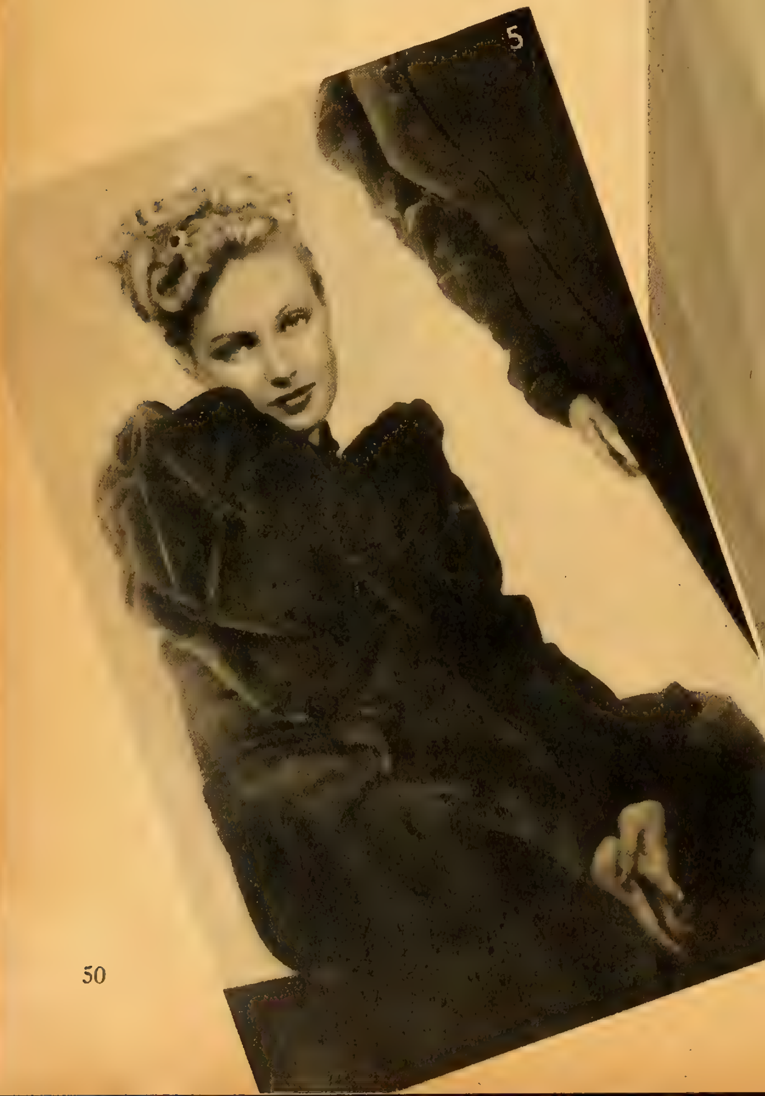

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All Fashion Photos by
Carl Dial

PERFUME PREFERRED..

Perfumes to complement the time, the place, and the occasion! Barbara Pepper, featured in RKO's *Coast Patrol,* has a collection of thirty-four varieties, individually selected for her personal use

by Alison Alden

"PERFUME has always been a love of mine," Barbara Pepper told me as she proudly displayed the intriguing collection of bottles on her perfume table.

"When I was a kid I used to try to make it myself by soaking flowers or my mother's face powder in water." Barbara smiled from the superiority of her twenty years at these distant exploits. "One day someone told me I ought to let my perfume set in the sun to age, so after that I would line my bottles up in the windows and spend hours stirring and shaking one after another, waiting for the sun to take effect."

Today Barbara is well on her way to film fame as an RKO starlet and collecting perfumes is her favorite hobby. Each fragrance in her collection of thirty-four has been selected to complement a mood, a dress or a momentous event—and a better investment in feminine charm could not be found in Hollywood.

"A perfume can put me in the right frame of mind for any occasion," Barbara continued. "That is why I like so many types of fragrance. If the same perfume is used month after month without regard to costume or season, one becomes desensitized to the odor and it fails to give the mental lift which perfume should.

"I FEEL that the pleasure of the wearer rather than the type of wearer should be the first consideration in selecting a perfume. I do not believe, for instance, that a demure girl must wear a demure perfume and a sophisticated woman must wear a dashing fragrance. The demure girl may *need* the dashing perfume to bolster her personality and give her confidence, while the sophisticate may respond to the more delicate, dreamy scent.

[*Continued on page* 75]

They Got

ALAN CURTIS was noted as one of the country's foremost advertising models before RKO-Radio scouts noticed his engaging personality and signed him to a long-term contract. He's a real comer and headed for important roles

ANDREA LEEDS, was claimed by the movies after she appeared in a film produced at the University of California. She is a Samuel Goldwyn "find" and appeared in the Goldwyn production of Edna Ferber's *Come and Get It*. She's headed for fame and a Hollywood fortune

DOROTHEA KENT, blue-eyed blonde, decided to become an actress while she was still in high school. She haunted casting offices in vain and later found a part in a "little theatre" production in Beverly Hills where Columbia sought her for a leading role in *More Than a Secretary*

WISTER CLARK whose amazing popularity as a model for commercial advertising won sufficient feminine attention and interest to have three studios bid for his services. He is under contract at present to Universal Studios where he is being groomed for stardom

HELEN BURGESS got her big break when Cecil B. DeMille, famous Paramount producer-director, saw her in the studio restaurant. She was immediately signed up and made her screen debut in *The Plainsman*

The Breaks!

You never can tell! A talent scout may have you in mind this very minute. Future film stars are drawn from many fields of endeavor so keep your eyes open!

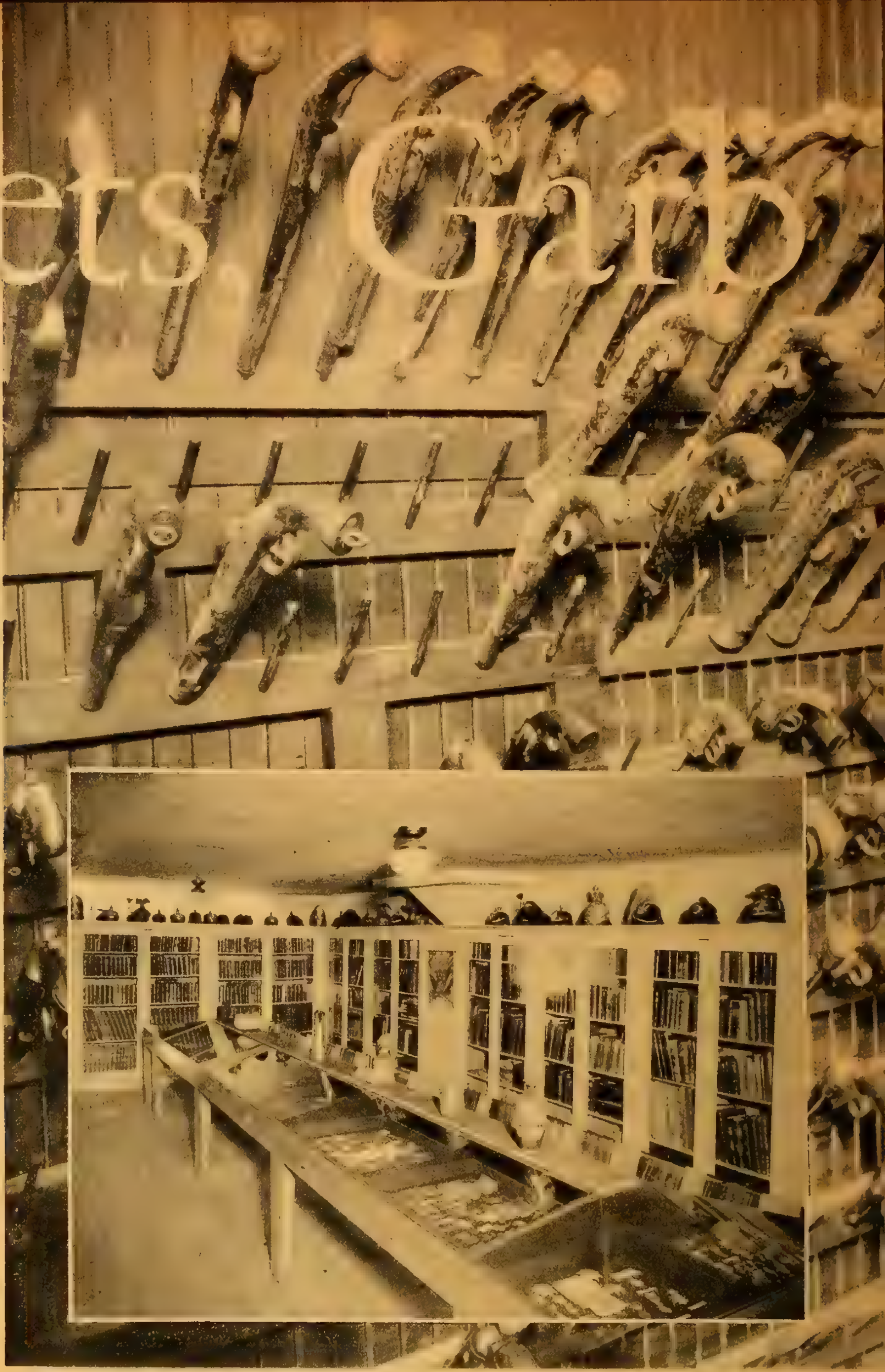
ROBERT TAYLOR was seen by a studio executive in a college production of *Journey's End* at Pomona and before the curtain went down his performance as an amateur had landed him a contract with M-G-M. You know what's happened since!

BETTY JANE RHODES, lovely, blonde Universal featured player won fame on the radio because of her beautiful contralto voice. Talent scouts brought her to Hollywood where she proved herself to be an accomplished actress in her very first picture

Gadgets, Garb

A short, but amazing trip through one of America's busiest enterprises

by Norman Paige



Automatics, antique ball guns, western six-shooters waiting to relive their exciting lives in cinema's version of their more vivid pasts. (Inset) Part of the library on period costumes, and customs

"HELLO. Western Costumers."

"This is M-G-M calling. Mr. Van Dyke wishes to speak with Mr. Abe Schnitzer. Thank you."

"Hello, Abe. Woody Van Dyke. Say, Abe, we're doing *San Francisco*, you know—right. Yeah, way ahead of schedule. Swell cast; best I've ever handled. Wow of a picture. Anyway, here's the dope, Abe. I'll need fourteen complete miners' outfits—no—not forty-niners—about nineteen six—I don't know what they wore—that's up to you. Yeah, and we have a sequence where we'll need a dozen 1906 Russian immigrants. O.K.? Tomorrow morning, for sure. I'll have the people in for fittings this afternoon about five. Central already has the order. Right, Abe. Thanks—and, by the way, all the equipment we've received so far is 100 per cent authentic. Mighty good work, Abe. Well—see you soon."

"Good afternoon. This is the Western Costume Company."

"This is Mr. Ford's office at RKO. Mr. Ford would like to speak with Mr. Joe Schnitzer. Please."

"Hello, Joe. John Ford talking. Joe, we're going to need forty Patagonian rigs. Late nineteenth century stuff. Next week? Heck! no. Need them right away. Gotta do it, Joe. Sure, props along with them. Central will send the people in tomorrow. Thanks, Joe, knew you could handle it. Goodbye."

"Good afternoon. This is the Western Costume Company."

"My name is Maize Finkle. I'm in charge of costumes for our high school operetta, and we wondered if you could help us out? You could? But it is a Swedish thing and is supposed to happen in 1746, and our teacher wants to make it look real. We thought maybe if we notified you now, with the show to be given next month that maybe you could—you *can* outfit the entire cast immediately? Good!"

A call for some costume arrangement every half minute. Calls for every conceivable style of wardrobe or fixture. And always comes the question, "Can you do it?" The mild-mannered Schnitzer brothers have to date always answered that they could. So far they have never once been stumped and in the years that this mammoth concern has done business, they have been put to the task of preparing every costume and fixture conceivable.

The company occupies an entire eight-story building. It employs 250 people regularly and there are many rush times when many more are added to the busy staff. There is no museum in the world that could match its several collections.

and Glamour!

Inset—A view of the tailor shop where every day from minutely detailed plans a large staff of artists and craftsmen turn out costumes often far better than the originals from which they are copied

There is no curator who would not revel in a trip through its fantastic treasure rooms.

Six thousand swords, most of them indeed authentic, each of them carrying a definite romance, each one giving a thrill as you run your finger down the smooth steel blade, each one bringing stories to your mind as you gaze at its intricate or simple craftsmanship.

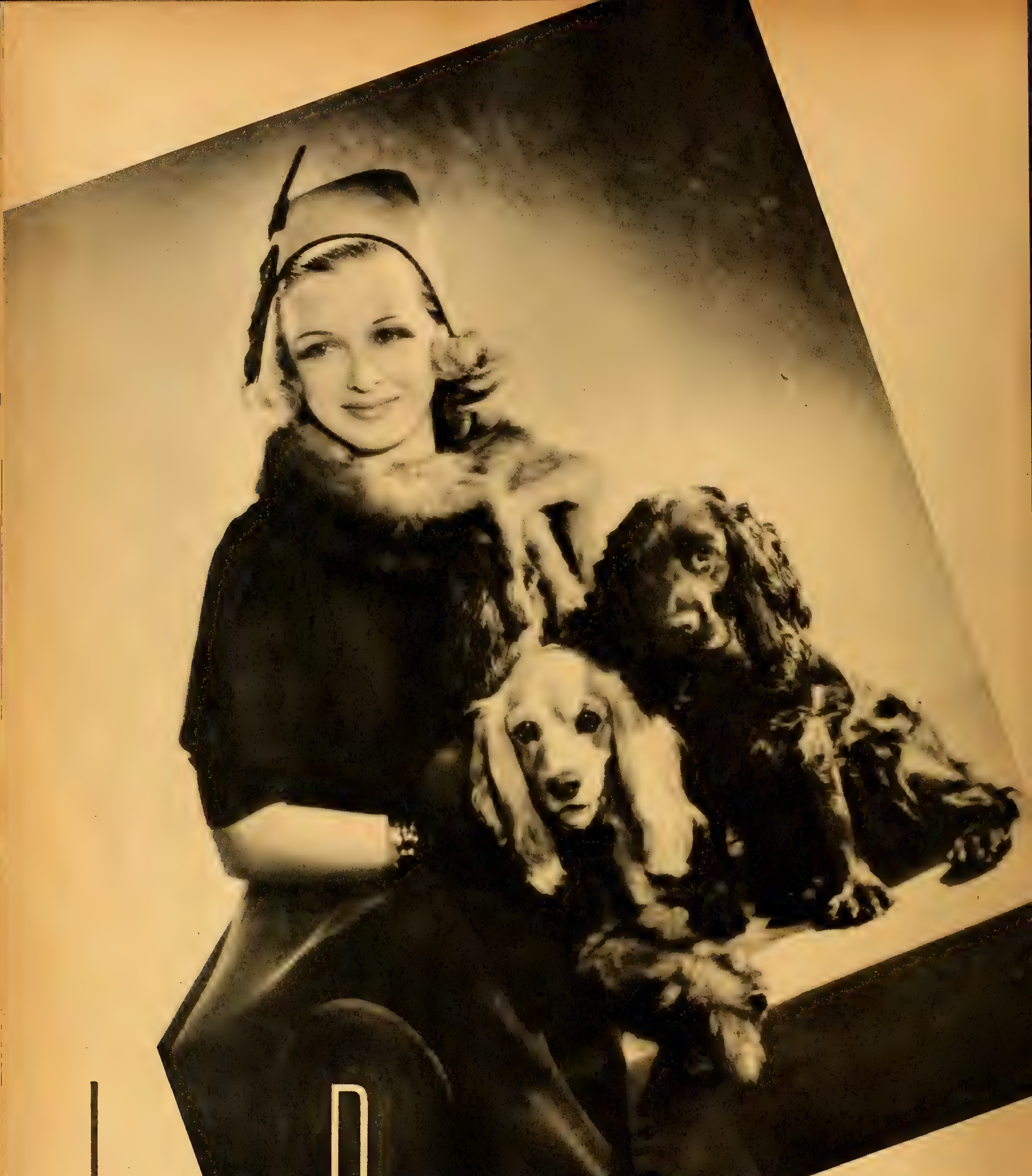
GUNS, guns, guns. Big guns, little guns, six-barrelled revolvers, revolvers so tiny you wonder at their shooting possibilities, hand guns so heavy you can't lift them. The senile or schoolboy, will, in this labyrinth of weapons allow his mind to dwell on buccaneers, on crusaders, on Indian fighters, on pirates, on explorers, on elephant and other big game hunters, on early revolutions, on all manners of strife, conflict, conquest and brute glamour. He may, at random, pick a gun from the racks, look at its antique structure and float back through the ages to the day when it was a modern messenger of evil or protection.

It is said by the Schnitzer brothers, that their stock is so large half a million people could be fully and completely costumed at one time, which would include prehistoric cavemen, Neanderthals, even Cro-Magnins transcending then even to the grandsons of Buck Rogers. And yet these fantastic dealers of actualities keep over two hundred and fifty people constantly busy building new wardrobes, conniving more intricate apparel and always going to the extremes for authenticity. A Laplander, a Lithuanian, an Eskimo, or an Israelite has and will change in mode of clothing. Movies more and more arrive at the complete realness of the exact period to be duplicated. With the demand more strong than ever for "period" pictures, it seems impossible to believe they have not yet been baffled on any request. And the requests have been as varying in type as they have been large in amounts.

How do they do it? What, under the sun, would give so small a group such a great insight into history, such a thorough knowledge, such an organization that in twenty-four hours could produce from nowhere, say a complete wardrobe for a Chilean village of 1813? There are many machinations.

To begin with the Western Costumers have an immense library occupying one floor. It is dedicated to thousands upon thousands of volumes on period costumes, possessions and customs. From the centers of civilization to the furthest outposts of the world, one may quickly find just what people wore at a given date. Further, he may know the construction of their homes, what they ate from, what they ate, what facilities they had, what privations, what luxuries or what fads. But it doesn't end there: Audiences [*Continued on page 72*]

A corner of "props," each piece representing a legend that would fill a book if told



JOAN BENNETT

The two most camera-conscious non-professional dogs in Hollywood are the cocker spaniels owned by Joan Bennett, Walter Wanger star. Every time they see a camera they strike a pose and hold it until told to move

Hollywood's Newest IT-MAN

Just a word or two about an up-and-coming young man of the movies who has become the latest "heart interest" of feminine film fans throughout the country

by Jule Butler

EVERY once in a dull moon there appears on the Hollywood scene, a spectacularly handsome new man. What we mean, spectacular! Six-foot-two, broad of shoulder, Adonis profile, and sex-appeal plus! Not so long ago Cary Grant was filling the bill. Randolph Scott had it, too. Joel McCrea. George Brent. And Clark Gable, of course. Now into that arresting little clique walks Craig Reynolds—with the appeal to match his predecessors, and a surfeit—to top them, perhaps, who knows? At any rate, he's just what the doctor ordered in a new screen It-Man.

Under contract to Warner Brothers, with some dozen pictures to his credit, Craig isn't the least bit awed by the fact that he has arrived at the point of increasing the Hollywood pulse—or by the prospects according to the fan mail pouring into the Burbank studio, that he is causing a similar heart-ailment with women throughout the country.

Craig is the self-confident type—no ego, understand, but a flexible assurance which swings with the breaks which come his way. He's worked hard for them. He's getting them. He's grateful. And he's determined to get more!

That's the way he's always worked it—since a kid.

Craig is from one of those conservative, well-meaning little families who never wanted their son to become an actor. Born in Anaheim, California, a small agricultural hamlet just outside of Los Angeles, Craig was the second son of a family of three boys. His father was a school principal and an active worker in the movement for progressive education. Craig's brothers grew up to agreeably step in line with their father's educational programs for them . . . college, professions, and all the rest. While Craig rebelled at the thought of further books and larnin' once he had graduated from "high."

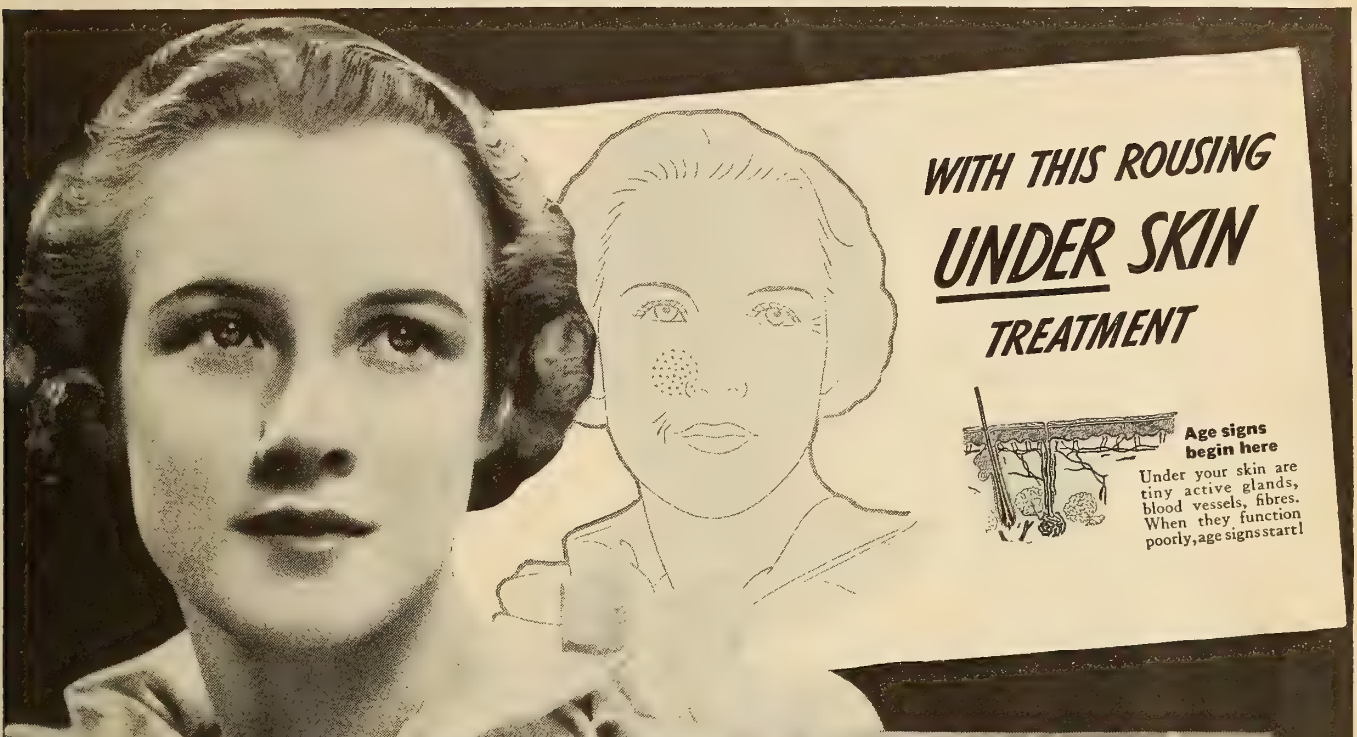
With the odds against him—his family's thorough

[*Continued on page 84*]

SPENCER TRACY

Spencer Tracy has steered a straight course through many a troubled movie sea to drop anchor in Success Harbor

Reduce Pores... *Soften* Lines


WITH THIS ROUSING
UNDER SKIN
TREATMENT
Age signs begin here
Under your skin are tiny active glands, blood vessels, fibres. When they function poorly, age signs start!

Miss Kathleen Williams: **"A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."**

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are —little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CB, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City__________________State________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Mae West Gives the Answers

[*Continued from page 37*]

the weakness of mankind. I like to combine research with my literature.

Have you ever been really in love?

Once in Brooklyn, but he moved away.

Is your hair actually blonde?

Actually, and it's all my own.

How far did you get in school?

Not very, but I've never heard of Cleopatra acquiring an A.B.

Were you a child actress?

Yes, and I appeared in "Alice in Wonderland" at the age of 6 with the Hal Clarendon Stock Company in Brooklyn.

Do you enjoy Hollywood film premieres?

I wouldn't know. I've never attended one.

What is your normal weight?

About 120 pounds. I built up to 135 for the Diamond Lil rôle in *She Done Him Wrong.*

Have you a hobby?

Yes, beds. I own a famous one that belonged to Diamond Jim Brady. And several others. Some day I'm going to round up a real collection.

What is the real secret of your success?

William J. Fielding, noted psychiatrist, once explained it. He said I appealed to the primitive instincts. He probably had me confused with Tarzan. Personally, I think it is because I behave naturally on the screen. People do not feel that I'm acting.

Where did you pick up the come-up-and-see-me expression?

You'd be surprised.

What do you require of a leading man?

Experience. Then I try to make them fall for me. It usually improves their acting.

What do you think of college boys?

I think of them all ways.

Have you any marriage plans?

They should have asked this one first. No, I can't be bothered with a husband right now. Maybe later if I ever get time.

Do you like dancing?

Yes, even when I dance with my feet.

Where do you write your screen plays?

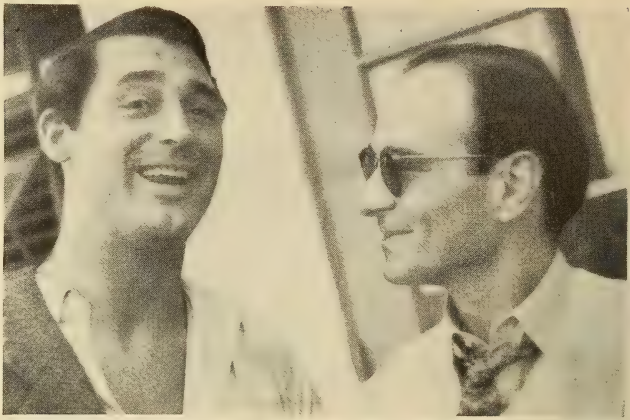
Usually in bed. Like Mark Twain. He wrote good stuff, too. Besides, it keeps me in the mood.

Do you mind what people say about you?

Not so long as they keep saying it. The time to worry is when they stop talking about you.

What do you think of television?

I'd like it—it would give me a chance to come up and see you sometime.

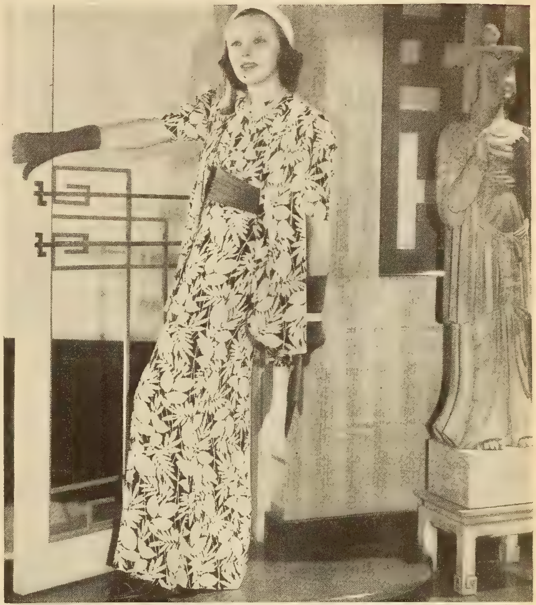


An informal shot of Cary Grant, actor, and Robert Riskin, scenarist-director, taken between scenes of *Interlude*, Grace Moore's new Columbia picture

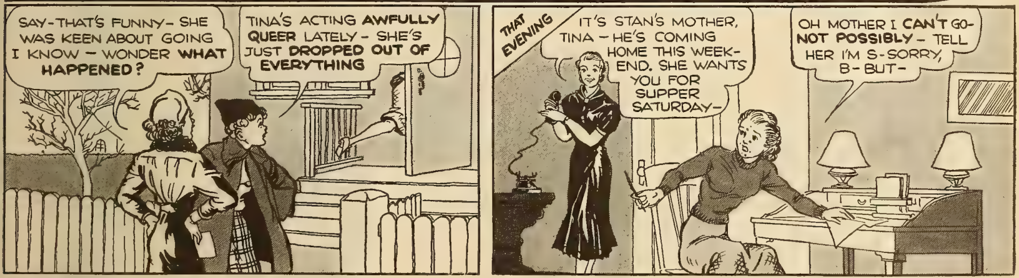
STAN WOULDN'T WANT ME
READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST RUINED TINA'S DATE FOR THE PROM
HE'S MARVELOUS LOOKING...
ISN'T HE TOO THRILLING—AND HE'S ASKED ME DOWN FOR THE PROM NEXT MONTH—OH, TINA—YOU'RE GOING, TOO, AREN'T YOU—WITH STAN?
WHY-I-YES HE DID ASK ME—BUT I-I DON'T THINK I CAN GO NOW—I'VE GOT TO BE HOME —
TINA DEAR, WHAT IS WRONG?
TH-THESE AWFUL PIMPLES—I JUST C-CAN'T HAVE STAN SEE M-ME LIKE THIS —THEY'RE HORRIBLE—HE'D HATE ME—I KNOW—
MY GOODNESS—WHAT'S GOING ON—WHO'S GOING TO HATE YOU TINA?
OH AUNT KATE, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF PIMPLES. JUST LOOK AT ME...
WELL-I HAVEN'T BEEN A NURSE 20 YEARS FOR NOTHING. FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED CHILD. EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY—AND THOSE PIMPLES WILL CLEAR UP, I'M SURE

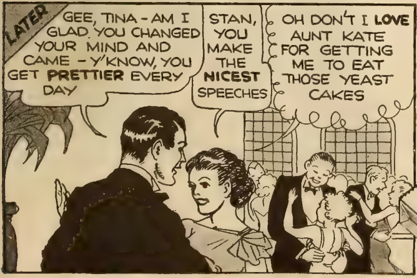
The Best-Dressed Star of the Month

OUR choice for the best-dressed girl this month is charming Astrid Allwyn who will be seen soon in the 20th Century-Fox production *Stowaway.* Astrid was week-ending in Palm Springs when we saw her waiting for her escort, attired in this striking dinner gown. Black and white leaf printed silk was used for both jacket and dress, the latter indicating a high waistline by means of a wide girdle of emerald silk and having a fan-shaped inset of three pleats set in the front of the skirt. The short sleeved jacket stopped at a line just below the hips. It was cut away in front and swung full and longer at the back. Astrid wore with the suit a turban of heavy white crepe, draped in folds about her head and had two green and one white tassel swinging to the shoulder on the right side. She carried an emerald green suede bag and matching gloves.



TO COME—if he saw me NOW..


SAY-THAT'S FUNNY- SHE WAS KEEN ABOUT GOING I KNOW - WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?
TINA'S ACTING AWFULLY QUEER LATELY - SHE'S JUST DROPPED OUT OF EVERYTHING
THAT EVENING
IT'S STAN'S MOTHER, TINA - HE'S COMING HOME THIS WEEK-END. SHE WANTS YOU FOR SUPPER SATURDAY-
OH MOTHER I CAN'T GO- NOT POSSIBLY - TELL HER I'M S-SORRY, B-BUT-


LATER
GEE, TINA - AM I GLAD YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND AND CAME - Y'KNOW, YOU GET PRETTIER EVERY DAY
STAN, YOU MAKE THE NICEST SPEECHES
OH DON'T I LOVE AUNT KATE FOR GETTING ME TO EAT THOSE YEAST CAKES

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES WRECK YOUR BIG "DATES"

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes *daily*, one about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED make such an offer!

I'LL give you PROOF in 7 days that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. Right in the first week you will see and feel the improvements! Then I continue to re-build, renew and "overhaul" your body. Soon you are the proud owner of a powerful build like mine. People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, the breadth of your shoulders. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job. Mail coupon below for a FREE copy of my new book. It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound weakling into a husky who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll pare you down to fighting trim!

Actual photo showing how CHARLES ATLAS looks TODAY

And I'll also give you rugged health that banishes constipation, pimples, skin blotches and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life!

I haven't any need for contraptions that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. **Dynamic-Tension** is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out.

48-Page Book FREE

Tells all about my method and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. Shows, from actual photos, how I develop my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. My system can do the same for you, too.

Don't keep being only half of the man you CAN be! Put your name and address on the coupon, or a post-card, and mail it today. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 94P, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Big Silver Cup Being Given Away

This valuable solid sterling silver cup stands about 14 inches high. I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement within the next 3 months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements may be now, you have an equal chance to win this cup—with YOUR name engraved on it!

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 94P,
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic-Tension** will make a new man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name ....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address ....

City ....State ....

Men, Stay Away from My Door!

[*Continued from page* 35]

haven't given it an airing yet!"

"That's the trouble! Men die for you—"

'On the screen only," she amended quickly.

"They haunt your front door, and you hang out the 'No Parking' sign! Haven't you ever been in love?"

"Oh yes," mused Olivia. "But that was back in Saratoga."

SARATOGA is in northern California. It has, according to the latest census, a population of eight hundred. And it's noted for its peaches, and for being the "home town" of Miss Olivia de Havilland. It was there she resorted with her parents at the age of five, after getting herself born in Japan. And it was there, a few days after the move, that she met *him*. He had dark hair and green eyes and an excellent aim. "He threw rocks at me," she recalled dreamily, "and I decided he was a man after my own heart."

They did not exactly rush into romance. They saw each other on an average of every two years—because *he* was away at school. And when they did meet it was on a very formal basis. They played "Old Maid."

"He didn't really take me seriously until I was sixteen," mused Olivia. "I saw him that summer at Carmel. We discovered we had a great deal in common; he was taking typing lessons and so was I! He was, you see, going to Yale that fall and he thought it would help with his studies if he knew something about a typewriter. He wrote me a very neatly typed note. I did the answer over ten times before I thought it was good enough to send. His reply to that was so scathing it sent me into the depths for days. I had misplaced a comma! After that we didn't write. We talked. Soon he made an avowal. Maybe I did too."

Avowals are pretty easy to make on the moon-washed shores of Carmel! What with the Pacific lapping at your feet and the glamorous romances of gone generations popping out of every cranny. He gave her his ring.

"It was a silver ring with a blue stone," Olivia remembered. "I was so embarrassed I made my mother wear it! Somehow it gave me a stifled feeling. As if my future were all cut and dried and settled before I'd ever had a chance to be free.

"So it ended. Right back in Saratoga where it started. And at eighteen I was an Old Maid in Hollywood!"

"And that is the Big Love of your life?" I questioned.

"It's the *only* love of my life—so far," said Olivia.

Abruptly I was thinking of that night two years ago when she stepped onto the stage for the first time in the Hollywood Bowl. As dainty a "Hermia" as was ever wooed and won in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I was hearing again the eager words of that lad who has since become one of the screen's greatest heroes. "That girl," he exclaimed, "typifies romance. It would be the simplest job in the world to fall in love with her!"

She could be the most excitingly popular young woman in Hollywood. She could be a sensation. But Olivia does not choose to "date."

WHY?

Her fans are asking that question. All Movietown is asking it. So, in a very concerned way, are the young eligible males who have no chance to meet her.

"Well—*why?* What *is* the reason?" I demanded.

FOR answer, Olivia drew a circle on the back of a menu card. Then she drew another close to it but without overlapping.

"Don't tell me you're going to solve love geometrically!" I said.

She giggled. "I'm just trying to give you a brief illustration of what I think of life," she told me. "It goes in circles. Here's a Career Circle, for example. And here's a Romance Circle. I think you have to complete one before you can do a good job with the other."

"And right now you're in the midst of the Career Circle. Is that it?"

She nodded. "I have a terribly one-track mind. Naturally it's bent on pictures at present. Men would be very complicating—*very disturbing!*"

"But it seems to me I have read something about your condoning the presence of one or two."

"You read that article!" her cheeks flamed hot and lovely. She is the only person I know who can still blush. "That awful article! Right there in the front section of the newspaper! I don't know how they dared to print such stuff!"

Under a heading in big type, the article had said in no uncertain terms that Olivia de Havilland and James Blakely (that good looking boy you saw in *The Desperado*) were this and that way about each other. It mentioned their devotion at luncheon

Three girls on a horse.—It's a hobby with them. Barbara Reid, Nan Grey and Deanna Durbin are the *Three Smart Girls* playing the title roles in Universal's picture by that name.

together. It went so far as to say that Olivia had called him "Darling" and other endearing terms—and it ended with: "It'll be bells and the altar for this couple almost any day now."

"I didn't call him 'darling,'" stormed Olivia. "I didn't call him anything. I haven't even spoken to him since, I was so mad at the papers.

"You see, we were both in the Floradora Sextette for the Actors' Benefit. That's where I met him. I went out to luncheon with him, and immediately we were romancing according to rumor!

"The whole thing makes you terribly self-conscious. I'd rather not go out at all. As a matter of fact I've been out only five times in the last one year."

Five times! And ever since I've been knee high to a cricket I've been hearing that you had to *live* in order to be any kind of great artist. That you had to experience a surging, soul-stirring love life. Olivia has de-bunked that once and for all. She's a sweet kid who has lived a perfectly normal young life. And she's been called "the finest actress in America today" by both Max Reinhardt, producer of *The Dream,* and director Mervyn LeRoy.

A SQUARE-SHOOTER with glamour. That's De Havilland. A youngster who dares to be honest with herself. "I'm the sort of emotional person who would probably go to pieces if I was involved deeply in love," she said. "I never could do justice to it and to my work at the same time. The only way to avoid it is to remain emotionally independent. And the only way to do *that* is not to think of men!"

Miracle Woman! Not to think of men when the greatest experts in the world have made love to her! But, it seems, that's just it.

"I've had so much thrilling romance on the screen that I don't feel the need of it in my private life," she chortled. "And besides, all those men have been married, or engaged. Fredric March, Dick Powell, Jimmy Cagney, Joe E. Brown, and Errol Flynn. There doesn't seem to be any unmarried men on our lot. And I haven't had the time to meet many off it. But I'm not worrying. Four fortune tellers have told me I'd 'be wedded before my twenty-second birthday.' That gives me two years to go. He's to be a man in uniform!"

But it doesn't matter which uniform so long as he's not an actor merely renting one! Actors are *out.* Olivia has no desire to be separated from her husband by long location trips, or by Hollywood rumors. She wants a home that is very much a home. Children. A closely-knit family life. As happy as the one she leads now with her mother and sister.

They have a carefree, gloriously mad household. Sister Joan quite frequently wakes her up by squirting soda water on her. They read aloud, lying on the floor and hunched up on an elbow. They go for long walks, the three of them, along the palisades of Santa Monica and watch sea gulls dipping over the ocean. They work out crossword puzzles together, fighting furiously over every line.

"Most of the men who come to see us are my friends and Joan's beaux!" Olivia chuckled. "She's awfully pretty. One of the other studios has her under contract now, you know," she added proudly.

Six hundred men rode to death for Olivia de Havilland in *The Charge of the Light Brigade.* In her next picture they'll undoubtedly fight over her again. And again. But off-screen, it's going to take an extra strong—and strong-minded—man to fight that closed door of her's. To remove that "No Parking" sign!

GET OUT
(of the frigid zone)
AND GET UNDER
THE SUN
by Greyhound

THE COST: ***Lowest of all!***
THE REWARD: ***A grand trip, scenic enjoyment, glowing health!***

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The trip, in a smooth-rolling, cheerfully-warmed Greyhound coach will cost about one-third as much as driving a small private auto—far less than any other type of transportation. It will take you over glamorous highways, south into the sunshine zone—allow up to six months at your destination—bring you back over a different scenic route, at a saving of 20% on the return trip. Can you match this value *anywhere* else? For fares, pictorial folder, all information, see the Greyhound agent in your city—or mail the coupon today.

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. . . . . . 1100 Kanawha Valley Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn., 509 Sixth Ave., N.
Detroit, Mich. . . . . . . Tuller Hotel
St. Louis, Mo. Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Memphis, Tenn. . . . 146 Union Ave.
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Mail this coupon to nearest information office, listed above, for attractive pictorial folder, rates, route information on trips to FLORIDA ☐, GULF COAST ☐, NEW ORLEANS ☐, SOUTHWEST ☐, CALIFORNIA ☐. (Please check which one.)

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DON'T LET HALF-WAY CARE STEAL ANOTHER TOOTH

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Firm, handsome teeth depend upon two things—cleaning them thoroughly and keeping gums healthy. Even if teeth *look* white the tooth paste you are using may provide only *half* the care you need. Forhan's ends this half-way care. It whitens teeth and—

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was developed by an eminent dental surgeon especially to give you *double protection.* When you brush your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, rubbing it in gently with the fingers. Note how it stimulates your gums, how it leaves in your mouth a clean, fresh feeling! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Try a tube today.

Also sold in Canada.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R. J. Forhan D.D.S.

SENSATIONAL FREE SPECIAL

Opens Up Stopped-Up Nose

ARZEN NASAL OIL

The Great New Head-Cold Fighter

Fights Head Colds

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On Sale at All Druggists

FREE ENTIRELY FREE

Send No Money—Nothing to Buy—No Obligations

Here is a special advertising offer made solely for the purpose of acquainting you with the remarkable action of this great new head-cold-fighter, a test bottle of which will be sent on receipt of the coupon. Don't delay. Be sure to take advantage of this sensational Free Special Offer at once. No letter needed. Send only your name and address on the coupon, and mail today.

SEND NO MONEY-ONLY YOUR NAME

For Free Sample write name and address plainly and send to ARZEN, 544 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Dept. 52.

From Rags to Riches

[*Continued from page* 34]

very much Robin Burn, his mother's becurled darling.

But the curls were soon to go the way of the dresses. It happened on the first day of Robin Burn's school life in Van Buren. The other kids all called him a sissy and otherwise taunted him about his tresses, nice as they were in the eyes of his mother. In his best English he came home from school that day and said that either the curls went or he'd have a fight the very next day. A fond mother who shuddered at the thought of having her baby's face all blackened or his little knuckles bruised, rushed him off to the town barber shop and while she gently sobbed the hardened tonsorialist snipped away and Robin Burn emerged from the shop with as modern a haircut as one could expect at the turn of the century.

THERE is no record of Robin Burn's early scholastic successes. In fact it is doubtful if he was anything more than a rather bad pupil. Those who remember the days of the early grammar school career of this remarkable fellow insist that he spent a portion of the time in the corner and not a few hours after school doing penance.

But nothing could stop an ambitious mother who saw in her son the spark of genius that was someday to elevate him to a prominence never at that time even dreamed about by the average citizen of Van Buren, Arkansas. She knew he was a born musician and so one day she led him, by the hand, to the home of Frank McLean, leader of the Queen City Silverstone Cornet Band. "Frank," she said, "I expect you to teach Robin how to play the mandolin."

Teach Robin to play the mandolin! A few weeks later he was not only the best mandolin player in Van Buren, but he was a master of the piano, harmonica, guitar, trombone, violin and cornet. His proficiency in the matter of music was the talk of the town. His performances at those kid shows they used to give out in the vacant lot on Saturday afternoon not unfrequently drew adult audiences.

Somehow, Robin Burn managed to get through grammar school, even though he was a pretty good-sized lad when he walked up for the diploma. Probably the performance he gave at the commencement exercises made up for his lack in grades and there was compensation in that smile of appreciation on the face of his mother and the big slap on the back he received from his dad, who kept right busy at his civil engineering work so that the two sons could have the full advantages of education. Education in Arkansas, in those days, wasn't in such heavy demand, but with a civil engineer for a father, it was different. He knew the value of book larnin'.

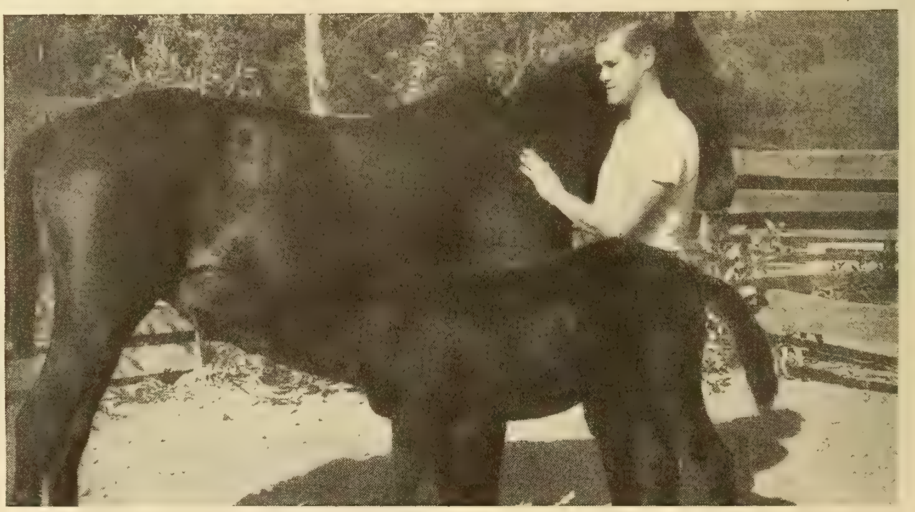
But if he was a poor student in grammar school, one can imagine how Robin Burn took to algebra, Latin, Ancient History and other topics of study in high school. And yet they HAD to tolerate him, because he turned out to be the best football player in the whole school. He was also something of a right smart baseball lad, and then there was talk that he'd make a great Texas Leaguer.

But come the summer and Robin's real nature would crop out. He just couldn't keep away from old man river and most of his summers he spent hanging around the ancient ferryboat that plied across the Arkansas. He sometimes helped the old colored fellow who ran the boat, but not when the going was real heavy.

Back in school after one such vacation, Mrs. Shaver, his teacher organized the Madison Debating Club. Robin was elected treasurer, which was a high but empty honor because the Madison Debating Club was completely without funds.

And then happened one of those things that makes history. Robin and some of the boys were having a little bit of barbershop harmony in the back of Hayman's Plumbing Shop there in Van Buren. It was as informal as all that. They were singing away and suddenly somebody said they needed some accompaniment. Robin agreed and he picked up a couple of gas pipes and a whiskey funnel and soldered them together.

Thus was the Bazooka born.



It's meal time for "Muchacho" so Paul Kelly and "Mamita" stand by while her beautiful 11-week's old colt refuels. Paul is an avid polo enthusiast and is now starting to breed and raise his own mounts. "Muchacho" is the first of his "home-grown" string.

And from that day on, Robin Burn and the Bazooka were inseparable. And the Bazooka wasn't like anything that anybody else had. There was nothing like it in all the world.

When Robin was through with high school, his family moved to Fayetteville, Arkansas, and Robin fooled 'em into letting him into the University of Arkansas, where brother Farrar was already well on the road to becoming a first rate civil engineer, like their dad. In college a peculiar thing happened. Nobody called him Robin. They all called him Bob. And in the same way nobody could figure out why he didn't have an "s" on the end of his name. So, to everyone in Fayetteville and at the University of Arkansas, with the exception of his family, he became Bob Burns, which eases the telling of his story.

Two years of college, even with the company of his Bazooka, was all that Bob Burns could stand. The book larnin' was gettin' him down. Out in Oklahoma, raising peanuts, were some family friends who used to live in Van Buren. So Bob went to Hugo, Oklahoma, and became a peanut farmer, which is exciting enough for the first couple of days, but as uninteresting a thing as one can imagine thereafter.

So once again he was back home—back in Van Buren, where everybody called him Robin. His Bazooka was as popular as ever and folk remembered how he used to play all those different musical instruments. He joined the Black Cat Minstrels, which would put on shows and he earned three dollars a week, good money in those days for any young fellow who stayed in his own home town.

The plaudits of his townsmen convinced Bob that he had something on the ball—he and the Bazooka, he insists. And he figured that in a big town he would really be appreciated. With his brother, Farrar, he headed for New Orleans. The only thing about that trip which Bob will confess to is that he came as close to starvation as he ever wants to be. Nothing ever looked as good as Van Buren when the two lads returned, hatless, coatless and penniless, but with the precious Bazooka intact and unharmed.

FARRAR was definitely through with wandering. He was going to settle down and he advised Bob to do the same. So Bob packed his Bazooka, hopped a rattler, which wasn't faster than any other slow train through Arkansas, and after a month's uncomfortable session on the rods, he rolled into New York City. New York City is a great place if you have money and friends, but a mighty tough place on the guy who is down and out. Bob Burns was down and out—and no foolin'. He'd bunk in a thirty cent flop house at night and walk the streets all day looking for a job—any kind of a job. One day he landed work in the movies. Over on Eleventh avenue they were making pictures and they needed a flock of extras. Bob Burns joined the cinematic Swiss Guards, carried a spear and was paid off at the rate of three dollars a day.

With enough to eat on, he figured that he had better get back to the sunny south before the cold weather really set in. His next stop was in Little Rock, where an attempt to make a living selling advertising on commission was thoroughly unsuccessful. The same thing happened when he tried it in Chicago. As an advertising salesman—on commission—he nearly starved to death.

[Continued on page 66]

THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization.

Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.

They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for *a cold treatment!* A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.

First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are *cold tablets!* They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects

They open the bowels, an acknowledgedly wise step in treating a cold.

They combat the infection in the system.

They relieve the headache and fever.

They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Safe as Well as Effective

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.

Every drug store in America sells Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.

Ask for, and demand, Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

RADIO NOTE: *Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.*

Fear has no place in
FEMININE HYGIENE
if your method is *modern*

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, *greasy*, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, safe, effective, and, equally important—*dainty!*

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snowy-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and *completely* removable with water, Zonitors maintain the long effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power yet freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

SNOW WHITE
Each in individual glass vial

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From Rags to Riches

[*Continued from page* 65]

And just when the pickings were the leanest, when he was wondering what would happen next, Bob Burns heard the newsboys crying in the street. Without spending two cents, he learned that the United States had declared war and like a real patriot—if a hungry one—he went to the recruiting offices of the United States Marines and signed up—Bazooka and all.

In France he did right well by his country. When he wasn't sniping at Germans, he was playing the Bazooka and helping to make his buddies laugh. He wore out all the old gags he knew, he worked his songs overtime, so he had to make up new, impromptu dialogue and write original songs. And thus was born, on the fields of France, one of the greatest acts ever known to the stage, radio or screen. Bob Burns discovered the talent that was to take him from rags to riches in a transition so fast that it would leave his head swimming. This wasn't to happen immediately. Bob Burns had to finish out that stretch in France. He had to stand before General John J. Pershing and listen to words of praise from his commander-in-chief as the latter pinned on his breast a medal proclaiming him one of the greatest rifle shots in the American fighting forces.

And then Bob was to come back to America and again know poverty. But, with a little money he had managed to scrape together, he became a concessionaire at Atlantic City, on the Boardwalk. He ran one of those games of chance, his southern drawl and his native wit coming to good use in luring customers to his counter.

Down the Boardwalk a shake was another concession. And soon Bob found he couldn't keep his mind on his business because it was always on the girl who ran the other stand. So they consolidated in business and became man and wife. Elizabeth Fisher was a great and understanding woman. She, like Bob, had known the harder side of life. And it was largely through this fact that Bob was able to pull through the tough, discouraging years that were to follow before success was to be his.

The first months after the wedding were rosy ones. With their savings, Bob and his wife opened a dance hall on the Boardwalk. But it failed and a week after the sheriff had sold Bob down the river, Robert, Jr., was born. Brave little Mrs. Burns knew what was running through Bob's mind. She comforted him, she encouraged him, she gave him the strength to carry on. And so, packing his Bazooka under his arm, he went the hard way. He worked in carnivals, running games of chance. Then he turned to vaudeville and all the prophecies of his brave wife were fulfilled. Almost overnight, their luck changed, the money rolled in. They were on top. Bob could smile. They could be happy at home.

And it happened in a most peculiar way. Bob, after turning to vaudeville, worked out a blackface act. Talent scouts for the Fox studios heard about him and figured he was pretty good. The blackface team of Moran and Mack was going great at that time and Fox decided to create a team of its own and call it Black and Blue. Remember? Well, Bob Burns was one of the Boys. John Swar, brother of Moran, was the other. They headed

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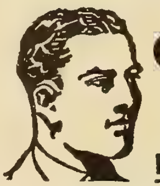

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for Hollywood and prosperity.

They had a year's contract with Fox. They worked in *Up the River* as Black and Blue. And then they were idle.

AND one day, when Bob Burns was down in the dumps of despair, his last money nearly gone, Will Rogers happened along. Will had taken a great liking to the big fellow from Van Buren. They had talked together of Oklahoma and of the lazy rivers that wind through the south. Will was convinced that Bob Burns had something on the ball. But he was afraid that Hollywood couldn't see his spark of genius. So Will told Bob to get out of town, to go East. Bob headed for New York City.

This time he knew a few people, at least. And so he talked Rudy Valle into giving him a chance on the radio. He made good. Paul Whiteman SENT for him. He turned a nation of listeners into hysterics with his good old Arkansas philosophy. Bing Crosby asked him to come to Hollywood and to share the honors of his program. Bob Burns had CLIMBED the ladder of success. He had surmounted seemingly impossible obstacles.

Paramount figured he MIGHT be a motion picture attraction. So it signed him for two test pictures. You know what he did in *Rhythm On the Range*. He almost stole the picture from his pal, Crosby. Not intentionally, of course. Then came *The Big Broadcast of 1937* and he was greater than ever.

Bob was making fine money—hundreds a week. But he remembered that once before he had been too optimistic about the future. So he and Elizabeth and Bob, Jr., decided to keep on living in the little apartment—to keep on driving the old Ford. And then came word that Paramount was so sold on Bob Burns it wanted him to sign a new contract. He would make three pictures a year at $60,000 each and he could make one picture each year for some other studio and he lined this up for $75,000.

He rushed home to bring the great news to Elizabeth. She was ill. Bob went to the cupboard to fix some medicine. He forgot all about his good luck. He thought only of Elizabeth, who shared his trying days with him.

In the hour of his greatest triumph, he drained the bitterest cup. His wife died. Bob Burns could hardly stand it. His pals in Hollywood wondered what would happen to him. They wondered if he COULD carry on. But Bob Burns isn't a quitter. He's a man's man and a real one through and through. He knew that he had to carry on—Bob, Jr. So he bolstered up his smile, he patted Bob, Jr., on the back and he carried on.

He signed that contract with Paramount, just as Elizabeth was so anxious he should do. And when his radio sponsors heard how the movies were going for him they tore up his old contract and gave him a new one boosting his air salary from $550 to $1700 a week at the start, and providing for an eventual payment of $4000 weekly. And on top of this came a newspaper syndicate asking him to write a daily feature like the one Will Rogers had done. They guaranteed him $500 a week to start. Other profits come from the sale of little Bazookas and from personal appearances, so that his annual income is now about $400,000—which isn't bad for a lad who rode the rails and then walked the sidewalks of New York, his innards filled only with the pangs of hunger.

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Mae Clarke Laughs Last

[*Continued from page* 41]

picture that was destined to make history. It was called *Public Enemy* and it was in that picture that Cagney, pursuant to the manuscript requirements, violated all rules for screen heroes by throwing a grapefruit at Mae. And now they are reunited in a picture that means much to both of them.

BUT since that last picture together, much has happened in the careers of Mae Clarke and James Cagney. The newspapers have told of Cagney's studio troubles and of his new deal with Grand National. Not much has been heard of Mae. Newspapers like to print stories of success. Columns for the person climbing the ladder—only memories for those who are slipping. And Mae definitely slipped. She was out of pictures—out cold. She had seen everything she possessed swept from under her. The acting reputation she had spent years building, the fans she had made admire her, even the man she hoped to marry had been taken from her. It was a dismal wreckage that Mae Clarke surveyed one morning when she left the hospital and again faced the world. Most persons would have sighed and given up. The task would have seemed hopeless. That's what MOST people would have done. But Mae Clarke isn't like most people, which is why she is again back on top, again starring in pictures.

And now let's tear back the curtain of life and look into Mae's rather hectic career. We'll go to Philadelphia on August 16, 1910, because that was the place and day on which Mae was born. Her family wasn't rich and her dad had to work hard as a theatre musician to make both ends meet. A couple of years later the family moved to Atlantic City, N.J., where Mae, in her adolescent years, found time after the elementary school hours to attend Dawson's Dancing School. She had definite ideas about dancing. She was serious about it because she felt that someday she would be an actress and she knew that all versatile actresses had to know how to dance. That, you will remember, was in the days when anybody who thought that vaudeville would pass from the picture completely was considered a little bit off his mental balance.

When Mae was only fourteen years old, Earl Lindsay, musical comedy dance producer and a close friend of the dancing master, witnessed a class performance. He saw in Mae Clarke that spark of personality and talent that was later to take her to the heights of success. He suggested that maybe she would like to go to New York and appear in a chorus. Would she? The answer was the same that any girl would have given. And after much persuasion, she secured consent from her mother and went to New York. But there wasn't a job. It was a pretty tough situation and when things looked blackest, Mae landed a job through the same Lindsay. He was opening another show and he gave her a spot on the line. That was at the famous Strand Roof. Next came the Everglades Club and the Vanity Club.

A couple of years had slipped by so rapidly that Mae hardly knew they were gone. The glamour of Broadway, the roar of the subways and the milling crowds, the big, swanky restaurants and the little, out of the way but picturesque eating places, Fifth avenue and its shops, huge liners tooting their way up the North and East

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rivers—all this had been like a fairy story to the little girl who was facing the world for the first time. In the excitement of those fast moving days she had little time to realize that she had outgrown her girlishness and was now a young woman in the prime of life.

THERE in the Everglades Club of that day was another dancing girl. She had the spot next to Mae in the line and she answered to the name of Ruby Stevens. Today she is known as Barbara Stanwyck. In fighting the battle of life together, they became fast friends. They both had the same problems—little salary, uncomfortable living quarters, backbreaking hours of performances and rehearsals. But they were both determined and didn't mind the trials of those early days.

So great was the attachment of these two young girls that when Anatole Friedlander offered Miss Stanwyck a job in a big revue, she turned it down until the producer also agreed to sign Miss Clarke to a contract. He was agreeable and the show went on.

Then came one of those instances that make fiction out of show business stories so interesting. Carter de Haven, who was then something of a big shot in show business, saw the girls and was convinced they should go to Hollywood and break into pictures. He painted for them a beautiful picture of Hollywood opportunities, of the riches awaiting them. Tired of struggling, hoping against hope that de Haven was right, they signed on the dotted line and left the show to await Hollywood's call. But it never came. The little financial reserves broke down. Times were plenty tough. Once again Anatole Friedlander came to the rescue. He straightened out their contract difficulties and then arranged an interview with Willard Mack, who was about to produce *The Noose.*

[*Continued on page* 70]

Charles Quigley, Columbia's newest candidate for stardom, is backing Mary Astor to come through with another superb performance as the *Lady From Nowhere.* Charles is under long-term contract, and plays opposite Miss Astor in this latest Columbia release

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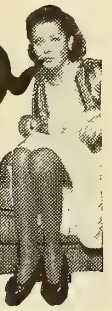

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Mae Clarke Laughs Last

[*Continued from page* 69]

Barbara Stanwyck got the big part and Mae Clarke drew little more than a bit. Mae isn't made to stand still. With a long run in store for *The Noose,* she felt she was wasting her time staying there. So she just left quietly.

By this time Mae Clarke was known professionally. She could always get a job as a dancer. She wanted more. And again fate intervened and she was teamed with Lew Brice, Fanny's brother, who was then one of the country's ranking vaudeville troupers. They headlined shows from one end of the country to the other in those days of vaudeville prosperity, just before sound pictures wiped an industry out of business. In the intimacy of their work and the constant companionship demanded by their travels, Mae and Lew fell in love —or thought they did. They were married, but it didn't last and two years later, when Mae was called to New York to make a motion picture test for Fox's *Big Time,* she told Lew she was through. It was okay by him, too, so a divorce was arranged.

GOING to New York for that test, Mae was still plenty skeptical. She remembered the Carter de Haven incident and several other times when the trip to Hollywood seemed just around the corner. But this time it was her skepticism, rather than her willingness to believe, that was jolted. She got the part and headed west to make her screen debut opposite the fast talking Lee Tracy.

Picture followed picture until she got her big break, that part of Molly Malloy in *The Front Page.* Universal took her out of the free lance column and gave her a contract. Warners borrowed her, so did other studios. She was making big money, her name was in electric lights, she had settled her mother and father and her younger sister and brother in a beautiful home.

Then she fell in love with a man high in the picture business. With her family at her side, with money rolling in from her work and in love, Mae thought that at last the dark days were forever gone. She was wrong. One day she awakened to read in the papers that the man she loved had married another woman—one of those spur-of-the-moment marriages. Mae tried to laugh it off, just like it didn't matter. But the blow was too heavy for such casual dismissal.

Everything looked black. And one day when a producer wanted Mae Clarke for a starring part, she just couldn't respond. Something within her had snapped. She tried to fight it out within herself, but couldn't. She collapsed and doctors told her worried family that she was suffering from a complete nervous breakdown. She would have to be utterly quiet for many months. There was no other out.

And that was how and why Mae Clarke dropped completely from the picture. Fans flooded the studios with letters wanting to know what had happened. The girl who had climbed the ladder and almost reached the very top had slipped and fallen. She was just another one of many in the heap below the first rung.

And as she lay there in that heap, she did what few others in the same spot have been able to do. She took stock of herself. Would she quit or try again? To quit would be so easy, to try again would be so

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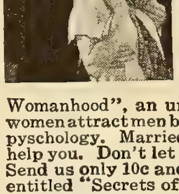

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PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 42-B, St. Louis, Mo.

hard. Would it be worth all the physical and mental effort? Mae decided it would be worth it. She summoned her mother and father, her doctors, her business manager. She wanted to know how soon she would leave the hospital, how long it would take her to get back into good physical shape, what her chances would be of getting back on the screen. The doctors shook their heads, the business manager suppressed a sigh. So *few* who slip ever get back up the ladder again.

BUT Mae was determined. She figured she was too young to give up. And so, when she felt physically able to do so, she started out all over again. She got a part here and a part there. And when the producers saw her on the screen, they marvelled. Here was the old Mae Clarke, except for the fact that she was a greater Mae Clarke. Her trials and tribulations, both mental and physical, had given her a new understanding. She seemed to put more feeling into her work. Her performances had more of the human touch. She smiled as she viewed the spectacle of producers battling one another for her services.

And about that time something else happened that made the battle all the easier. Mae met a young Hollywood physician and surgeon, Dr. Frank G. Nolan. The attachment for one another was strong. Being young and having had much experience as a studio doctor, he was able to talk with her in the terms of her profession. He could discuss her work on an intelligent and helpful plane. If she wanted to talk books, the stage, the studio or current events, Dr. Nolan was intellectually equipped to meet the situation. It seemed like an ideal match and just when Hollywood was hoping that something more than platonic friendship would come from it, Mae Clarke started wearing a big diamond ring and proudly told her friends that it was a token of their betrothal.

Right now, as she is finishing the biggest role of her whole career, that opposite Jimmy Cagney in Grand National's *Great Guy,* Hollywood is wondering how long it will be before they are married. They already have the license and it is probable that it will be used mighty soon, possibly before this can even get into print.

And so, having climbed back up the ladder down which she slipped so terrifically and again being a ranking star, Mae Clarke looks back and laughs at her troubles, ten years of them.

"It was bitter, to be sure," Mae admits, "but it was like a great lesson. I've learned much from it. And what I've learned will enable me to enjoy the rest of my life as I never would have enjoyed it if I hadn't gone through the contrast of sorrow and grief."

Well, a girl with a philosophy like that *deserves* success and happiness!

NEXT MONTH

Read About the Screen Popularity Contest

$1000,00 in Cash Prizes

PERMANENT WAVING *Now Robbed–*

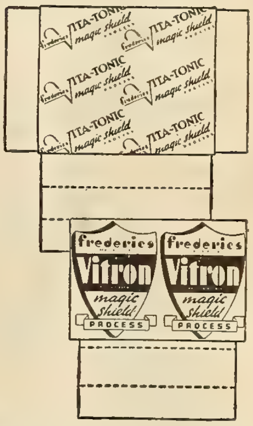
BEAUTY SHOP

OF ALL ITS *TERRORS*

AMAZING NEW FREDERICS WIRELESS PERMANENT USES NO HARMFUL CHEMICAL HEAT—NO INTENSE ELECTRICAL HEAT—NO HAIR-PULLING WIRES

FOR YEARS women have shrunk from the terrors of Chemical Heat—from the discomforts of electrical machines with heavy hair-pulling gadgets. But all this is a nightmare of the past. Frederics Wireless Wave has robbed permanent waving of all its terrors. Today, feather-light, pre-heated aluminum wavers are put on to cool off—not heat up. Quickly — magically — comfortably — your straight hair is coaxed into beautiful, soft, lustrous waves—so alluring—so enduring and so easy to manage that you will think you really have naturally curly hair.

Send your name and address to E. Fredericks, Inc., 235-247 East 45th Street, New York City and we will rush you the names of Frederics Franchise Shopowners in your neighborhood who are qualified and equipped to give the new Frederics Wireless Permanent.


Frederics VITA-TONIC magic shield
frederics Vitron magic shield PROCESS

Make certain that Frederics Vita-Tonic or Vitron Magic Shield are used on your hair when getting a Frederics Wireless Permanent (see illustrations above). Avoid substitutes. Sample wrapper, for identification, will be sent *Free*.

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VITA-TONIC *and* VITRON
WIRELESS
Permanent Waves

E. FREDERICS, Inc. Dept. 9A88
235-247 East 45th St.
New York City

Kindly send me a list of salons in my neighborhood who give Frederics Wireless Permanents.

Name.......................................

Address.......................................

City.......................State...........

Gadgets, Garb and Glamour

[*Continued from page* 55]

to motion pictures have become too skeptical, too insistent in demanding authenticity and too good in their tracing down of anything tinged with fake. So the producer, ironically enough, demands complete accuracy of duplication. The Schnitzers comply.

TRAVELING over the face of the globe at this moment, are agents of this odd industry. Prying into little known marts, they look, study, and buy. They barter with natives in remote outposts, they make sign language, they resort to every gesture possible in every possible market, for they must return, not only materials, with genuine samples, but they must have a conversant knowledge of the present, past, and future of the places they have contacted. Reference bureaus are in daily contact with the extensive research department, artists copy the styles ordered, compare them with reproductions in books, send them to experts who further trace them. Not only the style is copied but the very material from which they were originally made. When the patterns and goods finally reach the tailoring department, with all the necessary "O.K.'s" pinned to them, the master tailors are in possession of drawings that would rival an architect's preparatory sketches and blueprints, together with a collection of the finest materials money can buy. They are to be made, not as flimsy replicas, to be used and discarded, but as models that would make the ghosts of the initial users livid with envy of modern materials and workmanship. They are, upon completion, as positive, as authentic, and as beautiful, as a genuine Rembrandt or, if the subject requires, as ugly as some of the subjects that that great painter chose to immortalize.

Shall we wander back to that busy phone desk, take a call ourselves and then follow it through? Maybe it will give a clearer insight and it will surely prove a fascinating method of learning this procedure of one of the most fascinating of all industries. The call, fortunately for interest, comes from the RKO Studios. The adaptation of *Mary Queen of Scotland* has been completed. The principals have been named. The Central Casting Company has just been notified of the hundreds of extras, bit players and incidental actors to be used. The research department at the studio is well into the deep delvings of styles, types, conditions, opinions, mannerisms, idiocyncracies, actualities, etc. Now, it is up to Western Costumers to supply the wardrobe. That will take weeks, for a special department—a Mary of Scotland department—must be created. One of the first to be used will be the group of Scottish Court Guards. A student of history, is immediately placed on the detail. We can follow him to the big library on the mezzanine floor. Here he will spend a full day, in company with a group of researchers and artists, sketching the costumes, listing the materials, types of cut, methods of sewing and proportionate measurements. He and his men will read, not only the actual story of this eccentric queen, but other stories and intricate histories of those times in which she ruled. They will know that the guards had to stand well over six feet, that they had to be of certain physical accoutrements, that they must all be of exactly the same type. When all this is done locally, it is checked with outside authorities, then compared to the data compiled at the extensive laboratories of the studio. When there can be no argument as to completeness, artists put down, in color, the exact costumes as they will appear when finished. Then lesser drawings, diagraming the cut and pattern are minutely made in complete detail. The exact plaid is ordered, to be specially woven in this case for it cannot be found already made. The materials must correspond in

What's wrong with this picture? Only one thing—Where there's a king, there should be a queen. Perhaps, however, Robt. Taylor is waiting until his dream castle is completed before Barbara Stanwyck enters the scene. He is shown here discussing the blueprint plans with his architect, Burton Schutt.

NO HEADACHES SPOIL OUR SHOPPING DAYS, THANK GOODNESS WE ARE WISE!
LIKE OTHERS, WE HAVE FOUND IT PAYS —TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
HEADACHE
IF AFTER-DINNER-MISERY CREEPS IN TO CAUSE US WOE.
A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS THE FINEST THING WE KNOW.
SOUR STOMACH
I WISH I KNEW JUST WHAT YOU DO — TO KEEP BAD COLDS AWAY.
I'LL PUT YOU WISE I ALKALIZE, THE ALKA-SELTZER WAY.
COLDS
Be Wise— Alkalize
Alka-Seltzer
Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer
AT ALL DRUGGISTS
30¢ 60¢
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (*acetyl salicylate*). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains

TUNE IN *THE* NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC • NETWORK

Personal to Fat Girls! — Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat — then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

weight and texture exactly with Mary's conception of what her pet soldiers should wear. When all this is done, when the tailors have been assigned to this job, when the cloth, shoes, buttons, leather incidentals and trappings, stockings, swords, guns; when the complete paraphernalia has been assembled, the men who are to wear them are called for first fittings.

Maybe you have been to a Bond Street tailor. Maybe you have been fitted by tailors better than those famous designers. But until you have appeared in the fitting rooms of the film costumers, you have no conception of complete precision. As the tailor measures and marks, anywhere from three to ten representatives remain in the room, criticizing, correcting, praising, deriding or suggesting. When the second measurement comes up, then we see the acme of accuracy. Time is no factor and neither is money.

NEVER a day goes by but something doesn't happen to add to the glamour of this storehouse of memories. Armour worn once by gallant knights stand in fantastic array in its section. Long rows of flimsy court dresses, of stuffy, multi-petticoated colonial garb, helmets, hats, fezzes, berets, tams, plumes, ridiculous, ribald, sedate, silly, conservative, fabulous. But everything sorted, selected and stored with all its glories, awaiting rebirth when some producer decides to do a reenactment of its moments.

The many departments are laid out according to dates and these dates are then subdivided into nationalities or divisions of peoples. Within a few comparative steps your thoughts are carried from the American Revolution into Livingstone's search for Stanley, or was it the other way around? Oddly enough, and the reason is not explained, the futuristic department lies directly between the medieval and modern.

The martial music and the thrills of men away to war lend romance to any period. The preserved uniforms, now idly hanging on their racks, come to life as we gaze. Our minds are carried to the bodies that in reality once filled those worn remnants, perhaps even died while wearing them. Civil war uniforms are there, with bullet holes to make this thought a bit more tense.

The heavy, pearl-handled six-shooter, with the name "Jack Stoddert" engraved very close to five filed notches, gives a thrill as we hold the weapon in our hands. A different thrill no doubt, than it gave the associates of Jack Stoddert who is no longer a desperado but a romantic memory of the early west. It will bring and do something to the actor who happens to carry that gun in some motion picture.

This story is told both at Warner Brother's Studio and at the modern warfare uniform department of Western. Allan Taylor, an Englishman, upon receiving discharge papers from the British army at the conclusion of the World War, came to America, to Hollywood, and so to films. His work took him into the wardrobe department at Warner's. When a picture was selected that dealt with British regiments in the war, Taylor was called upon as collaborator for authenticity. Just to be sure, he went himself to the Schnitzer Brothers and asked that he be allowed to select the uniforms. He was escorted to a tremendous bin, wherein were gathered "Tommy" uniforms galore, together with rifle belts, rifles, side arms, mess kits, packs, tin hats, canteens, puttees, shovels, and shoes. With memories of his war experiences still fresh the young man became interested in fingering over the now musty garments. His

[*Continued on page* 74]

"THOUSANDS OF "NATURALLY SKINNY" WEAK, RUNDOWN, NERVOUS FOLKS HAVE MADE THIS AMAZING DISCOVERY!

How Amazing New Sea Plant Concentrate from Pacific Ocean, by Feeding IODINE-STARVED GLANDS, has Quickly Renewed Energy, Built Glorious NEW STRENGTH for Thousands. Gains of 5 to 25 Lbs. Reported Regularly!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of thin, tired, weak, worn-out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. Science has at last placed its finger on what is often one of the principal causes of this dangerous, rundown condition—IODINE-STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is you stay skinny, rundown, ailing.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength building—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

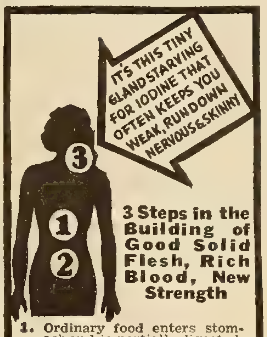
To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance.

Posed by professional models.

- Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly, Build Strength, Energy, Weight. Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1089, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.


IT'S THIS TINY GLAND STARVING FOR IODINE THAT OFTEN KEEPS YOU WEAK, RUNDOWN NERVOUS & SKINNY
3
1
2

3 Steps in the Building of Good Solid Flesh, Rich Blood, New Strength

1. Ordinary food enters stomach and is partially digested.
2. Digestion completed in intestines and flesh and strength-building material absorbed in blood stream.
3. Metabolism, when regulated, by glands kept healthy with iodine, should assure conversion of material into firm, new flesh, rich, red blood, rugged strength and day-long energy.

Make This Test!

Make this test with Seedol Kelpamalt. First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for 1 week and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch flattering extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows.

Money-Back Guarantee

If you are not absolutely satisfied with the results of even the first week, the trial is free and your money will be refunded. Seedol Kelpamalt costs but little to use. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt *Tablets*

NEXT MONTH

Be sure to read about the $1000 cash prize contest

Gadgets, Garb and Glamour

[*Continued from page* 73]

dreaming turned to a hair raising thrill suddenly. He shouted to the world at large! "Come here! Look!" There was no mistaking the name on that uniform he held in his hands. It was that of Allan Taylor! And included upon it were the company and regiment numbers in which he had served!

RELEASE of the costumes for rental provides many intricate measures. This is especially true of modern uniforms. For instance, to combat the usage of police uniforms to people who might use them for crime, they are never given in completeness except to the largest studios and then only under a heavy bond. Costumes of other nations must remain so that they do not offend that country, yet must be authentic. The only uniform that is barred in entirety to the Western Costumers is the Khaki rig of the Boy Scouts of America. Any other, from the Royal Mounted of Canada to the jungle patrol of the native Zulus can be fetched to your doorstep on a few hour's notice. The weapons must always go out under bond, and they must be recorded daily. Medals, trophies, heirlooms, and authentic mementos can be used, but the borrower must be of irreproachable character and the purpose for which they are rented must be recorded and remembered.

Insurance is carried on the entire stock. This means minute and detailed information concerning every one of the millions of articles. It requires a bookkeeping system intricate enough to stump a public accountant. The shipping rooms must check both in and out with the keenest precision and accuracy. Every employee must be certain of the proper place for everything. And when you enter into the spacious lobby of this house of a million memories you find it a tranquil, unhurried organization, with a complacent polite doorman who can always find time to care for your individual desires.

Romance, glamour, glory of tradition. You have the feeling that you tread among the ghosts of our predecessors as you stroll through the long aisles. Behind that is the ingenuity of two brothers, backed by demands of studios who, in turn, must serve the demands of their clients. It is the romance of present day lives that enable them to construct a mammoth rendezvous of relices, that give them the fortitude to dig through the archives and carry their possessions from history for use on the screen. The wondering mind of the little boy is somewhere in every man and the Schnitzer brothers have made from it a very profitable and fascinating business. They have given Hollywood one of the finest museums in the world.

Next Month

Don't fail to read about

MOVIE CLASSIC'S

Star Popularity Contest

in March issue.

$1,000 in Cash Prizes

Brush Away

GRAY HAIR

● Safely, quickly—and at home—you can overcome the handicap of gray, faded or streaked hair. With a small brush and Brownatone, you can impart a rich, natural-appearing shade of blonde, brown or black. Used and approved for over twenty-five years by American women everywhere. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction. Retain your youthful charm—

LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Brownatone is dependable—guaranteed absolutely harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Brownatone imparts a rich, beautiful shade with amazing speed. Simply "touch-up" as new gray hair appears. Easy to apply. Just brush or comb it in. Shades "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c at drug or toilet counters everywhere—always on a money-back guarantee—or **send for test bottle.**

JUST BRUSH OR COMB IT IN

The Kenton Ph. Co.
275 Brownatone Bldg.
Covington, Kentucky
Please send test bottle of BROWNATONE, and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing, mailing.

State shade wanted ____________
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ________

BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR SAFELY

New Perfume!

SUBTLE, alluring, enticing. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers. Exquisite!

A single drop lasts a week! It is:—

"Temptation"

To pay for postage and handling, enclose only 10c silver or 12c stamps. (Est. 1872)

Free Trial Bottle

Paul Rieger, 387 Davis St., San Francisco

TASTE LIKE CANDY

The Sensational
McCOY'S
Cod Liver Oil Tablets
Chock Full of Vitamins "A" and "D"

Have remarkably helped many boys and girls, men and women, to

Put On Firm Flesh

3 to 7 Pounds Quickly

Starting Today: Take 2 McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets after each meal. 60c and $1 size--all Druggists

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE
McCoy's, 544 S. Wells St., Chicago
Dept. 32
Rush Free Sample of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets to
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ________

Old Faces Made Young!

Men as Well as Women Can Now Look Young.

A famous French beauty specialist recently astonished New York society by demonstrating that wrinkles, scrawny neck, "crow's feet", double chin and other marks of age are easily banished by spending only 5 minutes a day in your own home by an easy method of facial rejuvenation that any one can do.

No cosmetics, no massage, no beauty parlor aids.

The method is fully explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent free upon request in plain wrapper.

Pauline Palmer, 1421C Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.
Write before supply is exhausted.

Name ____________
City ____________ State ________

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy!

I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 317, Chicago.

RAISE GIANT FROGS

FREE BOOK

Start Backyard! We Buy!

Breeder may lay 10,000 EGGS YEARLY. Frogs sell up to $5 doz. Millions used yearly. Easy to ship. Start backyard expand with increase. Men and women see what others are doing. Send for free frog book. American Frog Canning Co., Dept. 154-B, New Orleans, La.

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR WITHOUT PEROXIDE

. . . to ANY shade you desire
. . . SAFELY In 5 to 15 minutes

Careful fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. **Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener** requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it Cannot streak; Eliminates "straw" look Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.

$1

FREE *36 page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.*

LECHLER LABORATORIES, INC.
560 Broadway (Dept. B.) New York, N.Y.

Perfume Preferred

[*Continued from page* 51]

Wendy Barrie, Universal player, shows how it's done down on the farm

"To me, perfumes represent colors," Barbara explained. "In spring I like perfumes with a woodsy fragrance, summer calls for light floral odors suggestive of pastel shades, fall represents warm brown tones and spicy scents. Winter, of course, is the season for mystic or exotic perfumes."

What perfume would she wear with a yellow morning dress, a frothy pink dance frock, a deep blue dinner gown? Without hesitation Barbara supplied the answer to each, talking with an enthusiasm which showed her fascination in the subject. For sports she suggested perfumes with the scent of tweed or leather.

"Out of my first pay check as a Follies dancer I bought an ounce bottle of perfume and no purchase ever gave me a greater thrill. The fragrance is still one of my favorites." Barbara indicated a popular brand well within the scope of modest pocketbooks.

"To be effective, the odor of perfume must be vague and elusive and therefore delicately used. The best method of applying is with an atomizer, spraying the hair, wrists, ears and throat. I don't believe it should be applied to outer clothing with the exception of furs which require an oriental or "winter" perfume. Occasionally, too, I spray a bit of perfume on the hem of a dance frock so that in motion it leaves a trail of faint fragrance.

"Perfume should be applied at least a half hour before going out to avoid any heaviness of scent, although I do like to carry a small flacon in my bag to spot my hair or ears after a long interval from home."

A *PERSONAL blend* in perfumes has an exciting sound and Barbara assured me that it was a simple matter to achieve all sorts of delightful combinations that would defy identification. "Very often I blend perfume with toilet water," she told me, "by adding the perfume a drop at a time and stirring with a glass rod. Wood should not be used because it absorbs the scent.

"That reminds me, I have a wooden cigarette box in which I place a drop or two of perfume on the lid and in the bottom. By keeping the box closed, the cigarettes absorb just a faint scent. Girls adore these perfumed cigarettes but you should hear what father says when *he* gets hold of one of them!" she laughed.

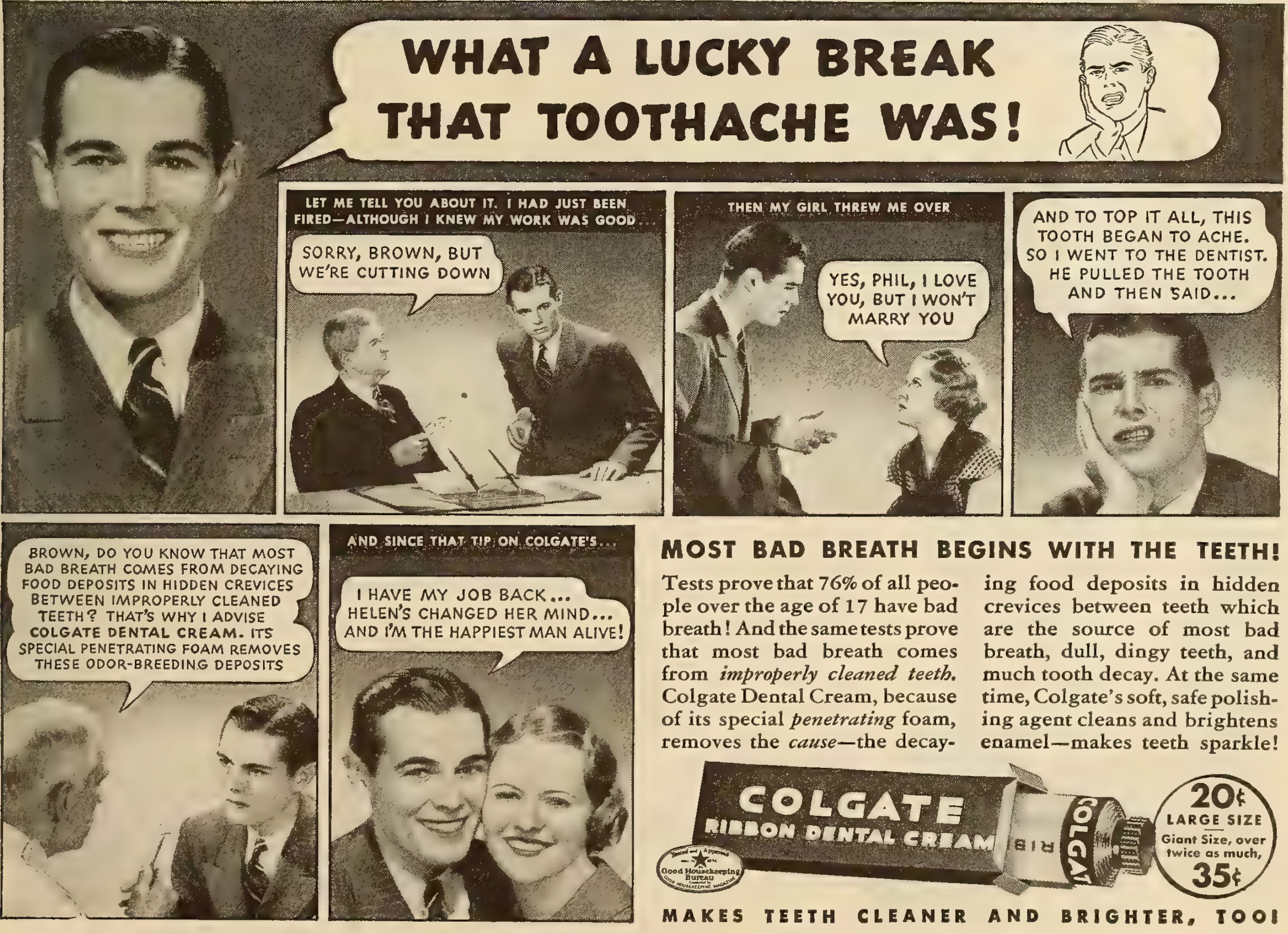
Barbara says she is now looking for perfumes with the delicate odor of fresh fruit. "The fragrance of fresh strawberries, lime or persimmons—wouldn't that be luscious?" she demanded. A tip for some enterprising manufacturer!

[*Continued on page* 81]

Beauty Advice for You!

You are invited to bring your personal beauty problems to Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC'S beauty expert. Let her advise you on the care of skin and hair and the use of cosmetics. Brand names to meet individual needs supplied upon request.

Write Miss Alden in care of MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. There is no charge for this service. The only requirement is that you enclose stamped (3 cent U.S. stamp) envelope for reply.



WHAT A LUCKY BREAK THAT TOOTHACHE WAS!
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. I HAD JUST BEEN FIRED—ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY WORK WAS GOOD
SORRY, BROWN, BUT WE'RE CUTTING DOWN
THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER
YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU
AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACHE. SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST. HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...
BROWN, DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH? THAT'S WHY I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
AND SINCE THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S...
I HAVE MY JOB BACK... HELEN'S CHANGED HER MIND... AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

A FORTUNE
May Pass Through Your Hands
TODAY

Money that slips so easily through your fingers may hold hidden riches for you . . . if you know what to look for in the change you get. Thousands of old coins and bills are in daily circulation, many of them worth big cash Premiums. We pay highest cash value. Learn our prices before you sell your old coins, encased stamps, or paper money to anybody!

"SMALL CHANGE" May Hold The Secret of Sudden Wealth!

Today or tomorrow, some valuable rare coin may come into your hands. Don't let it slip by unnoticed . . . it may be worth 100 times its face value, or even more! But you must know what to look for. You must be able to recognize your good luck, before you can cash in upon it!

$2000.00 for 1c! $4000.00 for $1.00!

We pay up to $10.00 each for 1909 cents. $2000.00 for large copper cents, $1500 for certain Gold Dollars. Rare paper money, Confederate Bills, etc. may be worth $15 to $25! Other common coins may pay high cash premiums!

BIG CASH PREMIUMS
for hundreds of coins
now in circulation.

DIMES BEFORE 1895	$450
LIBERTY HEAD NICKELS BEFORE 1914	$300
INDIAN HEAD CENTS, 1864-65	$100
½ CENTS	$275
LARGE COPPER CENTS	$2000
HALF DIMES	$175
20c PIECE	$150
25c PIECE	$300
50c PIECE	$1000
SILVER DOLLARS	$4000
TRADE DOLLARS	$300
GOLD DOLLARS	$1500
$2.50 GOLD PIECES	$500
$3.00 GOLD PIECES	$2000
$5 GOLD PIECES	$6000
$10 GOLD PIECES	$150
COLONIAL COINS	$300
FOREIGN COINS	$165
$20 GOLD PIECES	$500
COMMEM. HALF DOLLARS	$60

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Don't wait. Get our Big Coin Book. Tells what we pay for old and rare coins, encased stamps, gold and paper money, both foreign and U. S. SEND 15c TODAY for Coin Book before you send your old coins. We do not accept your old coins from those who do not have our price book. Just write name and address, enclose 15c, and MAIL COUPON NOW!

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COIN CORPORATION
Springfield Mass.

NATIONAL COIN CORP. (400) MAIL THIS COUPON!
Springfield, Mass.

Please send Big Illustrated 1937 Coin Book by return mail. I enclose 15c (coin) carefully wrapped. (Please print plainly).

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That Girl From Paris

[*Continued from page* 43]

with her fans that those schooled only on the stage and screen do their utmost to shun. She could not be happy otherwise.

HOW the public—her public—responds to her allure has never been more admirably illustrated than upon the occasion of her concert in the Hollywood Bowl last summer. Following her appearance as guest artist—and for this the great amphitheatre was packed to over-capacity—half of Hollywood milled around her backstage to pay her touching homage. And she expected it . . . not because she considered it her rightful due or through any sense of self-praise, but because she honestly loves to have people crowd around her and she knew that her friends knew she sincerely wanted to see them.

"It is so wonderful to have so many friends," Lily told me. "They are part of me. Life would be tragic indeed if one were not blessed with them. And it has been my lot, because of my career, probably to know the meaning of friendship more fully than the majority of people."

Watch this smiling and eager young Frenchwoman emerge from a preview and in all likelihood you will think the Spanish rebellion has struck our shores. Her fans swarm around her like a locust scourge. No sneaking out of back theatre-doors here, as in the case of so many popular stars . . . Lily is too happy to meet her adoring public whom she adores in turn to think of treating them in so scurvy a fashion.

Let anyone in this mob, or anyone who might accost her on the street or in her hotel, ask for a photograph and she religiously takes his name and address. Her secretary spends half her time in complying with these requests for pictures.

While on concert tour, she always carries tickets to the performance in her purse. Should an elevator boy or anyone she meets express a desire to hear her, and straightway she smilingly presents him with a ticket. Small wonder that hotels look forward to her arrival. It is her innate friendliness and generosity that leads her to do this, and likewise engage bell hops, taxi drivers, policemen, men and women in every strata of life in conversation.

"Always I learn something from the people I talk to," the diva declares. "Perhaps it is much, perhaps only a little, but always I am glad I spoke with that person.

"Many times my taxi chauffeur, while driving me to the station or boat, comments on one of my performances. If it is a long drive to where we are going he tells me, as a rule, about himself, his family." She twinkled. "I can tell you the life stories of more taxi chauffeurs than probably anybody else in the world."

There's a quality about Lily Pons that invariably inspires all classes of people to confide in her. Two years ago, while on a South American tour, she received a message from a convict, who poured out all his troubles to her. So touched was she with his story that she sought out the president of the country himself on his behalf. Men and women of all creeds and ages are continually besieging her with their woes, relating their life stories, seeking her aid and advice, and never one has she turned down that she could reasonably assist.

Lily's cordiality is reflected in all who work with her on the set. There is not the slightest feeling of restraint present that almost always accompanies the presence of so great a star. I caught this the instant I walked onto the set, for over there by the piano Lily and Gene Raymond and two electricians were harmonizing at the top of their respective voices, with Lily performing a jig step. No set in many months, irrespective of the identity of the star, has been so completely imbued with the spirit of lackadaisical fun and good comradeship.

LET me quote a case in point. Lily's command of the English language has not advanced to the stage that she can be absolutely sure of herself. Consequently, she occasionally makes mistakes, both in her pronunciation and in her phraseology. Indeed, while we were chatting, Andre Kostelanetz, the Russian orchestra conductor to whom she is affianced, dropped by and she asked, quaintly, "How you are?"

On the occasion in question, she had a difficult speech to utter, difficult because it entailed a combination of words she found almost impossible to string together correctly. Time after time the company rehearsed, until finally Lily had her lines down pat in her mind.

Came the take—the actual scene—and everything progressed perfectly. "Let's take another," said Director Jason, and once more the company went through its paces. But this time Lily mixed her phrases . . . and WHOOPED!

Seldom has so boisterous a scene occurred on the spur of the moment. Jack Oakie yelled at the top of his powerful lungs . . . Gene Raymond seized Lily in his arms and whirled her gleefully around several times . . . and the entire company burst out in roars of laughter. Show me another great foreign star who could inspire so friendly a reception of a mistake. To have caught that extemporaneous scene no one could possibly have guessed that a world-celebrated diva was its center.

Fun, though, to Lily Pons is the very elixir of life. She owns a sense of humor second to none. As witness that day in Rio de Janeiro when she walked down the principal street of that Brazilian city, at the head of a column of more than five hundred enthusiastic and rabid fans who followed her wherever she went. She might have hopped a taxi or darted into some building for refuge. Instead, she walked . . . and had the time of her life.

You'll see plenty of her love for fun when you view her new picture, for hers is a comedy rôle throughout the production. The story relates of a famed French opera star who rebels at a marriage of convenience, jilts a wealthy impressario at the altar and becomes an ocean hitch-hiker in pursuit of a handsome American musician who has ignited a suppressed romantic spark. Singing both popular and classical numbers, Lily will offer a new and altogether intriguing glimpse of herself to her millions of admirers.

THE whole world has followed the career of Lily Pons as perhaps no other operatic star on record. Born in Cannes, France, of an Italian mother and French father, at the age of five she evinced a remarkable aptitude for music and at six was playing the compositions of Chopin.

During the World War, she played and sang for the wounded soldiers until her childish fingers ached and her voice could scarcely trill. Following the end of the conflict and subsequent training in Paris, she made her operatic debut in Alsace-Lorraine in 1928, and became an overnight sensation. American audiences first heard her at the New York Metropolitan in 1931, when she sang the opera that had inspired her love for music when she was five . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor."

South America, Europe and the United States, then, heard and saw her regularly on the operatic and concert stage. She could not begin to satisfy all the demands made upon her time from all over the world. But one she did accede to, and in complying performed a daring and gracious deed that exemplifies the warmth of her heart and the depth of her generosity.

She had arranged to give a benefit concert for the poor children of her native Cannes. Because of her unprecedented popularity, her South American engagement was extended until the regular means of transportation could not get her back to Europe in time for the charity event.

Instead of having this postponed, the diva, thinking only of the disappointment which her absence would cause her beloved children, crossed the Atlantic in the Graf Zeppelin, sailing the airway from Rio de Janeiro to Germany and braving a lashing tropical hurricane. She then rushed to Cannes by special plane, arriving only a short time before the scheduled concert.

Do you wonder all the world loves her?

Lily Pons' entry in pictures was hailed as a sensational event and in *I Dream Too Much* she endeared herself forever to the public. Hollywood, with its customary reserve in receiving newcomers into the colony, waited before it passed judgment upon her.

But Lily took matters into her own delicate and capable hands. Overnight, she disproved the fact that all prima donnas are temperamental and Hollywood awoke to the realization that in Lily Pons at last was found the star it often had dreamed of but rarely known . . . the star who went out of her way to meet the public and insisted upon being one of them. Small wonder that Lily Pons today occupies a place in the heart of the world.

A Hull house full of kids! Warren Hull, featured player in *Heroes in the Air* is preparing to put the lid on this backyard abode of his three sons. "At home" announcements should be in order very shortly.

"A COLD"

Be *doubly careful* about the laxative you take!

ONE of the first questions the doctor asks when you have a cold is—"Are your bowels regular?" Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know also the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time.

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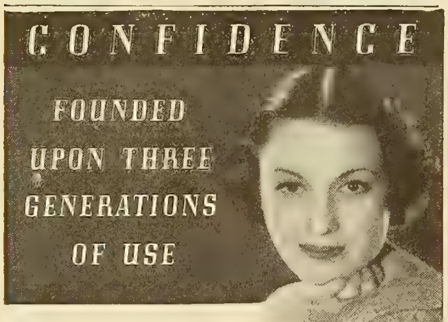

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Doomed to Oblivion

[*Continued from page 29*]

one of the happiest couples in Hollywood.

TESTS for *Pleasure Mad* had been taken, silent, of course, since this was the pre-talkie era. Mr. Mayer, Mr. Thalberg and I sat in the projection room as the tests were run.

After seeing them I shook my head doubtfully. I could feel no enthusiasm. I saw no hope for a screen career for the actress destined to outdistance practically all the stars of her day.

"She's pretty, yes," I said. "But her personality is devoid of sparkle. She lacks personal magnetism. To me she is cold and uninteresting. Let's forget about her. Let's see some other tests."

In that nonchalant manner I tried to wave aside the hidden talents of the young Dominion beauty who was to tread, step by step, up the long ladder to the pinnacle of motion picture fame and win the prestige which is indisputably hers today.

But Louiebee and Irving insisted she be used in the picture, so with mental reservations I agreed. What else was there for me to do? A tyro with no stage experience and very little film background was to have a major rôle in the brilliant roster of screen talent assembled for my *Pleasure Mad*. I was worried. I slept little that night.

It took me exactly twenty-four hours to discover my error in judgment. I was *sold* one hundred per cent after a day's work with her. She demonstrated real perseverance, great ability and every quality needed to crash the gates of success.

And of the superlative cast who majored in that old picture, what others are tops today? Yet supreme in that day were such names as Huntley Gordon, Mary Alden, William Collier, Jr.; Winifred Bryson, Ward Crane, Frederick Truesdell, and Joan Standing.

Huntley Gordon, lead in her first important picture, described conditions to which Norma was subjected by his well-known aphorism of that time, "When you work for Barker sell your Ford and buy a lantern. You never get to go home anyway."

When our favorites flash galmorously before us on the screen we sit back in our soft seats among the audience and lose ourselves in the artificial world being created. In the picture the players appear graceful, and move effortlessly through the scenes in the story. But there is a story the screen never tells.

It is a brutal story of hard work, you might almost say galley-slaving under the director. It was in this exacting, painful labor which means long hours and the toughest kind of work that Norma Shearer excelled, and does to this day. And she always took her arduous assignment with a smile and came back for more, graciously, uncomplainingly, and with constantly improving performance.

MY NEXT and last picture with her was the one which catapulted her to stardom. After being loaned to Warners' for *Broadway After Dark*, a transaction which itself attested her success in *Pleasure Mad*, she returned to Metro to be leading lady in *Broken Barriers*. It was her first release after the merger which created Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Broken Barriers, a Meredith Nicholson story about a proud, intelligent young woman of strong character who defies convention to live her life as she sees fit, was a story typical of the post war decade when morals were registering a kick-back from the cataclysm of the World War. Her vehicle to stardom established her in the type of glamour girl rôle which she made famous through the first stage of her development.

In a series of pictures culminating in *Gay Divorcee* she swept to fame in a series of rôles as an intelligent, but blasé, tra-la-la girl whose morals knew no walls. *Strange Interlude* combined the climax of this earlier screen Shearer with the new exponent of heavier, more tragic rôles scaling classic heights with *Barretts of Wimpole Street* and her masterpiece, *Romeo and Juliet!*

Her *Romeo and Juliet*, incidentally, not only culminated her career to date but climaxed a series of motion picture productions of Shakespeare's greatest love story.

I CAN remember the primitive first version of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1908, the prehistoric era of motion pictures. It was a 915 foot film, not quite one reel, which Vitagraph produced in one afternoon in Central Park. The finished film ran less than fifteen minutes.

A step forward was the two-reeler produced in 1911, by Thanhauser, which later came out with the Bard of Avon's *Tempest* and *Merchant of Venice*. I know that Pathe, in 1913, produced a *Romeo and Juliet* announced as A Wonderfully Colored Film of the Immortal Playwright's Great Romantic Play, but according to hearsay was branded "too bad to be released." This one betrothed Juliet to Tybalt, eliminating the whole character of Paris as superfluous overhead.

In 1916 emerged the first full-length screen production of the play. What a long step from those early film aspirations is the modern, talkie version of *Romeo and Juliet*—the posthumous masterpiece of Irving Thalberg, producer; the crowning glory of Norma Shearer, actress!

With *Broken Barriers* she had in a very brief spell driven her way from the obscurity of near rejection from major rôle consideration to a fixed place in the cinema heavens she has so scintillatingly illuminated ever since. And as the critics said, she won this starring rôle because she had both beauty and brains.

It is that quality of Norma Shearer which in my opinion ranks her as the screen's first lady. Her physical, exterior beauty shrouds her whole being, filtering down through the interior and into every recess of her, glowing from her mind and personality to flood every characterization she gives.

I found Norma a machine for work. Where others chafed or tired or blew up in a flare of Thespian temperament under the pressure of long, intense rehearsals Norma carried on steadily, ever seeking perfection. Thus she marched to the top, and into the hearts of all who worked with her, all who saw her, all who have known her. She demands dozens of rehearsals. She tries again, and then again—not driven to it, but insisting on continuous effort for the consummation of her art.

I've always admired people who work hard. And now the minute perfection of her work in the later pictures shows her mastery of that drudgery which is the lot of all players—rehearsing, rehearsing, rehearsing. Developing in every picture, her ability became rounded out with experience.

Don't let this small-town scene fool you. It is only rural atmosphere on the back lot of the 20th Century-Fox Studio. Alice Faye and Michael Whalen are seen taking the turn on high.

I HAVE always thought she gets over intellectuality better on the screen than does any other player. That is partially because in her private life she is an intellectual. She spends hours in home study, even bringing in tutors to help her master languages, philosophy, and other subjects which fascinate her fertile mind. While waiting to have her children she studied French and went farther into other subjects. She deserves all the success she's had because she is a thinking actress who knows what it is all about.

She plunged her whole life into her career and into her marriage, doing with magnificent superiority everything that could contribute to the success of both.

Now there has come into her life that supreme test which necessitates a readjustment no one can predict. It was the real Norma Shearer who kept vigil by the bedside of her husband and who wept her strength away in tears after the death of Irving Thalberg. But I can stand for the prediction that she will beat her way back into the vital, important life which is hers in the fateful trend of things.

Her heart was prostrated with grief from the heavy blow, but she is too much in the pulse of destiny to withdraw from the tide of moving events.

People ask whether she will retire after her husband's death, or carry on. It would be a great pity for her to give up her work while she is so young and at the high point of her career. Her heart is so wrapped in the highest art of the cinema, with its power both to express and improve human life, that I do not think she can relinquish it.

She belongs to life, which led her to marry, though she once had not intended to. And life will bring her back to her work, though now in the burden of her grief she hesitates to contemplate working again.

As her first director in major rôles, I have followed Norma Shearer through glamour girl and noble woman rôles. I have followed her through one of the most beautiful of the screen's private lives.

The stage had its Sarah Bernhardt. The screen has Norma Shearer. She, a truly distinct and outstanding screen personality, has the ability to portray gracious women in a lovely way. Her performances spell refinement and culture. Off the screen or on it, at home or on the lot, she is regal.

And now, from the crucible of her suffering, she will emerge more beautiful, deeper, more understanding.

REGINALD BARKER, whose reputation is of such calibre that he is big enough to admit a mistake, even as grave a one as failing to see the latent talent in such a star as Norma Shearer, has for many years been a leading director of Hollywood. Thomas H. Ince brought him from New York, where he had been stage director for Henry Miller, and under Barker tutelage such stars as William S. Hart, Louise Glaum, Dorothy Dalton, Charles Ray and others of silent fame started their careers.

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Why I Married John Barrymore

[*Continued from page* 33]

reading matter. I told her to come along."

ELAINE reached over and patted Mr. Barrymore's hand. "It was sweet of you, John," she resumed. "And why shouldn't I have called? If Clark Gable were ill in a New York hospital wouldn't a lot of girls he didn't know try to visit him? I felt the same way about John.

"I'll never forget the day I sat beside John Barrymore's bed. I wasn't timid. Somehow it seemed that I belonged there. I read a poem which he liked. I described my theatrical ambitions and what I had learned from studying his rôles. He encouraged me, urged me to persevere. He coached me in reading certain dramatic passages. It was a thrilling visit."

"Didn't you know Mr. Barrymore was a married man?" I interrupted.

"Oh, yes," Elaine replied. "I was quite aware of it. I also knew that he had been separated from Dolores Costello for more than a year before I met him and had started divorce proceedings, and that nobody seemed alarmed whether he lived or died in that hospital, nobody but me. I believe that my visits improved his mental state of mind and aided recovery. I remember how delighted I felt one day when the doctor informed me that John could leave the hospital in a week or two. Imagine my amazement when John rang the bell to our Riverside Drive apartment that same night. It was a bitter cold night. John, becoming restless, had foolishly left his hospital bed convinced that he was cured.

"John was mistaken. He was still a sick man. Mother realized it the moment he stepped inside the door. She took his temperature. It was 104. We insisted on keeping him overnight. It would have been fatal for him to venture out again. The apartment was small so we phoned father to remain downtown and sleep in a hotel room. Father was puzzled. What was the idea? I couldn't help laughing when I explained that John Barrymore was occupying his bed." Mr. Barrymore laughed. He does so every time Elaine recalls the incident.

"BUT seriously," Mr. Barrymore vouched, "Elaine and Edna saved my life that night. I was critically ill. I remained in that bed for several days. The girls were fine nurses. They pulled me through."

"When John felt stronger he insisted on giving me dramatic instruction. I was in a seventh heaven. The greatest American actor, the man I adored, was living in my home and teaching me the rudiments of the profession we both loved. There was but one thing more I desired. I wanted to become Mrs. John Barrymore. We had fallen in love. I knew that I could make him happy whereas other women had failed. I wanted his arms around me always. I'd be the last and best Mrs. John Barrymore."

As Elaine spoke so sincerely, I recalled the scandalous interpretation certain newspapers had begun smearing on the famous romance at that period.

"Those New York tabloids were despicable," Elaine snapped, dark eyes flashing. "They distorted the facts. Their contemptible lies hurt me deeply. John was a good sport. He took it like a gentleman, and avoided any controversy. I distinctly recall one story which described us behaving ridiculously at a night club. We actually spent that evening at home—John, mother and myself—playing "jacks" on the living room floor.

"During his convalescence John's business affairs were in a tangled mess. He discussed them with mother. She's a good business woman. She helped John straighten out a number of financial problems that had been worrying him. It was a relief. Previously he had been surrounded by persons in whom he had lost confidence.

"Then came that delirious night when John informed mother and father that we were betrothed. We would be married when his divorce from Dolores Costello became final. He made the announcement more delightful by insisting that I must not forsake my other love, the stage. He had confidence in my dramatic talent and intended to help me prove that marriage and a career can be successfully blended.

"A few days afterwards we joined John for a cruise on his yacht. It was a heavenly trip, even if the newspapers capitalized on it to make us appear notorious. Then we made a radio appearance together. I face the microphone with complete confidence. John "blew" some of his lines. Guess he was too concerned over me making good."

"WHAT about that Ariel and Caliban cross continent chase?" I asked.

"Wasn't that dreadful?" Elaine shuddered. "And so misrepresented. Nobody knew my true reason for chasing John across the country. I'll tell you the truth about it. John was the victim of a despicable plot. He was spirited from New York and placed aboard a train for California to prevent exposure of irregularity in the handling of his business affairs which would have been extremely embarrassing to certain persons. Later the details were partly aired in the Los Angeles courts.

I pursued John to prevent these plotters from causing him financial loss. I became discouraged on reaching Kansas City and returned eastward. They kept me away from John. And John felt capable of handling the situation alone. "The rest of our romance is history of more recent vintage. I came to Hollywood and the late Irving Thalberg gave me a screen contract with M-G-M. I made numerous tests, but there was no opportunity to place me in a picture. "John and I were together again. Nothing else mattered. During the making of *Romeo and Juliet* John rehearsed his lines with me. It was exciting—doing Shakespeare together.

"And now we are married. And house-hunting. Maybe we'll find a place by the sea. John loves it. Later we'll go east and do a stage show together. It will be wonderful. Imagine me—John Barrymore's leading lady. Perhaps we'll play in the very theatre where I sat in the first row worshipping him not so very long ago."

Mr. Barrymore winked mischievously at Elaine. Mr. Sapiro rustled a new bundle of important looking documents. The phone rang. Somebody else was at the door. And there was another gentleman with a play down in the lobby. Graciously, Mrs. Jacobs escorted me to the door. "They don't have much privacy," she sighed.

PERFUME PREFERRED

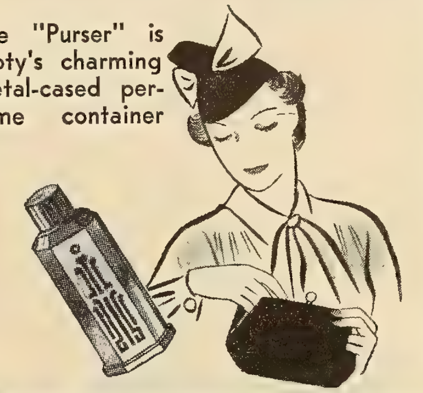
ALISON ALDEN'S DISCOVERIES OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 75*]

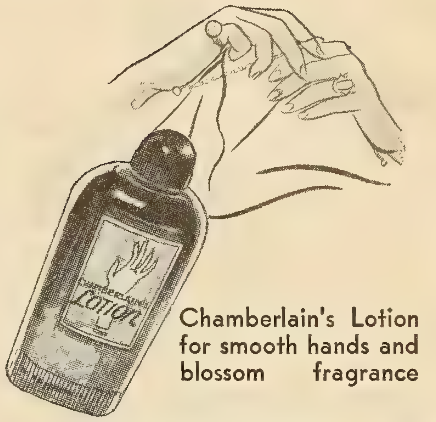
COTY has a perfume to fit your every mood, and if you, too, wish to glamorize your moods with scent, it will be worth your while to examine this famous line. For your impromptu dates which mean going out directly from the office, you'll find the "Purser" a real aid. The "Purser" in this case is not a seafaring gentleman who aims to give service, but Coty's charming new purse container for your perfume. A gold toned metal case with a modernistic design protects it from breakage . . . and you from going perfumeless to your dinner date. The price of the "Purser" filled with L'Aimant, L'Origan, Paris, Emeraude or Chypre is $1.00, or with Styx $1.35.

Heroines of romance always have scented hair. And the Ogilvie Sisters have come to the rescue of the romanceless members of their sex with special hair perfumes warranted to make the gentleman who dances with you think twice at least about romance. The first came out about two years ago. It is called Aura. The second, in response to enthusiastic demand of Aura users, was just recently put out, and it rejoices in the name of Halo. An Aura might be an aura of sophistication, but the Halo definitely suggests saintliness. Try them both and see whether it is an Aura or a Halo that your personality needs to enhance it. Both add gloss and luster to the hair and will help to keep your wave intact. With atomizer the price is $1.75, without atomizer $1.25.

If you're gadget minded—and who isn't nowadays?—you won't be able to resist Mary Dunhill's latest idea to delight the perfume-conscious. Mary Dunhill is the creator of the delightful "Flowers of Devonshire" perfume, and her latest creation is a perfume ring, no less. It looks like the kind of ring anyone with lovely thoughts of you might present to ornament your hand and delight your soul with a combination of silver and pearl. But there's a catch to it, and it isn't the kind of catch some rings have. The pearl in the ring can be unscrewed and the compartment beneath filled with perfume (cotton absorbs the scent). And then you can point your finger at anyone with impunity. The ring comes at $5.00 . . . or you can buy for $2 each a Mary Dunhill compact and lipstick with their own ornamental perfume containers.



The "Purser" is Coty's charming metal-cased perfume container



Chamberlain's Lotion for smooth hands and blossom fragrance

SACHET is enjoying a revival of popularity, and what daintier way is there of having scented lingerie and hankies than to put them lovingly to bed with old-fashioned sachet bags! Lentheric, famous house of perfumes, offers two styles of quaint pattern, one shaped like a flower basket which is designed for frock hangers, and the other a fringed bag tied with a bowknot to tuck into dresser drawers and handkerchief cases. The bags come in different color satin to represent a long list of Lentheric scents and to match your individual color scheme. The Sachet Bags (3 in a box) are $2 and the Sachet Baskets are 75 cents each.

And while we're on the subject of old-fashioned fragrance brought up to date, have you heard about Odorcide put out

[*Continued on page 82*]

Skin Flaky?

WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?

HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

A dermatologist explains

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

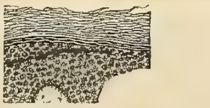
"A keratolytic cream has the ability to *melt away* dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

For powder base—Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight—To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

Melt it Smooth ... Instantly!



How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can *melt* them off!

8-Piece Package Pond's, Dept. 6-VB, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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City__________________State____________

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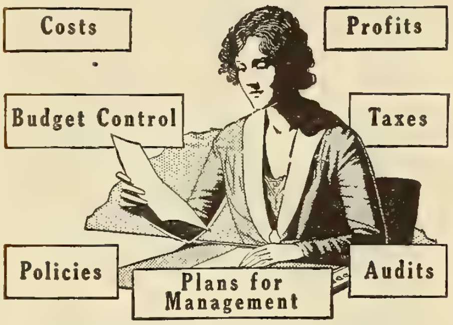

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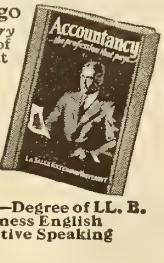

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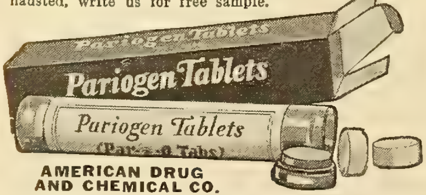


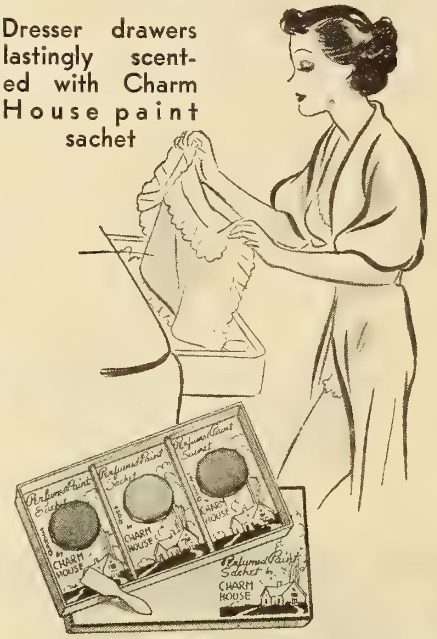
AMERICAN DRUG
AND CHEMICAL CO.
420 S. Sixth St., Minneapolis, Minn. Dept. 262

Perfume Preferred

[*Continued from page* 81]

by Beecham's Laboratory? It's a violet-scented deodorant that accomplishes a double purpose with a minimum expenditure of effort. Just sprinkle a few drops on a piece of cotton and apply. Faint violet fragrance nullifies any unpleasant odors and excess perspiration is checked. Priced at 55 cents and $1 a bottle.

Perfume users who know warn those who don't about the atomizer that doesn't accomplish its purpose. A line of atomizers that's sure to please your practical as well as your aesthetic sense is the De Vilbiss, offering a vast assortment of exquisite styles to fit your tastes and your purse. What's more, an evaporation and leak-proof closure assures you that when your perfume evaporates it's going to evaporate to *your* advantage.


Perfume Paint Sachet
Charm House
Perfume Paint Sachet by Charm House

Dresser drawers lastingly scented with Charm House paint sachet

You can wear orange blossoms tomorrow! Or at least you can carry the aura of their fragrance with you to remind you of what has been, what might have been, or what might be again. You take your choice of reminders and keep your hands soft at the same time. Chamberlain's Lotion is the inspired preparation which, aside from the heavenly scent, I can recommend highly to the woman who is fastidious about a skin softener of multiple uses. The price is 50 cents.

CAN you think of anything that starts the day out better than emerging like a flower, dew-covered, from the morning shower? Somehow, it seems to give us courage to face the demands of the workaday. La Vall has a cold-cream base soap whose delightful perfume is sure to give you this incomparable feeling of freshness. LaValliere is the name, and . . . you're right . . . you wear it around your neck on a cord while you're showering. It comes, cellophane wrapped, in five dainty colors and the price, cord and all, is 60 cents.

Don't neglect your furniture in your resolve to glamorize your life with scents. There's a new paint sachet put out by Charm House, in ever so many fragrances suitable for lingerie, furs or linens. The paint is applied with a little wooden ladle and will keep dresser drawers and closets scented for weeks and weeks. The price is $1.00 for a carton of three applications.

ON APPROVAL!

WE DEFY you to tell this ring from one costing $300.00! To prove it to you, we'll send it on for 25c down. If you do not think it the most exquisite piece of jewelry you ever owned; if your friends do not marvel at the glorious brilliance of the magnificent facsimile diamond, return it and we will refund your money. Wear 10 days at our risk. Compare with $50 rings; if delighted, continue payments of $1.50 monthly till the total balance of $6.00 is paid. Ring shipped Postage fully paid to your door by return mail. Rush 25c in stamps or coin to

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Fawcett Fashion Editor Wins Recognition

THE fashion supremacy of the world will be definitely and openly challenged by Hollywood for the first time in history when the Associated Apparel Manufacturers in their spring style show January 13, 1937, in the Biltmore Bowl will offer creations from the famed designers of the studios. These designs will be selected by Sally Martin, fashion editor of Fawcett Publications, Inc.

The entire show will be sponsored by Fawcett Magazines, and invitations to attend will be issued to buyers and merchandise executives throughout the world. Only these style authorities will be admitted. Miss Martin will be the directress of the show. She has been active in the fashion field both in the United States and Europe for the past ten years. Hollywood, she strongly insists, is, or should be, the logical center for fashions. She bases her belief on the fact that studios have imported to America the world's most famous style expert to design fashions for film stars who exert a great influence upon the attire of the world through the medium of the screen.

Sally Martin, Fawcett Magazines Fashion Editor

HERETOFORE the Associated Apparel Manufacturers only clothes on display at formal meetings were those designed by the wholesale designers. This year the manufacturers have agreed that the background of the Fawcett fashion editor qualified her to select from the studio designers outstanding fashions which she feels will, in the very near future, have a decided influence on fashion trends of New York and Paris.

Will Paris abdicate to Hollywood?

Will Hollywood take over the fashion throne now shared jointly by New York and Paris?

The selection of Miss Martin is a splendid tribute to the supremacy in the feminine field of Fawcett's Woman's Group.

---

6 WEEKS AGO HE SAID—"SHE'S TOO SKINNY!"

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS.—*in a few weeks!*

IF you seem "born to be skinny"—if you've tried everything to gain weight but with no success—here's a new scientific discovery that has given thousands of happy people just the pounds and rounded curves they wanted—and so quickly they were amazed!

Not only has this new easy treatment brought solid, naturally attractive flesh, but also normally lovely color, new pep and charm, loads of friends and popularity.

New body-building discovery

Scientists recently discoverd that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now, one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 282, Atlanta, Ga.

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Excess fat is frequently caused by faulty elimination of poisons which interfere with the body's natural weight and energy regulating processes called metabolism.

Consequently it often takes that delicious and refreshing GERMANIA Orange Pekoe Tea you drink 15 minutes before each meal, and that pleasant tasting, purely vegetable GERMANIA HERB TEA, you drink with one or two meals each day, together with eating whatever you want, excepting much starchy foods or fatty meats to get your energy on the increase and those trouble-making intestinal toxins or poisons on the decrease, so you can quickly lose those pounds of unnatural excess fat and improve the appearance of your figure.

Don't delay! Get your package of GERMANIA ORANGE PEKOE TEA and GERMANIA HERB TEA at any Food, Drug or Department Store today. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money back.

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For free packettes send name and address to Germania Tea Co., 544 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 42

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FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. B-67, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Hollywood's Newest It-Man

[*Continued from page* 57]

disapproval, his lack of any financial assistance, and without the first idea of how ambitious young upstarts go about becoming great actors, Craig set out to do something about the latter drawbacks and where the family were concerned—well, "to grin and bear them."

HE got a job shingling roofs, then a steadier one in a parking station, then a better paid one driving a lumber truck, and six months later a soft-collared position as assistant manager for the lumber yard. All the while he was seeking little theatre contacts—and what was equally important and just as difficult—saving over fifty percent of everything he made. In a few months, the assistant manager's job began to cramp his plans. It required longer hours, which if continued, would necessitate abandoning his little theatre work evenings. So he resigned. So what to do next?

Enter Frank—for it was Frank who promptly answered that question. A tall, lanky, wide-grinned fellow, Frank had been a school buddy of Craig's. That real kind of buddy, with the capacity for liking and a loyalty which has no decrease with time or neglect, the kind who's around whether you need him or not, but always when you need him. Frank stepped forth with a bright and timely suggestion.

"There's a fella with a peanut, popcorn and hamburger stand who wants to sell out. With a bucket of paint tossed over it, it'd be a sweet little cart. At least, you could be your own boss, keep your own hours, and act your head off if you liked."

Craig threw both arms up and clasped them high over his head. It's a characteristic gesture when anything pleases him beyond expression. "How do you like your hamburgers?" he whooped.

Within an hour the "cart" was Craig's, Frank his partner, and the Craig Reynolds-Frank Cline (Unlimited) had opened for business.

The Reynolds boy's trait for "pushing" forward always to something bigger and better than the present offered, was evidenced in his immediate ambition for that hamburger stand. They would make it a chain—something superior, an important income. And in six months they were well on their way to doing just that. With five stands flourishing, they were prepared to finance three more, when Craig met Josephine Marie Dowler, a local little theatre organizer. She asked him to join her company—Craig sold out to Frank—and financially independent, at least for a time, he turned all his interests to acting.

IN a few short months, he joined the Pasadena Community Little Theatre, the most highly regarded training school for young people in this part of the country, and there he met the woman to whom he today credits his bid for success—Vera Gordon. The noted actress selected him for her New York stage show, *The Sketch*, which ran on Broadway for a year—during which time Universal scouts spotted him and handed him a ticket back to Hollywood.

That's all I could find out about Craig Reynolds—that is, *from* Craig Reynolds. An eager, ambitious, life-and-work loving guy, this spectacular-looking young man will tell you what a swell fellow that person is, what a grand girl this one is, how much he admires the acting of Wil-

ARE YOUR NERVES ON EDGE?

IF your day begins with backache, headache or periodic pains with nerves on edge, irritability and discomforts associated with functional disturbances, you need the tonic effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has for nearly seventy years been helping women in every state in the Union. Your favorite druggist can supply you with this old reliable vegetable tonic which increases the appetite, thereby strengthening the body. Women everywhere praise it.

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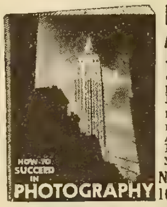
NEXT MONTH

$1000.00 cash prize contest. Read details in March issue



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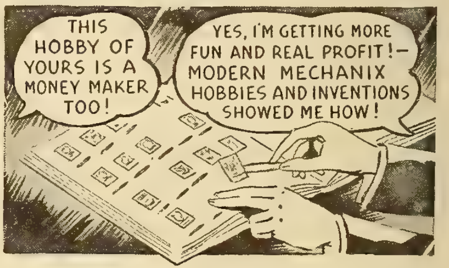
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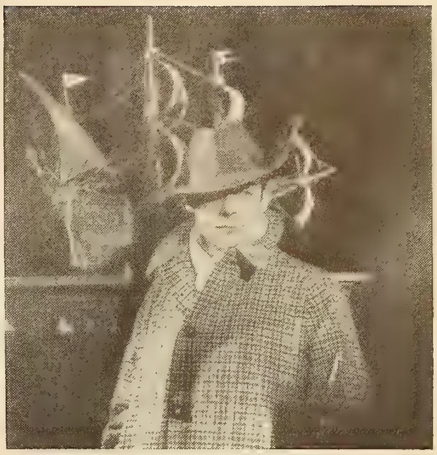
liam Powell—but ask him how it feels to be one of the most talked about and promising of the screen's male comers, and he'll laugh you into a change of subject—or just refer you to Frank. Yep, Frank of the Craig Reynolds-Frank Cline Unltd. is still Craig's partner, though in a different capacity since the boys exchanged hamburgers for Hollywood. He's Craig's most trusted confidant and business manager—booster and fan.

It's Frank who will tell you something of the man behind the gay blue eyes and the boyish grin—of why his honesty in friendship, earnestness in work and consideration of the other fellow have made him popular in Hollywood with men and women alike.

"Craig's a good sport," Frank told me. "He's always been. He can get as big a laugh out of a rib on himself as the instigator. When he first came back to Hollywood from New York, his first assignment for Universal was the lead in a western. Anyone coming from New York is a tenderfoot with these western units, and Craig wasn't regarded an exception. When he waltzed out on the set the first day in his elaborate cowboy garb, the members of the company had already made up their minds not to like him. The day's scenes took the company to location several miles from the studio for a rodeo sequence and some trick shots of Craig. A few of the smart guys ganged up and swapped his horse for a highly spirited one, planning to give him an initiation right! Craig mounted the horse, lightly, oblivious to anything wrong, and ran through his takes. What the smart boys didn't know was, he'd ridden a horse since his sixth birthday and learned to ride bareback. You can imagine the boys were somewhat more impressed afterwards when he mounted one of the wild horses and really rode 'im cowboy! Around the age of fourteen he used to pick up some change after school breaking in horses!

"Another of Craig's admirable qualities is the quiet 'well-I'll-just-have-to-show-you' manner he has adopted for his family. His two brothers have been razzing him for years for wanting to act. But Craig's got a grin that covers a multitude of other folks' sins. Whenever they'd say anything, he'd just smile and change the subject. I think one of the most gratifying things I've ever witnessed was the night following the preview of '*Jail Break*' when the two boys came up to him where he was surrounded by fans, and extended their hands with words to the effect, 'You did it, Craig. We hope you're satisfied. By gad, *we* are!' I think Craig was happier and prouder about that than his swell performance.

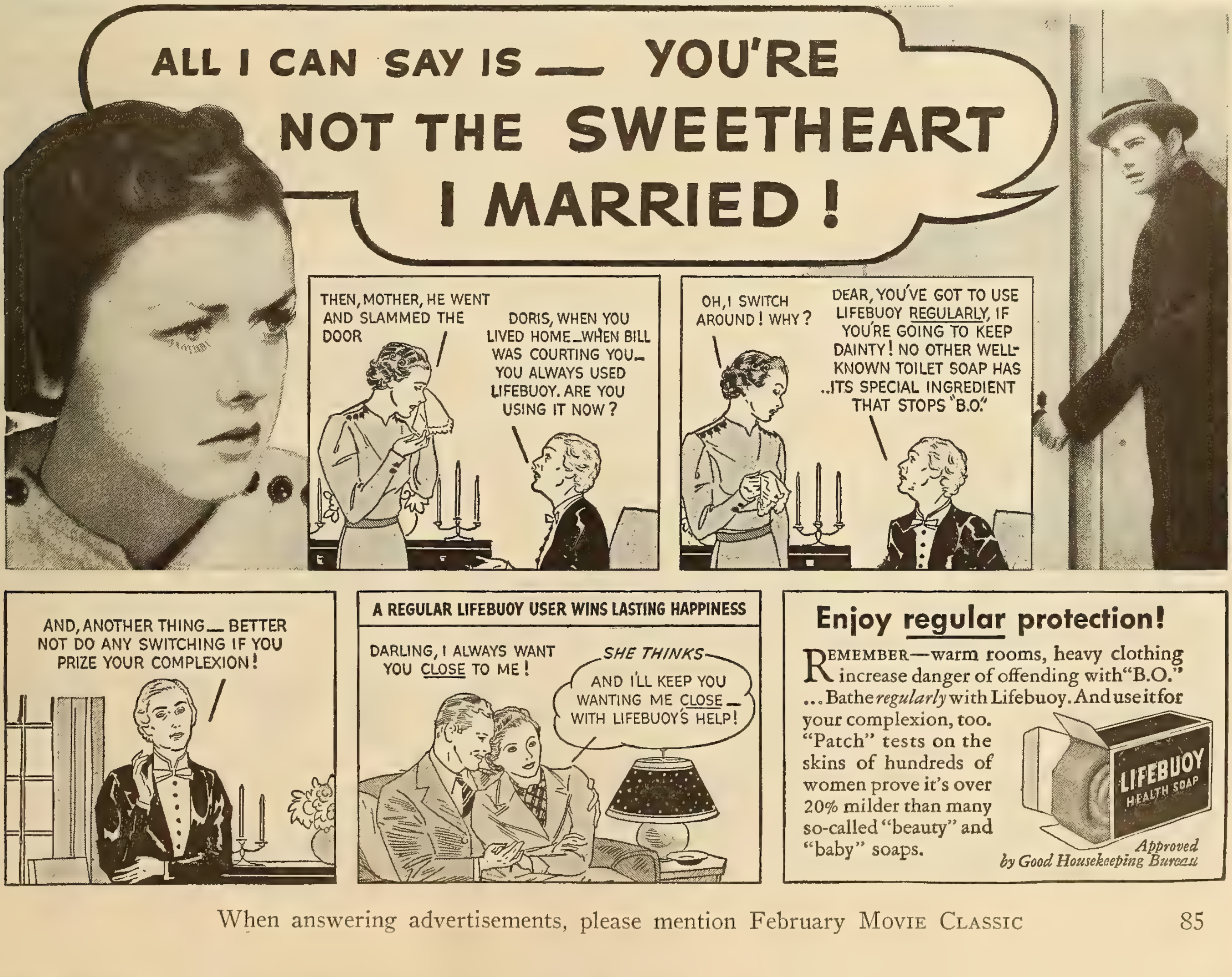
"Where chivalry is concerned, he's a modern Raleigh. Despite the gossips and mongers, women have his admiration and respect until they themselves give him reason to feel otherwise."



Ferdinand Gravet, idol of the French stage co-stars with Joan Blondell in Mervyn LeRoy's *The King and the Chorus Girl*

BUT Frank didn't have to tell me a story to prove that. I happened to be at a hotel night spot one evening where Craig was stagging it with a group of friends. The hour was late when the party broke up and on the way through the deserted lounge to get his coat, Craig came across a girl, buried in one of the divans desperately ill. A lady in real distress, deserted by her escort, and left to face an awkward situation when the night policeman made his last rounds. In a moment Craig had called the hotel doctor, phoned for a taxi, and sent the girl home. The little "gallantry" cost him twenty dollars. The girl lived over twenty miles from Hollywood, and the doctor's fee came high at that hour in the morning.

Meeting Craig Reynolds personally, one is promptly aware of the magnetism which currently has half a dozen and more of Hollywood's most popular girls eager for his attentions. The way he shakes your hand, looks you direct in the eye, holds your eyes fast for a moment and then releases them with a mischievous lift of the brow. A flash of white glistening teeth then, and a voice smooth and rich in masculinity saying "hello." Phew! But don't say I didn't warn you—that here indeed is the screen's most exciting new romantic!


ALL I CAN SAY IS — YOU'RE NOT THE SWEETHEART I MARRIED!
THEN, MOTHER, HE WENT AND SLAMMED THE DOOR
DORIS, WHEN YOU LIVED HOME—WHEN BILL WAS COURTING YOU—YOU ALWAYS USED LIFEBUOY. ARE YOU USING IT NOW?
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DARLING, I ALWAYS WANT YOU CLOSE TO ME!
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Putting On the Ritz

[*Continued from page* 46]

"All right," and he shrugged his shoulders; "then sign this." He made me sign a statement freeing the studio from all responsibility for the consequences, and then told me I'd find the Ritz Brothers having lunch at the studio's Cafe de Paris.

Now what happens from now on, I'm going to try to tell fairly, sanely, without embellishment of any kind, and honestly. I've told it to the nice doctors here, and they merely listen and then say that that just proves I'm crazy. However—

I FOUND the three of them sitting at a table, looking like nice young men. "This," said the person who introduced me, "is a writer. He wants to interview you."

Up jumped the three Ritzes, the very souls of courtesy. Each stuck out his hand. I grabbed at one of them—(later I found out it was Harry's)—to shake it. As we touched, a horrid, ghastly, clammy feeling smote me. I screamed and dropped his hand, and as I did so, a raw oyster plopped unashamed on the floor. Harry had had the oyster in his hand. Now only heaven knows what the others had in their hands; I'm only telling about Harry. And you can draw your own conclusions about people who have raw oysters in their hand.

"Let's," said Al Ritz, who's one of the short ones (Harry is the tall one; the other two wear monograms on their shirts so you can tell which is Al and which is Jim, except when they swap shirts) "go onto the set." They had some rehearsing to do, he added. So we went to the set. (That's where I was sunk. If I'd just sneaked out then, I could have escaped. But I went to the set with them.)

No sooner had we popped inside the door than a man began screaming. It was Director Sidney Lanfield.

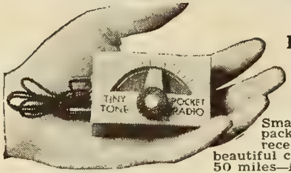
"Get out," he yelled. "Get out and stay out. I've got to shoot this picture, and you're not in a scene now. Get off this set."

So the Ritz Brothers paid no attention to him at all. They merely formed into single file and did an Off To Buffalo right across the stage, while Lanfield tore at his hair. They waved him gentle kisses and finished on the sidelines. "Poor Sid," lamented Harry to me, "he doesn't like us on the set except when we're in a scene. He says we interfere with his pictures."

"Just because," explained Jim, "we stayed nice and quiet on the sidelines when Menjou was working in a serious scene. We didn't do anything at all—except talk up our sleeves. I said, up my sleeve, of course: 'Gee, there's that Menjou again. Well, Menjou is all right, but if he only had some swell Ritz Brothers' lines he'd be better. And maybe if the Ritz Brothers were in there instead of Menjou it'd be better, too. If it wasn't for the Ritz Brothers, this picture would sink! Oh, Menjou's all right, you know, but . . .' Can I help it if I said it so loud (into my sleeve of course) that it came right out of my sleeve again and Menjou heard it? Could I? No I couldn't. But they say it made Menjou kind of mad and held up production."

"And anyway," broke in Al, "was there any reason for Director Sid Lanfield to get mad the other day, just because Harry, ha ha, climbed up on the catwalks and imitated the head electrician's voice and gave orders about replacing the lights and whole scene was wrecked? And anyway, why didn't the electricians recognize his

New! Pocket Radio



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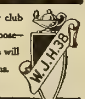

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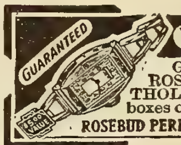

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voice; he was only fooling. Could he help it that they took him seriously?"

By now, the Ritz Brothers were putting things on their feet. First they were strapping tennis rackets on.

"Snowshoes, see?" explained Harry.

And then they tied on barrel staves; long ones.

"Skis, see?" muttered Al.

And under the rackets and the staves, they put on roller skates.

"We're gonna do an ice skating scene and we gotta have skates, don't we?" demanded Jim.

"Uh huh," I gasped, "but you don't wear *roller* skates on ice."

"WE do!" said all three, and went into their dance. It was a nutsy dance. They growled and they glowered and they frowned and they scared each other.

"What," I asked, "is that?"

"Why," explained Harry, "we're going to do a number burlesquing the three bad men of the screen. I'm Karloff."

"And," shot in Jim, "I'm Lugosi."

Al said: "I'm Lorre—you know Lorre?"

"What Loree?" I asked, like a sap.

"Lorre, LORRE, HALLELOOOOOO-yah. . . . !!" screamed all three, and went into another dance wherein Harry (he's the tall one) stood in the center, while Al and Jim danced to and fro on each side of him. Harry touched his finger to the top of his head and twirled and twirled and twirled and twirled, and then Al stuck his finger in Jim's eye, and Jim slapped Al, and Al slapped Jim, and Jim slapped Al and Al slapped Jim and then Jim challenged Al to a duel and gave him his card and Al gave Jim his card, and then they exchanged cards once more. That made four cards. So Harry stopped twirling and stared at the cards and yelled "Aha, four aces!!!!" and then they all slapped me, and said "ha ha."

So I said "ha ha," but I didn't have any cards to hand 'em so I was licked at the start!

"Hey," I yelled, "I came here for an interview. I want an interview . . .!!!"

INTO a ring-around-the-rosie they went, with me in the middle, although I've never been a rosie before.

"Tell me," I begged, "something about yourselves."

They all sat down. Harry pointed at Jim and began to talk. Jim pointed at Al, and began to talk. Al pointed at Harry and began to talk. Each began talking about the other at the same time, so this was what I took down:

"Our Hollywood yes family is pop name swell was is but a clown Joachim but we can't that's we liked take how the name it too we of the Hotel Ritz serious got instead we this way. . . ."

"Nuts!" I yelled. They all snapped to attention. "One at a time, please," I protested. For a moment, they were sane—

"I said," said Harry, "that our pop was a clown and that's how we got this way. He was a famous stage clown but he clowned at home too, in front of us, and look at us now."

"And I," said Al, "was explaining that our family name is Joachim (we were born in Newark, do you mind?) but when we went on the stage we liked the name of the Hotel Ritz better so we took that."

Jim said: "I was just trying to tell you, if these brothers of mine wouldn't butt in, that Hollywood is swell but we can't take it seriously or should we?"

"Are you really brothers?" I asked, being reduced to dithering naïveté by now.

"Sure. Triplets. Born a couple of years apart," said Al.

[*Continued on page* 88]

PIMPLES? BAD SKIN?

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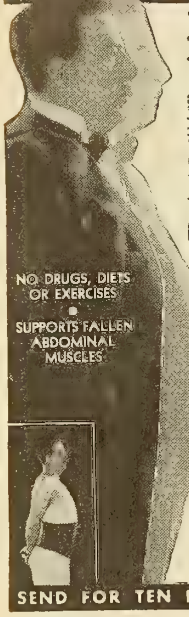

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New **BLONDEX** SHAMPOO & RINSE FOR ALL HAIR

Putting on the Ritz

[*Continued from page* 87]

"We've been brothers ever since," added Jim.

"Except when I'm Leslie Howard," shot in Harry, and off they went again.

"Let's get back to the interview," I begged; "are you married?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Maybe."

"Who," I yelled, "said yes?"

"Me. I've been married eight years," said Al.

"Who said no?" I prompted.

"Me. I've never been married," said Jim.

"And who said maybe, and why?" I wanted to know.

"Me," said Harry. "Walter Winchell said in his column that I'm married, so I wired him and said, 'dear Walter please send me my wife's name and address because I've never met her,' but he never answered me so I don't know whether I'm married or not. Do you know Al has a bump on his head?"

"What's being married got to do with a bump on Al's head?" I asked. "Ha ha," said Harry and Jim, "maybe a lot but this time Al didn't get it that way. He got it from a scene we were shooting. It's where we're supposed to go into a backwoods lodge and we are assigned to an attic room and it has a low ceiling and when we straighten up, we bump our heads. Only Sid Lanfield, when he got us in there, made us shoot that 'take' seventeen times, so Al has a bump on his head. Come over here and we'll show you. . . ."

So like a sap, I went over there. I followed them to a set with a low doorway.

"Look out," warned the Ritz Brothers, "that doorway is low." So I ducked. I ducked, thanking them for their warning and being suddenly convinced they were nice fellows after all to warn a guy like that.

"Fine," they chorused as I stepped through the low doorway without bumping my head. "Now, we're through."

So I straightened up.

WHAM!!!—my head hit the ceiling. The ceiling in the room I'd just entered was about five feet high, only!

"Ha ha," yelled Al. *"Ha ha!"* screamed Jim. "HA Ha!!!" howled Harry, "that's how Al bumped *his* head, too. Ha ha ha ha ha haaaaaaaaaaa. . . ."

And it was right there that I started screaming. They've told me, in my quiet moments since, that I started clawing at Harry and Al and Jim, and jumped up and down and yelled things.

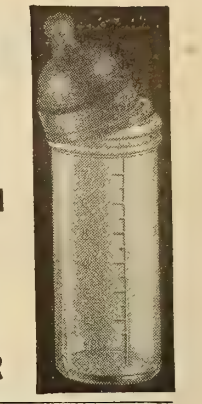
And then they brought me here. I'm not allowed to have any knives or ropes or things like that. But I can have visitors. And I guess the Ritz Brothers are really nice boys after all, and sorry for what they did to me.

Nice boys, aren't they?

I'm told, too, that I'll be all right by the time *One In a Million* is released. But the doctors say I must never, never go see the picture. They say it'll give me a permanent relapse, and that I'll be crazy for keeps then and will have to stay in here forever.

Well, maybe I'm crazy. But I'm not so crazy that I can figure this one out:

If *I'm* in here, then why—WHY IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S FAIR—ARE THE RITZ BROTHERS STILL AT LARGE!!



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ARE LATINS LOUSY LOVERS?

A certain anonymous contributor to Esquire says "Yes", but Filmland has another answer. You'll find it in the February issue of

SCREEN PLAY

now on sale at all newsstands

And beside this startling—and amusing—feature: *Robert Taylor Learned about Women! . . . Mary Astor's Defense of Love . . .*

Remember! The February

SCREEN PLAY

SCREEN PLAY 10¢

Jubilee

[*Continued from page* 20]

Hackett and O'Neill were magnetic. Minnie Maddern Fiske agreed to make *Tess of the D'urbervilles.* It was at this time that John Barrymore signed with Famous Players.

MARY PICKFORD also at this time came into the group. Miss Pickford first had played a child part in the Belasco stage production *The Warrens of Virginia.* Then under the guidance of David Wark Griffith, she became the "Biograph Girl" or "Little Mary, the Girl with the Curls." Her name was unknown to the picture-going public. Belasco re-engaged her in 1911 for *The Good Little Devil,* which became a major hit of the season and enabled her to gain personal recognition.

When the play run ended, Famous Players purchased the screen rights. Thus armed, Zukor approached Miss Pickford and the outcome of the negotiations was a contract under the terms of which she was to receive $20,000 a year. Neither dreamed that by 1916 Miss Pickford's guarantee would climb to $10,000 a week.

As Famous Players progressed in the East, history also was being made in Hollywood.

Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil B. DeMille, with Samuel Goldwyn as third partner, had organized the Lasky Feature Play Company. Dustin Farnum, starred in their first picture, *The Squaw Man* was offered $5,000 in stock for his services. He elected, instead, to take a salary, a choice which, not long after, proved to have been a sorry one.

DeMille, with his star, had left New York for Flagstaff, Arizona, in search of locations, landed finally in Hollywood and at the corner of Vine Street and Selma Avenue in the midst of a lemon grove, acquired a barn as a studio.

The deal for the property was closed on December 16, 1913 and their *Squaw Man* went into production December 29, 1913.

Upon viewing the Farnum picture in New York later, Famous Players' Zukor was impressed and telephoned congratulations to Jesse Lasky. The incident led to a friendship between the two and eventually the merging of their interests as Famous Players-Lasky.

Thus the building which has come to be known as the Lasky barn, and which stands today in a place of honor on the Paramount studio lot, was the birthplace of Paramount pictures in Hollywood.

James O'Neill, James K. Hackett and Minnie Maddern Fiske, three grand old troupers who placed their faith in Adolph Zukor 25 years ago have passed on to their rewards.

They will be missed when Mr. Zukor on his birthday night January 7th, plays host at his Silver Jubilee dinner to those who have been associated with him during Paramount's development.

Yet there remains a vivid momento of those days—a carefully preserved and almost perfect negative of Sarah Bernhardt's *Queen Elizabeth.*

NEXT MONTH

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Perfect Wife—
asks Wm. Powell

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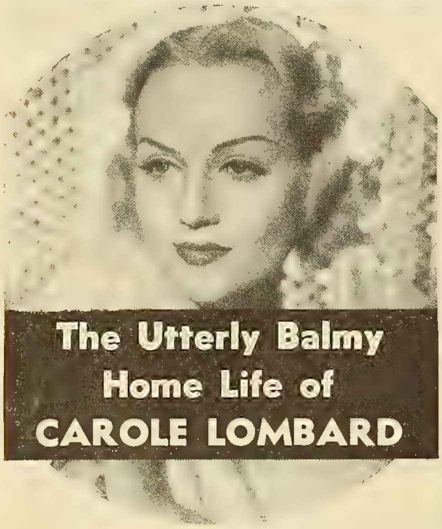


The Utterly Balmy Home Life of CAROLE LOMBARD

"Fieldsie," secretary, confidante, manager, advisor, etc., etc., to Carole Lombard, gives MOTION PICTURE readers a glimpse of the utterly, utterly balmy home life of The Lombard and her ménage. Read this terribly amusing story in the February issue, together with a host of other stories about Hollywood's sophisticates written especially for the sophisticated fans. And when we say sophisticates—we mean such stars as Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Ginger Rogers, Charles Boyer, Wallace Beery, Merle Oberon, Gladys Swarthout, Pat O'Brien. These cinemalites and many others appear in the February issue, now on sale at your favorite newsstand.

MOTION 10¢ PICTURE
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

We're Telling You

[*Continued from page 6*]

WHO IS MADELEINE CARROLL'S HUSBAND? requests J.M.

Capt. Philip Astley, London real estate broker.

WHAT IS MARY BRIAN'S REAL NAME? quizzes L.T.

Mary Louise Dentzler.

IS FERNAND GRAVET THE WORLD'S WEALTHIEST ACTOR? writes B.P.

Not exactly, though he is quite wealthy. But the bulk of the Gravet fortune belongs to Mme Gravet, nee Jane Renouardt, the toast of Paris.

WHY DOESN'T MARY PICKFORD'S COUSIN, ISABELLE SHERIDAN, GO IN PICTURES? querries J.S.

Though talented and beautiful she refuses to ascend on her cousin's merits. She has been stand-in for many famous feminine stars, but her time has not been wasted. She has collected material and absorbed atmosphere for an inside novel and a series of articles about the real Hollywood. She now has a 100,000 word piece of fiction almost ready for the publisher.

WHAT IS MAE WEST'S FAVORITE PASTIME, J.E. inquires.

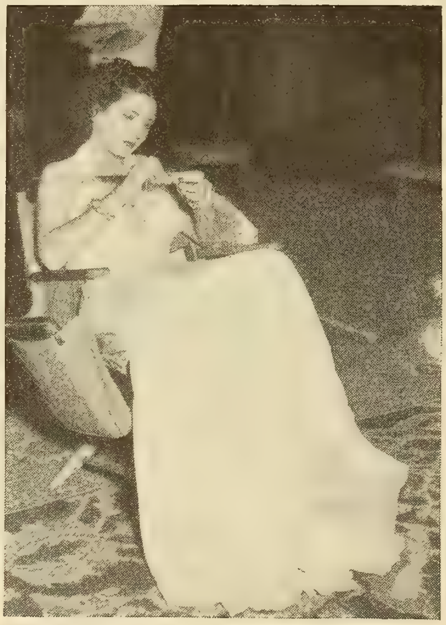
One of her most amusing is to listen to "Mae West jokes."

IS MONTE BLUE STILL AROUND? J.L. wants to know.

Yes, and he's beginning a comeback with "Secret Agent X-9."

WHAT WAS ADOLPH ZUKOR'S FIRST FILM? queries J.J.

Queen Elizabeth, starring Sarah Bernhardt, who had all the action in a 15 minute reel. It will be reproduced for Zukor's Silver Jubilee, but will probably look very weird to modern screen-goers.



Kay Francis tends to her knitting between scenes in *Another Dawn,* a Warner Bros.-First National picture

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Three Weeks With Garbo

[*Continued from page* 31]

the Spanish ambassador wore—all custom-made, copied from paintings hanging in the Prado museum of Madrid. John Gilbert was the Spanish ambassador.

THAT day, when I reported for work rigged out in my authentic uniform as a Spanish officer of the 17th century, Garbo came on the stage promptly at 9 o'clock in the morning. Suddenly emerging from her portable dressing-room at the farthest corner of the huge sound stage, in quick, long, panther-like steps she walked up to her throne, her young colored maid trailing behind her with a make-up box. She wore soft-soled slippers, and carried the long robes of her royal robe bunched up under her arms. On reaching the throne, she turned around, and facing us directly, said "Good morning," in a hardly audible voice, her face indescribably sweet with a shy smile. The cameras are always loaded, the lights set at the proper angles, everything and everybody is ready as soon as Garbo steps up on the stage.

We had to do the throne-room sequence. The Spanish ambassador had just arrived at the palace to present his credentials to Queen Christina. To the thumping music of the "March of the Toreadors" from *Carmen* we beplumed magnificoes went through our paces, marching ten abreast behind Gilbert, our left fists gripping the tasseled hilts of our swords. As we came to within a few feet of the throne, occupied by Garbo as a majestic queen of ethereal beauty, we flourished our gorgeous hats in unison, one-two-three, and bowed before her in studied veneration. She enjoyed the courtly homage we thus paid her, like a young girl playing "queen."

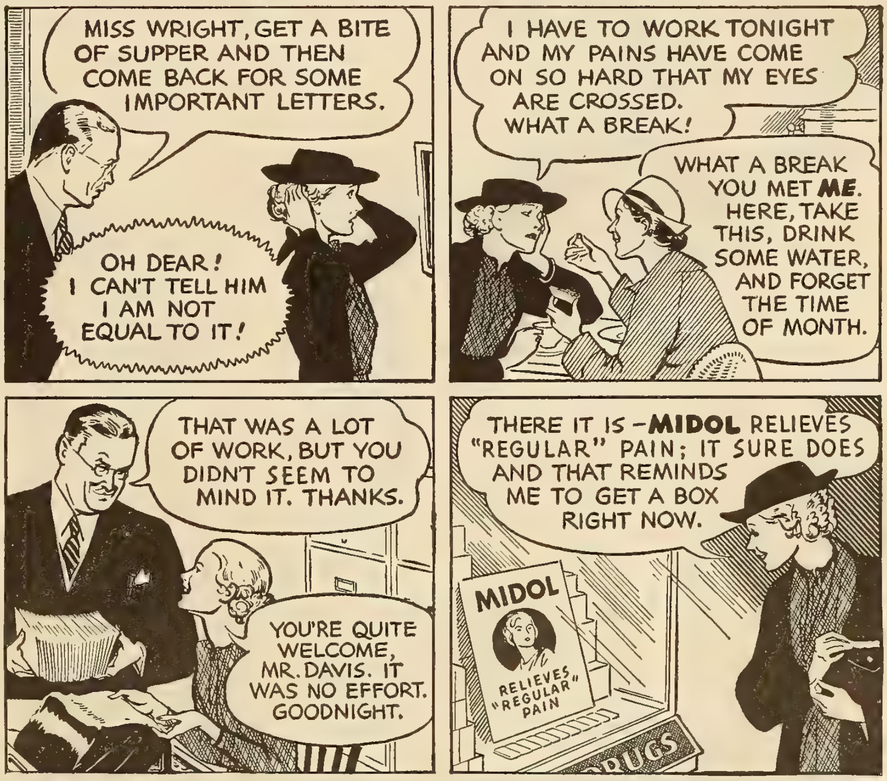
Every morning she arrived at the studio promptly at 7 o'clock, and was driven in her old limousine directly to her dressing-room at the end of the old dressing-room row. There, in strict privacy, she had her breakfast, rehearsed her lines, and got ready for the day's grind. She was on the stage at 9 o'clock sharp. At the end of every scene she retired immediately to her portable dressing room, four "flats" slapped together. Here, she remained in seclusion until the director, Rouben Mamoulian, called her again.

At 12 o'clock she was driven back to her dressing room, where, alone or with Mamoulian, she had her lunch. She likes chicken broth, herrings, European cheeses, and plain vegetable salad with sour-cream dressing. She makes the salad herself, in her dressing room. It must be just so. She was back on the stage at one o'clock, and always left at 5. In all the years she has spent in Hollywood she has worked after 5 only twice—once 8 minutes past 5, and another time 20 minutes past, I believe.

I'LL never forget the hushed atmosphere on the stage during her presence. We spoke in whispers, and moved about on tiptoe. Not by order, but because, almost subconsciously, every one of us was affected by a strange reverence for this unearthly woman, so close to us, and yet so remote and untouchable. She never spoke to anyone on the set except Mamoulian—not even to Gilbert. Gilbert, it was said, had wept from joy when the studio gave him the part after an all-night huddle, thus reuniting him with Garbo for the first time in five years. He was very nervous

[*Continued on page* 92]

PROTECTING a $40 JOB


MISS WRIGHT, GET A BITE OF SUPPER AND THEN COME BACK FOR SOME IMPORTANT LETTERS.
OH DEAR! I CAN'T TELL HIM I AM NOT EQUAL TO IT!
I HAVE TO WORK TONIGHT AND MY PAINS HAVE COME ON SO HARD THAT MY EYES ARE CROSSED. WHAT A BREAK!
WHAT A BREAK YOU MET ME. HERE, TAKE THIS, DRINK SOME WATER, AND FORGET THE TIME OF MONTH.
THAT WAS A LOT OF WORK, BUT YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND IT. THANKS.
YOU'RE QUITE WELCOME, MR. DAVIS. IT WAS NO EFFORT. GOODNIGHT.
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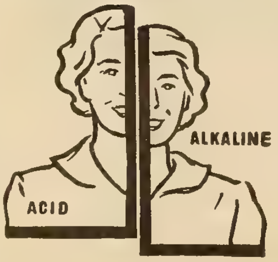

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on the set during the first few days, so much so, in fact, that he was unfit for work. He missed his cues, forgot his lines, and we had to do the same scene over and over again, sometimes as often as 20 times, before Mamoulian was satisfied. Garbo, on the other hand, always knew her lines perfectly and never interrupted a scene and required a re-take. She spoke her lines without any foreign accent, in that wonderfully modulated and penetrating voice of hers, and so faultless was her stage diction that it seemed impossible she hadn't spoken English all her life.

That was four years ago. Recently I entered a store on Wilshire Avenue where an auction was being held. The auctioneer held up a pair of dead man's trousers:

"What would you give for these pants, if you please?" he asked his audience. "Two dollars, two, two, two—two-fifty—three—three-fifty—three-seventy-five—four—four-fifty—all through, all done—five—five—five. SOLD!"

The personal effects and home furnishings of John Gilbert, "One of the World's Greatest Screen Personalities and Beloved Idol of Millions," as the garish announcements on the store's windows said, were being knocked off the auction block. Vests, hats, socks, underwear, all intrigued the crowd and brought good prices.

Today, as she lends her extraordinary talents to a screen version of Dumas' immortal play, she is fundamentally the same Garbo, but with some exceptions. A gentleman, holding a responsible position at M.G.M., and who has been associated with Garbo in all of her pictures for the past several years, tells me:

"She strode briskly on to stage 21 for the first day's shooting of *Camille*, wearing gray silk slacks, a jacket, and comfortable, low-heeled slippers. There were about 150 people on the set, but few, if any, noticed her. In one corner of the stage Director Cukor was in conference with his staff. Bill Daniels, who has photographed all of Garbo's pictures except one, was the only one she knew. So she walked over to them, and playfully poked Daniels in the back. He turned around, and was tickled to death, as he hadn't seen her for a year. Cukor greeted her, introduced her to his staff, and called Bob Taylor over to meet her. They had never met before, and she had seen him on the screen only in *His Brother's Wife*. She had ventured out to the Alexandria Theatre in Glendale, in a sport suit, felt hat, and dark glasses, to catch a glimpse of Taylor in that picture. She took an obscure seat in a rear corner of the theatre, and wasn't recognized. She shook Bob's hand very graciously, and said, 'I am very glad to meet you.'

"A few days later, in the *Théâtre des Variétées* sequence, the orchestra, bored with doing nothing for two days, struck up a rhumba tune, just for the fun of it. Mickey Whalen, the orchestra leader, wondered if Garbo would complain. She had never allowed any music on her set before, unless required by the picture. She was sitting in an upper box. As she heard the sizzling rhumba, she turned around, smiled at the musicians, and kept time with her head, applauding when they finished. She sent Laura, her new colored maid, down with a request that the orchestra play another rhumba. She is crazy about jazz music. And repeated the request.

A LITTLE later, on another set, representing the interior of a chateau where *Marguerite*, the consumptive Parisian cocotte, played by Garbo, stages a gay party for her friends, Rex Evans, famous London night club entertainer, who

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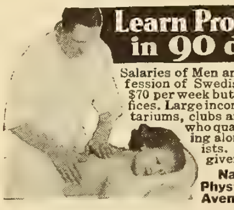

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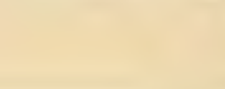

has one of the lesser rôles in the picture, played the piano and sang delightful little songs between scenes. 'I wonder if you could ask him to play my favorite song,' Garbo said to Cukor apologetically. 'Certainly,' Cukor said, 'what is it?' *'Harlem's On My Mind,'* the great tragedian of the screen replied. And Rex, a huge Englishman, 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighing 275 lbs., obliged her by playing *Harlem's On My Mind* several times.

"She seems very cheerful, which no doubt is due in part to Cukor's influence. He likes fun. During the filming of an intimate love scene with Taylor a fly kept buzzing around and spoiling the takes. Cukor made a crack about flies, and she nearly died laughing. She doesn't retire to her dressing room after each scene as she used to do in previous pictures. Now she stays around, and watches the work of other players. She chats with the electricians and the prop men, and likes riding on the camera around the stage during 'trucking' shots. The other day she took part in a gay birthday party given by Mme. Aldrich, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera, who is now in Garbo's company. In former days, she always made the short trip to her dressing room in a closed limousine. Now, you can see her walking boldly to her dressing room. She still has the old place, and wouldn't move to new quarters. But I don't know where she lives. Her home address remains a dark secret. Although she seems to be more cheerful than I've ever seen her, her private life is still shrouded in a veil of mystery."

I remember a conversation I had with Marlene Dietrich some time ago. "I envy Garbo," she said. "Mystery is a woman's greatest charm. I wish I could be mysterious like her. I don't want people to know everything about me! Garbo never gives any interviews. I wish I could do the same."

BOB TAYLOR, Garbo's 17th leading man, has joined her "Know-Nothing" party. The other day, as we lunched together in the M.G.M. commissary, I questioned him about her, but he wouldn't talk. He just looked at me with a vacuous expression in his eyes, and asked me how I liked my salad. Much has been written about the famous Garbo crew, who always work in every one of her pictures. Bill Daniels, her cameraman, and Adrian, who designs the stage clothes she wears, are considered among her close friends. Yet none of these men will talk about her, for fear she might throw them over if they did. I cannot imagine a more cruel remark about Garbo than to say her silence and seclusion is a publicity stunt. Anyone who has seen Garbo off screen knows how genuine is her fear of crowds—it's really a phobia—and that she is the kind of person, gifted with a high poetic sensitivity, who is destined to walk alone in this life. To mistake her pose for a publicity gag is the most unfair thing that could be done to Garbo. Not that she doesn't read what people write about her. She reads every line. Recently she complained to her hairdresser that they are writing too much about her again.

After 12 years, the greatest artist of the screen moves through the bizarre whirligig of movie town in her own sweet solitary way, a fugitive wraith of a unique, lovable, enigmatic woman.

Wm. Powell asks—"Are You the Perfect Wife?" Read the answers in March MOVIE CLASSIC.

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Edward VIII
1936
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MAJOR KORD, Dept. F23, DEL RIO, TEXAS

COURSE $1 COMPLETE

A Steele-Point Etching of Ronald Colman

[*Continued from page* 16]

ance. He has a smattering of French, German, and Italian, but speaks none of them well. He does not like Mexican food. He has been happiest in California.

He does not like hunting. Killing things for sport does not appeal to him. He would like to live in a place that combines the virtues of country life in England and the climate of California. He is fond of oysters and clams. If he had to live in a city he would choose Paris.

Materially speaking, he feels he has gotten more out of life than he expected. He once made a futile attempt to read James Joyce's *Ulysses.* He has never been in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

He does not believe the recent and current depression has taught the world anything. He is both an idealist and a cynic, a sentimentalist and a realist. His birthplace was a small country town beside a river. He memorizes dialogue easily.

He took singing lessons for one year at Guildhall School of Music, London, but his vocal talents never jelled. He cannot cope with neurotics. He prefers playing in comedies. As a boy he dreamed of becoming an engineer. *Bulldog Drummond* was his first talkie. He dislikes talking about himself.

He is tanned and sleek in appearance. He believes there is no glamour in the glories of war. His own military experiences have left too vivid an impression. His favorite comedian is Groucho Marx. He does not like modernistic furniture.

He is smart in all the meanings of the word. He is genial, cautious and prudent. Ronald Colman always eats too much in Paris. Someday he plans to have an Old English, half-timber type of home. He is not addicted to the British habit of afternoon tea except when entertaining English guests.

During the last ten years he has not varied more than five pounds in weight. He wrote several very bad one-act plays early in his career. He has never had a nickname.

AT SCHOOL he was very beefy. He has many private charities about which he is very secretive. He does not own a horse. He likes starchy foods. Several years ago he tried having a chauffeur and a limousine, but the regal idea failed to click with him.

He smokes cigarettes and never carries a cane. He likes perfume but not on himself. He possesses a few good paintings, including a Reynolds and a Raeburn. He believes Edinburgh has the most beautiful main street in the world.

He is Scotch-English. He considers *The Unholy Garden* his worst picture. Eventually he intends to return to the stage. He does not contemplate becoming an American citizen. He would rather have lived in the Gay Nineties.

He is constitutionally strong. He likes old book stores and antique shops. He enjoyed the spectacle of the opening day at the Olympic Games far more than any of the games themselves. He does not think the average person's life is any happier now than it was a hundred years ago.

His only superstition is touching wood. He is a paragon of good taste and discretion. He believes that motion picture producers should achieve the same results at half the cost. He is not a difficult subject for cameramen to light.

He never goes to fortune-tellers. He believes talking pictures have lost much by leaving less to the imagination. He says pictures are meant to be seen rather than heard. His father was a silk importer of modest circumstances.

He saw action in the first battle of Ypres as a member of Lord Kitchener's famous "Contemptibles." He appeared in school theatricals when a boy. He is reticent and retiring and makes an emphatic demand for privacy. He appears Latin rather than English. In 1920 he arrived in New York with $37, three clean collars, and two letters of introduction.

He married Miss Thelma Raye just after the war while they were appearing together in a spy melodrama. Before the war he had several magazine articles published. As a youth he was shy of girls and was given to silent and distant adoration. He does not dance the tango.

He likes to play poker and is lucky at gambling. He does not like air travel. He is fond of German musical pictures. He is an internationalist at heart and believes that naturalization is a needless gesture unless there is an important reason.

HE ENJOYS his business of acting. He is five feet, eleven inches tall. His first important rôle on the stage was in Brieux's *Damaged Goods*. His first job was as office boy for the British Steamship company at a salary of $2.50 a week. He demands the right to live as he chooses; quietly, with dignity, enjoying the peace and contentment that is a man's privilege in his leisure.

He has never owned a boat but some day plans to get one. He does not play bridge. He likes to dance and dislikes the radio. He ranks principle above policy and fights stubbornly to keep faith with himself. He considers a man fortunate indeed who can afford to put up such a fight. Someday he plans to retire and make life itself an occupation.

He does not believe in continuing to work for big money, per se, after security is attained, unless there is gratification in the work itself. He is descended from the George Colman of Eighteenth Century theatrical fame. No other relatives since have been identified with the theater. He likes costumes and uniforms but refuses to do any more war pictures, although *The Dark Angel* was one of his best pictures.

He was one of the first three to build a beach house at Malibu. He has no hobbies. English divorce laws and residence in different countries made it difficult for him to obtain a divorce. He is now divorced. His first picture was a two-reel comedy. It was never released, much to his relief.

HE WAS disabled at Messines, near Ypres. In 1922 he appeared in *La Tendresse* supporting Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller. He was discovered in this by Henry King with the result that he played the male lead opposite Lillian Gish in *The White Sister*. He played in Los Angeles in the road company of *East Is West* back in 1921 but the movies did not think him a good type.

He is very English at heart. He has a scar parallel with his right eyebrow which he got in a fall at the age of four. He would like to find a quotation from George Bernard Shaw in which the Irish dramatist admonishes play producers to leave the interpretation of a rôle to the discretion of the actor. He has a use for that quotation.

He permanently lost sixteen pounds because of the World War, marriage, and influenza.

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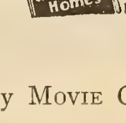
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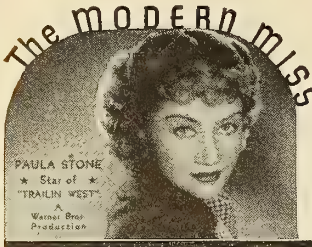

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One application lasts
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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.
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Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 14]

$15,000 error. The cathedral scene with the choir was filmed silently and the voices of Bobby and the choir "dubbed in" later. Action and sound were given official okay as individual efforts, but when the completed film was run for the benefit of the exploitation force, an eagle-eyed publicist, who is well-versed in Catholicism, discovered Bobby's gestures for the sacred number somewhat paralleled those of Al Jolson doing a mammy song. Brought to the attention of Sol Lesser, the producer, he ordered the cathedral scene reshot with Master Breen repressing his gestures. Cost? $15,000.

* * *

Imitations

JANET GAYNOR has gone a little sophisticated meaning that, in her forthcoming picture *A Star Is Born*, La Gaynor, so they say, will do a priceless imitation of Simone Simon and also Mae West—imagine. Likewise Miss Gaynor will do herself, meaning that in a scene satirizing the Motion Picture Academy Awards, Gaynor will be seen awarded the gold statuette, which she really won some years ago for her work in *Seventh Heaven*. Incidentally the statuette used will be Janet's very own.

* * *

Classic

NOW that Leslie Howard has ceased his stage production of *Hamlet* in New York there is no harm in telling a little wisecrack, made by a Hollywood wit, not Gene Fowler nor Dorothy Parker, we hasten to make clear.

It was made by a feminine star, who had returned to Hollywood from a trip to New York.

At a party she was asked, among other things, "Did you see Leslie Howard play *Hamlet?*"

"I didn't bother," cracked the gal, "I already had seen him play *Hamlet* in *Romeo and Juliet*."

* * *

Wise Crack!

CREDIT this one to Patsy Kelly, before it starts in circulation.

Patsy and Lyda Roberti were having lunch at the Brown Derby. Lyda also had a date there to meet a friend who was going to motor her to San Diego in his high-powered car.

Standing on the walk in front of the eating place the chap drove up in his car, greeted the gals, and Lyda stepped into the car.

"Bye bye, darling," cracked Patsy, "and remember what I told you. Vote 'NO' on Proposition Number 1."

VISIT MOVIELAND

1937 Vacation Tours Now Being Planned

Hundreds of letters from enthusiastic readers who saw Movieland in the 1935 and 1936 Movieland Tours have urged that Fawcett Publications repeat the Movieland vacation tours in 1937. Because these tours have been so successful, we are planning two more tours for the summer of 1937.

And what grand tours they are! Visit Hollywood! See the stars and talk with them. Every effort will be made to make the 1937 tours even more successful than the two preceding ones. Watch for full details in next month's issue of this magazine.

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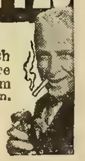

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It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid $900 for a half dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

HUGE PREMIUMS *for* OLD STAMPS

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for $10,000. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

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$200 FOR A PENNY

GEN. WASHINGTON

I paid Julian D. Martin $200.00 for one old Copper Cent of the year 1793. There are numerous other Cents worth large sums in everyday circulation.

$50 FOR A NICKEL

As proof that coins do not have to be old to be valuable, James House, Mobile, Ala., received $50.00 from me for a 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo). This coin is just one of many thousands of premium pieces for which I am looking.

$100 FOR A DIME

Another comparatively recent coin for which I will pay a big premium is the 1894 "S" Mint Dime. I offer $100 for any of these coins sent me in good condition.

$150 for a QUARTER

There are many Quarters worth large sums. For instance, I offer $150 for 1827 Quarters. There are Quarters of other years for which I will pay up to $100.

$400 FOR A HALF DOLLAR

There are a great number of Half Dollars of many different years I am seeking and for which I will pay large sums. I paid Mrs. Dowty of Texas, $400.00 for just one Half Dollar.

$1,000 FOR ONE DOLLAR

LIBERTY
1804

There are many Silver Dollars for which I am looking. There are Silver dollars of different years that command big prices. For example, Mr. Manning of N. Y. was paid $2500.00 for just one single dollar.

Largest Rare Coin Company in the U. S. A. **Established 36 Years.**

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FILL OUT and MAIL NOW
—and GET Large Coin Folder!

B. MAX MEHL, 405 Mehl Bldg.,
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Dear Mr. Mehl:—Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars, for which I enclose 4 cents.

Name______________________________

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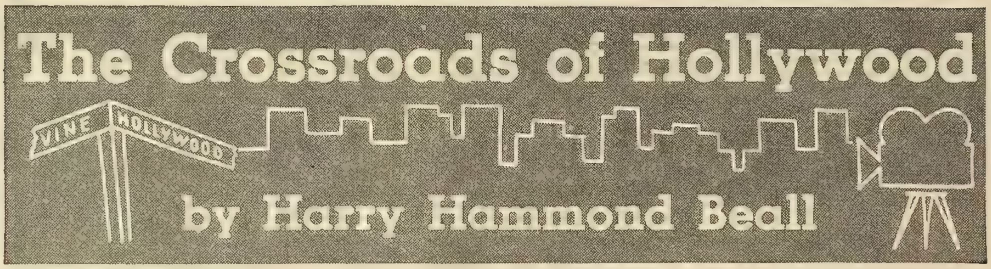
City_______________ State_______________

B. MAX MEHL *Director Numismatic Co. of Texas.*
405 Mehl Building · FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

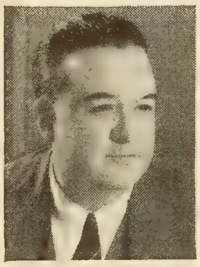
The Crossroads of Hollywood

by Harry Hammond Beall



It's going to be a Happy New Year in Hollywood.

Not that 1936 was so hard to take, but production plans studios are making for 1937 are so staggering that they might even make the fabled Atlas trip and fall, or at least groan and grunt under the load.



With the presidential election a matter of history and the belief that Franklin Delano Roosevelt is making it first order of business to see that plenty of currency is in circulation, and bugaboo of unemployment due for many more vigorous kicks in the pants, movie magnates of the magic-lantern metropolis feel they will have little difficulty in loosening the purse strings of Wall Street money barons with the same enthusiasm as the old-fashioned wife, fair-fat-and-forty, grabbed at her corset strings the minute she hit home after an evening at whist or authors.

With money in circulation picture palaces are going to get their share. New theatres will be built. Competition will be keen.

This means crying need for bigger and better pictures will reach its crescendo, and let it not be said that any Hollywood producer could ignore a crescendo, even if he had to send his secretary out to buy a dictionary to find out whether it was a new kind of French pastry or the Latin name for a black widow spider.

SERIOUSLY entertainment entrepeneurs of filmland are going to town in a big way this coming year. Talk with your local theatre managers. They'll tell you what to expect in the way of thrills, throbs and laughs made possible by producer enterprise in contracting supreme artists of screen, stage, radio, opera and even the circus world.

Outstanding novels of today and yesterday and newest modern plays, along with the classic dramas of yesteryear, are to be made into magnificent spectacles.

It would take reams and reams of paper to tell you in detail what your favorite producers, stars, directors and writers are plotting.

I have only one page here, but if you want to keep up with what's happening in the greatest entertainment industry the world has ever known, buy yourself each month a few of the more popular film magazines such as Screen Book, Hollywood, Motion Picture, Screen Play and Romantic Movie Stories—of course, not forgetting Movie Classic.

Then curl up in an armchair before the fire and Hollywood's most intriguing writers will picture for you in intimate detail just what happy evenings are in store for you at the theatres in your town.

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TRY SPEED COOKING WITH HORMEL SOUP

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

1011 VALUABLE PRIZES IN NEW CONTEST

SEE MIRIAM HOPKINS IN "A WOMAN'S TOUCH." AN ALEXANDER KORDA PRODUCTION. RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS.

Enjoy this original dinner that popular Miriam Hopkins suggests.

FIRST PRIZE
FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD
OR $500.00 IN CASH

TRY THESE new recipes. They're typical of SPEED COOKING—the art of using soup to make good things to eat in a hurry.

Hormel Soup, of course. For only Hormel Soups, with their true beef stock, have the richness, the flavor, the substance you need in speed cooking.

Try Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup in this good beef pie; try Hormel Cream of Mushroom Soup in an Asparagus Mushroom Rabbit. Use soup to stretch the leftovers, to make thrift dishes go further.

And don't miss this big chance to win one of the 1,011 prizes in this brand new contest!

READ HOW EASILY YOU CAN WIN

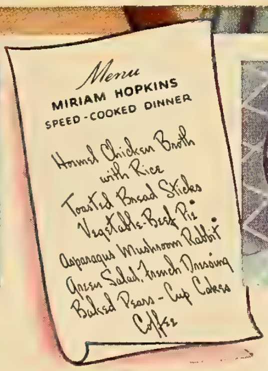
Enter this big new contest. The winner gets: **A free trip** and vacation in glorious Hollywood **(or $500)**! Visit a big moving picture studio, dine with Miriam Hopkins herself!

5 Second Prizes—beautiful **Benrus Wrist Watches** for men or women, worth $45 each. 5 Third Prizes—new de luxe **Toastmaster Hospitality Tray Sets** with toaster, worth $23.50. 1,011 other prizes: lovely handmade luncheon sets in gay peasant colors, one apiece to a thousand women.

Here's what you do: Write one sentence—25 words or less—on "Why I like Hormel Soup best." Send this sentence and a label from one can of any Hormel Soup (or a facsimile) to Contest Department C, George A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn. All entries must be postmarked before midnight February 15, 1937.

That's all you have to do. The 1,011 best reasons, in the opinion of the judges appointed by Hormel, will win the prizes. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after contest closes.

All entries become the property of Hormel and will not be returned. Contest not open to Hormel employees or members of their families. *Don't delay—mail your entry now!*



Menu
MIRIAM HOPKINS
SPEED-COOKED DINNER
Hormel Chicken Broth with Rice
Toasted Bread Sticks
Vegetable-Beef Pie*
Asparagus Mushroom Rabbit*
Green Salad, French Dressing
Baked Pears - Cup Cakes
Coffee

***VEGETABLE-BEEF PIE**
Quickly made with Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup

Blend 2 tbsp. butter with 2 tbsp. flour. Add 1 can Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup. If you have a cupful of leftovers (diced meat, carrots, peas or potatoes), pop them in, too. Cook and stir until slightly thick. Pour in a pie plate and cover with a crust of Bisquick dough, cut in rounds or triangles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes until brown.

There you are—a richly flavored meat pie! It's a triumph for that new art—SPEED COOKING!

Chicken Broth with Rice

***ASPARAGUS MUSHROOM RABBIT**
Quickly made with Hormel Cream of Mushroom Soup

Make a sauce with 3 tbsp. melted butter, 5 tbsp. flour, 1¾ cups Hormel Cream of Mushroom Soup. When thick and smooth, add 1 package Creamed Old English Cheese, shredded, and stir until blended. Season and serve on hot, buttered asparagus tips. Garnish each portion with strips of pimiento—a feast for the eye, a festival-food for your tongue! Try this new taste sensation today! (It's extra good for after-bridge or theater spreads!)

HORMEL
Flavor Sealed
VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP

Go to the grocer who displays Hormel Soups. There you'll get... free ... the menu and recipes for the Miriam Hopkins Speed-Cooked Dinner, and other assistance which may help you win a prize. Tell him if you win he wins the same prize you do. He will keep Hormel Soup on display and aid you in preparing your entry.

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HORMEL SOUPS

THE ORIGINAL DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

CREAM OF MUSHROOM · NOODLE · CREAM OF TOMATO · VEGETABLE-BEEF · ONION · VEGETABLE · PEA · BEAN (Tomato Bretonne) · CHICKEN BROTH · CONSOMME MADRILENE

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

A CHARMING PHILADELPHIAN SPEAKS HER MIND

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd

PERSONAL

HOBBY? Designing my own clothes

ARTS? Painting — I do botany prints

ENTERTAINING? Little dinners

INTERIOR DECORATION? Chippendale and Modern

PETS? Sealyhams — mine's named Daffy

FAVORITE LINER? The Normandie

FOODS? Mushrooms under glass

CIGARETTES? Camels - I can't help adding "for digestion's sake!"

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, of Philadelphia, New York, and Nassau, photographed in the grand dining salon of the S. S. Normandie. "A meal isn't complete without Camels," Mrs. Drexel says. "They make food more enjoyable, and help digestion too."

When dining, think of digestion too!

A welcome mealtime touch is the serving of Camels. Your guests will prefer Camels for their mildness, and because they accent subtle flavors in fine foods. But it is also true that Camels have a pleasant effect upon digestion. Smoking Camels, scientists affirm, encourages a generous flow of digestive fluids — *alkaline* digestive fluids — so imperative for good digestion. Camels are enjoyed the world over. "On shipboard," says O. Naffrechoux, Maître d'Hôtel Principal of the Normandie, "Camels are a distinct favorite. People get more pleasure out of dining when they add Camels to the menu."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Alexander Black, *Los Angeles*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston*
Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr. *Los Angeles*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne *Virginia*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III *Baltimore*
Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer *New York*

COSTLIER TOBACCOS — Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

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